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THE YEAR OF REACTION.

IF the year 1848—"THE YEAR OF REVOLUTIONS" was one pre-eminent among all others for the magnitude and interest of the events it brought forth, the year which has just expired—THE YEAR OF REACTION—is still more worthy of serious reflection, and affords subjects for more cheering meditation. If the first exhibited the whirlwind of anarchy let loose, the second showed the power by which it is restrained; if the former filled every heart with dread at the fierce passions which were developed, and the portentous events which occurred in the world, the latter afforded reason for profound thankfulness, at the silent but irresistible force with which Omnipotence overrules the wickedness of men, and restrains the madness of the people.

"Celsa sedet Æolus arce,
Sceptra tenens, mollitque animos, et temperat iras.
Ni faciat, maria ac terras cœlumque profundum
uippe ferant rapidi secum, verruntque per auras.
Sed Pater Omnipotens speluncis abdidit atris,
Hoc metuens; regemque dedit qui fœdere certo
Et premere et laxas sciret dare jussus habenas."

The history of the world during those periods of convulsion, happily of very rare occurrence, when an eruption of popular passions takes place—when thrones are overturned,

and the long-established order of things is subverted—is nothing else but the folly and wickedness of man warring against the wisdom of nature. All history demonstrates that there is a certain order of things which is favourable to human felicity—under which industry flourishes, population increases, the arts are encouraged, agriculture improves, general happiness is diffused. The basis of such a state of things is the *security of property*; the moving power which puts in motion the whole complicated machine of society, is the certainty that every man will enjoy the fruits of his toil. As clearly do past events demonstrate, that there is a state of things wherein the reverse of all this takes place; when industry is paralysed, population arrested, the arts languish, agriculture decays, general misery prevails. The chief cause of such a state of things is to be found in the insecurity of property, the dread that industry will not reap its appointed reward; but that external violence or domestic spoliation may interfere between the labourer and the fruits of his toil. When such a state of things arises from internal commotion, it is generally preceded by the warmest hopes, and the most unbounded anticipations of felicity. It is universally characterised by a resolute disregard of experience, and a universal passion for innovation in all the institutions of society, and

all the relations of life. It constantly appeals to the generous affections: speaks of humanity, justice, and fraternity; proclaims mankind as brothers; and professes the warmest desire for general felicity, and the diminution of the sources of human suffering. It veils the advance of selfishness under the guise of generosity. Revolutions demonstrate that the homage which vice pays to virtue is not confined to individuals. The maxim of Rochefoucault applies also to nations. Its truth is never seen with such brightness as during the intensity of a revolution; and this demonstrates at once the wisdom which governs, and the selfishness which desolates the world.

So prone, however, are the bulk of mankind to delusion; so easily are they led away by expressions which appeal to their passions, or projects which seem to forward their interests; so little are the lessons of experience either known to, or heeded by, the immense majority of men, that we should be led to despair of the fortunes of the species, and dread in every age a repetition of the seductive passions which had desolated the one that had preceded it, were it not that a provision is made for the extinction of popular passion in the very first effects of its ebullition. It is in its *effect upon property* that the curb is found which restrains the madness of the people; by the insolvency it induces that the barrier is formed, which as a matter of necessity forces back society to its habitual forms and relations. In the complicated state of social relations in which we live, it is by the capital of the rich that the industry of the poor is put in motion; by their expenditure that it is alimented. However specious and alluring the projects may be which are brought forward by the popular leaders, they involve in them one source of weakness, which inevitably ere long paralyses all their influence. Directly or indirectly, they all tend to the destruction of property. To excite the passions of the working classes, they are obliged to hold out to them the prospect of a division of property, or such a system of taxation as practi-

cally amounts to the same thing: the immediate effect of which is a cessation of expenditure on the part of the affluent classes; a hoarding of capital; a run upon the banks for specie; universal scarcity of money, general distrust, and a fearful decrease of employment. These evils are first felt by the working classes, because, having no stock, they are affected by any diminution in their daily wages; and they are felt with the more bitterness that they immediately succeed extravagant hopes, and highly wrought expectations. Invariably the effects of revolutions are precisely the reverse of the predictions of its supporters. No man is insensible to his own suffering, however much he may be so to that of his predecessors; and thence the universal and general reaction which, sooner or later, takes place against revolutions.

That this reaction would take place to a certainty, in the end, with the French revolution of 1848, as it had done with all similar convulsions since the beginning of the world, could be doubted by none who had the least historical information: and in our first article on that event, within a few weeks of its occurrence, we distinctly foretold that this would be the case.* But we confess we did not anticipate the *rapidity* with which the reaction has set in. Not two years have elapsed since the throne of Louis Philippe was overturned, and a republic proclaimed in Paris amidst the transports of the revolutionary party over all Europe, and the gaze in astonishment of all the world; and already the delusion is over, the transports are at an end, the Jacobins are silent, and the convulsed commonwealth is fast sinking back to its pristine monarchical form of government. Every country in Europe felt the shock. The passions were universally let loose; sanguinary wars arose on every side; and while the enlightened Free-traders of England were dreaming, amidst their cotton bales, of universal and perpetual peace, which should open to them the markets of the world, hostilities the most terrible, contests the most dreadful, dis-

* See "The Fall of the Throne of the Barricades," April 1, 1848.

sessions the most implacable, broke out in all quarters. It was not merely the war of opinion which Mr Canning long ago prophesied as the next which would desolate Europe: to it was superadded the still more frightful contest of races. The Lombard rose against the German, the Bohemians against the Imperialist, the Hungarian against the Austrian; the Celt and the Saxon stood in arms against each other. Naples was rent in twain; a revolutionary state was established in Sicily; the supreme pontiff was dethroned at Rome; Piedmont joined the innovating party; Lombardy rose up against Austria, Bohemia was in arms against Vienna, the Magyars reviled against the Germans the fierce hostility of five centuries; Prussia was revolutionised, Baden ravaged, Denmark invaded; the Poles could with difficulty be restrained amidst the general effervescence; the Irish openly made preparations for rebellion and separation from Great Britain. England itself was shaken: the gravity and practical tendency of the Anglo-Saxon character in part yielded to the general contagion. London was threatened with a revolutionary movement; the Chartists in all the manufacturing towns were prepared to follow the example; treasonable placards, calling on the people to rise, were to be seen on all sides; and the mighty conqueror who had struck down Napoleon exerted his consummate skill in baffling the rebellion of his own countrymen, and won a victory over anarchy not less momentous than that of Waterloo, and not the less memorable that it did not cost a drop of human blood.

What a contrast, within the short period of eighteen months, did Europe afterwards exhibit! France, the centre of impulsion to the civilised world, was restrained; the demon of anarchy was crushed in its birthplace; the visions of the Socialists had been extinguished in the blood of the barricades. Dispersed, dejected, in despair, the heroes of February were languishing in exile, or mourning in prison the blasting of their hopes, the ruin of their prospects, the unveiling of their sophistries. Revolution had been crushed without the effusion of blood in Berlin: law had regained its

ascendency; rebellion had quailed before the undaunted aspect of the defenders of order and the throne. Naples had regained the dominion of Sicily; the arms of France had restored the Pope at Rome; the Eternal City had yielded to the assault of the soldiers of Louis Napoleon. Austria had regained her ascendancy in Italy; the perfidious aggression of Charles Albert had been signally chastised by the skill and determination of the veteran Radetsky; Milan was again the seat of Imperial government; the dream of a Venetian republic had passed away, and the Place of St Mark again beheld the double-headed eagle of Austria at the summit of its domes. Baden was conquered, Saxony pacified; the fumes of revolutionary aggression in Schleswig had been dissipated by the firmness of Denmark, and the ready, although unexerted, support of Russia. Poland was overawed by the Colossus of the North; and even the heroic valour of the Magyars, so often in happier days the bulwark of the Cross, had yielded to that loyalty and tenacity of purpose which has so long distinguished the Austrian people, joined and aided by the support which, on this as on many previous occasions, Russia has afforded to the cause of order in Europe. Though last, not least, Great Britain was pacified: the dreams of the Socialists, the treason of the Chartists, had recoiled before the energy of a people yet on the whole loyal and united. Ireland, blasted by the triple curse of rebellion, pestilence, and famine, had ceased to be an object of disquietude to England, save from the incessant misery which it exhibited; and its furious patriots, abandoning in multitudes the land of their birth, were carrying into Transatlantic regions those principles of anarchy, and deathless hatred at civilisation, which had so long laid waste their own country.

Acknowledging, as all must do, with devout thankfulness, that it is to the Great Disposer of events that we are to ascribe so marvellous a DELIVERANCE FROM EVIL—so blessed an escape from a fate which would have renewed, in Europe, a devastation as wide-spread, and darkness as thick, as occurred during the middle ages—it may yet, humanly speaking, be dis-

cerned how it is that our salvation has been effected. The days of miracles are past; the law is not now delivered amidst the thunders of Mount Sinai; the walls of fortresses do not fall down at the sound of the Lord's trumpet; there is no longer a chosen people, over whose safety the eye of Omnipotence watches, and whom, in the last extremity, the destroying angel rescues from their enemies. The direction of human affairs by Supreme Wisdom; the coercion of wickedness; the support of virtue; the ceaseless advance of the race of man, amidst all the folly and selfishness with which its concerns are conducted, have not, indeed, passed away: all these are in as complete operation now as when the Red Sea opened to the retreating Israelites, or the walls of Jericho fell before the blast of Joshua's trumpet, or the rending of the vail of the Temple announced that the era had commenced when the whole human race was to be admitted to the sanctuary of the temple. But it is by human means alone that Providence now acts; it is by general laws that the affairs of men are regulated. The agents of Omnipotence are the moving principles of the human heart: the safeguards against ruin are to be found in the barriers which, in injured interests or counteracting passions, are raised up amidst the agitated multitude, against the further progress of devastation. It is not from oblivion, therefore, but with a constant recognition of Divine superintendence, that we shall now endeavour to trace out the means by which the most alarming moral pestilence which ever appeared in modern times has been arrested; the happiness of Europe saved, for the time at least, from the destruction by which it was menaced—from the earthquake in its own bosom; and the progress of real freedom throughout the world prevented from being blasted by the selfish ambition or insane delusions of the demagogues who, for a time, got possession of its current.

The first circumstance which must strike every observer, in the contemplation of the terrible crisis through which we have passed, is, that the destruction with which we were threatened was mainly, if not entirely, owing to *want of moral courage* on the part of the depositaries of power.

The Revolution in Paris, it is well known, owed its success entirely to the pusillanimity of the *men* of the royal family. Louis Philippe, old and enfeebled by disease, was paralysed by a still more fatal source of weakness—the consciousness of a throne won by treason—the terror inspired by the sight of the barricades, behind which his own government had been constructed. His sons who were present showed that the Orleans family had lost, with the possession of a usurped throne, the courage which, for several generations, had constituted the only virtue of their race. The King of Prussia abandoned the contest in Berlin in the moment of victory—a nervous reluctance to the shedding of blood paralysed, as it had done in the days of Louis XVI., the defenders of the throne. In Austria, the known imbecility, physical and moral, of the emperor, rendered him wholly unequal to the crisis in which he was placed—delivered over the empire, undefended, to a set of revolutionary murderers, and rendered a change in the reigning sovereign indispensable. In Rome, the Pope himself began the movement—he first headed the reform crusade; and whatever his unhappy subjects have since suffered is to be ascribed to his blind delusion and weak concessions. Such was the conduct of the kings of Europe—such the front which our sex in high places opposed to the revolutionary tempest. But women often, in the last extremity, exhibit a courage which puts to shame the pusillanimity of the men by whom they are surrounded; and never was this more signally evinced than in the present instance. The Queen of France tried in vain, at the Tuileries, to inspire her husband with her own heroic spirit; the Duchess of Orleans showed it in front of levelled muskets in the Chamber of Deputies; and, that order is still preserved in our country, is to be ascribed in no small degree to the firm conduct of the sovereign on the throne, and the determination with which she inspired her government to risk everything rather than concede one iota to the revolutionists.

As it was the opposite conduct from this, and the moral weakness of the depositaries of power, which mainly

induced the revolutions of 1848, and rendered them so formidable, so those causes which have at length arrested that terrible convulsion seem to have been no other but the moral laws of nature, destined for the correction of wickedness and the coercion of passion, when they have risen to such a pitch as seriously to endanger the existence of society. And, without presuming to scan too deeply the intentions of Providence, or the great system by which evil is brought out of good, and an irresistible power says to the madness of the people, as to the storms of the ocean, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be staid," we may probably discover, humanly speaking, the means by which the evil has been arrested.

The first circumstance which has produced the reaction, and arrested the progress of evil so much more rapidly than was the case in the former great convulsion, is the memory of that convulsion itself. It is no doubt true, that every generation is taught by its own and none by its predecessors' sufferings; but, in the case of the first French Revolution, the suffering was so long-continued and dreadful, that the memory of it descended to the next generation. It was impossible that the sons of the men who had been guillotined, exiled, or mown down by the conscription, who had seen their estates and honours torn from them by the ruthless hand of Revolutionary violence, should not retain a vivid sense of the sufferings they had experienced, and the wrongs they had undergone. All classes, not excluding even those who had been most ardent and active in support of the first Revolution, had writhed alike under the calamities and exactions of the latter years of the war, and the ignominious conquest in which it had terminated, which was only felt the more keenly from the unparalleled triumphs to which the nation had so long been habituated. Add to this, that the attention of all the intelligent classes of society in Europe generally, and in France in particular, had been long, and to an extent of which in this country we can scarcely

form an idea, riveted on the events of the first Revolution. The Reign of Terror was not forgotten; the prophecy of the historian* proved true:—"A second French Revolution, of the same character as the former, and the age in which it is to arise must be ignorant of the first." Its heartstirring incidents, its mournful catastrophes, its tragic events, its heroic virtue, its appalling wickedness, its streams of blood, were indelibly engraven on the hearts of a considerable, and that too the most influential, part of the people. The revolutionists, indeed, in every country—the Red Republicans in France, the Chartists in England, the Rebels in Ireland, the Carbonari in Italy, the *Illuminés* in Germany, were perfectly prepared to renew for their own profit the same scenes of spoliation, bloodshed, and massacre. But such extreme characters form, even in the most depraved society, but a small part of the whole inhabitants. It is the delusion or timidity of the great body, not the absolute strength or numbers of the violent party, which is the principal danger. The force of the first Revolution consisted in its novelty; in the enchantment of its visions, the warmth of its professed philanthropy, the magnitude of its promises. But time had dispelled these, as it does many other delusions. The mask had fallen from the spectre which had charmed the world, and the awful form of DEATH had appeared.

The second circumstance which tended to coerce, more rapidly than could have been hoped for, the progress of the revolution of 1848, was the firmness and loyalty of the soldiers. It is historically known that it was the defection of the troops which brought on, and rendered irresistible the march of the first Revolution: which induced, in rapid succession, the Reign of Terror, the assignats, the conscription, the capture of Paris, the subjugation of the kingdom. But here, too, experience and suffering came to the aid of deluded and wandering humanity. It was seen that what is unjust and dishonourable is never expedient: that the violation of

* ALISON.

their oaths by the sworn defenders of order is not the commencement of the regeneration, but the first step in the decline of society: and that to fear God and honour the king is the only way to insure, not only the preservation of order, but the ultimate ascendancy of freedom. On the foundation of the revolt of the Gardes Françaises in 1789, were successively built the despotism of the Committee of Public Salvation, the blood of Robespierre, the carnage of Napoleon. The awful example was not lost on the next generation. The throne of Charles X. was overthrown by the defection of the troops of the line; but it was again found that the glorious fabric of civil liberty was not to be erected on the basis of treachery and treason. None of the troops revolted on the crisis of February 1848. The Guards and the line were alike steady. Marshal Bugeaud, when he received the command, speedily passed the whole barricades, and in six hours would have extinguished the revolt. The throne was lost not by the defection of the troops, but by the pusillanimity of the princes of the blood; and accordingly, when the next contest occurred—as occur it ever will in such cases—the troops were resolutely led, the revolution was put down under circumstances ten times more formidable, though not without a frightful loss of human life.

We are so accustomed to the loyalty and steadiness of the English army, that the possibility of their wavering never enters into our imagination. But still all must admit that we too, with all our boasted safeguards of popular representation, general information, a free press, and centuries of freedom, stood on the edge of an abyss; and that, not less than Austria or Prussia, our salvation had come to depend chiefly, if not entirely, on the fidelity of the soldiers. If the six thousand men who garrisoned London on the 10th April 1848 had wavered, and one-half of them had joined the insurgents, where would now have been the British constitution? Had a hundred thousand men from Kennington Common crossed Waterloo Bridge, headed by a regiment of the Guards, and three regiments of the line, where would now have been the British

liberties? Where would have been all the safeguards formed, all the hopes expressed, all the prophecies hazarded, as to its being perpetual? But in that dread hour, perhaps the most eventful that England ever knew, we were saved by the courage of the Queen, the firmness of the government, the admirable arrangements of the Duke of Wellington, and the universal steadiness and loyalty of our soldiers. We are quite aware of the special constables, and the immense moral influence of the noble display which the aristocracy and middle classes of England made on that occasion. But moral influence, often all-powerful in the end, is not alone sufficient at the beginning; physical force is then required to withstand the first assault of the enemy: and, highly as we respect the civic force with batons in their hands; and fully as we admit the immense importance of that citizen-demonstration in its ultimate effects, we ascribe our deliverance from the instant peril which threatened, entirely to the steadiness of the British army, and the incomparable arrangements of their chief.

In the Continental states, order succeeded in regaining the ascendancy over anarchy entirely in consequence of the fidelity of the soldiers. On that memorable day, when the Prussian army marched into Berlin playing the old airs of *the monarchy*, and formed in a circle around, distant only twenty-five paces from the insurgent host, and there tranquilly loaded their pieces, the opposing forces were directly brought into collision; it was seen that, in a few seconds, law or rebellion would be victorious. Law prevailed, as it generally does where its defenders are steady and resolutely led—and what has been the result? Is it that freedom has been extinguished in Prussia, that liberty has sunk under the pressure of tyrannic power, and that a long period of servitude and degradation is to close the bright meridian of her national splendour? Quite the reverse: anarchy has been extinguished in Prussia only to make room for the fair forms of order and liberty, which cannot exist but side by side; the revolutionists are overawed, but the lovers of real freedom are only the better confirmed

in their hopes of the ultimate establishment of a constitutional monarchy, such as Prussia has been sighing for for thirty years. It is ever to be recollected that the prospects of freedom are never so bright as when they are in the inverse ratio to those of revolution; liberty is never so safe as where anarchy is most thoroughly repressed; despotism is never so near at hand as immediately after the greatest triumphs of insurrection.

In AUSTRIA a different and more melancholy prospect has been exhibited. That great and noble country has been the victim, not merely of the passions of revolution, but of those of race. It has been torn asunder, not only by the ambition of the revolutionists, and the ardent zeal of a people yet inexperienced in social dissensions sighing after freedom, but by the force and inextinguishable rivalry of different and discordant races. The Lombard has risen up against the German, the Bohemian against the Austrian; the Magyars have buckled on their armour against both, and, animated alike by revolutionary zeal and national jealousy, have striven to obtain what they deem the first of blessings—national independence—by revolting against the government of Austria, in the moment of its utmost need. That strange compound of races and nations, the Austrian monarchy, in which it is hard to say whether the Slave, the Magyar, the Teuton, the Lombard, or the old Roman had the preponderance, and the union of which, for so long a period, had been a subject of astonishment to all observers, at length revealed its inherent weakness. Worse than the war of opinion, the war of races began. Like the Lacedæmonian confederacy, after the defeat of Leuctra, or the Athenian after the catastrophe of Aigæ Potamos, or the Roman republic after the disaster of Cannæ, the Austrian aggregate of kingdoms threatened to fall to pieces on the dreadful shock of opinion which resulted from the success of the French revolution. The contest of nations did not now intervene, to bar the spread of democratic ideas; the military passions were not arrayed in opposition to the civic. Lamartine was perfectly right in his

prognostic: the pacific French revolution of 1848 achieved greater conquests, in three months, than the warlike republic of 1793 had gained in ten years. Prussia was apparently revolutionised; Austria was all but won to the democratic side; Vienna, Prague, and Milan were in the hands of the insurgents. Never, in the darkest periods of the revolutionary war, was Austria in such desperate straits, as when Radetsky retreated behind the Mincio, and the treacherous assault of Charles Albert was aided by the whole strength of revolutionary Italy, and the tacit support or lukewarm indifference of France and England.

But in that awful hour, by far the most perilous which Austria ever knew, and which threatened with immediate and irrevocable destruction the whole balance of power in Europe, she was saved by the fidelity of her native soldiers, and the incomparable spirit of her German nobility. Then appeared in its highest lustre what is the principle of life and the tenacity of purpose which exist in an aristocratic society, not yet wholly debilitated by the pleasures and the selfishness of a court. Although the Hungarian nobles, for the most part, sided with the Magyar insurgents; although the whole Lombard troops had passed over from the standards of Radetsky to those of Charles Albert, and all the Hungarians in his service sullenly wended their way back to their native places; although Prague was wrested from the crown by the Bohemian insurgents, and Vienna by a vehement urban tumult in the capital; although Hungary was not only lost, but arrayed in fierce hostility against the monarchy—the noble Austrian leaders never lost heart—they realised the dream of the Roman poet—

“Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruine.”

Windischgratz in Bohemia, Radetsky in Italy, Jellachich in Austria, stood forth as the saviours of the monarchy, and, with it, of the cause of European freedom. Though deserted by their sovereign, who had bent before the revolutionary tempest, they fronted, sometimes, it is believed, in

opposition to constrained orders, the dangers with which they were assailed—they acted in conformity with the maxim of a noble people not yet debased by democratic selfishness: *VIVE LE ROI QUAND-MÊME!* Slowly, but steadily, the forces of order regained their ascendant over the assaults of anarchy. The Tyrol, ever steadfast in its loyalty, first offered an asylum to the emperor, when driven from his capital; Prague was next recovered, and Bohemia coerced by the moral courage and skilful dispositions of Prince Windischgratz; Radetsky, shortly after, reinforced by the loyalty of Austria, regained his ascendant on the Mincio, routed the revolutionary rabble of Italy, and restored Milan to the Imperial government; Vienna, after a desperate conflict, was won by the forces of Order; and Jellachich and Windischgratz enjoyed the proud triumph of having restored his capital to their discredited sovereign. Hungary, inhabited by a bolder and more numerous race, actuated by stronger passions, held out longest, and was only subdued after a sanguinary conflict, by the aroused vigour and national passions, aided by the support of the Colossus of the North, which has so often sent forth its battalions as the last resource of order and religion, when all but vanquished by the forces of anarchy and infidelity. Yet, though thus constrained, in the last extremity, to call in the aid of the Czar, and array a hundred thousand Muscovites on the plains of Hungary, the stand thus made by the Austrian monarchy is not the less glorious and worthy of eternal remembrance. It demonstrates what so many other passages in the history of that noble people indicate, how great is the strength, and unbounded the resources, of a brave and patriotic nation, even when afflicted by the most terrible disasters; and how uniformly Providence, in the end, lends its protection to a people who have shown themselves worthy of its blessings, by faithfully discharging their duty in a period of disaster. The year 1849 will ever rank with the glories of Maria Theresa, the triumph of Aspern, the devotion of Wagram, as the brightest periods in the long and glorious Austrian annals.

The people of England, ever ready to sympathise with even the name of freedom, and prone beyond any other nation to delusions springing from generous feelings, acting on erroneous information, were at one time much disposed to sympathise with the Hungarian insurgents. They enlisted the wishes of a considerable part, especially of the citizens of towns, on their side. Never were generous and estimable feelings more misapplied. The contest in Hungary, it is to be feared, was not in the slightest degree a struggle for public freedom: it was an effort only to establish the *domination of a race* in opposition to a lawful government. Like the Sikhs or Ameers in India at this moment, the Normans in England in former times, or the "insane plebeian noblesse" of Poland, whom John Sobieski denounced as the authors of the ruin of his country, the Magyars were a proud and haughty dominant race, not a fourth part of the whole inhabitants of Hungary, but brave and ambitious, and animated with the strongest desire of establishing an independent oligarchy in their widespread country. They took the opportunity for asserting their principles when Austria was pierced to the heart, and its provinces, apparently all falling asunder, had the fairest prospect of establishing separate dominions, as in the ancient Roman empire, on the ruins of the Imperial authority. Had they succeeded, they would have established the same monstrous tyranny of a dominant race, which has so long blasted the happiness, and at length destroyed the independence of Poland.

That the contest in Hungary was one for the domination of a race, not the freedom of a people, is evident from two circumstances which have been studiously kept out of view by the Liberal party, both on the Continent and in England. The first is, that *after* the emperor had conceded to Hungary the most extreme liberal institutions, based on universal suffrage, the Magyar leaders sent private orders to all the Hungarian regiments in Radetsky's army to leave his banners, and return to Hungary; thus rendering to all appearance the dismemberment of the monarchy inevitable, and surrendering the Italian provinces, the brightest jewel in the Imperial

crown, to the tender mercies of Charles Albert. The second is, that, in the contest which ensued, the Hungarians were in the end overthrown. Possessing, as Hungary does, fourteen millions of inhabitants—nearly a moiety of the whole Austrian empire, and four times more than Upper and Lower Austria, with the Tyrol, which alone could be relied on in that crisis—it is evident that, if the *whole* Hungarian people had been united, they must have proved victorious, and have decided the contest long before the distant Muscovite battalions could have appeared on the theatre of war. The Hungarian insurrection broke out in April 1848, and was aided by contemporaneous revolts in Prague, Lombardy, Venice, and Vienna. To all appearance the Austrian monarchy was torn in pieces. Muniments of war they had in abundance: Comorn, with its vast arsenal and impregnable walls, opened its arms to receive them. When Georgey capitulated, he had one hundred and thirty-eight guns, besides those in the hands of Kossuth and Bem. Fully half the military stores of Austria fell into the hands of the Hungarians, the moment the insurrection broke out. Yet, with all these advantages, they were overcome. This demonstrates that the war was not a national one, in the proper sense of the word: that is, it did not interest the *whole* people. It was an effort of a gallant and ambitious race, forming a small minority of the population, to establish a domination over the whole remainder of the inhabitants, and sever themselves from the Austrian empire; and a greater calamity than such a separation, both to the Hungarians themselves and the general balance of power in Europe, cannot be imagined.

How was the balance of power to be maintained in Europe, especially against Russia, if the Austrian monarchy had been broken up? Experience had long ago proved that no coalitions for the preservation of the independence of central Europe, either against Russia on the one side or France on the other, had the least chance of success, in which Austria did not take a prominent part. Even the disasters of the Peninsular campaigns, and the awful catastrophe of the Moscow re-

treat, could not enable Europe to combat Napoleon, till Metternich, at the Congress of Prague, threw the weight of Austria into the scale. It was by an alliance of Austria, France, and England that, at the Congress of Vienna, a curb was put on the ambition of Russia: by a similar alliance that the Turkish empire was saved from ruin, when the Muscovite standards were advanced to Adrianople, and the Pacha of Egypt was encamped on Scutari. It was a coalition of Austria, England, Russia, and Prussia, which in 1834 coerced the ambition of France, when M. Thiers had sent orders to the French admiral to attack and burn the English fleet in the bay of Vourlias, at dead of night. But if Austria had been broken up into a Hungarian, a Lombard, and a Bohemian republic, how was such an alliance to be formed? What central power could, in such an event, have existed under such circumstances, to oppose a mid impediment to the grasping ambition of Russia on the one side, and France on the other? Prussia, it is well known, is entirely under the influence of Russia, and does not, except in the first fervour of revolution, venture to deviate from the policy which it prescribes. Sweden and Denmark are mere subsidiary states. Austria alone is so strong as to be able, with the aid of England, to bid Russia defiance; and is situated so near to its southern provinces, as to be actuated by a ceaseless dread of its encroachments. The breaking up of the Austrian empire would have been a fatal blow to the balance of power, and with it to real liberty in Europe. It would have left the field open to the Cossacks on the one side, and the Red Republicans on the other.

It is deeply to be regretted that Austria was not able to regain its dominion over its rebellious Hungarian subjects, without the aid of the Muscovite arms. Although the Czar has recalled his troops after the vast service was rendered, and no projects of immediate aggrandisement are apparent, yet it is impossible to doubt—it is fruitless to attempt to disguise—that the influence of Russia in the east of Europe has been immensely extended by this intervention. So weighty an obligation as saving an

empire from dismemberment is too great to be easily forgotten; and supposing, what is probably the case, that gratitude is a feeling unknown to cabinets—and that the recollection of salvation from ruin is likely to produce no other sentiment but that of dislike—still the contest, which was adjourned, rather than decided, on the Hungarian plains, has for a very long period, it is to be feared, thrown Austria into the arms of Russia. They are united by the common bond of enduring interest. The Magyars in Hungary, the Poles in Sarmatia, are the enemies of both; and each feels that it is by a close alliance of the cabinets, that the evident dangers of an insurrection of these powerful and warlike races can be provided against. It is more than probable that a secret treaty, offensive and defensive, already unites the two powers; that the crushing of the Magyars was bought by the condition, that the extension of Muscovite influence in Turkey was to be connived at; and that the Czar will one day advance to Constantinople without fear, because he knows that his right flank is secure on the side of Austria. Certain it is, that the *joint* demand made by Austria and Russia, for the extradition of the Hungarian refugees, and which, as an unwarrantable stretch against the independence of Turkey, was resisted with so much spirit and wisdom by England and France, looks very like the first-fruits of such an alliance. And observe, now, the immediate effects on the balance of power of the revolution of 1848. This invasion of the independence of Turkey was made by Russia and Austria in concert, and was only resisted by France and England! Woful, indeed, for the interests of real freedom, has been the result of these convulsions which have ended in transplanting Austria from its natural position, and have converted the jealous opponent of Muscovite power into its obsequious ally. Nothing could have effected such a metamorphosis, but the terrible convulsion which almost tore out the entrails of the Austrian empire. But that is ever the case with revolutionists. Blinded by the passions with which they are actuated, they rush headlong

on their own destruction; and destroy, in their insane ambition, the very bulwarks by which alone durable freedom is to be secured in their own or any other country.

It is commonly thought in this country that the war in Hungary was a contest for national independence, and that it bears a close analogy to the memorable conflicts by which, in former times, the independence of Scotland was maintained, or the liberties of England purchased. There never was a more unfounded opinion. *After* the Hungarian insurrection had taken place, indeed, and when the Austrian empire had been wellnigh torn to pieces in the shock, Hungary was formally incorporated with Austria, just as the grand-duchy of Warsaw was with Russia after the sanguinary revolt of 1831, and Ireland with England after the rebellion of 1798. But *anterior* to the revolution, what step had the cabinet of Vienna taken which was hostile to the independence of Hungary? Not one. The constitution which the Austrian government had given to the Hungarians, if it erred at all, did so on the liberal side: for it conceded to a people, scarcely emerged from barbarism, a constitution founded on universal suffrage, such as England, with its centuries of freedom, could not withstand for three months. It was the Hungarian insurgents who are responsible for the loss of their national independence; because they first put it in issue by joining Lombardy and the revolutionists of Prague and Vienna, in their assault upon the Imperial government, at a time when nothing whatever had been done which menaced their separate existence. The truth is, they thought, as many others did, that the Austrian empire was breaking up, and that now was the time to become a separate power. Having voluntarily, and without a cause, committed high treason, they cannot complain with reason, if in a mitigated form they incur its penalties by forfeiting their national existence.

The ultimate suppression of the revolt in Hungary has been attended with a most distressing amount of bloodshed on the scaffold, and the occurrence of several mournful scenes, in which courage and fidelity have

asserted their wonted superiority, in the supreme hour, over all the storms of fate. God forbid that we should either justify or approve of such severity, or deprive the heroic Hungarian leaders of the well-earned praise which some of them deserve, for their noble constancy in misfortune! But while fully admitting this on the one hand, we must, in justice to the Austrian government on the other, recall to recollection the circumstances in which they were placed at the close of the contest, the dangers they had undergone, and the dreadful devastation which the Hungarian war had brought upon their country. When Georgey capitulated and Comorn surrendered, Austria was wellnigh exhausted by the conflict: she had owed her salvation in part at least to foreign intervention. She had been forced to proclaim her weakness in the face of Europe, and to bring down the hated Muscovite battalions into the heart of the empire. In judging of the course which her rulers, when victorious, pursued, we must in justice recall to mind the perils they had escaped, and the humiliations to which they had been reduced. We must recollect also the state of civilisation which Hungary has attained, and go back, in imagination, to what we ourselves did in a similar stage of national progress. Hungary is hardly more advanced in civilisation than England was during the Wars of the Roses, when the prisoners on both sides were put to death without mercy, and eighty princes of the blood or nobles were massacred in cold blood; or than Scotland was when the Covenanters murdered all the Irish in Montrose's army, with their wives and children. What did the English government do at Carlisle after the advance of the Pretender to Derby, or in Ireland after the rebellion of 1798. What has she recently done in the Ionian islands, after the insurrection in Cephalonia? Nay, would we have been less rigorous than the Austrians, even at this time, if we had been reduced to similar extremities? It is very easy to be lenient after an insurrection which has been extinguished in a cabbage garden, and rendered the insurgents ridiculous in the eyes of all the world; but what should we have done, and how would

we have felt, if Smith O'Brien at the head of the Irish rebels had invaded England, taken London, nourished for a year and a half a frightful civil war in the heart of the empire, and compelled us to call in the legions of France into the midland counties to save the nation from ruin? We do not mean, by these observations, to justify the executions of Haynau and the other Imperial generals: God knows, we deplore them as much as any one can do, and yield to none in admiration of the heroism of the Hungarian leaders, who have shown themselves so worthy of the noble nation to which they belong. But we extenuate, if we cannot justify, the severity of the Austrians, by the recollection of their sufferings; and reserve the weight of our indignation for those insane and selfish demagogues who, for their own elevation, lighted so terrible a conflagration, and caused so much noble blood to be shed, alike on the part of those who fanned and those who sought to extinguish the flames.

The third circumstance which seems to have mainly tended to stop the progress of revolution in Europe, has been the great amount of *interests* in France which could not fall to be injured, either by foreign warfare or domestic Socialist triumph. This is mainly owing to France having already undergone fusion in the revolutionary crucible. Scarcely anything remains to melt, but the dross which had flowed out of the first furnace. The great estates and church lands were divided; two-thirds were cut off from the national debt. Nobody remained to despoil but the *tiers état* and revolutionary proprietors. They stood shoulder to shoulder in defence of their all, which they saw was seriously menaced; and thence the stoppage of the revolution at Paris, and the rapid retrograde movement of opinion on the subject, in the majority, over all France. Foreign war was not less an object of apprehension than internal spoliation. The peasants recollected the conscription and the Cossacks, and the weighty contributions of the Allies; the bourgeois dreaded the cessation of foreign travelling in their country, and the termination of the prolific shower of English gold. It was a general terror that the best interests of society were

in danger which produced the determined resistance to the insurgents in Paris on the 23d of June, and formed the majority of four millions who elected Prince Louis Napoleon to the president's chair. Beyond all doubt, the greater part of the electors, when they recorded their suffrages for him, understood they were really voting for an emperor, and opposing the barrier of force to the revolution.

This circumstance suggests a very important consideration, on which it will become the people of this country to ponder, in reasoning from the example of France to themselves. It is not unusual now to hear the opinion advanced, that the result of universal suffrage in France proves that the apprehensions entertained on this subject, on this side of the Channel, are unfounded; and that, in truth, there is no such effectual barrier against revolution as universal, or, at least, a very low suffrage. America is frequently referred to, also, in confirmation of the same opinion. But under what circumstances has universal suffrage been forced to uphold property in these two countries? Recollect that both are overspread with a host of small proprietors: in France no less than 6,000,000 persons, for the most part in very indigent circumstances, being holders of land; and in America, the whole soil, from its having been so recently reclaimed from the forest, and the law of equal succession, *ab intestato*, being in the hands of the actual cultivators. But can any opinion be formed from this as to what would be the effect of a change in the electoral law, which created 6,000,000 of voters in a country where there are not 300,000 holders of land, and not above an equal number of proprietors in the funds? It is evident that we can never argue from a country which *has been revolutionised*, and where property *has been divided*, to one where neither of these events has taken place. Doubtless the robber will make a fight before he allows his prey to be torn from him; and when there are six millions of persons, for the most part possessed of the fruits of robbery, the rendering these back will not be very easily effected. But if we would see the effect of an extended suffrage, in a country which has not been revolu-

tionised, and where the strong curb-chain of individual interest does not exist to restrain the majority, we have only to look to what the electors of France in 1793 did with the estates of the church and the nobility; to what the American freeholders did in 1837, when they destroyed five-sixths commercial wealth of the country, by raising the cry "Bank, or no Bank;" or what the British ten-pounders have done with the other classes of society, and, eventually, though they did not intend it, with themselves, by their measures of free trade and a restricted currency. Beyond all doubt, *these* measures would at once be repealed by an extended constituency; but are we sure they would stop there? What security have we they would not apply the sponge to the National Debt, confiscate the church property, and openly, or by a graduated assessment on land, divide the estates of the nobility?

But perhaps the most powerful agent, which has been at work, in stopping the progress of revolution in Europe, has been the public and private *INSOLVENCY* which in an abandoned state of society inevitably and rapidly follows such convulsions. This is the great check upon the government and the madness of the people. That France, ever since the revolution of February 1848, has been in a state of almost hopeless monetary embarrassment, is well known to all the world. In fact, nothing but the most consummate prudence, and the adoption of the wisest measures on the part of the Bank of France, has saved them from a general public and private bankruptcy. What those measures were, will immediately be explained. In the mean time, to show the magnitude of the difficulties against which they had to make head, it is sufficient to observe, that in twenty-one months the Revolutionary Government has incurred a floating debt of £22,000,000; and that the deficiency for the year 1849, wholly unprovided for—and which must be made good by Exchequer bills, or other temporary expedients—is no less than *eleven millions and a half sterling*. It is not surprising it should have swelled to this enormous amount; for the very first demand of revolutionists, when they

have proved victorious, is to diminish the public burdens and increase the public expenditure. And they did this so effectually in France, that in one year after the revolution of 1848, they had increased the public expenditure by 162,000,000 francs, or about £6,500,000; while they had caused the public revenue to fall by 248,000,000 francs, or nearly £10,000,000!

The dreadful prostration of industry which such a state of the public revenue implies, would have proved altogether fatal to France, had it not been rescued from the abyss by the surpassing wisdom with which, in that crisis, the measures of the Bank of France were conducted. But the conduct of that establishment, at that trying crisis, proved that they had taken a lesson from the archives of history. Carefully shunning the profuse and exorbitant issue of paper which, under the name of assignats, effected so dreadful a destruction of property in France in the first revolution, they imitated the cautious and prudent policy by which Mr Pitt surmounted the crisis of 1797, and brought the nation triumphant through the whole dangers of the war. They obtained an act from the legislature authorising the issue, not of £600,000,000 sterling of notes, as in 1793 and 1794, but of 400,000,000 francs, or £16,000,000 sterling, not convertible into gold and silver. This, and this alone, it was that brought France through the crisis of the Revolution. Specie, before this aid was obtained, was fast disappearing from circulation; the Bank of France had suspended cash payments; three of the principal banks in Paris had become bankrupt; the payment of all bills was suspended by act of government—for this plain reason, that no debtor could find cash to discharge his

engagements. But this wise measure gave the French people that most inestimable of all blessings in a political and monetary crisis—a currency which, without being redundant, is sufficient, and, being not convertible into the precious metals, neither augments the strain on them, nor is liable to be swept away by foreign export. In consequence of this seasonable advance, the crisis was surmounted, though not without most acute general suffering; and industry, since a government comparatively stable was established, in the person of Prince Louis Napoleon, has revived to a surprising degree over the whole country. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the general misery which prevailed in France, desolated by a revolution, but sustained by a moderate inconvertible paper currency, was greater than was felt in the manufacturing cities of Great Britain, saved by the firmness of government and the good sense of the nation from a political convulsion, but withering under the fetters of a contracted currency, and unrestricted admission of foreign produce.*

One thing is perfectly apparent from the result of the revolution in Italy, that the establishment of either civil liberty or political independence is hopeless in that beautiful peninsula. The total and easy rout of the Piedmontese and Tuscan forces by Radetsky is a proof of this. Venice was defended by its *Lagunæ*—Rome not by the descendants of the ancient masters of the world, but by the revolutionary mercenaries of Poland, Hungary, and Germany, whom the Austrian victories drove back from the banks of the Po to those of the Tiber. On the other hand, the example of Naples, where the firmness of the king has preserved in the end his dominions entire, though Sicily for

* In Paris, after the Revolution in April and May, it was stated there were 300,000 persons out of employment, including the dependants of those without work. This number was, doubtless, fearfully great out of a population of 1,200,000 souls. But it was exceeded in some parts of Great Britain. In April 1848, the number of unemployed persons in and around Glasgow was so excessive, that an examination of them was made, by order of the magistrates of that city, with a view to an application to government for assistance. The men out of work were found, in that city and its vicinity, to be 31,000, which, allowing two and a half dependants to each male, implies 93,000 persons destitute of employment, out of a population at that time estimated at 360,000; being somewhat more than 300,000 out of 1,200,000 in Paris.

a time was severed from the kingdom, and Naples itself was the theatre of a bloody convulsion, proves alike of what flimsy materials revolution is composed in the south of Europe, and through what a perilous crisis a nation can be safely conducted, when the depositaries of power are not unworthy of the elevated duties with which they are entrusted.

Still more important is the lesson read to the world by the attempted revolution in England and Ireland. That Great Britain was threatened with the convulsions, in the throes of which France and Germany were labouring, is universally known. The Chartists openly declared that monarchy could not stand two months in England or Scotland; the Repealers were counting the hours till the Saxon was expelled from the Emerald Isle, and a Hibernian republic proclaimed in Dublin, in close alliance with the great parent democracy in Paris. Where are these boasters now? The English revolutionists were morally slaughtered in London on the 10th April: the Irish rebels were blown into the air by the fire of the police in the cabbage garden. They have been more than vanquished; they have been rendered ridiculous. In despair, they are now leaving in crowds their wo-stricken isle; and it is to be hoped a better race, more industrious habits, and a more tractable people, will gradually be introduced into the deserts which Celtic improvidence and folly has made. It is a glorious spectacle to see an attempted revolution which broke out in both islands suppressed almost without the effusion of blood; and England, the first-born of freedom in modern times, reasserting, in its advanced period of existence, at once the order and moderation which are the glorious inheritance of genuine Liberty.

Would that we could say that our foreign policy during the two last eventful years has been as worthy of praise, as the conduct of our government in combating our internal enemies has been. But here the meed of our approbation must fail. Contrary alike to our obvious interests and to our real and long-established principles, we have apparently been guided by no other principle but that

of fomenting revolution, after the example of France, in every country which the contagion had reached. We all but severed Sicily from Naples, and openly assisted the Sicilian insurgents with arms and ammunition. We once stopped, for "humanity's sake," the Neapolitan expedition from sailing to combat the rebels: we more than once interposed in favour of Charles Albert and the Piedmontese revolutionists: we have alienated Austria, it is to be feared, beyond redemption, by our strange and tortuous policy in regard to the Hungarian insurrection: we, without disguise, countenanced the revolutionary Germans in their attack upon the Danes. What object Ministers had in that, or how they thought the interests of England, a great commercial and exporting nation, were to be forwarded by throwing its whole customers into confusion and misery, we cannot divine. Apparently, their sympathy with revolution anywhere but at home, was so strong, that they could not abstain from supporting it all around them, though to the infinite detriment of their own people. And it is a most curious circumstance, that, while the Chancellor of the Exchequer constantly told us—no doubt with a certain degree of truth—that the failure of our exports, and the general distress of the country, was, in a great degree, to be ascribed to the European revolutions, the whole policy of the Foreign Office, during the same period, was directed to countenance and support these very revolutions.

But from the painful contemplation of the follies and aberrations of man, let us turn, with thankfulness, to the contemplation of the great moral lessons which the events of the two last years teach us as to the wisdom and beneficence of Nature. It is now clear beyond the possibility of doubt, that the wisdom of Providence has provided barriers against the passions, vices, and follies of men; and that if the leaders in thought and station fail in their duty, an invisible bulwark against the progress of anarchy is provided in the general misery which is the consequence of their excesses. Pre-eminent above all others in the history of mankind, **THE YEAR OF REACTION**, immediately succeeding **THE YEAR OF**

REVOLUTIONS, is fraught with the demonstration of these great and consoling moral and religious truths. From it the patriot will derive consolation and hope, amidst the darkest periods which may yet be in store for the human race: for never was a darker period than that through which we have passed; and from its checkered

scenes the virtuous and upright will draw the conclusion that there are limits to human wickedness even in this scene of trial; and that the safest, not less than the most honourable course, for all classes, from the throne to the cottage, in periods of danger, is to be found in the fearless discharge of DUTY.

MY PENINSULAR MEDAL.

BY AN OLD PENINSULAR.

PART III.—CHAPTER VII.

NEXT morning, shortly after day-break, we were all hurried out of our berths by Joey, to come on deck, and take a first view of the coast of Spain. We made the land to the north-east of Cape Villano, and were not a little struck with the bare, black, scowling aspect of that mountainous and iron-bound coast. Off Oporto we stood in, with the design of entering the river. But a signal from the shore announced the bar impassable, and we had nothing before us but the delightful prospect of standing off and on, till the weather permitted us to land the bags. Gingham, I observed, stood anxiously peering with his telescope in the direction of the bar, where the sea, for miles, was foam and fury. "Well," said I at last, "are you looking for a cork in that yeast?"—"I am," replied Gingham, "and there it is. See, they have passed the bar. We shall soon have them alongside."

I saw nothing, but at length was able to discern in the distance a small speck, which was executing most extraordinary vagaries in the midst of the surf. Now it was high, now low; now visible, now lost. Its approach was indicated, not so much by any perceptible change of position, as by an increase of apparent magnitude. Gingham now handed me the glass, and I saw a large boat, full of men, pulling towards us like Tritons. At length they reached the ship. Smart fellows those Oporto boatmen—know how to handle those clumsy-looking, enormous boats of theirs. What a scene was that alongside! The wind

high; the sea rough; the boat banging against the ship's side; the men in her all talking together. Talking? Say jabbering, shouting, screaming. I was in perfect despair. Where was my Portuguese? Hadn't I studied it at Trinity College, Cambridge? Couldn't I make out a page of my Portuguese *Gil Blas*? Hadn't I got a Portuguese grammar and dictionary in my trunk? And hadn't I got a nice little volume of Portuguese dialogues in my pocket? Yet not one word could I understand of what those fellows in the boat were bawling about. Their idiom was provincial, their pronunciation Spanish. That I didn't know. It seemed to me, at the time, that all my toil had been wasted. Never despair, man. If you want to learn a language, and can't learn it in the country, why, learn it at home. You may, you probably will, feel at a loss, when you first get among the natives. But, after two or three days, all will begin to come right: your ear, untutored hitherto, will begin to do its part; then your stores of previously acquired knowledge will all come into use, and you may jabber away to your heart's content. But mind, whatever the language you learn—Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian, or High Dutch—go to work in a scholarlike, businesslike manner; learn the verbs, study the syntax, master all the technicalities, or you are doing no good. Doubtless, in your travels abroad, you will fall in with lively old English residents, who "speak the language as fluently as a native," and tell you

it's all nonsense, *they* never looked into a grammar, nor into a book neither. But never mind that; follow your own plan. Speak the language whenever you can—that of course; hear it spoken; dine at the table d'hôte—that's worth a five shilling lesson at any time, and you get your dinner extra; but, all the while, read daily, work your grammar, turn out the words in your dictionary, and mark the result. You, after a space, can not only speak the language, but *write* it; whereas those intelligent individuals, let alone writing, can't *read* it. Another suggestion, which I—but where are we? What are we talking about? While I am boring you with suggestions, the despatches have been handed into the boat; the boat has shoved off, and is making for the shore—plunging, ramping, tearing through the surf under a press of sail: and, on the deck of the Princess Wilhelmina gun-brig, stand three new and very rum-looking passengers—a Spaniard, a Portuguese, and a nondescript—one deal box, one old leathern port-manteau, one canvass bag, two umbrellas (blue,) one ditto (red,) and a high-crowned Spanish hat, tied up in a faded cotton pocket-handkerchief.

Our new companions were all a little “indisposed” the first day; but, the weather moderating in the night, they grew better the next, and were able to take their places at the dinner table. The Spaniard had come on board, assuming that he was to victual himself, or pay extra. Under this impression, opening his box in the forenoon, he produced with much gravity a bundle, consisting of half-a-dozen oranges, some very coarse brown bread, a flask of wine, and a chump of splendid garlick sausage, all tied up together, in a second cotton pocket-handkerchief. Spreading said handkerchief on the cabin table as a cloth, he next brought out from his pocket a formidable cheese-toaster, and was preparing to do battle with the prog. The Major, perceiving his mistake, addressed him in Spanish, politely explaining that the passage-money covered everything, and that he could call for whatever the ship afforded. The Hidalgo, thus advised, and courteously thanking the Major, contented himself with an

orange, carefully tied up the remaining provender as before, and restored it to the sky-blue deal box.

This act of the Major's, benignant reader, piqued my curiosity. The Major was a very good fellow, as you have doubtless discovered ere this; but he was not a man to do anything without a *motive*. I couldn't feel easy, without getting to the bottom of it.

“Very kind of you, Major,” said I, “to give the Don that information respecting his rights *in transitu*.”

“Kind?” said the Major indignantly; “what do you mean by kind? Had he once attacked that sausage, we should have smelt garlic all the way to Lisbon.” I now appreciated the Major's urbanity.

“Close fellows, those Spaniards,” added the Major. “I knew very well he wouldn't give me part of his sausage. Didn't go for it.”

“Why, if you had shared the feast,” said I, “we should have smelt garlic twice as bad.”

“Yes,” replied the Major; “but I shouldn't have smelt it *at all*.”

Said Hidalgo was a tall, kiln-dried attomy of a man—hair black and lanky—forehead high and corrugated—eyebrows pencilled and elevated—eyes almost closed by the dropping of the eyelids—nose long, thin, and very inexpressive—mouth diminutive—chin sharp—cheek-bones high and enormously prominent—cheeks hollow and cadaverous, regular excavations; half one of his oranges, stuck in each, would about have brought them to a level with his face. Of course he was dubbed Don Quixotte. The Portuguese came on board with his hair dressed as a wig, enormous white choker, no neck (that's why I called him Punch,) *chapeau de bras*, short black cock-tail coat, white silk waistcoat flowered green and gold, black satin unmentionables, black silk stockings, and top-boots—the tops a sort of red japan. As to the third visitor, no one could assert who he was, or what he was. He obtained a passage without any document from the Oporto authorities, on the plea that he was a courier, and carried despatches from Oporto to Lisbon. This, the Colonel remarked, was rather odd, as the bag generally

went by land. One said he was a Spaniard ; another said he was a Jew. Gingham pronounced him a Frenchman :—but what could a Frenchman be doing there ? The one index of his identity was a nose, which forthwith won him the name of 'Hookey.' Hookey spoke French, Spanish, Portuguese, lots besides—disclaimed English—yet seemed always listening while we talked. He was constantly smiling, too ; the habit had given him a deep semicircular maxillary furrow—say trench if you will—on each side of his ugly mug. There was something in his smile that I didn't like. If he saw you looking at him, he put on a smile.

At dinner the Colonel, anxious to do the honours, took an early opportunity of challenging Don Quixotte to a glass of wine. The Don filled a bumper ; the Colonel nodded : the Don, with majestic and silent gravity, rose slowly from his seat, his glass in one hand, the other on his heart ; bowed profoundly to each of the company in succession ; tossed off the wine ; melo-dramatically extended the empty glass at arm's length ; bowed again ; sighed ; squeezed his hand very hard upon his heart, and sat down. The Major challenged Punch, who half filled his tumbler, sipped, filled up with water, sipped again, nodded then, not before, as if he would say "Now it will do," and drank off the whole. Captain Gabion challenged Hookey, who, alone of the three, performed correctly. "Hookey, my boy," thought I, "where did you learn that?"

Neither Punch nor Don Quixotte manifested the least disposition to *amalgamate* with us. They kept themselves apart, replied civilly when addressed—that was all. I must say, speaking from my own observations, it is a slander which describes the English abroad as exclusive. The exclusiveness, so far as I have seen, lies much more with the Continentals.

But if, on the present occasion, the Spaniard and the Portuguese kept their distance, it certainly was far otherwise with my friend Hookey. I take the liberty of calling him my friend, because I was particularly honoured by his attentions. I have

already said that he seemed interested in our conversation. The interest extended to everything about us. He inquired respecting each and every one ; his name, his rank, his department, his destination : asked me, in an off-hand way, if I could guess how many troops the British general had—what was to be the plan of the ensuing campaign—did our Government intend to carry on the war with vigour ? When, by inquiring elsewhere, he discovered that I was attached to the military chest, he redoubled his attentions, and eke his interrogatories. Had I bullion on board ? How much ? Should I convey treasure from Lisbon to headquarters ? On bullock-cars or on mules ? By what route ? Of course I should have a guard—did I know ? Travelling up the country would be dangerous as the army advanced into Spain—wouldn't it advance ?—when ?—he knew every part of the Peninsula—was himself bound for headquarters after delivering his despatches—would be happy to go with me—wouldn't mind waiting a day or two in Lisbon—would assist me in obtaining a servant—a horse—a mule—anything. I, communicative as he was inquisitive, lavished information in floods ; advised him as to the amount of bullion on board, to go down into the hold, and see with his own eyes ; informed him, as a particular secret, that I shouldn't wonder if I was sent to headquarters, unless it happened otherwise ; and hadn't the least doubt that I should have the conveyance of whatever amount of treasure was placed under my charge for that purpose ; declined saying anything then about a servant, horse, or mule, as I should probably find "Milord Vilinton" had thought of me, and had everything of that kind ready against my arrival ; begged to tell him I was a person of great importance, but maintaining the strictest incognito—hoped he wouldn't mention it. Presently he stole away to the forecastle, where I got a sight of him. He was jotting down like mad.

On the evening of our second day from Oporto, we made the Berlings ; been six weeks at sea, from leaving the Tagus. If, instead of coasting it, which secured them a foul wind, they had struck out at once, from the month

of the river, two or three days' sail into the Atlantic, they would probably have got the wind they wanted. That is what Captain Nil did, when I came home, passenger from Lisbon, 1843, in his clever little fruit-ship, the King Alfred. Didn't we give the go-by to the northerly current which blows down the coast, and catch a south-wester, which was just what we needed? Didn't we jockey two other orangemen, that started in company, and thought to beat us by working up along shore? And didn't we bring our prime oranges first to market, and sell them off-hand at London Bridge, with an extra profit of ten shillings a chest?

The morning after we passed the Berlings, we saw the Rock of Lisbon. This, I suppose, is about the most striking object the mariner beholds, in-approaching any coast in the known world. Not more than fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, it stands so dark in tint, so grim in aspect, so ragged in outline, you fancy some fresh earthquake has heaved it up, crude and pinnacled, from the volcanic bowels of the soil, and there left it to frown above the waves that thunder at its base, and spout up in unavailing froth and fumee. "There it stands," said Gingham, "the old Rock! Often have I rounded it before; often have I viewed it; often have I ranged it: worthy the attention of the naturalist; still more of the geologist; but, above all, of the meteorologist: the Pre-montory of the Moon; yes,

The hill where fond Diana looked and loved,
While chaste Erymanx slept and dreamed
of heaven:

the advanced guard of mountain ridges, that condense the invisible vapours of the ocean; the medium and thoroughfare of electric communication between Europe and the Atlantic! See how the thin air of the tropics becomes mist, when it reaches those thunder-splintered pinnacles—hem! *Lady of the Lake*. See how it caps them with a perpetual cloud, which, though perpetual, is constantly diminished by the moisture which it discharges, and constantly replenished by fresh supplies of vapour from the sea. Here, the wind is north: but

there, in that elevated region, the upper current is blowing steadily from the south-west. Take my advice, Mr Y—. Don't leave Lisbon without visiting the Rock. Go to Cintra. Inquire for Madam Dacey's hotel; and don't allow her to charge you more than two dollars a-day, wine included, spirits and bottled porter extra."

Gingham now drew out his telescope. "Ah!" said he, "there's Colares; and there's Cintra, just at the base of the Penha. There goes a donkey party, on a visit to the Cork Convent. My respects to the old Capuchins. There's Madam Dacey herself, fat and rosy as ever, scolding Francisco the cook for spoiling that omelet. How are you, old lady?—Villain! He's making a *pâté* with one hand, and taking snuff with the other! Don't roast that hare, blockhead; it's dry enough already. Make it into soup. That's the way to serve a Cintra hare. Clap a thin slice of bacon on the breast of each of those red partridges, before you put them down. What, boil that gurnet? Bake it, bake it, stupid! Serve it up cold for supper: beats lobster, and should be dressed the same way—oil, cayenne, vinegar, and a modicum of salt. I say, Francisco; mind you send up the soup hot. What an extraordinary fact, Mr Y—! You may get good soups, and all the materials for good dinners, go where you will; but our own countrymen are the only people in the world who know how a dinner should be served up, and set on table. Why, sir, at those hotels at Lisbon and Cintra, I've tasted most splendid soups, magnificent!—but, positively, sent to table lukewarm—neither hot nor cold—tepid, sir! what do you think of that?"

I was thinking, just at that moment, that I should like to hear more about Cintra. But Gingham had now got on the subject of *la cuisine*; *la cuisine* was one of his hobbies (he kept a *stud*)—and, once mounted, there was no getting him off. Yet Gingham, much as he delighted in dinner-giving, was not himself a gourmand. In him the passion was disinterested—a matter of taste—a sentiment. And ah! need I add

how it enhanced the value of his friendship?

About noon we crossed the bar; by two P.M. were off Lisbon, and, while I was all agape, admiring the surpassing beauties of the scene, had dropped our anchor. Captain Gabion took me by the elbow, and proposed that we should sojourn at the same hotel. The motive transpired that afternoon. Gingham had his own quarters, in the Rua d'Alecrim. We all landed together at the Yellow House, where our luggage underwent an examination—in those days a very off-hand business, the English, in fact, being in military occupation of the country. My traps were despatched among the first; and I sat waiting for the Captain, whose turn came later. Meanwhile Hookey's bag was opened, and the contents turned out. Among them I expected to see a letter-box; but there was nothing that looked like despatches. While Hookey was engaged with his bag, he was joined by a shabby-genteel personage, who had the look of a military man in plain clothes—an Englishman, or, I rather thought, an Irishman. They recognised each other at once, and seemed to meet by appointment—left the office arm in arm, the new-comer carrying Hookey's bag. They passed without observing me, as I sat in the background near the door, among bags and boxes. Both were speaking *English*: i. e., Hookey, English as it is spoken by Frenchmen; his companion, English as it ought to be spoken, the pure vernacular of the Sister Isle. "Kim, kim away wid ye, now; is'at it sal krik and wrigler?"—"Oh, yase; now I sal comb wid you, presently." "Aha! Mister Hookey; so you don't understand English," thought I. Not to be an eavesdropper, I started up, and put out my paw, in tender of a parting shake. Hookey, a little taken aback, clasped it fervently in both his; and, radiating disguise, laughed, and spoke English again, grasping and shaking my fist with intense cordiality. I suppose it was his surprise, that made him substitute greeting for leave-taking: "Ah, how you do, sare? I hope you varraall."

Gingham took a kind but rather distant leave. The Captain and I

adjourned with our luggage, which was first cleverly laid together and packed, and then borne, swinging by ropes from two bars, which rested on the shoulders of four stout Gallegos, who walked two and two, hugging each other round the neck, and stepping together in admirable time. The Captain indicated the road; and we soon reached our domicile, MacDermot's Hotel (as it was then called), Rua do Prior, Buenos Ayres,—for air and prospect, the finest situation in all Lisbon; and that is not saying a little.

I was for ordering dinner forthwith. The Captain, for reasons best known to himself, wished an hour's delay. Reluctantly acceding, I retired to my private apartment, and commenced operations in the soap and dowlas line. Presently the Captain tapped at my door, and entered. Wanted me just to walk down with him to the water's side—wanted me particularly. Away we went. The Captain spoke little—seemed to have some project. At length he opened: "I rather think the skipper will catch a precious good hiding presently; serve him right." All this was Greek to me, though I had heard something of the skipper's bad conduct to the Major.

We now, having descended by a side street as steep as a ladder, entered the main road, or Broadway, which runs by the water's side. Who should meet us there, but the Major? He was evidently on the look-out for us, and joined forthwith. "Has the boat left the brig yet?" said Captain Gabion.

"Not yet, I think," said the Major; "I saw her alongside, though. Come down to the water's edge. That's the place."

We descended, through a passage between stone walls. Captain Gabion now addressed me a second time: "Mr Y—, I have already undertaken to officiate as the Major's friend. You must pick up the skipper."

"Well, but what's it all about?" said I. "Hadn't any idea of your intention. You never told me."

"No time for explanation now," said the Captain. "Will you officiate, or will you not?"

"Always ready to do the needful

when the case requires," said I. "But, if the Major feels himself aggrieved, is there no other redress? Won't it be *infra dig.*?"

"The fact is," said the Major, "I don't intend to give him a *heavy* licking—only just to polish him off a bit. As to redress, if I lodged a complaint, it must come ultimately before our own authorities. Now Englishmen abroad, when ill-treated, are always ignored or deserted by their government. I've seen that often. That rascal would get off scot-free; and the very fact of my having applied would be remembered to my disadvantage, and perhaps would injure me in my profession. If I was a Frenchman or a Yankee travelling abroad, and had been oppressed or ill-treated, I would apply to my government. But as I am an Englishman, what would be the use?"

"Well," said I, "the skipper's conduct on board was very bad, I admit; to you, I've heard, particularly. But it's all over now. Come, let him off this time."

"Very well," said the Major. "In a fortnight he sails for England—takes home a ship-load of British officers, sick, wounded, invalided. If he ill treats such fine fellows as you and me, and goes unpunished, how will he treat them, do you think? I'll tell you what. All I fear is, after he has got a few taps, he'll go down; then there'll be no getting him up again, and he'll escape with only half his deserts. Now that's just what I want you to prevent."

"Well," said I; "if I am to officiate as the skipper's friend, of course I must do him justice. I only tell you that."

"Very well," said the Major between his teeth. "You pick him up; that's all."

We reached the high bank by the water's edge, just above the landing-place. A boat was seen approaching from the Princess Wilhelmina: four men pulling, skipper steering. Captain Gabion addressed the Major:

"I'll tell you what; it won't do here. First, there isn't room. Secondly—don't you see?—when he gets more than he likes, he has nothing to do but to roll down the bank, jump

into the boat, and shove off. Thirdly, the boat's crew might interfere; and then we should get the worst of it."

Meanwhile the boat reached the jetty; the skipper landed; ascended the bank by a zigzag path with Snowball at his heels; passed without noticing us, as we stood among other lookers on; and walked up the passage. The Major followed him. Captain Gabion and I followed the Major.

Just as the skipper was emerging from the passage into the street, the Major stepped smartly after him, and tapped him on the shoulder, exclaiming, "Take that, you ruffian." That was a sharp application of the toe.

Like a caged lizard touched in the tail, the skipper sprang fiercely round.

"What's that for?" he cried, with a furious look.

"Ah, what's that for?" replied the Major, administering a stinging soufflet.

The skipper, calm in an instant, and savage in cold blood, commenced peeling. I stepped up to him, received his jacket, and handed it to the nigger, thereby installing myself in office. The Major turned up the cuffs of his coat-sleeves.

"Now, coolly, my man," said I, as the skipper went in like a mad bull.

The first three rounds, like the Three Graces, had a mutual resemblance. Superior to the Major in weight and strength—formidable, too, as a hitter—the skipper did not succeed in planting a single effective blow. Some were stopped, some were dodged, some fell short, and one or two hit short. Still worse for the skipper, he had no idea of guard. His antagonist, a first-rate *artiste*, went on gradually painting his portrait. At the end of the third round, "his mammy wouldn't a' knowed him." The Major, in striking, did not throw in his weight, merely hit from the shoulder and elbow. But his punishing told: he hit with a snap; he hit fast; he had the faculty of rapidly hitting twice with the same hand. In short, the skipper was evidently getting the worst of it. All this time, the Major continued perfectly cool and fresh; and, like Shelton, the navigator—whom I remember well, though you, perhaps, do not—as

often as he stopped a hit, he politely inclined his head, as much as to say, "Well intended—try again." At the close of the third round, however, in consequence of the skipper's attempting a rush, the Major was constrained to put in a really hard blow as a stopper. It not only answered that purpose, but nearly lifted the skipper, and sent him reeling some paces backwards.

Instead of coming, as before, to my extended arms, and seating himself, like a good child, on my knee till time was up, the skipper now staggered towards Snowball, and began rummaging in his jacket. I was too quick for him. Just as he extracted an enormous clasp-knife, I whipped it out of his hand, and passed it to Captain Gabion. On this demonstration, supposing that "legitimate war" was at an end, and my "occupation gone," I was quietly walking away, with my hands in my pockets. But the Captain, having first communicated with the Major, met and stopped me, saying, "Come, we overlook that. The next round."

The fourth round presented no novelty. The painting went on; I may say, this time, was pretty well finished. Never was an ugly monkey more completely "beautified" than the poor skipper. Hestill had his strength and wind, and there was as yet no reason why he should not ultimately win—especially as he hit out like the kick of a horse, and one of his blows, if it told, might have turned the day. I began, however, to be apprehensive that he would soon be put *hors de combat*, by losing the use of his peepers. When, therefore, I sent him in the fifth time, I whispered, "You must try to close, or you'll have the worst of it."

Suddenly rushing in, giving his head, and boring on with his right arm extended, the skipper, at the commencement of the fifth round, contrived to get his left about the Major's waist. This led to a grapple, and a short but fierce struggle. The skipper had the advantage in physical power; but the Major was his superior in wrestling, as well as in the nobler science. They fell together, the Major uppermost. On the ground, strength resuming its advantage, the skipper soon rolled the Major over,

and had the ascendancy. Supposing the round concluded, I was going to pull him off. "Let alone, let alone," said the Major; "leave him to me." The Major, I presumed, was waiting an opportunity for a "hoist."

The skipper now, with his right arm extended, held the Major's extended left, pinned down by the wrist. The skipper's left arm and shoulder were passed under the Major's right, so as completely to put it out of commission. With his left hand, the skipper seemed to be pulling the Major's hair. All this was so completely *hors des règles*, that nothing but the Major's veto kept us from interposing.

At this juncture of the combat there was evidently something out of the usual course, which particularly interested the nigger. Stooping down almost to a squat, his face peering close over the heads of the two combatants, his big eyes bulging and gloating with eager expectation, his mouth open, his blubber lips projecting, and his two hands uplifted and expanded with intense curiosity, he watched the result. Just in time, I grasped the skipper's thumb! Half a second more, and the Major's eye would have been out of its socket!

Captain Gabion, breathing the only execration I ever heard from his lips, choked the skipper off.

The Portuguese bystanders, though much interested in the fray, had not been thoroughly sensible of its character. To them, probably, the fight had looked as if a man, in perfect possession of his temper, had been merely playing with a very savage assailant, so clean and easy was the Major's style of punishing. But now, when they walked up, and looked in the miserable sufferer's face, they perceived the serious nature of the castigo administered. Instead of features they beheld—a mask, I was going to say, but that would be incorrect; for in most masks, you have eyes, nose, and mouth. Here, distinctness was obliterated; and as to eyes, why, you couldn't see the eyelashes. I handed the skipper to Snowball, advising he should be taken on board, and seen to. Snowball walked off, conducting him down the passage. I thought of the knife, procured it from the Captain, ran, and handed it to the nigger.

"Tell him," said I, "never to use that again, except for cheese-toasting, picking his teeth, and so forth." "Yes, massa; me tell him you say so." "I say, Snowball," added I, "hadn't you better put a little oil on his face, to keep off the mosquitoes? If they get at him as he is now, they'll drive him mad." "Ah no, massa," said Blackey, regretfully; "no muskitte here, dis tree, five week; dis place too cold, mosh very. Let alone, no muskitto on de wottah here, nebber at no time."

I hurried back, and found Captain Gabion supporting the Major, who stood with both hands spread out over his right eye, and, to all appearance, suffering intense agony. Blood was visible between his fingers, and on his cheek. The Captain, solicitous to ascertain the amount of injury, made a gentle attempt to withdraw the Major's hands.

"Don't! don't!" gasped the Major. "Has he—got my eye—in his pocket?"

"All right, all right," replied the Captain; "you have still a spare eye to wink with. Near thing, though."

"To-night I meant to have slept at Villa Franca," said the Major, still speaking as if his agony was extreme. "My man is waiting just by with the horses, at the *chafriz*."

"Nonsense, nonsense!" said Captain Gabion; "to-night you must sleep at our quarters. Pledget is there, and will look at your eye. Mr Y—, there's the *chafriz*; that stone fountain, where you see the open space."

I stepped in that direction, and found an English servant, holding two horses. The Major had intended to "polish off" the skipper, mount forthwith, and away for Sacavem at a hand-gallop. So he might; only that the skipper, according to his own ideas of manly combat, having got his opponent undermost, and secured a grip of

the Major's love-lock with his four fingers, had hooked his thumb-nail, and eke a portion of his thumb, in the—but enough. I brought up the man and horses, and with some difficulty we got the Major to the hotel.

Pledget was there, examined the eye, did not consider the injury serious, but deferred giving any decided opinion. Ordered the Major to bed, and prescribed leeches: wanted to apply a poultice, but the patient couldn't bear the pressure. For a few days he remained a prisoner. After that, I met him in the streets with a green shade—eye doing well. Next spring, saw him on duty. No damage was then visible, save and except a small scar at the inner corner of the eye.

How soon, or how slowly, the skipper recovered from his polishing I never learned. The skipper, it appears, a year or two before the American war broke out, had put into the *Tagus* in a vessel from New Orleans, damaged. She was detained for repairs; and he, not liking an idle life, had procured employment in a Falmouth ship. After the war commenced, he chose to continue in the packet line. The exact nature of his offence, offered to the Major, I never ascertained. But it was something connected with the pumping of bilgewater, when the Major was suffering from sea-sickness, prostrate on the deck. Some years after, I heard of the skipper again. He had left Falmouth, and had obtained the command of a packet running between Southampton and the coast of France. He still had a bad name for insulking and ill-treating his passengers; and, what is curious, he again received a polishing from an English officer, at Dieppe. On this occasion, if I mistake not, the operator was an officer of the engineers. Whether said officer came out of the *mêlée* a Cyclops—the little dog forgot to mention.

CHAPTER VIII.

The morning after our landing from the packet, I sought out, and with some difficulty discovered, my uncle's office; where I was very cordially received by both uncles, and very politely by the other gentlemen of the department. I announced myself

prepared to start forthwith for headquarters; fully expecting to be off that night, or next day at latest. Uncle No. 1 told me I must go home with him to dinner, and see my aunt and cousins. Uncle No. 2 advised me to look out for a billet.

All this sounded ominous. The sympathising reader is already advised, that my progress from Lisbon to headquarters was not quite so expeditious as I had anticipated. The cause of the delay was this.

My dear mother, as I have already related, had overruled all objections to my joining the Peninsular army; and through her influence, my honoured father gave his reluctant consent. Shortly after, he was ordered to sea: his ship left the Downs; and he did not return, till after my departure from England. As the time of my departure drew nigh, my dear mother, left to her own cogitations, began to view the subject in a very different light. In short, she was perfectly frightened at her own act; and, when it came to the last, wrote off, without my knowledge, a letter to my uncle No. 2, entreating him by all means to detain me at Lisbon, not for the world to send me up the country—in short, to keep me far beyond the sound, let alone the range, of hostile cannon. Her letter, posted at Deal the very day I started thence for London, came out to Lisbon by the same conveyance with myself; and was doubtless in my uncle's hands, when I presented myself at the office. Many years after, in looking over some old correspondence, I found a letter of hers to my father at sea, revealing the whole plot.

Next morning, I again presented myself, still expecting to receive my orders, and be off sick to headquarters. Uncle No. 2 was there; hoped I had not been much tormented with bugs and fleas; pointed out a desk with a high seat; and informed me—that was my place!

The scene, which would have instantly appalled the whole department, had I given expression to my feelings, was happily prevented by one reflection, which struck me just in time; viz., that I was now an *employé*, bound to obedience by military law, and that Nunky was my commanding officer.

I sulkily took my seat; and Nunky left me for a few minutes, to the pleasing process of mental digestion. Presently, he stood by my side with a huge bundle of papers:—laid the papers on my desk.

"A fortnight," said he, "will probably elapse ere you can proceed to headquarters. I wish, in the mean time, you would just see what you can do, in arranging these convalescent accounts. We could not spare a hand for them, and they have got sadly into arrear. Do try what you can make of them."

I went to work;—worked hard for a fortnight. At the end of that time, with occasional directions from my uncle, the confused mass of accounts was reduced to something like order. Still nothing was said about my journey to headquarters. Fresh work was given me, which took another week. I began to get regularly savage—was rapidly turning misanthrope—sympathised with George Barnwell. Nunky requested my company in a private room.

"You came out," said he, "expecting to go up the country."

"Yes; and on that understanding I applied for the appointment, as I expressed in my letter from England. On that understanding too, unless I mistook the reply, my services were accepted."

"Well, G—," said he, "I put it to yourself. The fact is, those plaguy convalescent accounts have given us more trouble than all the business of the office besides. Till you came out, we never have had a clerk that could do them. You do them excellently. Of course, you are well aware the public service is the first thing. The long and the short of it is, you perform this duty so much to our satisfaction, your uncle J— and I have come to the determination—we must keep you with us at Lisbon."

This, my dear madam, with the exception of being crossed in love—and to that, you know, we all are liable—was my first serious disappointment in life. Baulked in my schemes of military glory—for already, in imagination, I was a gentleman volunteer, had mounted a breach, and won a commission—I had now but one remedy; to resign my clerkship, and return forthwith to England. And this, under other circumstances, I should doubtless have done. But the case, as I then viewed it, stood thus. Here were my two dear uncles, with enormous responsibility—that of

dispensing and accounting for the whole ready-money transactions of the Peninsular army; here was one miserable branch of accounts, which gave them more trouble than all the rest; and here was I, the only lad that could tackle it. Though that, by the bye, was just so much soft solder; for there were at least a dozen gentlemen in our department, who could have made up and kept the convalescent books quite as well as myself, and probably far better.

Well; bad luck to the shilling. There was no remedy; so I settled to my work; devoting my leisure hours, as a safety-valve, to the furious study of Portuguese and Spanish. This blew off my wrath, and in after years proved of good service.

But I rather suspect, gentle reader, you're a bloody-minded fellow, and want to get away without further bother from Lisbon to the seat of war, among shot and shells, grape, canister and congreves. So, cutting it short, I shall just tell you how, at last, I out-generalled my dear uncle, and broke from bondage. After that, if you've no objection, we'll be off at once to join the army.

Please to bear in mind, then, that I was utterly unconscious of any wish that I should remain at Lisbon, on the part of my honoured parents, or either of them. Had I been aware, I would have acquiesced. My position, according to the view which I now took of it, was this. My parents had acceded to my scheme of joining the army: my uncles had brought me out upon that understanding, and upon no other: and yet, on my arrival, instead of forwarding me up the country, had, for no earthly reason that I could discover, detained me at Lisbon, to discharge a duty which, it was now perfectly clear, might quite as well have been committed to other hands. This, I say, being my actual view of the case, you will not think it strange that I deemed it perfectly fair to employ all lawful means for my own enlargement and emancipation.

An opportunity presented itself, in the early part of 1814. The Allied army was now in the Pyrenees and south of France. Convoys of specie had been, from time to time, despatched to headquarters; and were

always accompanied by a clerk or conductor of our department, who went in charge. While headquarters remained in Portugal, or were not far advanced into Spain, this duty was considered an agreeable change, and was rather sought than shunned. But, as the distance lengthened, the departmental view of the subject became different. The journey was now tedious, and began to be deemed unsafe. Reports occasionally reached us of British officers ill treated, robbed, or murdered on the road, by our brave Spanish allies. Our conductors, who were for the most part natives, began to be very subject to the fever of the country. Whenever their turn came to take the charge of treasure to headquarters, they were sure to have it. Well; how could they help that? You see, it was an *intermittent* fever. In this condition of affairs, another large amount of specie was counted out, packed, and all ready for remittance: and—no conductor being forthcoming—one of my fellow-clerks received directions to make the usual preparations for attending it to headquarters. Obeyed, as a matter of course; but didn't like it at all. Communicated to me his secret sorrows—was really far from strong—would much prefer remaining at Lisbon. My determination was taken: I volunteered, as his substitute. Proposed my plan, to which he assented with hilarity.

Still, there was need of management. Had I spoken to Nunky in private, I knew full well I should be foiled. Combining persuasion with authority, he would discourage the scheme, and I should have no course but acquiescence. So, waiting till office-hours, I took my usual place, expecting his appearance in the great room, where half-a-dozen of us were seated together at our desks.

His step was heard in the passage. Half-a-dozen tongues ceased to wag, and half-a-dozen pens went hard to work, while half-a-dozen noses came into close contiguity to half-a-dozen official documents. Nunky entered, took his seat, and commenced the perusal of a pile of letters. I stood beside him.

"Well, G—?"

"I believe, sir, Mr N— has re-

ceived instructions to prepare for a journey to headquarters. Not being in very good health, he would be glad, with your permission, to remain at Lisbon. I therefore beg leave to offer myself as his substitute."

Nunky gave me a look :—saw at once that he was beat. In private, he might have urged his objections : but, before the whole office, he could not appear to dissuade me from taking my turn at a duty, now considered anything but agreeable. No course, then, remained for him, but to signify his consent. "Oh, very well," said he, "if that's the way you've settled it between yourselves. Of course, I can have no objection. Get the usual advance, then ; draw your allowance for a mule ; and have all ready for starting the day after to-morrow."

Exchanging winks with my fellow-sub, right and left, I returned triumphant to my seat. Nunky remained a few minutes at his desk, evidently in a little bit of a fidget. How could I tell that, do you think, when I sat with my back to him ? Oh, I suppose you never were a clerk in a public office. Else you wouldn't require to be informed, that office-clerks have eyes in the back of their heads. When the governor is present, his actions, each and all, are seen and chronicled by every subordinate in the room. And a great relief it is, let me tell you, to the tedium of public business, to recount, criticise, and dramatise them, the moment he's off. Nunky took up a letter, and began to read it—laid it down unread—took up another—rose from his seat—sat down again—put on his hat—and bolted.

Dicky Gossip—a Portuguese clerk commonly so called—rushed forthwith to the front office, and returned with equal rapidity. "Ah, Mister Y—, you is doane. You no sall go up to de coantree deece toim. Your oankle I vos see him git into him coashe. Ah, him gallop down de treet, faster as four mules can carry him. Ah, Mister Y—, I sall tell you vot !"

In the course of the afternoon, I received a message to attend my uncle in another apartment. He met me

with a look of triumph, which, I feared, boded no good.

"Well, G—," said he, "I wish you had mentioned that business this morning in private. Then, you know, we would have talked it over together. As, however, you chose to tender your services in the public room, of course I was forced to view the thing officially, and there's no remedy for it. You have volunteered for headquarters, and to headquarters you must go."

"Oh, thank you, sir ! thank you. That's just what I always wished."

"Just what you always wished ? Of course I know that, as well as you can tell me, Mr G—. Happy to say, though, I have effected one arrangement, which will make matters far safer, and more agreeable too."

"I fear, sir, if you send me off without the treasure, you will have some difficulty—"

"No, no, G—; you and the treasure will go together ; that of course. But the fact is, I've been thinking those Spanish fellows behave so ill, I'm hardly justified in forwarding so large an amount of specie by land, all the way from Lisbon to the Pyrenees. In short, since you spoke to me this morning, I have been on board the flag-ship—seen the admiral. You and the treasure go to Passages in a frigate. Beautiful vessel—passed under her stern in coming ashore."

Alas, my object, then, was only half effected ! I was to join the army, but not to travel through Spain. Nunky saw my chagrin, and chuckled.

"Come, come, Mr G—," said he, "you beat me this morning ; now I've beat you. So make up your mind to a voyage by his Majesty's frigate the M—. Be quick with your arrangements, for she's prepared to sail at a moment's warning. We shall ship the treasure instanter. So everything is ready, when you are."

The next day, at noon, I stood on the deck of the M—, a silent and admiring spectator of a grand peristrepthic panorama, as we glided down the Tagus under easy sail.

CHAPTER IX.

No occurrence worthy of record signalled our voyage from Lisbon to Passages. As you are a member of the Yacht Club, though, and passionately fond of romantic scenery, follow my advice, and treat yourself, some fine week in the summer, to a run along the north coast of Spain—say from Cape Finisterre to the mouth of the Bidasoa. By the bye, hadn't you better reverse it? An awkward thing you'd find it, to catch an on-shore wind at the head of the Bay of Biscay. What would become of you—ah, and what would become of that clever little craft of yours, the *Water Wagtail*, with her dandified rig, and her enormous breadth of beam, and her six pretty little brass popguns as bright as candlesticks, should a stiff north-wester surprise you on that horrid coast? Won't it be better, then, to secure some safe roadstead—the Gironde for instance—make that your starting-point; choose your weather; and, coasting along the shores of Biscay and Asturias, have the pleasure of feeling that you are running out of the Bay, and not running into it?

That I leave to you. But depend upon it, if you visit that coast, you will see not merely rocks, not merely mountains, not merely wild scenery; but scenery so peculiar in character, that you will not easily find the like. Such was the scenery which, on a fine day towards the beginning of March, 1814, I viewed one morning early, standing by the side of the Hon. Mr Beckenham, third lieutenant of the M—. Mr B., having the morning watch, and thinking it dull alone, had persuaded me to turn out, long, long before breakfast;—as he said the night before, “to view that magnificent coast at daybreak;” but, as he obligingly informed me when I came on deck, “that he might enjoy the pleasure of my agreeable society.”

The scene, at a first glance, rather disappointed my expectations. “Stupendous ridge of mountains those Santillanos, though,” said Mr B.; “equal, I should think, to the Pyrenees themselves—of which, in fact, they are a continuation, though some maps of Spain don't show it.”

The view, as I viewed it, had a threefold character. *First*, there was the coast itself; a black line, occasionally diversified with specks of white; this line a ledge of rocks, extending along shore as far as the eye could reach, both east and west. The ocean-swell, incessantly rolling in, though the morning was still, thundered on this eternal sea-wall: and the surf, of which, at our distance, the eye distinguished nothing but those white specks, visible from time to time, presented, when viewed with a glass, every conceivable variety and vagary of breaking waves: the foam now rushing up some sloping shelf, like troops storming a breach; now arched sublime in a graceful curve, that descended in a smoking deluge of spray; now shooting vertically to a columnar height, as though the breaker had first dashed downwards into some dark abyss, and then, reverberated, flew sky-high in a pillar of froth. Beyond this line of rocks, appeared, *secondly*, a ridge of low hills, presenting nothing very remarkable, either in aspect or in outline. And beyond these again, further up the country, appeared, *thirdly*, a very respectable and loftier range—mountains, if you're a Lincolnshire man, and choose to call them so.

“So, this is your ridge of mountains,” said I. “Stupendous? I don't call twelve or fourteen hundred feet stupendous, anyhow. And I'm inclined to think you might look down on most of them, at that altitude.”

“You don't see them,” said he. “You are looking at the coast range. Do you perceive nothing beyond?”

“Nothing but a few light clouds,” said I, “in the sickly blue of the morning sky.”

“Well, look at them,” replied Mr B. “View those clouds attentively. Watch whether they change their shape, as clouds usually do, when seen near the horizon.”

I watched, but there was no visible change. The clouds were fixtures! Sure enough, those faint, pale streaks above the hills, that gleamed like aerial patches of silver vapour, were no other than the lofty summits of

the distant Santillanos, capped with snow, and touched by the beam of early morning. It was worth a turn-out, any day.

Well, at length we reached Passages. Night had closed in, before we dropped our anchor off the harbour's mouth. The captain dreaded the very disaster to which I have already alluded, that of being caught by an on-shore wind in that ugly corner. It was settled, therefore, that a boat should be sent at once to announce our arrival, and the treasure landed next morning early, in order that the frigate might be off with the least delay possible.

Next morning early, then, the treasure—dollars packed in boxes, one thousand dollars in a bag, two bags in a box—was brought up from the hold, and stowed in three boats alongside. Making my best bow to the captain, and tendering, both to him and to his staff, my sincere and grateful acknowledgments for all the polite attentions, &c., I stepped over the side, and seated myself in the boat destined for my conveyance. In the largest boat, which also contained the largest portion of the treasure, sat the Hon. Mr Beckenham; in the next was a midddy; in my own, which was the smallest, were only about half-a-dozen boxes, and four sailors to pull ashore. Mr B. requested me to steer. We pulled for the mouth of the harbour, which was distinguishable, at the distance of a mile, by an abrupt and narrow cleft, dividing two lofty hills; and by a line of foam, which extended right across the entrance, without any visible opening.

Three boats leaving the ship in company, there was a race of course. Mine was astern, having been brought close alongside for my accommodation, and so getting the last start. The race was commenced by midddy, who, by the rules of the service, ought to have kept astern of Mr B., and therefore tried to get ahead of him. My men, seeing the contest, began pulling like mad; and, though outnumbered by the crew of the other boats, yet ours being light, and the weather moderate, soon overtook and passed them. We pulled away, maintaining the lead, till a dull roar, like continued thunder, reminded us that

we were just upon the bar. There it was, right ahead, crossing our course, not a hundred yards distant, and no passage perceptible; the sea, elsewhere comparatively tranquil, there swelling and raging, like a mild-tempered man in a passion; the breakers curling, floencing, tumbling one over the other, rolling in opposite directions, tilting as they crossed, and flying up with the force of the shock. How were we to pass? or by what ledge to give the go-by? My men, excited by the race, would have led at that moment into Charybdis. Still they pulled, onward, onward, to all appearance right upon the reef. The difficulty was solved, like many other difficulties, just when we got into the thick of it. The reef, single in appearance, was in reality double; that is to say, it consisted of two ledges, one ledge overlapping the other: so that, just at the instant when three strokes more of the oars would have taken us into the midst of the tumblification, a narrow opening, with comparatively smooth water, appeared at our left; a turn of the rudder brought us cleverly round into that friendly channel, and the next moment we floated on the tranquil surface of the outer harbour. The luff-tackle and the reefer, as if they had let me go ahead only to see how a landsman could turn a corner, now seemed disposed to renew the race. Raising a shout, which rang from hill to hill in the cleft of that narrow roadstead, their crews gave way again with redoubled ardour. But, having gained the precedence outside, we easily kept it in smooth water, and led in, with a sweep, through the larger harbour to the town. There, as we coasted along, I noticed a little jetty; and on it, in the full uniform of our department, a little man, who was anxiously watching our approach. I laid my boat alongside, jumped ashore, and received a hearty welcome from Mr Deputy-Paymaster-General Q—, whom I had previously known at Lisbon, and who was now in charge of the military chest at Passages. Another individual whom I had met at Lisbon, a gentleman holding office in a department attached to the army—suppose, for want of a better name, we call him "My Friend"—stepped up at the same time, as if he

had come by accident, was amazingly glad to see me, took my hand, and greeted me with many smiles—begged I wouldn't think of troubling myself about a billet—his quarters were quite roomy enough for two. Had I a mule? Shouldn't be able to get one in all Passages. Must have something. He would sell me a pony cheap.

A working party was at hand, to convey the boxes of specie from the jetty to the office, which was established hard by, for the convenience of landing remittances that came by sea. A guard was now set, and the sailors turned to, handing the boxes smartly out of the boats, and ranging them on *terra firma*; the shore party began conveying them from the jetty into the office. The Hon. Mr Beckenham was in a dreadful fuss to get back to the frigate. "The skipper wants to be off while the wind is fair, and the men haven't breakfasted,"—nor had he. Up came my commanding officer just at the moment, and hoped Mr B. and the middy would favour us with their company to breakfast, as soon as the boxes were stowed.

Mr B. glanced circularly at the horizon, looked at the clouds, looked at the flags in the harbour, looked at the clouds again. "Don't think there's any sign of a change of wind at present," said he. "Blows very steady from the south, sir," said the middy. The boxes were housed; they suffered themselves to be persuaded, and walked with us into the office. "My friend" also received an invite, and came in company.

The men in the boats were supplied with bread, butter, and cheese; some enormous Spanish sausages, by way of a relish, delicious Spanish onions, as mild as an apple, and a handsome allowance of brilliant draught cider. By all means ship a barrel, if you touch at Passages in the Water Wag-tail. Mr Q— conducted us to his private apartment, where we found a substantial breakfast awaiting us. I walked into the balcony, which looked towards the water; took a view of the men in the boats. All had their knives out, each sat in an attitude of his own, the cider evidently gave general satisfaction, the prog was rapidly disappearing, and the subject of conversation was twofold—the

race, already accomplished, from the frigate to the jetty; and the race, soon to come off, from the jetty to the frigate. "My friend" stood at my elbow, saw me laughing at Jack, laughed himself—laughed heartily. "When will you come and look at the pony?" said he. Mr Q— summoned us to breakfast.

Breakfast over, the lieutenant and his aide-de-camp took their leave. I went to look after my baggage, of which "my friend" had taken charge in the hurry of landing, promising to see it stowed with the treasure, where it would be under a guard. There was the guard, and there was the treasure; but there was not my baggage. Found him—demanded an explanation. "Why, to tell the truth, the working party being there, he had embraced the opportunity, and had sent off my things at once to his own billet. We might as well go there at once. Could look at the pony by the way." Just as we started, my commanding officer called after me, "Mr Y—, I shall want you to give me a few particulars respecting the treasure. You may as well do so before going out. Then you may consider yourself at liberty for the rest of the day." I accompanied him into a small room, on the door of which was wafered "Private." "My friend" waited outside, in the street.

"Did you send any message to that gentleman last night," said Mr Q—, "when the boat came ashore from the frigate?"

"None whatever, sir. I didn't even know he was at Passages."

"Wasn't he aware that you were coming from Lisbon?"

"I don't see how he could be, sir. For it wasn't mentioned there till the day before I sailed; and of course no intelligence could have come in that time by land."

"Then he didn't meet you this morning by appointment?"

"Certainly not, sir. The meeting was quite casual."

"Casual? He was waiting about here for an hour before you landed; running into the office, out of the office, poking his nose into every corner—couldn't think what he wanted. Oh, I suppose he must have fallen in with the second lieutenant yesterday

evening. That's how he heard of you, no doubt. Old cronies, I suppose."

"Not at all, sir. We met twice at Lisbon. That's all that I ever saw of him, till this morning."

"Indeed! Well, he seems very attentive. Does he appear to have any object? What was he saying to you in the balcony?"

"Said something about a pony he wants to sell. That was all, sir."

"Oh!" said Mr Q—. The "oh" came out something like a groan a yard long, first forte, then minuendo, with the forefinger applied laterally to the apex of the nose, and one eye sapiently half-closed. "Ay, ay; I see. That's what he's after, no doubt; he wants you to buy Sancho. Well, perhaps you can't do better. I know the pony well. Doubt whether you'll find anything else to suit you in all Passages. A mule, indeed, would answer your purpose better; but the price of mules is enormous. Have you drawn your allowance for a horse?"

"No, sir. As I came by water, and dollars are cumbersome, I thought it best to defer that till I reached Passages."

"Oh, very well; it's all right, then. Mr Y—, I feel it my duty to say this to you; let me know before you close the bargain. Till then, the eighty dollars are as well in my hands as in yours. Horses will soon be dog-cheap. Few to be had in Spain for love or money; lots, though, in France. Once at headquarters, you may mount yourself *ad libitum*; and the pony will do well enough to carry you up. Well, Mr Y—, with regard to quarters, the town is so full, I was thinking we must try and accommodate you here. But as Mr what's-his-name has made the offer, I feel it my duty to say this to you—you had better accept it."

"Will you look at the invoice of the treasure, now, sir? Or shall I bring it to-morrow?"

"Show it me now. Any gold?"

"All silver, sir; dollars, half-dollars, and quarters."

"What's this? Eight bags of a thousand, halves; twelve bags, quarters; five bags, small mixed. Why, it will take us an age to count it all."

"My fingers were sore with counting, before I left Lisbon, sir."

"Yes; and they must be sore again,

before you leave Passages. Glad to find you have had practice, though. Shouldn't mind the dollars: a maddling hand, you know, can count his thirty thousand a-day; but that small mixed takes no end of time. Well, Mr Y—, I feel it my duty to say this to you—hold yourself in readiness to start for headquarters, in charge of treasure, this day week at latest. If I can get you off a day or two earlier, all the better. But the money must be counted; the boxes must be looked to and repaired. And then the mules—why, you'll want sixty at least. Let me see. Nearer eighty, unless I can take part of the silver, and give you doubloons. Well, I'll see old Capsicum in the course of the morning, and ascertain what mules he can let me have. Be here to-morrow at ten, and then I shall be able to tell you more about it."

Delighted to hear once more the name of Capsicum, and doubting whether to call on him, or wait till we met, I was leaving the room to rejoin "my friend" in the street, when Mr Q— called me back.

"Of course, you know, Mr Y—," said he, "I have no wish to interfere with a fair bargain. Make your own agreement for the pony. I have nothing to say against the party who wishes to sell, and would be the last man to disparage a gentleman attached to any department of the British army. Only I feel it my duty to say this to you—keep your weather-eye open. Good morning."

"My friend" and I walked off together to the stable. His Portuguese servant, Antonio, was in attendance, led out the pony, walked him, trotted him, led him in again. The pony, I thought, was a respectable pony enough; not in bad condition, neither; rather small, though, for a rider six feet high. His legs, supple, well-turned, and slender, were decidedly Spanish. But the barrel, round, bulging, and disproportionably large; the hum-drum, steady, *business-like* pace; the tail, long, thick, and coarse, the drooping neck, the great hairy ears, the heavy head, the lifeless eye, and the dull, unmeaning cast of countenance, betokened rather a Gallic origin. I declined giving an immediate answer as to purchasing. "My

friend," with a laugh, said I was quite right; and we walked off together to his billet. "Very dull place, this Passages," said he. "Shall be happy to go with you across the harbour, and show you the market. By the bye, of course, before you leave, you'll take a view of St Sebastian. There stands the poor old town, all knocked to smash, just as it remained after the siege. If you wish to form a conception of the tremendous effect of cannon-balls, ride over by all means. You may get there in less than half-an-hour, upon the pony."

We now reached "my friend's" quarters, which consisted of one long, narrow room, with a couple of windows at the end nearest the street, and a couple of alcoves at the other, each alcove containing a very humble bed. As to the windows, you are not to understand by the term window, bless your heart, anything in the shape of glass, sashes, or window-frame; but simply a stone opening in the stone wall, with nothing to keep out the wind and rain, but a pair of old clumsy shutters, which were far from shutting hermetically. The whole furniture of the apartment consisted of a ship's stove, borrowed from one of the transports in the harbour; a door laid on two trestles, to serve as a table; and, on each side of the said table, a bench. Yet often, when the troops were engaged in active service, such accommodations as ours would have been deemed a luxury; and many a wrangle arose for far worse quarters. I noticed that the trestles and benches, which consisted of rough deal, hastily knocked together, looked new. This "my friend" explained, by informing me that the captain of the transport had lent him his carpenter. Having seen to my baggage, which was all right, and ascertained that we had four hours to dinner, I took the first opportunity of cutting my stick, having inwardly formed my determination to be off at once on foot, and take a view of St Sebastian. Six or seven months had now elapsed since St Sebastian was stormed and taken by the British and Portuguese forces.

Less than an hour's walk brought me to the scene of that fierce, and, for a period, doubtful conflict. The road was closed up by hills, which

afforded no opportunity for a prospect; and not a soul did I meet in the whole distance. All at once I came in sight of the battered and demolished fortress. Imagine a town knocked to pieces. Imagine this town suddenly presenting itself to your view. The road unexpectedly opened upon a sandy plain, on which rose a few eminences, called the Chofres, that had afforded a position for some of the breaching batteries of the besiegers; at the extremity of this plain ran the river Urumea, discharging itself into the sea; and on an isthmus, beyond the river, stood St Sebastian. It stood like a city in the desert. All was solitude and desolation. The town, though it had contained many thousand inhabitants, at this moment afforded no visible indication of human residence. It was not forsaken; yet nothing could I discover of the tokens which usually indicate life and activity as we approach the abodes of men—on the road, neither vehicles, nor cattle, nor human beings. I was alone, and the city was solitary. No; here, at my feet, upon the sandy plain, was a memorial, at least, of man and of his doings. A rise in the level had been washed down at its edge by the rains of winter; and, projecting from the crumbling bank, appeared the bleached and ghastly remains of a human being; doubtless one out of the multitudes who, having fallen in the siege, had been consigned to a shallow and hasty grave. I will not deny that the sight arrested my steps. Remember, it was the first victim of war I had ever looked upon. Nay, more; it invested the whole panorama with a new character. I stood, as it were, surveying a vast cemetery, the soil now concealing in its bosom the multitudes who, not long before, had drenched its surface with their blood. Entering the town, I did indeed see before me, as "my friend" had said, "the tremendous effect of cannon-balls." Yet that was not the whole: destruction appeared in a threefold aspect. The batteries had knocked houses and defences into rubbish and dust; the mines had torn up the works from their foundations; and a general conflagration had ravaged the whole town. The scene was sombre

and oppressive. War had now advanced his pavilion into other lands; but here had left in charge two vast and hideous sentinels—Desolation and Silence! I passed through some of the principal streets, in which the fallen stones had been piled on each side, to make a thoroughfare; and walked along the ramparts, where some of the dead were still visible, partially covered by fragments of the ruined masonry. No living creature did I encounter, save one, a miserable object, a soldier in the Spanish uniform, apparently an invalid, recovering from wounds or sickness. On my approaching him, he appeared unwilling to speak or be spoken to. Nor is it difficult to explain why a Spaniard, meeting an Englishman on the walls of St Sebastian, should feel little disposed for conversation. And so I visited the place, inspected the fortifications, and returned to Passages, without exchanging a word with any one.

"My friend," in honour of my arrival, had invited a brace of dinner-guests: one, like myself, a clerk of the military chest, the other a young hospital mate. Our dinner was excellent; Irish stew, a Passages hare, and an enormous omelet, all cooked by Antonio; capital draught cider; with the cheese, two bottles of English porter as a particular treat; and Andalusian wine *ad libitum*.

I must here say a word on the subject of Irish stew. A standing dish at headquarters was that Irish stew. Amongst the followers of the army were a number of youths, Spanish and Portuguese, principally the latter, age from sixteen to twenty, happy, on the small consideration of a few dollars per month, to enter the service of any *Señor Ingles* who would hire them. Most of the clerks attached to headquarters had a servant of this description; and as each clerk was entitled to draw double rations, the arrangement was convenient. It was the chief business of this servant, to discharge the two very congenial duties of groom and cook; and no one was eligible to the office who could not make Irish stew. "Well, Pedro, what's for dinner to-day?"—The answer was invariable, "Oirish-see." The ration beef—it was generally beef—was popped into a

saucepan with anything else that came to hand—bread, onions, leeks, potatoes if you could get them, and just enough water to cover the whole;—then stewed. Whatever the ingredients, still it was "Oirish-too." Now—perhaps the idea never struck you—the true difference between English and foreign cookery is just this: in preparing butcher's meat for the table, the aim of foreign cookery is to make it tender, of English, to make it hard. And both systems equally effect their object, in spite of difficulties on each side. The butcher's meat, which you buy abroad, is tough, coarse-grained, and stringy; yet foreign cookery sends this meat to table tender. The butcher's meat which you buy in England is tender enough when it comes home; but domestic cookery sends it up hard. Don't tell me the hardness is in the meat itself. Nothing of the kind: it's altogether an achievement of the English *cuisine*. I appeal to a leg of mutton, I appeal to a beef-steak, as they usually come to table; the beef half-broiled, the mutton half-roasted. Judge for yourself. The underdone portion of each is tender; the portion that's dressed is hard. Argal, the hardness is due to the dressing, not to the meat: it is a triumph of domestic cookery.—Q.E.D. Well; if time was short—say, a meal to be prepared on coming in from a march, the rations not issued till three hours after, and Pedro ordered to "make haste, and get dinner *depressa*,"—why, then, to appease the wolf in your stomach, the Irish stew was ready in no time—boiled like fury,—dished up in half an hour. In that case, you got it in the genuine English style—done in a hurry: the broth watery and thin, the potatoes bullets, and the *beauillish* shrunk, indurated, screwed up into tough elasticity, by the sudden application of a strong heat, and the potent effect of hard boiling. Engage a "good plain cook"—tell her to boil a neck of mutton—that will show you what I mean. All London necks of mutton come to table crescents—regularly curled. But if, on the contrary, you were in quarters, or the troops halted a day, then you got your Irish stew after the foreign fashion. Breakfast cleared away, your horse is brought

to the door, that you may ride a few miles forwards, and take a view of the operations, or ogle Soult through a telescope. Pedro then commences his culinary operations forthwith. The beef—and what-not besides—is whipped into the saucepan; the saucepan is set among the embers upon the hearth: and there it stands—not boiling—scarcely simmering—suppose we say digesting—throughout the forenoon, and till you are ready to eat. Long before dinner, savoury steams announce a normal process of the *cuisine*, a process both leisurely and effectual. At length, crowned with laurels, and, like all heroes, hungry after fighting, you return from the skirmish in front, having barely escaped a stray cannon-ball that made your horse—oh, didn't it?—spin round like a teetotum. The rich repast awaits you—the whole is turned out, and smokes upon the table—the *douilli* is tender, the “jus” appetising and substantial, the *tout-ensemble* excellent. And if, with an eye to his own interest in the concern, Pedro has slipped in a handful or so of garlic, why, you live all day in the open air—so it doesn't much signify.

Well, so much for Irish stew. We wound up the evening with ship-biscuit and brandy-and-water—ration brandy—French—superb. What an exchange for the horrid *aguardente* of Lisbon, that excoriated your palate, indurated your gizzard, and burnt a hole in your liver! I happened to mention my morning visit to St Sebastian. All my three companions had seen St Sebastian during the siege—were present at the storming. “Sorry I was not ordered up in time,” said I.

“You'll never see anything like that,” said the doctor.

“Well, can't you tell me something about it?”

“No, no,” replied he; “rather too late for that to-night. I must be moving.”

“Come, gentlemen; mix another tumbler round,” said “my friend.” “If we cannot go into particulars, at least, for the satisfaction of Mr Y—, let us each relate some one incident, which we witnessed when the city was taken by storm. Come, doctor; you shall begin.”

“Really,” said the doctor, “it was

such a scene of slaughter and confusion, I can hardly recollect anything distinctly enough to tell it. I got into the town almost immediately after the troops, to look after the wounded; just those that required to be operated on at once. Found my way into a by-street; came among some of our fellows, who were carrying on such a game, drinking, plundering, firing at the inhabitants, and I don't know what-all besides, I was glad enough to escape with my life, and got out of the place as fast as I could. Don't really remember any particular occurrence to relate. Oh, yes; just as I was coming away, I saw one old woman—beg pardon; ought to have said elderly gentlewoman—pinned to a post with a bayonet, for defending her daughter's virtue.”

Well, gentlemen, said “my friend,” “I also will relate an incident, connected with that dreadful day. But, first of all, I must show you something. What, would you say, is the value of that, doctor?” He produced a very handsome diamond ring. “Worth fifty dollars at least,” said the doctor, holding it to the lamp. “I say, *worth* it; that is, in the trade. Would sell, in Bond Street, for more than double that price, as they'd set it in London.” The doctor, I should mention, was the son of a fashionable watch-maker—bore the sobriquet of Tick.

“Well,” continued my friend, “how do you think I became possessed of that ring? Just after the town was carried, I watched a lull in the firing from the castle, and went in over the breach. Only one or two round-shot fell, as I was climbing up. Met there an English sailor, a man-of-war's man, coming along in high good humour, perhaps a little the worse for liquor. He was shouting, laughing, holding up his two hands, as if he wanted me to look at them. The fellow had been plundering; plundering a jeweller's shop. “Now I'm dressed out for a ball,” said he, “all for one like a Spanish lady.” What d'ye think he had done? All his fingers, both hands, were covered down to the tips with splendid rings, rings set with precious stones, as thick as curtain-rods. Brilliants, rubies, emeralds, amethysts, he had stuck them on, one after the other, till

there was no room left. Told him I'd buy them: offered him a dollar for the lot; two dollars; five dollars. 'Avast,' said he, 'I'm a gentleman. Don't want none of your dumps, messmate. Shouldn't mind giving you one, though, for good luck. Here, take this big un.' It was a great ugly Brazilian topaz. 'No, no,' said I; 'give me this little one.' He gave it me; I thanked him; and he walked away, laughing and shouting. —Worth fifty dollars, you say. Is it though, doctor? For forty-five down, you shall have it."

The doctor made no reply; and, for a few seconds, there was a dead silence. "Come, Mr Pagador senior," said he; "I've got three gunshot wounds, an ague, and a dysentery.—Must see them all, before I go to bed. Please to proceed."

"I think," said my fellow-clerk, "our host had a good chance of being shot, when he mounted the breach; for the French, I remember, kept up a fire on all who passed that way, long after it was carried. You're sure you got that ring on the breach, are you? . . . I, also, had a narrow escape, after I got into the town. I was walking up one of the streets, and passed a wine-shop, where a lot of our fellows were assembled, within and without. A few yards beyond was a corner; another street crossed. Just at the crossing, in the middle of the road, lay an English soldier, dead. There was nothing particular in that; for I had passed several dead before, as I came along. Walking on, I noticed two soldiers looking at me and talking. 'Better tell him, then,' said one of them. 'Tell him yourself,' said the other; 'I shan't tell him. He's only a commissary.' Just before I reached the corner, some one gently laid hold of my arm. I turned round. It was that officer of the engineers—Gabion—yes, Captain Gabion. 'Wouldn't advise you to go beyond the corner,' said he.—'Why not?' said I. 'Don't you see that man lying on the road?' said he.—'Any danger?' said I. 'I'll soon let you see that,' said he: 'have the kindness to lend me your hat.' I gave him my hat—staff-hat—bought it new at Vittoria. He stepped forward, held it out by one end, just poked about half

of it beyond the corner. Crack! a rifle-bullet came clean through it. 'The French,' said he, 'still occupy that street. I set a sentry here just now, to keep people from passing on. But he's off; plundering, I suppose, or getting drunk. I'm sorry for your hat, though.' Rum trick, that of Captain Gabion's, I must say. I thought it very unkind. Kept me from getting shot; much obliged to him for that. But spoiled my new staff-hat—cost me ten dollars."

"Yes," said the doctor, "that's just what he is; always up to some practical piece of wit, and grave as a judge. Grave? I should rather say melancholy. Such a fellow for joking, too! Why, he'd crack a joke if a shell was fizzing at his feet. One of the coolest officers in the service."

"Where is Captain Gabion now?" said I.

"Oh, somewhere in advance," said the doctor; "you may be sure of that; somewhere with the troops in the south of France. He and his friend, that major of the artillery, had a narrow escape, though, in the winter. Must needs go paying a morning visit to a French family just this side of St Jean de Luz, before the enemy were driven across the Nivelle. Just escaped a party of them by hard riding. Don't see, though, that your hat, Mr Pagador, is much the worse, merely for being pinked."

"It makes people stare so," said he, "that's all I care about. Looks just exactly as if one had been shot through the head."

"Shouldn't mind giving you my new foraging cap and a dollar for it," said "my friend." Again there was a short silence. It was clear, in fact, that "my friend's" disposition to barter and bargain was not altogether admired.

"Well, gentlemen," said I, "you have all been good enough to tell me something about St Sebastian. Now, I'll tell you something. Did you ever see a dead man swim?"

"I've seen a dead man float," said the doctor; "never saw one swim."

"Well, that's what I saw this morning. And you may see it to-morrow, if you choose to go and look. I'll tell you how it was. The tide was up, and the river Urumea nearly full. I was standing on that part of the

rampart, where, as you know, the rubbish dislodged by the springing of the mine is shot down into the bed of the river. In that vast heap, no doubt many of the storming party found a grave, where they still lie buried, under tons upon tons of shattered masonry. In some instances, however, the sufferers were not entirely overwhelmed by the explosion; and their remains are still partly visible, bleached by the sun and wind. The water was perfectly clear; you might see the rocks in the bed of the stream. My eye, measuring the shattered pile on which I was standing, mechanically descended from its summit to its base, which juts out far into the river. Just under water, I noticed something in motion. The appearance attracted my attention. Descending the mound to the water's edge, what do you think I saw? A man half emerging from the fragments, and swimming, yes, swimming beneath the surface, striking out with both hands, as if struggling to get free. So visible was the object, so distinctly I saw every movement, my first impulse

was to step down into the water, drag him out from the rubbish before he was drowned, and land him on *terra firma*. I looked again—he was long past drowning. There he had swum, at high water, every day since the city was stormed, and the mine was sprung. His bones, half bared of flesh, were still held together by the ligaments; the mine, by its explosion, had buried him up to the middle; but from the loins he was free: the play of the waves tossed him to and fro; the water, in its flux and reflux, now caught his arms and spread them out from his sides to their full extent, now brought them back again:—anybody would have said it was a man swimming. Well, I shall dream of it to-night. I shall again be standing on that breach before daylight; fancy I see the dead man swimming out beneath my feet; and perhaps hear him calling for help under water. Only hope I mayn't fancy it's myself."

"It's curious," said the doctor, "when a fellow first joins, how a thing of that kind strikes him as remarkable. Well, good night all."

AMERICAN ADVENTURE.

THERE is a class of literature peculiarly American, and unlikely to be rivalled or imitated to any great extent on this side the Atlantic, for which we entertain a strong predilection. It is the literature of the forest and the prairie, of the Indian camp and the backwood settlement, of the trapper's hunting ground, and, we now must add, of the Californian gold mine. It comprises the exploits and narratives of the pioneer in the Far West, and the squatter in Texas; of the military volunteer in Mexico, and the treasure-seeking adventurer on the auriferous shores of the Pacific. In common with millions of Europeans, we have watched, for years

past, with wonder, if not always with admiration, the expansive propensities of that singularly restless people, who, few in number, in proportion to their immense extent of territory, and prosperous at home under the government they prefer, yet find themselves cramped and uneasy within their vast limits, and continually, with greater might than right, displace their neighbour's boundary-mark and encroach upon his land. The mode in which this has been done, in a southerly direction, by the settlement of emigrants, who, gradually accumulating, at last dispossess and expel the rightful owner, has been often described and exemplified; and no-

Sights in the Gold Regions, and Scenes by the Way. By THEODORE T. JOHNSON. New York: 1849.

The California and Oregon Trail: being Sketches of Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life. By FRANCIS PARKMAN, JUN. New York and London: 1849.

Los Gringos; or an Inside View of Mexico and California: with Wanderings in Peru, Chili, and Polynesia. By LIEUTENANT WISE, U.S.N. New York and London: 1850.

where more graphically than by Charles Sealsfield, in his admirable *Cabin Book* and *Squatter Nathan*. The Anglo-German-American, deeply impressed by the virtues of his adopted countrymen, and especially by that intelligence and enterprising spirit which none can deny them, sees merit rather than injustice in the forcible expulsion of the Spaniard's descendants, and makes out the best possible case in defence of the Yankee spoliator. Still, when stripped of factitious colouring and rhetorical adornments, the pith of the argument seems to be that the land is too good for the lazy "greasers," who must incontinently absquatilate, and make way for better men. As for Indians, they are of no account whatever. "Up rifle and at them!" is the word. In utter wantonness they are shot and cut down. Let us hear an American's account of the process.

"When Captain Sutter first settled in California he had much trouble with the Indians, but he adopted, and has pursued steadily from the first, a policy of peace, combined with the requisite firmness and occasional severity. Thus he had obtained all-powerful influence with them, and was enabled to avail himself of their labour for moderate remuneration. Now all was changed: the late emigrants across the mountains, and especially from Oregon, had commenced a war of extermination, shooting them down like wolves—men, women, and children—wherever they could find them. Some of the Indians were undoubtedly bad, and needed punishment, but generally the whites were the aggressors; and, as a matter of course, the Indians retaliated whenever opportunities occurred; and in this way several unarmed or careless Oregonians had become, in turn, their victims. Thus has been renewed in California the war of extermination against the aborigines, commenced in effect at the landing of Columbus, and continued to this day, gradually and surely tending to the utter extinction of the race. And never has this policy proved so injurious to the interests of the whites as in California."—(*Sights in the Gold Regions*, p. 152-3.)

Mr Johnson illustrates by examples the system he thus condemns, and shows us war-parties of white men issuing forth for *razzias* upon Indian

villages, receiving, as they depart, the valedictory benediction of the patriarch of the settlement, a veteran backwoodsman, well known in the Rocky Mountains as a guide and pioneer, and who, after a long and adventurous career, has at last located himself, with his active, reckless, half-breed sons in the beautiful and romantic valley of the Saw Mill. This bloody-minded old miscreant, John Greenwood by name, boasted of having shot upwards of a hundred Indians—ten of them since his arrival in California—and hoped still to add to the murder-list, although incapacitated by age from distant expeditions. His cabin was the alarm-post where the foragers assembled, and whither, on their return from their errand of blood and rapine, they brought their ill-gotten spoils, the captive squaws, and the still reeking scalps of their victims. With male prisoners they rarely troubled themselves; although, upon one occasion during Mr Johnson's stay in their vicinity, they brought in a number, and shot seven of them in cold blood, because, "being bad-looking and strong warriors," it was believed they had participated in the murder of five English miners, surprised and slain a short time previously. Expeditions of this kind are called "war-parties;" and the propriety of the system of which they form a part is as fiercely and passionately defended by the Americans in California, as is the propriety of slave-holding by the free and enlightened citizens of the southern states of the Union. It were far from prudent to preach emancipation in Florida or Louisiana; at the "diggins" it is decidedly unsafe to call the shooting of Indians by the harsh name of murder. "We saw a young mountaineer, wild with rage, threaten the life of an American who had ventured by these Indians were provoked by many previous murders of the whites, and that they should not be avenged by indiscriminate slaughter, but by the death of the *guilty*." The horrible character of the frequent massacres is aggravated by the adoption, on the part of the white savages, of the repugnant and barbarian usages of the unfortunate heathens whom they first provoke and then hunt to the death,

by the tearing off of scalps, and such-like hideous and unchristian abominations. Unfortunately, these scenes of slaughter and atrocity are of constant occurrence, not only in that far-off land where gold is to be had for the gathering, but wherever the white man and the red come in contact. The air of the prairie and backwoods seems fatal to all humane and merciful feelings, and the life of the Indian is held no dearer than that of skunk or buffalo. Mr Parkman tells us of "a young Kentuckian, of the true Kentucky blood, generous, impetuous, and a gentleman withal, who had come out to the mountains with Russel's party of California emigrants. One of his chief objects, as he gave out, was to kill an Indian—an exploit which he afterwards succeeded in achieving, much to the jeopardy of ourselves and others, who had to pass through the country of the dead Pawnee's enraged relatives." No censure is passed upon this generous and gentlemanly young murderer by Mr Parkman, whose book would nevertheless indicate him to be a man of education and humanity, but who is apparently unable to discern any moral wrong in wantonly drilling a hole through the painted hide of a Pawnee. The system of extermination seems practically inseparable from the aggrandisement of American territory at Indian expense. When Mexicans are to be ejected, the process is more humane, or at least less cold-blooded and revolting in its circumstances. But, although the barbarity diminishes, the injustice is as great. By American annexators and propagandists, respect of property may be set down as an Old World prejudice; still it is one by which we are contented to abide; and we cannot see the right of any one to turn a man out of his house because he does not keep it in repair and occupy all the rooms, or to pick a quarrel with him as a pretext for appropriating a choice slice of his garden. A considerable portion of the people of the United States are evidently convinced that they are the instruments of Providence in the civilisation and population of the New World, and look forward to the time as by no means remote when

their descendants and form of government shall spread south and north, to the exclusion of British rule and Spanish-American republics, from Greenland to Panama. As a preparatory step, their pioneers are abroad in all directions; and some of them, being handy with the pen as well as with the rifle, jot down their experiences for the encouragement of their countrymen and edification of the foreigner. Before us are three books of the kind completely American in tone and language, and of at least two of which it may safely be affirmed that none but Americans could have written them. In fact they are written in American rather than in English; particularly Mr Johnson's "Sights," of which we can truly say that, but for our intimate acquaintance with the language of the United States, acquired by much study of this particular sort of literature, we should have made our way through it with difficulty without reference to the dictionary, which we presume to exist, of American improvements on the English tongue. The book swarms with Yankeeisms, vulgarisms, and witticisms; the latter of no elevated class, and seldom rising above a very bad pun; notwithstanding which, *Sights in the Gold Regions* is a very amusing, and, to all appearance, a very honest account of life at the diggings. The other two books are the work, the one of a philosopher in the woods, and the other of a sailor on horseback. Mr Parkman, who, as regards literary skill, is superior to either of the companions we have given him—although his book has less novelty and pungency than either of theirs—left St Louis in the spring of 1846, on a tour of curiosity and amusement to the Rocky Mountains, with the especial object of studying the manners and character of Indians in their primitive state. He has a good eye for scenery and tolerable descriptive powers, and some of the adventures and anecdotes he relates are striking and interesting. But, for a fine specimen of rich rough-spun Yankee narrative, commend us to Lieutenant Wise of the United States navy. There is no mistake about the gallant author of *Los Gringos*. He makes no more pretence to style or elegance than a boatswain's mate

spinning a yarn upon the fore-castle. Despising the trammels of orthography and probability, sprinkling his comical English with words from half-a-dozen other languages (often ludicrously distorted), sometimes shrewd, frequently very humorous, invariably good-humoured and vivacious, this rollicking naval officer hoists the reader on his shoulders, and carries him at a canter through his great thick closely-printed New York volume, with infinitely less fatigue to the rider than he himself experienced when, perched upon a Spanish saddle, and armed with a whip "whose lash was like the thongs of a knout," he urged the sorry posterns along the road to Mexico's capital. In a few lines of preface, the humorous lieutenant discloses his plan and gives us a glimpse of his quality. "The sketches embodied in this narrative," he says, "were all written on the field of their occurrence: the characters incidentally mentioned are frequently *nommes du mer*. It is not expected by the author that even the most charitable reader will wholly overlook the careless style and framing of the work, or allow it to pass without censure; nor has it been his object to deal in statistics, or any abstract reflections, but merely to compile a pleasant narrative, such as may perchance please or interest the generality of readers; and in launching the volume on its natural element—the sea of public opinion—the author only indulges in the aspiration, whether the reader be gentle or ungente, whether the book be praised or condemned, that at least the philanthropy of the publishers may be remunerated, wherein lies all the law and the profits." After which facetious and characteristic preamble, Lieutenant Wise goes on board his frigate; is tugged out of Boston harbour, and sails for Monterey; is alternately buffeted and becalmed; is in danger of stranding on the Dahomey territory and reviles creation accordingly, but ultimately escapes the peril and sets foot on shore at Rio Janeiro, in which pleasant latitude he frequents the coffee-houses, and partakes of mint juleps and other cold institutions; watches the niggers dancing and jabbering their way along the streets, with little fingers affectionately interlaced, and *sisting* polkas through their

closed teeth; and is somewhat scandalised, and yet vastly amused, by the *samacueca*, a South American polka of much grace but questionable decency, on beholding which he, Lieutenant Wise, being, "as an individual, fond of a taste of cayenne to existence," clapped his hands and vociferously applauded. This eccentric dance, however, was at Valparaiso, we find—not that the fair Brazilians are behind any of their South American sisters in the license they accord their supple forms and twinkling feet. At last, and in the heat of the war between Mexico and the States, Lieutenant Wise reached Monterey, where his ship cast anchor. California had been taken possession of by the Americans, and fighting was going on in the neighbourhood. Before the war, Monterey contained about five hundred inhabitants, but when Mr Wise arrived, scarcely a native was to be seen. The men were away fighting in the southern provinces, a few women scowled from their dwellings at the *gringos* (the name given to Anglo-Americans in Mexico and California). Yankee sentinels were posted, knife in girdle, and rifle-lock carefully sheltered from the rain; and persons moving about after dark were greeted at every turn with the challenge—"Look out thar, stranger!" quickly followed by a bullet, if they delayed to shout their name and calling. There was nothing to be had to eat, drink, or smoke, and the general aspect of affairs was cheerless enough. Presently in rode sixty horsemen, gaunt bony woodsmen of the Far West, dressed in skins, with heavy beards and well-appointed rifles, fellows "who wouldn't stick at scalping an Indian or a dinner of mule-meat," and who belonged to the Volunteer Battalion, in which they had enrolled themselves "more by way of recreation than for glory or patriotism." They were not easy to understand, having passed most part of their lives in the Rocky Mountains, a district which has its own peculiar phraseology.

"We soon became quite sociable, and, after a hearty supper of fried beef and biscuit, by some miraculous dispensation a five gallon keg of whisky was uncorked, and, after a thirty days' thirst, our newfound friends slaked away unremittingly.

Many were the marvellous adventures narrated of huntings, fightings, freesings, snowings, and starvations; and one stalwart, bronzed trapper beside me, finding an attentive listener, began:—"The last time, captin, I cleared the Oregon trail, the Ingens fowt us amazin' hard. Pete," said he, addressing a friend smoking a clay pipe by the fire, with a half pint of corn-juice in his hand, which served to moisten his own clay at intervals between every puff,—"Pete, do you notice how I dropped the Redskin who put the poisoned arrow in my moccasin! Snakes, captin! the varmints lay thick as leaves behind the rocks; and, bless ye, the minit I let fall old Ginger from my jaw, up they springs, and lets fly their flint-headed arrers in amongst us, and one on 'em wiped me right through the leg. I tell yer what it is, hoss, I riled, I did, though we'd had tolerable luck in the forenoon;—for I dropped two and a squaw, and Pete got his good six—barrin' that the darned villains had hamstrung our mule, and we were bound to see the thing out. Well, captin, as I tell ye, I'm not weak in the joints, but it's no joke to hold the heft of twenty-three pounds on a sight for above ten minits on a stretch; so Pete and me scrouched down, made a little smoke with some sticks, and then we moved off, a few rods, whar we got a clar peep. For better than an hour we see'd nothin'; but on a suddin I see'd the chap—I know'd him by his paintin'—that driv the arrer in my hide: he was peerin' round quite bold, thinkin' we'd vamoosed; I jist fetched old Glager up and drawed a bee line on his crutch, and, stranger, I giv him sich a winch in the stomach that he dropped straight into his tracks: he did! In five jumps I ris his har, and Pete and me war'n't troubled again for a week."

After two months passed at Monterey, the American squadron assembled and a new commodore arrived, whereupon Lieut. Wise's captain was not sorry to be allowed to lift his anchors, and avoid playing second fiddle to the new commander-in-chief by transferring his pennant to the waters of the San Francisco. On the way thither his lieutenant treats us to some yarns of extraordinary toughness. Speaking of the lasso, in the use of which the Californians are particularly skilful—catching a bull by the tail and making him fling a somerset over his horns, or dragging a grizzly bear for miles to the baiting place—he calls to mind having once seen a troop of Indians "at General Rosas' quinta,

near Buenos Ayres, trained to run like hares, with fore and hind legs lashed together by thongs of hide: it was undertaken to preserve the animals from being thrown by the Indian *bolos*, and the riders, as a consequence, lanced to death. But I was far more amused one afternoon, when passing a fandango, near Monterey, to see a drunken cattle-driver, mounted on a restive, plunging beast, hold at arm's length a tray of glasses, brimming with *aguardiente*, which he politely offered to everybody within reach of his curvettings, without ever once spilling a drop." These marvellous feats are nothing, however, compared to the cannibal exploits of some unfortunate emigrants, who, having loitered on their way, were overtaken by the snow in the Californian mountains, and compelled to encamp for the winter. Their provisions and cattle consumed, even to the last horse hide, famine and insanity ensued. Those who starved to death were eaten by the survivors, whose appetites, if we may believe Mr Wise, were quite prodigious. A Dutchman, he gravely assures us, actually ate a full-grown body in thirty-six hours; and another boiled and devoured, in a single night, a child, nine years of age. We cannot venture to extract the revolting details that follow. The lieutenant's facetiousness upon this horrible subject is rather ghastly; and the particulars supplied by a young Spaniard, who "ate a baby," are abominable in the extreme, although possibly true. At least Mr Wise assures us he had them from the lad's own lips. And, whilst his strength lasted, poor Baptiste was drudge to the whole party, doing his duty well, fetching fuel and water, until at last, as he told Mr Wise, "very hungry, sir; eat anything."

On the wild and dreary track from the States to California, frightful disasters occur to caravans of emigrants, which, encumbered with women and children, and sometimes under incompetent leaders, lose precious time by the way, and are caught and crushed by the terrible winter of those desolate regions. Journeying near the Sacramento, Mr Johnson came upon the house of "old Keysburg the cannibal, who revelled in the awful feast

on human flesh and blood, during the sufferings of a party of emigrants near the pass of the Sierra Nevada, in the winter of 1847. It is said that the taste which Keysburg then acquired has not left him, and that he often declares, with evident gusto, 'I would like to eat a piece of you'; and several have sworn to shoot him, if he ventures on such *fond* declarations to them. We therefore looked upon the den of this wild beast in human form with a good deal of disgusted curiosity, and kept our bowie-knives handy for a slice of him if necessary."

Sailor though he is, Mr Wise troubles his reader very little with nautical matters. During a few weeks he was a good deal afloat, having succeeded to the command of the *Rosita*, a forty ton schooner, with a crew of fifteen sailors, a small boy, and a mulatto cook, who had once been "head bottle-washer of a Liverpool liner, with glass nubs on de cabin doors;" but otherwise most of his time seems to have been spent on shore, riding, shooting, dancing, and love-making, doing military duty in garrison at Mazatlan, throwing up fortifications, and surprising parties of Mexicans, whose fear of the Gringos was most intense and ludicrous. In their civil wars, and when contending with the Spaniards for their independence, the Mexicans have occasionally fought doggedly, although never skilfully; but when opposed to combatants of the Anglo-Saxon race, they have invariably shown themselves arrant cowards. Although the soldiers of the States have even less military discipline than those of Mexico, the bodily strength, skill with the rifle, intrepidity, and self-reliance of the former, would render them formidable opponents even to well-drilled European troops. As to the Mexicans, no matter how great the numerical odds in their favour, they never could or would stand against the hardy Yankee volunteers. In the summer of 1846, Mr Parkman met, upon the wild and lonely banks of the Upper Arkansas, Price's Missouri regiment, on its way to Santa Fé.

"No men ever embarked upon a military expedition with a greater love for the work before them than the Missou-

rians; but if discipline and subordination be the criterion of merit, these soldiers were worthless indeed. Yet when their exploits have rung through all America, it would be absurd to deny that they were excellent irregular troops. Their victories were gained in the teeth of every established precedent of warfare; they were owing to a singular combination of military qualities in the men themselves. Without discipline or a spirit of subordination, they knew how to keep their ranks, and act as one man. Doniphan's regiment marched through New Mexico more like a band of Free Companions than like the paid soldiers of a modern government. When General Taylor complimented Doniphan on his success at Sacramento and elsewhere, the colonel's reply very well illustrates the relations which subsisted between the officers and men of his command. 'I don't know anything of the manoeuvres. The boys kept coming to me to let them charge; and when I saw a good opportunity, I told them they might go. They were off like a shot, and that's all I knew about it.'

"The backwoods lawyer was better fitted to conciliate the good-will than to command the obedience of his men. There were many serving under him, who, both from character and education, could better have held command than he. At the battle of Sacramento, his frontiersmen fought under every possible disadvantage. The Mexicans had chosen their own position; they were drawn up across the valley that led to their native city of Chihuahua; their whole front was covered by intrenchments, and defended by batteries of heavy cannon; they outnumbered the invaders five to one. An eagle flew over the Americans, and a deep murmur rose along their lines. The enemy's batteries opened; long they remained under fire, but when at length the word was given, they shouted and ran forward. In one of the divisions, when midway to the enemy, a drunken officer ordered a halt; the exasperated men hesitated to obey. 'Forward, boys!' cried a private from the ranks; and the Americans, rushing like tigers upon the enemy, bounded over the breastwork. Four hundred Mexicans were slain upon the spot, and the rest fled, scattering over the plain like sheep. The standards, cannon, and baggage were taken, and among the rest a waggon laden with cords, which the Mexicans, in the fulness of their confidence, had made ready for tying the American prisoners."

A curious picture of military undiscipline—of egregious cowardice on

the one hand, and fortunate audacity on the other. It is evident that the Doniphan mode of carrying on the war—consulting the men's pleasure, with officers drunk before the enemy, and privates giving the word of command—however successful it may prove against the wretched Mexicans, or in mountain and guerilla warfare, would never answer in the open field against a regular and skilfully commanded army. The question, then, follows,—How far could these staunch and gallant American riflemen be trained to the strict discipline and military exercises and manœuvres essential to the efficiency of large bodies of troops, without impairing the very qualities, the feelings of independent action and self-reliance, which render them so valuable as irregular warriors? This inquiry, however, is not worth pursuing; for we suppose there is little chance of Uncle Sam meddling in European quarrels, and sincerely trust he will so curb his annexing mania as to avoid all risk of European armaments encountering him in his own hemisphere. Touching these Missourian volunteers, however, Mr Parkman's account of their appearance, and of his interview with them, is most graphic and characteristic. One forenoon he and his companion, Mr Shaw, turned aside to the river bank, half-a-mile from the trail, to get water and rest. They put up a kind of awning, and whilst seated under it upon their buffalo robes, and smoking, they saw a dark body of horsemen approaching.

" ' We are going to catch it now,' said Shaw: ' look at those fellows; there'll be no peace for us here.' And, in good truth, about half the volunteers had straggled away from the line of march, and were riding over the meadow towards us.

" ' How are you ?' said the first who came up, alighting from his horse, and throwing himself upon the ground. The rest followed close, and a score of them soon gathered about us, some lying at full length, and some sitting on horseback. They all belonged to a company raised in St Louis. There were some ruffian faces among them, and some haggard with debauchery; but, on the whole, they were extremely good-looking men, superior beyond measure to the ordinary

rank and file of an army. Except that they were booted to the knees, they wore their belts and military trappings over the ordinary dress of citizens. Besides their swords and holster pistols, they carried, slung from their saddles, the excellent Springfield carbines, loaded at the breech. They inquired the character of our party, and were anxious to know the prospect of killing buffalo, and the chance that their horses would stand the journey to Santa Fé. All this was well enough, but a moment after a worse visitation came upon us.

" ' How are you, strangers ! Whar are you going, and whar are you from ?' said a fellow, who came trotting up with an old straw hat on his head. He was dressed in the coarsest brown homespun cloth. His face was rather sallow, from fever and ague, and his tall figure, although strong and sinewy, was quite thin, and had, besides, an angular look, which, together with his boorish seat on horseback, gave him an appearance anything but graceful. Plenty more of the same stamp were close behind him. Their company was raised in one of the frontier counties, and we soon had abundant evidence of their rustic breeding: dozens of them came crowding round, pushing between our first visitors, and staring at us with unabashed faces.

" ' Are you the captain ?' asked one fellow.

" ' What's your business out here ?' inquired another.

" ' Whar do you live when you're at home ?' said a third.

" ' I reckon you're traders,' surmised a fourth; and, to crown the whole, one of them came confidently to my side, and inquired, in a low voice, ' What is your partner's name ?'

" As each new comer repeated the same questions, the nuisance became intolerable. Our military visitors were soon disgusted at the concise nature of our replies, and we could overhear them muttering curses against us. Presently, to our amazement, we saw a large cannon with four horses come lumbering up behind the crowd; and the driver, who was perched on one of the animals, stretching his neck so as to look over the rest of the men, called out,—

" ' Whar are you from, and what's your business ?'

" The captain of one of the companies was amongst our visitors, drawn by the same curiosity that had attracted his men.

" ' Well, men,' said he at last, lazily rising from the ground where he had been lounging, ' it's getting late; I reckon we had better be moving.'

" 'I shan't start yet, anyhow,' said one fellow, who lay half asleep, with his head resting on his arm.

" 'Don't be in a hurry, captain,' added the lieutenant.

" 'Well, have it your own way, we'll wait awhile longer,' replied the obsequious commander.

" At length, however, our visitors went straggling away as they had come, and we, to our great relief, were left alone again."

A most mirth-provoking specimen of American character. But we must return to our friend and favourite, Lieutenant Wise, who is truly a Yankee Crichton in a pea-jacket. Besides his nautical skill, and the lingual accomplishments already adverted to, he is a Nimrod in the hunting-field, a Centaur on horseback, a Vestris in the mazes of the dance. Lovers of wild sports in the West will luxuriate in his descriptions of hunting exploits, of his combats with grizzly bears fourteen hundred pounds weight, and his chase of an antelope whose fore-leg he had nearly severed from its shoulder with a rifle bullet, but which still managed to run four leagues, the wounded member "traversing round in its flight like a wheel," before receiving its death-wound. Unable to extract a tithe of the passages that tempt us, we hurry on to his departure for the Mexican capital, whither he was sent early in the month of May, as bearer of a despatch, and in company with a Mexican officer, with whom the lieutenant was at first disposed to be most friendly and sociable, but who forfeited his esteem by the cool proposal of a plan to cheat the government, and whom he soon managed to leave behind—no difficult matter, for the Mexican was cumbered with portmanteau and sumpter mule, whereas the Yankee's sole baggage, as he himself informs us, consisted of two shirts and a toothbrush. Thus lightly equipped, his pace was very rapid; not so much so, however, as to prevent his noting down all that occurred by the way. After La Barca and Buxton, it is a difficult task to give novelty to an account of Mexican travel and peculiarities. Mr Wise has surmounted the difficulty; and so great is the freshness and

originality of his narrative, that we read it with as much zest and enjoyment as if it were the first instead of the twentieth book relating to Mexico which we have perused within the last few years. His anecdotes are most racy and piquant; his sketches of Mexican women, officers, *leperos*, and of his own countrymen in Mexico, are taken from the life with a truthful and vivid pencil. With the class of *leperos* he had already made acquaintance on the threshold of the country. Turning, one day, into a bowling alley at Mazatlan, with the officers of a British frigate, he gave a fine horse to hold to one of those Mexican mendicants. The fellow's hatred of the *gringos* was stronger than his love of gain; for no sooner was he left alone than he drew a pistol from the holsters, shot the horse, and ran for his life, which certainly would not have been worth a maravedi had he tarried for the arrival of the enraged lieutenant. "Oh, Mr Smithers!" exclaims the disconsolate mariner thus cruelly dismounted—"Oh, Mr Smithers! you keep a good ten-pin alley, sing a good song, and your wife prepares good chocolate; you are, together, good fellows; but you should never, O Smithers! transform your establishment into a knacker's yard. And you, my cruel *lepera*! had I ever got a sight of you along that weapon you handled so well—ah! I wellnigh wept for sorrow that night, and did not recover my spirits for a fortnight." The *leperos*, we need hardly explain, are the pest of Mexico—ragged, dirty, often disgusting with disease or deformity, born idlers, beggars, and thieves—in the latter capacity so especially skilful, that Mr Wise inclines to the belief that a man, standing open-mouthed in a crowd of them, could hardly escape having the gold picked from his molars. They reaped a rich harvest at the time of the American invasion. It was a case of "*nos amis les ennemis*." The conquerors were preyed upon by the conquered. Iron bars were unavailing against the cunning rogues. "One evening some expert practitioner contrived to entice a valuable pair of pistols, clothing, and other articles, from my table in the centre of a large apartment, by intro-

ducing a pole and hook through the iron grille of the window; and the same night my friend Molinero was robbed of his bed-clothes, while sleeping, by the same enterprising method." By a strange tolerance, these leperos are admitted everywhere; and in the splendid coffee and gambling houses of the large cities, they are found rubbing their filthy rags against officers' embroideries and the fine broadcloth of wealthy burgesses. At Guanaxato, Mr Wise gives a lively description of a scene of this kind in the handsome saloons of the *Gran Sociedad*, recalling to our memory, though at a long interval, some striking pages of the first volume of Sealfield's gorgeous Mexican romance, *Der Virey and die Aristocraten*. The lepero's chief pastimes are thieving, sleeping, and gambling for copper coins. By way of variety, he occasionally gets up a mortal combat. We think the following the best account of a knife-duel we ever read:—

"A lepero was purchasing a bit of chocolate; it fell in the dirt, when another, probably thinking it a lawful prize, seized it and took a large bite; whereupon the lawful owner swung a mass of heavy steel spurs attached to his wrist, jingling, with some force, on the offender's head. In a second down dropped the spurs, and *serapas* (a kind of blanket) were wound round the left arms. With low deep curses and flashing eyes, their knives gleamed in the light; the spectators cleared a ring, and to work they went. I sprang upon a stone pillar to be out of harm's way, and thus had a clear view of the fray. Their blades were very unequally matched: one was at least eight inches, and the other not half that measurement; but both appeared adepts at the game, watching each other like wild cats, ready for a spring—moving cautiously to and fro, making feints by the shielded arm, or stamp of the foot, for a minute or two; when, quick as a flash, I saw two rapid passes made by both: blood spirted from an ugly wound in the spur-vender's throat, but at the same moment his short weapon sealed the doom of his antagonist, and he lay upon the ground, lifeless as the bloody steel that struck him. I glanced at the wounds after the affair had terminated, and found the knife had been plunged twice directly in the region of the heart. There was no effort or attempt made by the beholders to arrest the parties; and the survivor

caught up his spurs—a bystander quickly folded a handsome kerchief to his neck—and threading the crowd he was soon out of sight. The corpse was laid upon a liquor-stand, with a delf platter upon the breast."

The Mexican capital was not a little Americanised at the period of Mr Wise's visit. The account he gives of the state of affairs there, is not very creditable to the morals and tastes of the victorious volunteers; and he expresses a natural doubt whether the scenes there enacted will have been beneficial to the thousands of young men whom the war had called to Mexico. The great hotels and coffee-houses were all under Yankee domination, with Yankee ice, and drinks, signs, manners, customs, and habits, "as if the city had been from time immemorial Yankeeified all over, instead of being only occupied a short twelvemonth by the troops." Debauchery of every kind was rife, but gambling was the vice that took the strongest hold. In the large tavern or *restauration*, where Mr Wise usually dined, in every nook from hall to attic, with the exception of the eating-room, in the corridors and on the landing-places, gaming-tables were displayed.

"Such a condensed essence of worldly hell, in all its glaring, disgusting frightfulness, never existed. And there never was lack of players either—no! not a table but was closely surrounded by officers and soldiers—blacklegs and villains of all sorts—betting uncommonly high, too—many of the banks having sixty and eighty thousand dollars in gold alone on the tables—and once I saw a common soldier stake and win two hundred ounces at a single bet. Other saloons were filled with Mexican girls, with music and dancing, attended by every species of vice, all going on unceasingly, day and night together."

This is an American's account. Of course most of this lavish expenditure and gambled gold had their origin in the plunder of Mexico. Indeed, Lieutenant Wise does not mince the matter at all, but informs us how he himself, after a night-excursion in the vicinity of Mazatlan, returned laden with spoil, and felt such an itching to search people's pockets that he made no doubt of soon becoming as good a freebooter as ever drew sword. He

was then, however, but a novice in the science of pillage, for he afterwards learned that a saddle, which he had appropriated, contained six golden ounces, whereby the saddler, to whom he intrusted it for renovation, was much benefited. When an officer holding the United States commission saw nothing derogatory in plunder, there can be no doubt of the rapacity of the dissipated and reckless desperadoes of which the American expeditionary force was notoriously in part composed. And in an army where discipline was lax, and a spirit of anti-military equality prevailed amongst officers and men, the contagion would rapidly spread. Doubtless this was an aggravating cause of Mexican hatred to the *Gringos*. Nevertheless, when the fighting was over, kindness and attention were shown to the invaders, and some of the Mexican officers appear to have been thrashed into a most affectionate regard for their conquerors. One fine fellow, a colonel of cavalry, all gold and glitter, with richly chased sabre scabbard, and spurs of a dazzling burnish, insisted upon giving a breakfast to a large party of American officers. There were a number of Mexican *militaires* present, all decorated, some with emblems of battles in which they had been defeated; and as the repast was in some degree public, (being held in a large billiard-room,) a number of casual observers assembled round the table, and helped to drink the numerous toasts, pocketing their glasses after each, to be ready for the next. The banquet began with a bumper of brandy, by way of whet; a most miscellaneous collection of edibles was then placed upon the board, and claret and sherry circulated rapidly to the health and memory of a host of living and dead generals, both Mexican and American, beginning with Washington and Hidalgo, and gradually arriving at Santa Anna and "Skote," (Scott,) for which last-named pair of warriors Mr Wise estimates that at least eighty or ninety cheers were given. The Mexicans, habitually temperate, got exceedingly drunk, and, like most southerners when in that state, furiously excited; the chief characteristics of their intoxication being un-

bounded affection for their guests, and admiration of their own prowess.

"Our gallant host, in a few disjointed observations, assured us that he was not only brave himself, and loved bravery in others, but that his horse was brave, and had been wounded in divers battles. '*¡O soy valiente!*' said the fierce colonel, pounding the orders on his capacious breast, and forthwith proclaimed to the audience his intention to pay for everything that anybody could possibly eat or drink for a fortnight; and, seizing me by the arms, he impressively remarked that I was the most intimate friend he ever had except his wife, and requested me to throw his huge shake up to the ceiling, solely for *amistad*, and for the good-fellowship of the thing—which I instantly did, and made the bearskin and golden plates ring against the rafters. Thereupon he called for more wine, and desired all who loved him to break a few glasses, commencing himself with a couple of decanters."

At which period of the action the landlord cut off the supplies of liquor, anticipating, doubtless, the entire demolition of his establishment; and the revellers got to horse, and went for a turn in the Alameda, then thronged by all the fashion of Queretaro, in which city these jovial proceedings occurred. After galloping round the promenade, at a pace that terrified the natives, Lieutenant Wise ran a "jouist," as he calls it, with one of his Mexican friends, who was still under the influence of his unwonted libations.

"In true Californian style, he shook his bridle, gave spur, and came leaping like a flash towards me. I was no novice at the sport, and, touching one of the finest horses in the army with my heel, the gallant sorrel sprang forward to meet him. We met in full career; my charger stood like the great pyramid, but the shock rolled my antagonist into the street. I should in courtesy have got down from the saddle to his assistance, but, reflecting that without a ladder I never should be able to get on my high steed again, I remained quiet. Being a sailor, I gained great reputation by this feat, and gave an entertainment on the strength of it."

Surely there never was a jollier fellow than Lieutenant Wise of the United States navy. A rare good companion he must be, a real *bonus*

socius across a julep, a very storehouse of fun, frolic, and adventure. So well do we like his society, that we are only sorry we cannot at present accompany him further on his rambles, or return with him to Mazatlan, where he arrived at a flying gallop, after a ride of 2500 miles on horseback—the last 112 leagues in fifty-three hours, (said to be the quickest trip on record,) to be received by a host of friends, and by a Yankee band playing, “Hail, Columbia!” and sail with him to Polynesia, and revisit Valparaiso and Lima, and many other places, in all of which he manages heartily to amuse both himself and his reader, till he finally drops anchor in the waters of the Chesapeake, arriving, with equal satisfaction to both parties, at the end of 450 pages, and 55,000 miles. His book richly deserves an independent notice; but as we started by associating it with others, we are compelled to lay it aside, whilst we visit the glittering coast of California, in company with Mr Theodore Johnson, who arrived on the 1st of April 1849 in Sancelito Bay, and proceeded forthwith to look for the city of the same name, whose wide and elegant streets he had frequently traced upon the map. After some search, he found the city. “It consisted of one boardshed and one tent, holding on to the hill-side like a woodpecker against a tree.” Thus was his first illusion dissipated. A few other Californian castles were speedily to crumble. “The latitude of Richmond, and climate of Italy, the gold of Ophir, the silver, red wood and cedar of Solomon’s temple, the lovely valley of the Sacramento, the vineyards of France, indigo of Hindostan, and wheat of America, golden rocks, and rivers flowing over the same metal,” such were a few of the bright promises that had lured him, “in company with thousands of his go-ahead countrymen,” to the Eldorado of the Pacific. These were the things he expected; let us collect, from his first week’s experience in California, those that he really found. Ugly barren hills, a miserable sandy-clay soil, producing a weed which a starving jackass will scorn, and a fine

dust, against which the most impenetrable eyelids are not proof, a repulsive and disagreeable climate in the month of April, (growing worse as the summer advances,) the extremes of heat and cold following each other in constant succession, water often extremely scarce, and impregnated with quicksilver, platina, and other minerals, killing the fish, and giving Christians the Sacramento fever, “a slow, continual fever, which men go about with for months; but in its more violent forms soon mortal, always affecting the brain, and, in case of recovery, leaving the mind impaired. The lung fever and rheumatism are brought on by working in the cold water, and stooping continually under the burning sun.” The scurvy, too, was prevalent, from the use of salt provisions, for none could find time to procure fresh ones, to hunt or tend cattle; and if they did leave their eternal digging for such pursuits, the prices they expected were preposterous. Wild cattle and game are plenty in the valley of the Sacramento and adjacent mountains, but in California the hours are truly golden, and not to be wasted on kitchen considerations; to say nothing of the hardship of driving wild oxen or carrying a gun across a rugged country with the thermometer at 109° to 112° in the shade—the usual temperature in June and July, and one fully justifying the derivation of the name California from two Spanish words signifying a hot oven, *caliente horno*. “The thermometer stood at 90° Fahrenheit, at noon, in the shade of Culloma valley, on the 16th of April; and at night we slept cold in our tent with our clothing on, and provided with abundant blankets.” With such a climate, and with no grass in the mountains fit to sustain them, it is no wonder that the best pack-horses can carry but one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds weight across the mountains, and frequently fall down and die if overladen. At the time referred to—that is to say, in the month of April last—Mr Johnson “continually saw old miners departing for the cañons* of the middle and north Forks, with one month’s supply of

* “A cañon is the narrow opening between two mountains, several hundred and sometimes a thousand feet in depth; rising, some of them, like perpendicular cliffs on

provisions, consisting of seventy-five lb. of pork and seventy-five lb. of pilot bread, for which they paid respectively at the rates of one hundred and fifty and one hundred and twenty dollars per hundred pounds! Now, although the prices of these articles were rapidly declining on the sea-board, by reason of the immense importation, yet the price of fresh beef was twenty-five dollars per hundred pounds in San Francisco, and must farther enhance there, the supply then being quite insufficient. Fresh provisions will therefore be consumed at the seaport and trading towns, and not in the mining region. The humbug of preserved meats was already exploded, great quantities having been spoiled." All this was very different from the promised vineyards and corn-fields; and Mr Johnson, who had not come to California to feed on salt junk at six shillings a pound, and to drink mercurial water, began to wish himself back again almost as soon as arrived.

In countries where a large majority of the men are content to give, year after year, their skill, energy, and time, in exchange for a few hundred pieces of gold, or even of silver, the reports of a land where the most precious of these metals turns up under the ploughshare, abounds in the rivers, mingles with the highway-dust, and is picked from the bricks of the houses, are naturally at first received with doubt and misgiving, and suspected of exaggeration, if not

condemned as fiction. We confess, for our part, that we attached little weight to the first accounts of Californian marvels, and that long after the wise men of the East had begun to debate, in the shadow of the grasshopper, the possible effect upon the currency of the anticipated influx of the produce of the diggings, we still were sceptics as to the magnitude of the newly-found treasure. But even those who gave readiest credence to the tale of wonder, could hardly, we should have thought, have expected that the ingots were to be gathered without trouble or pain beyond that of performing a long journey and filling a big bag. Evidently this was Mr Johnson's notion, and that of not a few others of his sanguine countrymen, "who left their homes and families, and the decencies of civilisation, with the expectation of acquiring an adequate competency by the efforts of a single year." At what figure Mr Johnson rates an "adequate competency" we know not; but it is evident he expected to be placed on pretty nearly the same footing as those Oriental princes who, after wandering through the desert to the enchanted gardens, had the free pick of trees whose fruits were diamonds and rubies. The real state of affairs proved very different. A few persons, dwellers in California when the golden richness of the soil was first discovered in 1848,* may have made large fortunes on easy terms, by being

either hand, as if torn asunder by a violent convulsion of nature. Through these pour the rushing mountain torrents of the *wet diggings* of the gold regions of California."—*Sights in the Gold Regions*, p. 180.

* At Sutter's saw-mill, from which the Culloma valley takes its second name, Mr Johnson saw and conversed with Mr Marshall, a proprietor of the mill, and one of the first discoverers of the gold. The discovery was made when cutting out the mill-race, across a portion of the former bed of a stream. "He pointed out to us the particular location of the first discoveries. This is some fifty yards below the mill, where a large fir-tree extends across the race. He stated that they threw up a good deal of gold, mixed with the sand and clay, before they seriously examined it, or ascertained its character." It must have struck many as singular, that gold mines so near the surface should so long have been unobserved. California was explored as far back as the year 1700 by the Jesuit Eusebio Kino, who first ascertained it to be part of the great American continent, and not an island, as was previously believed: Soon afterwards, missionary stations were established there, paving the way for the Spanish conquest of the country. Some of the *padres* still remain, but their mission-houses are dilapidated, and their influence is gone. To them Mr Johnson attributes the long concealment of the metallic wealth of California. "That these priests were cognisant of the abundance of the precious metal at that period, (a century ago,) is now well known; but they were members of the extraordinary society of the Jesuits, which, jealous of its all-pervading influence, and dreading the effect of a large Protestant emigration to the western, as well as to the eastern shores of America,

early in the field, and through barter with the Indians, who (before they were frightened and soured by the shooting and scalping practices of the Oregonians and others) were willing enough to labour and trade, and to give gold-dust weight for weight for glass beads and other baubles. We read of one man, a western farmer, owner and occupier of a loghouse, known as the Blue Tent, who arrived in California before the gold discoveries, treated the Indians well, learned their language, employed them to dig, and realised, it is said, two hundred thousand dollars. Another old settler, we are told, accumulated, in the season of 1848, also by help of the Indians, nearly two bushels of gold-dust. Our arithmetic is not equal to the reduction of this into pounds sterling, but at a rough estimate we should take it to represent a very pleasing sum—possibly the competency Mr Johnson aspired to. But those palmy days of gold-gathering have fled, violently driven away; the Indians, welcomed with bullets instead of beads, will work no more, and every man must dig for himself. And so did Mr Johnson—but only for a very short time, and with no very prosperous result. The gold fever, under whose influence he and his companions started for the diggings, was still burning in their veins when, on the second day after leaving San Francisco, they halted for the night on the river bank, and one of them, “thrusting his bowie-knife into the ground, revealed innumerable shining yellow particles, immediately announced gold discoveries on the Sacramento, and claimed the *placer*.” But it was mica, not gold. They had much further to go, and worse to fare, before reaching the right metal. It was the interest of the United States’ government and of certain speculators to tempt emigrants to the distant territory on the shore of the Pacific; and

accordingly, says Mr Johnson, “the wonders of the gold region were trumpeted to the world, with unabating, but by no means unforeseeing zeal. Glowing accounts were sent to the United States of the result of all the most successful efforts in the mines. To these were added a delicious climate and wonderful agricultural fertility. The inaccessibility of the *placers*, the diseases, the hardships, &c. &c., were quite forgotten or omitted.” And thus a certain number of ambitious young men, (many of them wholly unfitted, by their previous mode of life for roughing it in a new country,) were lured from their comfortable homes in New York and elsewhere, in the confident expectation that, on arriving in California, they would ascend beauteous rivers in commodious ships, sleep on board at night, and pleasantly pass a few hours of each day in collecting the wealth that lay strewn upon the shore. Such is the account given of the matter by poor Johnson, who denounces the journey across the mountainous and roadless country as most toilsome, and the whole adventure as disappointing and unsatisfactory. At last he and his companions reached the lower bar* on the south fork of American River, shouldered shovels, buckets, and washing-machine, and applied themselves to the task.

“The scene presented to us was new indeed, and not more extraordinary than impressive. Some, with long-handled shovels, delved among clumps of bushes, or by the side of large rocks, never raising their eyes for an instant; others, with pick and shovel, worked among stone and gravel, or with trowels searched under banks and roots of trees, where, if rewarded with small lumps of gold, the eye shone brighter for an instant, when the search was immediately and more ardently resumed. At the edge of the stream, or knee-deep and waist-deep in water, as cold as melted ice and snow could make it, some were washing gold with tin pans,

applied its powerful injunctions of secrecy to the members of the order; and their faithful obedience, during so long a period, is another proof both of the strength and the danger of their organisation.”—*Sights in the Gold Regions*, p. 111.

* “This ‘*placer*,’ or *bar*, is simply the higher portion of the sandy and rocky bed of the stream, which, during the seasons of high water, is covered with the rushing torrent, but was now partially or entirely exposed. This is covered with large stones and rocks, or, on the smooth sand, with clumps of stunted bushes or trees.”—*Sights in the Gold Regions*, 177.

or the common cradle-rocker, while the rays of the sun poured down on their heads with an intensity exceeding any thing we ever experienced at home, though it was but the middle of April. The thirst for gold and the labour of acquisition overruled all else, and totally absorbed every faculty. Complete silence reigned among the miners: they addressed not a word to each other, and seemed averse to all conversation."

After digging and washing twenty bucketfuls of earth, Mr Johnson's party had obtained but four dollars' worth of gold. At noon, the sun's heat being intolerable, they knocked off from work; not much encouraged by the result. This, however, they admit, was a poor digging, the stream being yet too high, and the bar not sufficiently exposed—to say nothing of their being novices at the work. They persisted little, however: another trial was made with no better result; and, in short, a week's effort and observation sickened them of a toil so far less lucrative than they had anticipated. Two of the party (Mr Johnson was one of them) resolved to return to San Francisco till the healthier season of winter; a third, having some goods, took to trading; the fourth and last, a hardy little down-easter from Maine, stuck to the diggings.

By this time, we are not entirely dependent on American books or newspaper correspondence for intelligence from the Californian mines. Some portion of the gold that has come to this country has been brought by the finders; and only the other day, a party of them reached England, having left the diggings as lately as the beginning of October. The details obtained from these men, who are of various European countries, confirm, in all important particulars, the statements of Mr Johnson, with merely the difference of tint imparted by failure and success. Either easily discouraged or physically unequal to encounter the hardships inseparable from the search for and extraction of the gold, Mr Johnson, disappointed in his sanguine expectations, makes a sombre report of the speculation; whereas these more persevering and prosperous miners, having safely returned to Europe, their pockets full of

"chunks," scales and dust of the most undeniable purity and excellence, naturally give a more rose-coloured view of the enterprise. They admit, however, (to use the words of one of them,) that "it takes a smart lad to do good in California," and that it is useless for any one to go thither unless prepared to rough it, in the fullest sense of the word. At first, they inform us the amount of theft and outrage was very great; but summary and severe punishment checked this. Mr Johnson deploras the existence of Lynch-law. It really appears to us that California is the very place where such a system is not only justifiable, but indispensable. One miner stated that he belonged to a band or club, thirty in number, who threw together all the gold they found, and shared alike; sharp penalties being denounced against any member of the society who attempted to divert his findings from the common stock. The amount obtained by each member of this joint-stock company during the season of eight or nine months was equivalent to thirteen or fourteen hundred pounds sterling. Not quite the "adequate competency" anticipated by Mr Theodore T. Johnson, but still a very pretty gain for men, most of whom would probably have found it impossible, in any other way, and in the same time, to earn a tithe of the amount. More than one of them proposed, after depositing his treasure safely in Europe, to augment it by a second trip to the gold region; and held the time occupied by the voyage to and fro as little loss, digging being impeded by the winter snows. The winter of 1848-9 was very severe, the snow lying four feet deep on the mountains, and having fallen even on the coast; a circumstance unprecedented in California, whose Spanish and Indian inhabitants attributed the disagreeable phenomenon to the American intruders. Notwithstanding this unwonted rigour, however, we learn from Mr Johnson that "large numbers of hardy and industrious Oregonians spent the last winter in the mines of California, generally with success commensurate with their perseverance, prudence, and sobriety." The lumps of gold, according to the account of the miners already referred

to, (and which tallies exactly in this particular with Mr Johnson's statement) are found in what are called the dry diggings, in the red sandy clay of the ravines on the mountain sides; whilst the dust and scales are obtained by washing the earth and sand from the rivers. Lumps of pure gold, with a greater or less admixture of quartz, are also found in the crevices of a white-veined rock.

Whilst denouncing the expense of health and labour at which the Californian gold is obtained, Mr Johnson admits the vast quantity of the metal that has been and still is being collected. In town, fort, and settlement,—in every place, in short, where a score or two of men were congregated, he beheld astonishing evidence of its abundance. "Quarts of the dust or scale gold were to be seen on the tables or counters, or in the safes of all classes of men; and although the form of small scales was most common, yet pieces or lumps of a quarter to three ounces were to be seen everywhere; and among several *chunks* one was shown us by C. L. Ross, Esq., weighing *eighty-one ounces*. This was solid pure gold with only the appearance of a little quartz in it." In one day he saw bushels of gold, most of it too pure for jewellery or coin, without alloy. Although the price of the metal was maintained at sixteen dollars per ounce, its depreciation in comparison with labour and merchandise was enormous; and in the mines, during the winter of 1848, "a good deal of gold was sold for *three or four dollars the ounce*." Carpenters and blacksmiths received an ounce a-day. Lumber was at six hundred dollars per thousand feet. A lot of land, purchased two years previously for a cask of brandy, fetched eighteen thousand dollars. At a French *café*, a cup of coffee, bit of ham, and two eggs, cost three dollars, or 12s. 6d. A host of details of this kind are added, most of which have already been given in the American and English newspapers. Captain Sutter's saw-mill was earning a thousand dollars a-day. At the Stanislaus diggings, in the winter of 1848-9, a box of raisins, greatly needed for the cure of scurvy, then raging there without remedy, sold for its weight in gold dust, or four thousand dollars! Reckless

expenditure is the natural consequence of easily-acquired wealth. The diggers, after a brief period of severe labour, would come into town for what they called "a burst," and scatter their gold dust and ingots like sand and pebbles, keeping "upon the ball" for three or four days and nights, or even for a week together, drinking brandy at eight and champagne at sixteen dollars the bottle, often getting helplessly drunk and losing the whole of their gains. One fellow, during a three days' drunken fit, got rid of sixteen thousand dollars in gold. Two hopeful youths, known as Bill and Gus, who took an especial liking to Mr Johnson and his party, had come in for "a particular, general, and universal burst;" and they carried out their intentions most completely. They were tender in their liquor, and, in the excess of their drunken philanthropy, they purchased a barrel of ale at three dollars a bottle, and a parcel of sardinas at eight dollars a box, and patrolled the district, forcing every one to drink. In paying for something, Bill dropped a lump of gold, worth two or three dollars, which Mr Johnson picked up, and handed to him. "Without taking it, he looked at us with a comical mixture of amazement and ill-humour, and at length broke out with—'Well, stranger, you *are* a curiosity; I guess you hain't been in the diggings long, and better keep that for a sample.' " Even in all sobriety, miners would not be troubled with anything less than dollars, and often scattered small coins by handfuls in the streets, rather than count or carry them. And as neither exorbitant prices nor drunken bursts sufficed to exhaust the resources of the gold-laden diggers, gambling went on upon all sides. "Talk of *placers*," cried an American, who had just cleared his thousand dollars in ten minutes, at a *monte-table* in San Francisco; "what better *placer* need a man want than this?" At Sutter's Fort, a halting-place of the miners, gambling prevailed without limit or stint, men often losing in a single night the result of many months' severe toil. Drunkenness and fighting diversified the scene. "Hundreds of dollars were often spent in a night, and thousands

on Sunday, *when Pandemonium was in full blast.*" Such iniquities were no more than might be expected amongst the ragamuffin crew assembled in California, and which included discharged convicts from New South Wales, Mexicans, Kanakas, Peruvians, Chilians, representatives of every European nation, and thousands of the more dissolute and reckless class of United States men.

It is not surprising that some of the minority of honest and respectable men, who found themselves mingled with the mob of ruffians and outlaws assembled in California, thought the prospect of wealth dearly purchased by a prolonged residence in vile society and a most trying climate, and by labour and exposure destructive to health. Mr Johnson assures us that, among the miners who had been long at the diggings, he saw very few who were not suffering from disease—emaciated by fever till they were mere walking shadows, or tormented by frequently recurring attacks of scurvy and rheumatism. If there was a constant stream of adventurers proceeding to the diggings, there was also a pretty steady flow of weary and sickly men returning thence. It would seem, from Mr Johnson's account, that no previous habit of hard labour qualifies the human frame to follow, without injury, the trying trade of a gold-grubber. "We met a party of six sailors, of the Pacific whalers, who were returning to go before the mast again, swearing, sailor-fashion, that they would rather go a whaling at half wages than dig gold any more." Mr Johnson was somewhat of the same way of thinking. He sums up a general review of California in the following words:—

"So large an emigration of the American people, as have gone to that territory, must make something of the country. They will make it one of the states of this Union, at all events, and speedily, too: and although the country is only adapted by nature for mining and grazing, yet a constant trade must result from the former, and more or less agriculture be added to the latter, from the necessity of the case. A few have made, and will

hereafter make fortunes there, and very many of those who remain long enough will accumulate something; but the great mass, all of whom expected to acquire large amounts of gold in a short time, must be comparatively disappointed. The writer visited California to dig gold, but chose to abandon that purpose rather than expose his life and health in the mines; and as numbers were already seeking employment in San Francisco without success, and he had neither the means nor the inclination to speculate, he concluded to return to his family and home industry."

Finally, the disappointed gold-seeker addresses to his readers a parting hint, apprehensive, seemingly, of their supposing that his own ill-success has warped his judgment, or induced him to calumniate the country. "If you think," he says, "we have not shown you enough of *the elephant*, but got on the wrong way and slid off backwards, please to mount him and take a view for yourself." By which metaphorical phrase, if the worthy Johnson means that we are to go to the diggings, and judge for ourselves, we can only say we had much rather take his word than his advice, and read his book by our fireside than tread in his footsteps amongst the mountains of California.

Without further comment, but with a warm recommendation, we close these three American volumes. It were idle to subject to minute criticism books that make no pretensions to literary merit, and which, professing only to give, in plain language, an account of the writers' personal adventures and experiences, are written in off-hand style, and are wholly free from pedantry and affectation. If they are occasionally somewhat rude in form, like the men and countries they portray, they at least are frank and honest in substance; and they contain more novelty, amusement, and information, than are to be found in any dozen of those vapid narratives of fashionable tourists with which the Bentley and Colburn presses annually cram the nauseated public. We have been much pleased and diverted by the unsophisticated pages of Messrs Johnson, Wise, and Parkman.

HOWARD.

To add another to the numerous eulogies which have been justly bestowed on the memory of Howard the philanthropist, is not our object. We are far from making the attempt: our aim is to contribute something to the more accurate and familiar knowledge of the man himself—his life, his character, his career, his services.

It not unfrequently happens that the great men of history, whom we have admired in our youth, sink grievously in our estimation, and lose their heroic port and proportions, when we survey them more nearly, and at a season of maturer judgment. They shrink into the bounds and limits of commonplace mortality. We venture even to administer reproof and castigation, where, perhaps, we had venerated almost to idolatry. Such is not the case with Howard. Poets have sung his praises, and his name has rounded many an eloquent period. Howard the philanthropist becomes very soon a name as familiar to us as those of the kings and queens who have sat upon our throne; but the vague admiration, thus early instilled into us, suffers no diminution when, at an after period, we become intimately acquainted with the character of the man. We may approach the idol here without danger to our faith. We may analyse the motive—we may “vex, probe, and criticise”—it is all sound. Take your stethoscope and listen—there is no hollow here—every pulse beats true.

The Howard that poets and orators had taught us to admire loses none of its greatness on a near approach. But it undergoes a remarkable *transformation*. The real Howard, who devoted his life to the jail and the lazaretto, was a very different person from that ideal of benevolence which the verse of Darwin, or the eloquence of Burke, had called up into our minds. Instead of this faint and classic ideal, we have the intensely and somewhat sternly religious man, guided and sustained, every step of his way, not

alone, nor principally, by the amiable but vacillating sentiment which passes under the name of philanthropy, but by an exalted, severe, imperative sense of duty. It is Howard the Christian, Howard the Puritan, that stands revealed before us. The form changes, but only to grow more distinct and intelligible. The features have no longer that classic outline we had attributed to them; but they bear henceforth the stamp of reality—of a man who, without doubt, had lived and moved amongst us.

Those who have rested content (and we think there are many such) with that impression of Howard which is derived from the panegyrics scattered through our polite literature, and who accordingly attribute to him, as the master-motive of his conduct, simply a wide benevolence—a sentiment of humanity exalted to a passion—must be conscious of a certain uneasy sense of doubt, an involuntary scepticism; must feel that there is something here unexplained, or singularly exaggerated. Their Howard, if they should scrutinise their impression, is a quite anomalous person. No philanthropist they have ever heard of—no mere lover of his kind, sustained only by the bland sentiment of humanity, not even supported by any new enthusiastic faith in the perfectibility of the species—ever lived the life of this man, or passed through a tithe of his voluntary toils and sufferings. Philanthropists are generally distinguished for their love of speculation; they prefer to think rather than to act; and their labours are chiefly bestowed on the composition of their books. Philanthropists have occasionally ruined themselves; but their rash schemes are more notorious for leading to the ruin of others. As a race, they are not distinguished for self-sacrifice, or for practical and strenuous effort. There must, therefore, to the persons we are describing, be a certain doubt and obscurity hanging over the name of Howard

John Howard and the Prison-World of Europe. From original and authentic Documents. By HENRY DIXON.

the philanthropist. It must sound like a myth or fable; they must half suspect that, if some Niebuhr should look into the matter, their heroic figure would vanish into thin air.

Let them, however, proceed to the study of the veritable Howard, and all the mystery clears up. The philanthropist of the orator gives place to one who, in the essential elements of his character, may be ranked with Christian missionaries and Christian martyrs. Instead of the half-pagan ideal, or personification of benevolence, there rises before them a character which a rigorous analysis might justly class with those of St Francis or Loyola, or whatever the Christian church has at any time exhibited of exalted piety and complete self-devotion. The same spirit which, in past times, has driven men into the desert, or strut them up in cells with the scourge and the crucifix; the same spirit which has impelled them to brave all the dangers of noxious climates and of savage passions, to extend the knowledge of religion amongst barbarous nations — was animating Howard when he journeyed incessantly from prison to prison, tracking human misery into all its hidden and most loathsome recesses. He who, in another century, would have been the founder of a new order of barefooted monks, became, in Protestant England, the great exemplar of philanthropic heroism. Perhaps he too, in one sense, may be said to have founded a new religious order, though it is not bound together by common rules, and each member of it follows, as he best may, the career of charitable enterprise that lies open before him. The mystery, we say, clears up. Benevolent our Howard was, undoubtedly, by nature, as by nature also he was somewhat imperious; but that which converted his benevolence into a ceaseless motive of strenuous action, of toil, and of sacrifice; that which *utilised* his natural love of authority, transforming it into that requisite firmness and predominance over others without which no man, at least no reformer, can be rigidly just, and, face to face, admonish, threaten, and reprove; that which constituted the mainspring and vital force of his character, was intense piety, and the

all-prevailing sense of duty to his God. The craving of his soul was some great task-work, to be done in the eye of Heaven. Not the love of man, nor the praise of man, but conscience, and to be a servant of the Most High, were his constant motive and desire.

Men of ardent piety generally apply themselves immediately to the reproduction in others of that piety which they feel to be of such incomparable importance. This becomes the predominant, often the sole object of their lives. It is natural it should be so. In such minds all the concerns of the present world sink into insignificance; and their fellow-men are nothing, except as they are, or are not, fellow-Christians. Howard was an exception to this rule. Owing to certain circumstances in his own life; to the manner of his education; to his deficiency in some intellectual qualifications, and his pre-eminence in others, he was led to take the domain of physical suffering — of earthly wretchedness — for the province in which to exert his zeal. For the preacher, or the writer, he was not formed, either by education or by natural endowment; but he was a man of shrewd observation, of great administrative talent, of untiring perseverance, and of an insatiable energy. The St Francis of Protestant England did not, therefore, go forth as a missionary; nor did he become the founder of a new sect, distinguished by any doctrinal peculiarity; but he girded himself up to visit, round the world, the cell of the prisoner — to examine the food he ate, the air he breathed, to rid him of the jail-fever, to drive famine out of its secret haunts, and from its neglected prey. It was this peculiarity which led men to segregate Howard from the class to which, by the great elements of his character, he belongs. To relieve the common wants of our humanity was his object — to war against hunger and disease, and unjust cruelties inflicted by man on man, was his chosen task-work; therefore was it vaguely supposed that the sentiment of humanity was his great predominant motive, and that he was driven about the world by compassion and benevolence.

His remains lie buried in Russia. Dr Clarke, in his travels through that

country, relates that "Count Vincent Potocki, a Polish nobleman of the highest taste and talents, whose magnificent library and museum would do honour to any country, through a mistaken design of testifying his respect for the memory of Howard, has signified his intention of taking up the body that it might be conveyed to his country seat, where a sumptuous monument has been prepared for its reception, upon a small island in the midst of a lake. His countess, being a romantic lady, wishes to have an annual *fête* consecrated to benevolence; at this the nymphs of the country are to attend, and strew the place with flowers." There are many, we suspect, of his own countrymen and countrywomen, who would be disposed to honour the memory of Howard in a similar manner. They would hang, or carve, their wreaths of flowers upon a tomb where the emblems of Christian martyrdom would be more appropriate. We need hardly add that the design of the romantic countess was not put into execution.

The vague impression prevalent of this remarkable man has been perpetuated by another circumstance. Howard has been unfortunate in his biographers. Dr Aikin, the earliest of these, writes like a gentleman and a scholar; manifests throughout much good sense, a keen intelligence, and a high moral feeling; but his account is brief, and is both defective and deceptive from his incapacity, or unwillingness, to portray the religious aspect of the character he had undertaken to develop. Dr Aikin's little book may still be read with advantage for the general remarks it contains, but it is no biography. Neither was Dr Aikin calculated for a biographer. He wanted both the highest and the lowest qualifications. Details, such as of dates and places, he had not the patience to examine; and he wanted that rarer quality of mind by which the writer is enabled to throw himself into the character of a quite different man from himself, and almost feel by force of sympathy the motives which have actuated him. This the cultivated, tasteful, but, in spite of his verse, the quite didactic mind of Aikin, was incapable of doing.

• The Rev. Samuel Palmer, who had

known Howard for thirty years, appended to a sermon, preached on the occasion of his death, some account of his life and career. But this, as well as several anonymous contributions to magazines, and a brief anonymous life which appeared at the same time, can be considered only in the light of materials for the future biographer.

The task lay still open, and Mr Baldwin Brown, barrister-at-law, undertook to accomplish it. He appears to have had all the advantages a biographer could desire. He had conversed with the contemporaries and friends of Howard, and with his surviving domestics—an advantage which no subsequent writer could hope to profit by; he was put in possession of the materials which the Rev. Mr Smith and his family, intimate friends of Howard, had collected for the very purpose of such a work as he was engaged on; Dr Brown, professor of theology at Aberdeen, another intimate friend of Howard, transcribed for him, from his commonplace book, the memoranda of conversations held with Howard, and committed to writing at the time; and, above all, he was furnished with extracts and memoranda from diaries kept by Howard himself, and which fortunately had escaped the general conflagration to which the philanthropist, anticipating and disliking the curiosity of the biographer, had devoted his papers. Several influential men amongst the Dissenters interested themselves in obtaining information for him; and the list of those to whom he expresses obligations of this kind, occupies two or three pages of his preface. Mr Brown was himself a man of religious zeal—we presume, from his work, a Dissenter: he could not fail to appreciate the religious aspect of Howard's character. As a lawyer, he was prepared to take an interest in the subject of his labours—the reformation of our prisons and our penal laws. Thus he brought to his task many peculiar advantages; and the work he produced was laborious, conscientious, and very valuable. Unfortunately, Mr Baldwin Brown was a dull writer, by which we here imply that he was also a dull thinker, and his book will be pronounced by

the generality of readers to be as dull as it is useful. Notwithstanding the attractive title it bears, and the many interesting particulars contained in it, his biography never attained any popularity. It was probably read extensively amongst the Dissenters, to whose sympathies it more directly appeals than to those of any other class of readers; but we think we are right in saying that it never had much circulation in the world at large.

More parsonic than the parsons, our lawyer-divine can resist no opportunity for sermonising. The eloquence of a Dissenting pulpit, and that when it is but indifferently *supplied*—the tedious repetition, and the monotonous unmodulated periods of his legal text-books—these combine, or alternate, through the pages of Mr Brown. Yet those who persevere in the perusal of his book will be rewarded. He is judicious in the selection of his materials. He presents us with the means of forming an accurate conception of Howard; though, in so doing, he seems to reveal to an attentive reader more than he had well understood himself.

Tedious or not, this is still the only biography of Howard. A Mr Thomas Taylor has written what appears to be an abridgment of the work. His book is more brief, but it is still more insipid. What notion Mr T. Taylor has of biography may be judged of from this, that he thinks it necessary, in quoting Howard's own original letters, to amend and improve the *style*—preserving, as he says, the sense, but correcting the composition. He is apparently shocked at the idea that the philanthropist should express himself in indifferent English, even though in a hasty letter to a friend.

Very lately Mr Hepworth Dixon, whose work has recalled us to this subject, has presented us with a life of Howard. It cannot be said of Mr Dixon's book that it is either dull or insipid; it has some of the elements of popularity; but we cannot better describe it in a few words than by saying that it is a *caricature* of a popular biography. Its flippancy, its conceit, its egregious pretensions, its tawdry *novelistic* style, are past all sufferance. It is too bad to criticise. But as, in the dearth of any popular

biography of Howard, it has assumed for a time a position it by no means merits, we cannot pass it by entirely without notice. For, besides that Mr Dixon writes throughout with execrable taste, he has not dealt conscientiously with the materials before him. His notion of the duty of a biographer is this—that he is to collect every incident of the least piquancy, no matter by whom related, or on what authority, and colour it himself as highly as he can. Evidently the most serious preparation he has made, for writing the life of Howard, has been a course of reading in French romances. It is with the spirit and manner of a Eugene Sue that he sits down to describe the grand and simple career of Howard.

Mr Dixon has not added a single new fact to the biography of Howard, nor any novelty whatever, except such as he has drawn from his own imagination. Nor does he assist in sifting the narrative; on the contrary, whatever dust has the least sparkle in it, though it has been thrice thrown away, he assiduously collects. That he should have nothing new to relate is no matter of blame; it is probable that no future biographer will be able to do more than recast and reanimate the materials to be found in Brown and Aikin. But why this pretence of having written a life of Howard from "original documents?" We beg pardon: he does not absolutely say that he has written *the Life of Howard* from original documents—the original document, for there is but one, may apply to the "*prison-world of Europe*," of which also he professes to write. This "earliest document of any value connected with the *penology of England*," which, with much parade, he prints for the first time, relates to the state of prisons before the labours of Howard. Impossible to suppose, therefore, that Mr Hepworth Dixon meant his readers to infer that, by the aid of this document, he was about to give them an original Life of Howard.

Let us look at Mr Dixon's preface—it is worth while. It thus commences:—

"Several reasons combined to induce the writer to undertake the work of making out for the reading world a new biography

of Howard ; the chief of them fell under two heads:—

"*It lay in his path.* Years ago now, circumstances, which do not require to be explained in this place, called his attention to the vast subject of the *prison-world.*"

We must stop a moment to admire this favourite magniloquence of our author. Howard wrote a report on the state of prisons ; Mr Dixon writes on nothing less than the *prison-world* of Europe ! He heads his chapters—"The Prison-world of the Continent," "The Prison-world of England." If Mr Dixon, in his patriotic labours, should turn his attention to the nuisance of Smithfield market, he would certainly give us a treatise on "The *Butcher-world* of Europe," with chapters headed, with due logical gradation, "The Butcher-world of England," and "The Butcher-world of London."

"It lay in his path," was one reason why he wrote his biography. "It needed to be done," was the other. We agree in the last of these reasons, whatever demur we make to the first. A more popular biography than Mr Brown's would certainly be a useful book. But what can Mr Dixon mean by saying, that, "although Howard was the father of prison-science, the story of his life has hitherto been made out without reference to that fact?" Messrs Brown and Aikin were not, then, aware that the excitement of the public attention to the great subject of prison-discipline was the chief result, and the direct and ostensible aim of the labours of Howard !

But now we arrive at Mr Dixon's statement of his own peculiar resources for writing the Life of Howard, and the valuable contributions he has made to our better knowledge of the man ; in short, his claims upon our gratitude and confidence:—

"It has been the writer's study to render this biographical history of Howard as worthy of its subject, and of the confidence of the reader, as the nature of the materials at his disposal would allow. He has carefully collated every document already printed—made, and caused to be made, numerous researches—conversed with persons who have preserved traditions and other memorials of this subject—travelled in his traces over a great

number of prisons—examined parliamentary and other records for such new facts as they might afford—and, in conclusion, has consulted these several sources of information, and interpreted their answers by such light as his personal experience of the prison-world suggested to be needful. The result of this labour is, that some new matter of curious interest has turned up—*amongst other things*, a manuscript throwing light on the early history of prison reforms in this country, found in the archives of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and for which he is indebted to the courtesy of the secretary, the Rev. T. B. Murray ; and the writer is assured that no other papers exist in any known quarter. The material for Howard's life is therefore *now fully collected* ; whether it is herein finally used, will entirely depend upon the verdict of the reader."

From all this mystification, the reader is at least to conclude that something very important has been done, and contributions very valuable have been made, for a final biography of Howard. Documents collated—researches made, and caused to be made—then a discovered manuscript, which now is, and now is not, appertaining to the subject—assurance "that no other papers exist in any known quarter!"—"materials *now fully collected!*" Oh, Admirable Crichton ! Our author has done all this for us ! Our author has read the memoirs of Baldwin Brown—and that not very attentively : if he has done more it is a pity, because there is not the least trace of it in his book. Our author has read the memoirs of Baldwin Brown, and travestied his narrative, and then writes this preface, as a travesty, we presume, of erudite prefaces in general. The book altogether does not belong to literature, but is a sort of parody upon literature.

We may as well give our readers the benefit of the rest of the preface:—

"The mental and moral portraiture of Howard attempted in this volume is new." [Fortunately, and to the recommendation of the volume, it is not new, but a transcript of that which his predecessor had drawn.] "As the writer's method of inquiry and of treatment was different to that ordinarily adopted, so his result is different. His study of the character was earnest, and, he believes, faithful. After

making himself master of all the facts of the case which have come down to us, biographically and traditionally, his plan was to *saturate himself with Howardian ideas*, and then strive to reproduce them *living, acting, and suffering* in the real world."

How the Howardian ideas *suffered* from this process, we can somewhat guess. The rest of the sentence is not so plain:—

"The writer lays down his pen, not without regret. Long accustomed to contemplate one of the most noble and beautiful characters in history, he has learnt to regard it with a human affection; and at parting with his theme—the mental companion of many hours, and the object of his constant thoughts—he feels somewhat like a father who gives away his favourite daughter in marriage. He does not lose his interest in his child; but she can be to him no longer what she has been. A touch of melancholy mingles with his joy. He still regards his offspring with a tender solicitude—but his monopoly of love is ended."

Oh, surely no!

We propose, as far as our limits will permit, to retrace the chief incidents in the biography of Howard. A brief sketch of his life and character may not be unacceptable to our readers. Such strictures as we have passed upon his latest biographer, Mr Dixon, we shall have abundant opportunities to justify as we proceed.

The well-known monument in St Paul's Cathedral, which, from the circumstance of the key held in the hand of the statue, has been sometimes taken by foreigners for the representation of the apostle St Peter, bears inscribed on the pedestal that Howard "was born in Hackney, in the county of Middlesex, September 2, 1726." But both the place and the year of his birth have been differently stated by his biographers. The Rev. S. Palmer, who had known him long, writes that he was born at Clapton; Dr Aikin, that he was born at Enfield. To the authority of the Doctor, on such a point as this, we attach no weight; it is plain to us that he gave himself little trouble to determine whether he was born at Clapton or Enfield. It was probably at Clapton; but Clapton is in the parish of Hackney, so that there is really no dis-

crepancy between Mr Palmer's statement and that on the monument. The year 1726 seems also to be generally received as the most probable date of his birth. After all the discussion, we may as well adhere to the inscription on the pedestal of the statue.

The father of Howard had acquired a considerable fortune in business as an upholsterer and carpet warehouseman in Long Lane, Smithfield. He was a dissenter, of Calvinistic principles; and, it is presumed, an Independent. The question has been raised, whether our Howard was descended from any branch of the noble family of that name; but his biographers generally agree in rejecting for him the honours of such a pedigree. Nor can any one be in the least degree solicitous to advance such a claim. The military achievements of a Norman ancestry would diffuse a very incongruous lustre over the name of our Christian philanthropist. Thus much, however, is evident, that at one time there existed some tradition, or belief, or pretence, in the family of the citizen Howard, that they were remotely connected with the noble family whose name they share. "The arms of the Duke of Norfolk, and of the Earls of Suffolk, Effingham, and Carlisle, are placed at the head of the tombstone which Howard erected to the memory of his first wife, on the south side of White-chapel churchyard." Such is the assertion of the anonymous biographer in the *Universal Magazine*, (vol. lxxxvi.) who stands alone, we believe, in maintaining the validity of this claim. And Mr Brown, after quoting these words, adds—"From actual inspection of the mouldering monument, I can assure those of my readers who may feel any curiosity on the subject, that this description of its armorial bearings is correct; and am further enabled to add, on the authority of his relative, Mr Barnardiston, that the distinguished individual by whom that monument was erected, occasionally spoke of Lord Carlisle as his relative; thus claiming at least a traditional descent from the Howards, Earls of Suffolk." That such a man as Howard should have used these arms *once* is significant; that he should have used them only once, is equally so. Ho

was one of the last men, if we have read his character correctly, who would have assumed what he did not, at the time, think himself entitled to; and one of the last who would shrink from claiming a right where his title was clear.

Mr Dixon not only rejects the claim, but is highly indignant that it should ever have been suggested. "Howard sprang from a virgin and undistinguished soil;"—why the upholsterer's should be peculiarly a *virgin soil* we do not see. "Attempts, however, have not been wanting to vulgarise his origin—to rob its greatness of its most natural charm—by circling his brows with the *distant glitter* of a ducal crown; by finding in his simple lineaments the trace of noble lines, and in his veins the consecrated currents of patrician blood." Strange waste of eloquent indignation! But he does not keep quite steady in his passion. "No," he exclaims, "let Howard stand alone. His reputation rests upon a basis already broad enough. *Why should we pile up Pelion on Olympus?*" There was, then, a Pelion to pile upon Olympus? We had thought not. Our author should have kept these red and purple patches at a greater distance: they do not harmonise.

Meanwhile the father of Howard had so little of what is commonly called aristocratic pride, that although he had retired from business, and had a good property—and property, too, in land—to leave to his son, he yet wished that son to tread in his own footsteps. He apprenticed him to a wholesale grocer in Watling Street.

The education of young Howard was such as is, or was, generally given to a lad of respectable parents intended for trade. He was at two schools. Of the first, Howard himself is reported to have said, that, having been there seven years, "he left it not fully taught in any one thing." He left it when a boy, and what boy ever left his school "fully taught in any one thing?" The remark is rather characteristic of the speaker than condemnatory of John Worsley, the schoolmaster in question. His second school was kept by a Mr Eames, a man of acknowledged ability. But how long he remained

there is not known. At this school he made the friendship of one Price, afterwards that Dr Price who remains, to all posterity, impaled in Burke's *Letter on the French Revolution*. The great orator thrust his spear through his thin texture, and pinned him to the board; and never, but in this rich museum, will any one behold or think of Dr Price. Perhaps he deserved a better fate, but his case is hopeless now. Yet, if it can heal his memory to connect his name with one who was not a *revolutionary philanthropist*, let him have all the benefit of the association. Howard had never acquired the art of writing his own language with ease and correctness, and therefore it will be directly understood how valuable to him, in the preparation of his reports, was the help of a literary friend. That literary friend he found in Dr Price. In a letter to him, Howard writes, "It is from your kind aid and assistance, my dear friend, that I derive so much of my character and influence. I exult in declaring it, and shall carry a grateful sense of it to the last hour of my existence."

After his father's death, Howard purchased his freedom from the wholesale grocer's in Watling Street, and travelled upon the Continent. He was not without taste for the arts; and it was at this time, Mr Brown supposes, that he brought with him from Italy those paintings with which he afterwards embellished his favourite seat at Cardington.

On returning from this tour, he took lodgings at Stoke Newington, in the house of Mrs Loidore, a widow, upwards of fifty, of rather humble station in life, and a perpetual invalid. She, however, nursed him with so much care, through a severe illness, by which he was attacked while residing under her roof, that, on his recovery, he offered her marriage. "Against this unexpected proposal," says Mr Brown, "the lady made many remonstrances, principally upon the ground of the great disparity in their ages; but Mr Howard being firm to his purpose, the union took place, it is believed, in the year 1752, he being then in about the twenty-fifth year of his age, and his bride in her fifty-second. Upon this occasion, he

behaved with a liberality which seems to have been inherent in his nature, by settling the whole of his wife's little independence upon her sister. The marriage, thus singularly contracted, was productive of mutual satisfaction to the parties who entered it. Mrs Howard was a woman of excellent character, amiable in her disposition, sincere in her piety, endowed with a good mental capacity, and forward in exercising its powers in every good word and work."

Thus runs the sober narrative of Mr Brown. Not so does Mr Dixon let pass the opportunity for fine descriptive writing. Read and admire:—

"As he became convalescent, his plan ripened into form. When the danger had entirely passed away, his health was restored to its accustomed state; he offered her, as the only fitting reward of her services—a toy! an ornament? a purse! a house! an estate! or any of those manifold gifts with which wealthy and generous convalescents reward their favourite attendants! No. He offered her his hand, his name, his fortune! Of course, the good lady was astonished at the portentous shape of her patient's gratitude. She started objections, being older, and having more worldly prudence than her lover. It is even said that she seriously refused her consent to the match, urging the various arguments which might fairly be alleged against it,—the inequality in the years, fortune, social position of the parties, and so forth—but all to no purpose. Howard's mind was made up. During his slow recovery, he had weighed the matter carefully—had come to the conclusion that it was his duty to marry her, and nothing could now change his determination. The struggle between the two must have been extremely curious: the sense of duty on both sides, founded upon honest convictions, no doubt,—the mutual respect without the consuming fire,—the cool and logical weighing of arguments, in place of the rapid pleading of triumphant passion; the young man without the ordinary inspirations of youth, on the one hand; the widow, past her prime, yet simple, undesigning, unambitious, earnestly struggling to reject and put aside youth, wealth, protection, honour, social rank,—the very things for which women are taught to dress, to pose, to intrigue, almost to circumvent heaven, on the other;—form together a picture which has its romantic interest, in spite of the incongruity of the main idea. Humble

life is not without its heroic acts. *Cæsar refusing the Roman crown*, even had he been really serious, and without afterthought in its rejection, is a paltry piece of magnanimity, compared with *Mrs Loidore's refusal of the hand of Howard*. At length, however, her resistance was overcome by the indomitable will of her suitor. One of the contemporary biographers has thrown an air of romance over the scene of this domestic struggle, which, if the lady had been young and beautiful—that is, if the element of passion could be admitted into the arena—would have been truly charming. As it is, the reader may receive it with such modifications as he or she may deem necessary. 'On the very first opportunity,' says this grave but imaginative chronicler, 'Mr Howard expressed his sentiments to her in the strongest terms of affection, assuring her that, if she rejected his proposal, *he would become an exile for ever to his family and friends*. The lady was upwards of forty [true enough! she was also upwards of fifty, good master historian,] and therefore urged the disagreement of their years, as well as their circumstances; but, after *allowing her four-and-twenty hours for a final reply*, his eloquence surmounted all her objections, and she consented to a union wherein gratitude was to supply the deficiencies of passion!' Criticism would only spoil the pretty picture—so let it stand."

Criticism had already spoil the picture, such as it is. But this matters not to Mr Dixon. The quotation he has thought fit to embellish his pages with, is taken from an anonymous pamphlet published in 1790, under the title of *The Life of the late John Howard, Esquire, with a Review of his Travels*. Mr Dixon, however, evidently extracts it second-hand from the note in Mr Brown, where it is quoted, with some other passages from the same performance, for the express purpose of refutation and contradiction. This is what Mr Dixon would call *artistic*—the picking up what had been discarded as worthless, and, with a gentle shade of doubt thrown over its authenticity, making use of it again.

A note of Mr Brown's, in the same page of his memoirs, (p. 634,) will supply us with another instance of this ingenious procedure. That note runs thus:—

"We are informed in the memoirs of Mr Howard, published in the *Gentleman's*

Magazine, that, during the period of his residing as a lodger in the house of Mrs. Loidore, he used to ride out in the morning for a few miles with a book in his pocket, dismount, turn his horse to graze upon a common, and spend several hours in reading! 'On a very particular inquiry, however,' says the author of the *Life of Mr Howard*, inserted in the *Universal Magazine*, 'of persons very intimate, and who had often rode out with him, we are assured that they never saw, nor ever heard of such a practice.'

Mr Dixon makes use of the first part of the note, ignoring the second.

"It is said," he writes, gravely suspending his judgment on the authenticity of the fact—"it is said, in a contemporary biographical notice, that he would frequently ride out a mile or two in the country, fasten his nag to a tree, or turn him loose to browse upon the way-side; and then, throwing himself upon the grass, under a friendly shade, would read and cogitate for hours. This statement, if true, would indicate more of a romantic and poetical temperament in Howard, than the generally calm and Christian stoicism of his manner would have led one to expect."

That Mr Dixon never consulted the memoir itself, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, we shall by-and-by have an opportunity of showing. That memoir, worthless as an authority, has become notorious for the calumny it originated. But this collator of documents, this inquirer after traditions, this maker of unimaginable researches, has never turned over the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that obituary which, owing to its slanderous attack, has excited so much controversy in all the biographies of Howard, his own included.

This wife, so singularly selected, died two or three years after her marriage. Howard is again free and solitary, and again betakes himself to travel. We are in the year 1755, and the great earthquake of Lisbon has laid that city in ruins. He goes to see the grand and terrific spectacle. Dr Aikin calls it a sublime curiosity. We presume that no other motive than curiosity impelled him on this occasion; it would be certainly very difficult to suggest any other. No difficulties, however, daunt Mr Dixon. According to him,—“Howard, attracted by reports of the unexampled

sufferings of the survivors, no sooner found himself at his own disposal, than he determined to haste with all possible speed to their assistance!” Single-handed, he was to cope with the earthquake.

Lisbon, however, he was not fated to reach. The vessel he sailed in was taken by a French privateer, and he, with the rest of the passengers and crew, carried into Brest, and there retained prisoner of war. The calamities of imprisonment he here endured himself, and under no mild form: afterwards, when other circumstances had drawn his attention to the condition of the prisoners, the remembrance of his own sufferings came in aid of his compassion for others. “Perhaps,” he says, in the preface to his first report, “what I suffered on this occasion increased my sympathy with the unhappy people, whose case is the subject of this book.”

Released upon parole, he returned to England, obtained his exchange, and then sat himself down on his estate at Cardington. Here he occupied himself in plans to ameliorate the condition of his tenantry. Scientific studies, and the study of medicine, to which, from time to time, he had applied himself, also engaged his attention. It was at this period he was elected a member of the Royal Society, not assuredly, as Mr Thomas Taylor presumes, from the “value attached” to a few communications upon the state of the weather, but, as Dr Aikin sensibly tells us, “in conformity to the laudable practice of that society, of attaching gentlemen of fortune and leisure to the interests of knowledge, by incorporating them into that body.”

Howard now entered into matrimony a second time. On the 25th April 1758, he married Henrietta Leeds, second daughter of Edward Leeds, Esq. of Croxton, in Cambridgeshire. This alliance is pronounced by all his biographers to be in every respect suitable. Parity of age, harmony of sentiment, and, on the part of the lady, the charms of person and amiability of temper, everything contributed to a happy union. And it was so. Unfortunately, the happiness was as brief as it seems to have been perfect. His second wife also expired

after a few years,—“the only years,” Howard himself has said, “of true enjoyment he had known in life.”

On this occasion, Mr Dixon, after infusing into Howard “the bland and insinuating witchery of a virgin passion,” proceeds to describe his Henrietta in the most approved language of the novelist: “Although her features were not cast in the choicest mould of Grecian beauty, she was very fair—had large impressive eyes, an ample brow, a mouth exquisitely cut,” &c. Shall we never again get the chisel out of the human face?

Connected with this second marriage of Howard, his biographers relate a trait of character which will be differently estimated by different minds—we relate it in the words of Mr Dixon:—

“We must not omit an incident that occurred before the ceremony, which is very significant of Howard’s frankness and firmness at this epoch. Observing that many unpleasantnesses arise in families, from circumstances trifling in themselves, in consequence of each individual wishing to have his own way in all things, he determined to avoid all these sources of domestic discord, by establishing his own paramount authority in the first instance. It is just conceivable that his former experience of the wedded life may have led him to insist upon this condition. At all events, he stipulated with Henrietta, *that, in all matters in which there should be a difference of opinion between them, his voice should rule.* This may sound very ungallant in terms, but it was found exceedingly useful in practice. Few men would have the moral honesty to suggest such an arrangement to their lady-loves at such a season; though, at the same time, few would hesitate to make the largest mental reservations in their own behalf. It may also be, that few young belles would be disposed to treat such a proposition otherwise than with ridicule and anger, however conscious they might be, that as soon as the hymeneal pageantries were passed, their surest means of happiness would lie in the prompt adoption of the principle so laid down.

“Would that men and women would become sincerer with each other! The great social vice of this age is its untrustfulness.”

And Mr Dixon thereupon launches into we know not what heroics upon etiquette, upon English law, morals,

and the constitution, all *à propos* of Henrietta’s obedience! For our own part, we do not look with much respect upon this stipulation which calls forth the admiration of Mr Dixon, and apparently meets with his cordial sympathy. Such a stipulation would probably be a mere nullity; with, or without it, the stronger will would predominate; but if we are to suppose it a really binding obligation, forming the basis of the conjugal union, it presents to us anything but an attractive aspect. It was the harsh feature in Howard’s character, or the mistaken principle that he had adopted—this love of an authority—this claim to a domestic absolutism—which was to give no reasons, and admit of no questioning.

In justice to the character of Howard, we must not leave this matter entirely in the hands of Mr Dixon. Everything he draws is, more or less, a caricature. The authority on which his narration is founded is the following statement of the Rev. S. Palmer, given in Brown, p. 55:—

“The truth is,” says Mr Palmer, in his manuscript memoir of his distinguished friend, “he had a high idea (some of his friends may think, too high) of the authority of the head of a family. And he thought it right, because most convenient, to maintain it, for the sake of avoiding the unhappy consequences of domestic disputes. On this principle I have more than once heard him *pleasantly* relate the agreement he made with the last Mrs Howard, previous to their marriage, that, *to prevent all altercation about those little matters* which he had observed to be the chief grounds of uneasiness in families, he should always decide. To this the amiable lady readily consented, and ever adhered. Nor did she ever regret the agreement, which she found to be attended with the happiest effects. Such was the opinion she entertained, both of his wisdom and his goodness, that she perfectly acquiesced in all that he did, and no lady ever appeared happier in the conjugal bonds.”

Here the matter has a much less repulsive aspect than in Mr Dixon’s version, who has, in fact, exaggerated, in his zeal, a trait of Howard’s character, which his best friends seem always to have looked upon with more or less of regret and disapproval.

As the only other circumstance con-

nected with Howard's domestic life which we shall have space to mention, has also a peculiar reference to this trait in his character, we will depart from the chronological order of events, and allude to it here. His last wife left him one child, a son. This son grew up a dissolute youth; his ill-regulated life led to disease, and disease terminated in insanity. To this last malady, Mr Brown tells us he is authorised to say that there was a hereditary predisposition—we presume he means upon the mother's side.

Immediately on the death of Howard, there appeared, amongst the obituaries of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, a memoir of the deceased, in which the miserable fate of the son is directly charged upon the severity of the father. The whole memoir is full of errors. For this, the extreme haste in which it was necessarily written forms an excuse. But no excuse can be given for the perverse and malignant spirit it betrays. The very next number of the magazine opens with four or five letters addressed to Mr Urban, all remonstrating against, and refuting this baseless calumny; and every biographer has felt himself compelled to notice and repel the slander.

The fact is, that the writer or writers of the memoir—for several were engaged in concocting this very hasty and wretched performance—were quite ignorant, both of the education the son had received, and of the profligate course, and the consequent derangement of his health into which he had fallen. They knew only that the son was in a lunatic asylum, and that the father was a severe disciplinarian; and they most unwarrantably combined the two together, in the relation of cause and effect. "All prospects," they say, speaking of the youth, "were blasted by paternal severity, which reduced the young man to such an unhappy situation as to require his being placed where he now is, or lately was."

The vindication of Howard from this slander is complete; the origin of the son's malady is clearly traced; his affection for his child is amply demonstrated, and his unceasing anxiety to train him to virtue and piety is

made equally manifest. But his most intimate friends entertained the opinion that his conduct towards his son was not *judicious*, and that his method of training up the youth was by no means so wisely, as it was conscientiously adopted. This is the sole charge, if such it can be called, to which the father is obnoxious; nor, from this, do we pretend to acquit him.

"It is agreed, on all hands," says Mr Brown, "that Howard entertained the most exalted notions of the authority of the head of a family— notions derived rather from the Scriptural history of patriarchal times than from any of our modern codes of ethics, or systems of education." Accordingly, we are told that he trained up his child from earliest infancy to an implicit obedience. Without once striking the child, but by manifesting a firmness of purpose which it was hopeless to think of shaking, he established such an authority over him that Howard himself, on one occasion, said, that "if he told the boy to put his finger in the fire, he believed he would do it." When he was an infant, and cried from passion, the father took him, laid him quietly in his lap, neither spoke nor moved, but let him cry on till he was wearied. "This process, a few times repeated, had such an effect, that the child, if crying ever so violently, was rendered quiet the instant his father took him." When he grew older, the severest punishment his father inflicted was to make him sit still in his presence, without speaking, for a time proportioned to the nature of the offence. But this impassive, statue-like firmness must have precluded all approach to companionship or confidence on the part of the son. It was still the obedience only of fear. "His friends," we quote from Mr Brown, "and amongst the rest the most intimate of them, the Rev. Mr Smith, thought that in the case of his son he carried those patriarchal ideas rather too far, and that by a lad of his temper (the son is described as of a lively disposition) he would have been more respected, and would have possessed more real authority over him, had he attempted to convince him of the reasonableness of his commands, instead

of always enforcing obedience to them on his parental authority." We therefore may be permitted to say, that we look upon this aspect of Howard's character as by no means estimable. As a husband he claimed an unjust prerogative, and as a parent he divorced authority from persuasion, nor allowed obedience to mingle and ally itself with filial affection.

Mr Dixon does not, of course, omit his tribute of indignation against the calumny of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. We said that he had not given himself the trouble to look at the memoir itself which he denounces. Here is the proof:—

"The atrocious slander to which reference is made," says Mr Dixon, "was promulgated in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in an obituary notice of the philanthropist. The charge was made on the strength of one asserted fact—namely, that Howard had once locked up his son for several hours in a solitary place, put the key into his pocket, and gone off to Bedford, leaving him there till he returned at night. On the appearance of this article, the friends of the illustrious dead came forth publicly to dispute the fact, and to deny the inferences deduced from it. Meredith Townsend, one of Howard's most intimate friends, sifted the story to the bottom, and gave the following account of its origin."

The charge was not made on the strength of this one asserted fact—nor on any fact whatever—it was made on the mere authority of the writer. The story alluded to is not to be found in the obituary of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The writers of that obituary had never heard of the story, or we may be sure they would have made use of it. The friends of the illustrious dead could not, therefore, have come forward, in refutation of this article, to "dispute the fact and deny the inferences." If Mr Dixon had but read Brown's memoirs attentively he would not have fallen into this blunder, which shows how little else he can have read.

The story alluded to had been circulated during the life of Howard, and when he was absent on one of his journeys. The Rev. Mr Townsend, "many years Mr Howard's pastor at Stoke Newington," took the first opportunity he had of mentioning it to Howard himself, who contradicted it,

and related to him the incident which he supposed must have given rise to the report. On the death of Howard the story was again revived, where, or by whom, Mr Brown does not tell us. The Rev. Mr Palmer thereupon obtained from Mr Townsend the explanation which he had received from Howard himself. The letter which the latter gentleman addressed to the Rev. Mr Palmer is given at length in Brown, (note, p. 645.) This letter the Rev. Mr Palmer communicates to the *Editor of the Universal Magazine*, and mentions that extracts from it, unauthorised by him, had found their way into the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

The explanation of the story there given, is briefly this. Howard was engaged one day with his child in the root-house, which served also as a summer-house, when the servant came in great haste, to say that a gentleman on horseback wished to speak to him immediately. Not to lose time, he told the little fellow to sit quiet, and he would soon come to him again. To keep him out of mischief he locked the door. The gentleman kept him in conversation longer than he expected, and caused his forgetting the child. Upon the departure of the guest, recollecting where the child had been left, he flew to set him at liberty, and found him quietly sleeping on the matting of the floor.

It was on the 31st March 1765 that Howard lost his second wife. After spending some time in the now melancholy retirement of Cardington, he again quits England for the Continent. Travel is still with him, as with so many others, the mere relief for unavailing sorrow, or for the wasting disease of unemployed energies. It is during this journey to Italy that we are able to trace, more distinctly than usual, the workings of Howard's mind. Some memoranda, and fragments of a diary which he kept, have given us this insight.

It was his design to proceed to the south of Italy. He stops at Turin. He is dissatisfied with himself. This life of sight-seeing, this vagrancy of the tourist, does not content him. He will go no further. But we must give the extract itself from his journal. We quote from the more faithful text

of Mr Brown—Mr Dixon having the habit of omitting, here and there, a sentence if it does not please his taste, and tricking the whole out with dashes and a novel punctuation.

"*Turin, 1769, Nov. 30.*—My return without seeing the southern part of Italy was on much deliberation, as I feared a misimprovement of a Talent spent for mere curiosity, at the loss of many Sabbaths, and as many donations must be suspended for my pleasure, which would have been as I hope contrary to the general conduct of my Life, and which on a retrospective view on a death Bed would cause Pain as unbecoming a Disciple of Christ—whose mind should be formed in my soul.—These thoughts, with distance from my dear boy, determine me to check my curiosity and be on the return.—Oh, why should Vanity and Folly, Pictures and Baubles, or even the stupendious (*sic*) mountains, beautiful hills, or rich valleys, which ere long will all be consumed, engross the thoughts of a candidate for an eternal everlasting kingdom—a worm ever to crawl on Earth whom God has raised to the hope of Glory which ere long will be revealed to them which are washed and sanctified by Faith in the blood of the Divine Redeemer! Look forward, oh! my Soul! how low, how mean, how little is everything but what has a view to that glorious World of Light, Life, and Love—the Preparation of the Heart is of God—Prepare the Heart, Oh! God! of thy unworthy Creature, and unto Thee be all the glory through the boundless ages of Eternity.

Sign'd J. H.

"This night my trembling soul almost longs to take its flight to see and know the wonders of redeeming Love—join the triumphant Choir—Sin and Sorrow fled away—God my Redeemer all in all—Oh! happy Spirits that are safe in those mansions."

Accordingly he retraces his steps. He flies back to Holland. He is now at the Hague. It is Sunday evening, 11th February 1770. Here is a portion of his self-communing. Many of these quotations we will not give; we know they look out of place, and produce a strange, and not an agreeable impression, when met with in the walks of polite literature. But, without some extracts, it is impossible to form a correct idea of the character of Howard.

"Oh! the wonders of redeeming love! Some faint hope, even I! through redeeming mercy in the perfect righteousness—the full atoning sacrifice shall, ere

long, be made the instrument of the rich free grace and mercy of God through the divine Redeemer. Oh, shout my soul grace, grace—free, sovereign, rich, unbounded grace! Not I, not I, an ill deserving, hell deserving creature!—but where sin has abounded, I trust grace superabounds. * * * *

"Let not, my soul, the interests of a moment engross thy thoughts, or be preferred to my eternal interests. Look forward to that glory which will be revealed to those who are faithful to death. My soul, walk thou with God; be faithful, hold on, hold out, and then—what words can utter!—J. H."

But he could not rest in Holland. "Continuing in Holland," he writes, "or any place, lowers my spirits." He returns to Italy. He visits Genoa, Pisa, Florence, Rome, and extends his tour to Naples.

It was, and may still be, a custom with a certain class of religious people, to make, in writing, a solemn covenant with God, and sign it with their own hand. It is at Naples that Howard retires into his chamber, indites and signs such a covenant. He appears, afterwards, to have carried it with him. With the same sort of formality with which a person republishes a will, he "renews the covenant, Moscow, September 27, 1789."

Through the remainder of this journey we need not follow him. He returns to England, and we see what sort of man has landed on its shores.

Those who are acquainted with the religious world and religious biographies, will bear us out when we say, that the language we have quoted from this journal, and the other extracts which may be read in Brown, would not, *of themselves*, manifest any extraordinary degree of piety or self-devotion. With a certain class of persons, such language has become *habitual*; with others, it really expresses nothing but a very transitory state of excitement. Solemn self-denunciations—enthusiastic raptures—we have heard them both, from the lips of the most worldly, selfish, money-loving men we have ever known. It is the after life of Howard which proves that in him such language had its first, genuine, full meaning. These passages from his diary explain his life, and his life no less explains them.

On his return to Cardington, he occupied himself, as before, with plans to improve the condition of his tenantry; building for them better houses, and erecting a school. But at length an event occurred which supplied his self-consuming energy with the noble task it craved. Elected High Sheriff for the county of Bedford, the duties of his office led him to the interior of the prison. He witnessed the sufferings, the extortion, the injustice, the manifold cruelty, which the supineness of the legislature allowed to reign and riot there.

"The distress of prisoners," he tells us, in the preface to his first report, "came more immediately under my notice, when I was sheriff of the county of Bedford; and the circumstance which excited me to activity in their behalf was the seeing some, who, by the verdict of juries, were declared *not guilty*; some, on whom the grand jury did not find such an appearance of guilt as subjected them to trial; and some, whose prosecutors did not appear against them; after having been confined for months, dragged back to jail, and locked up again, till they should pay *sundry fees* to the jailor, the clerk of assize, &c. In order to redress this hardship, I applied to the justices of the county for a salary to the jailor in lieu of his fees. The bench were properly affected with the grievance, and willing to grant the relief desired; but they wanted a precedent for charging the county with the expense. I, therefore, rode into several neighbouring counties in search of a precedent; but I soon learned that the same injustice was practised in them; and, looking into the prisons, I beheld scenes of calamity, which I grew daily more and more anxious to alleviate."

These oppressions, these calamities, he dragged to light. He may be said to have *discovered* them—so indifferent, at this time, was one class of the community to the misery of another. His official position gave him just that elevation requisite to make his voice heard. The attention of parliament was roused. He was examined before a committee of the whole House; he received the thanks of parliament; and a bill was passed to remunerate the jailor by a salary, instead of by fees—thus remedying one of the most extraordinary mal-practices that was surely ever endured in a civilised society.

Here, then, was a task to strain all his powers, and absorb all his benevolence. Here was misery to be alleviated, and injustice to be redressed, and a nation to be aroused from its culpable negligence. Benevolent, liberal, systematically and perseveringly charitable, not averse to the exercise of authority and censorship, of restless and untameable energy, and of a singular constancy and firmness of purpose, the task employed all his virtues, and what in some positions of life would have proved to be his failings. Even to his love of travel, his new occupation suited him. What wonder that, with all these aptitudes, the *religious man*, devoured by his desire to do some good and great work, should have devoted to it his life and his fortune, his days and his nights, and every faculty of his soul. He had now found his path. His foot was on it; and he trod it to his dying hour.

After inspecting the jails of England, Scotland, and Ireland, he, in 1775, took the first of those journeys on the Continent, which had, for their sole object, the inspection of prisons. And henceforward, in all his travels, he is so absorbed in this one object, that he pays attention to nothing else. Not the palace, rich with painting and sculpture; not the beautiful hills and valleys—only the prison and the lazaretto can retain him for a moment. Once he is tempted to hear some fine music—it distracts his attention—he foregoes the music. The language of Burke, in his well-known panegyric, is true as it is eloquent.

"He has visited all Europe—not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples—not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art—not to collect medals or collate manuscripts—but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt, to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and compare and collate the distresses of all men, in all countries. His plan is original, and it is full of genius as it is of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity. Already the bene-

fit of his labour is felt more or less in every country. I hope he will anticipate his final reward, by seeing all its effects fully realised in his own."

But the boon—for a great task of this kind was a veritable boon to such a spirit as Howard's—was nearly missed. Before he went abroad on his first journey of philanthropy, he ran the risk of being imprisoned himself, within the walls of the House of Commons, as member for the town of Bedford. The borough had formerly been under the control of the house of Russell. Responding to the cry of "Wilkes and Liberty!" the corporation had risen against their lord. To free themselves from his control, they had boldly created five hundred honorary freemen, coined, in short, five hundred votes, which were to be at their own disposal. The measure seems to have passed undisputed. They were, of course, victorious. Whom they elected, in the first glow of patriotism, we do not know; but, after a few years, the corporation rewarded their own patriotic efforts by selling the borough to the highest bidder. Such, at least, was the accusation brought against them in the town of Bedford itself, where a strong party rose which made strenuous efforts to wrest the election out of their hands. By this party, Whitbread and Howard were put in nomination. The candi-

dates of the corporation were Sir W. Wake and Mr Sparrow. After a severe struggle on the hustings, and in the committee of the House of Commons, the election was decided in favour of Whitbread and Wake. Howard lost his election—happily, we think—by a majority only of four votes.

On his return from the Continent, he published his first report on the state of prisons. We had designed to give some account of this, and the subsequent publications of Howard, but our space absolutely forbids. Perhaps some other opportunity will occur, when we can review the history of our prisons, to which the volumes of Howard form the most valuable contribution. We must content ourselves with a few general remarks on his labours, and with the briefest possible account of this the great and eventful period of his life.

To lead our readers over the numerous, toilsome, and often perilous journeys which Howard now undertook, for this national and philanthropic object of improving our prisons and houses of correction, would be utterly impracticable. But, to give them at once some adequate idea of his incessant activity, we have thrown into a note a summary, taken from Dr Aikin, of what may be considered as his public labours.*

These long, incessant, and often

* 1773. High Sheriff of Bedfordshire—visited many county and town jails.

1774. Completed his survey of English jails. Stood candidate to represent the town of Bedford.

1775. Travelled to Scotland, Ireland, France, Holland, Flanders, and Germany.

1776. Repeated his visit to the above countries, and to Switzerland. During these two years revisited all the English jails.

1777. Printed his State of prisons.

1778. Travelled through Holland, Flanders, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and part of France.

1779. Revisited all the counties of England and Wales, and travelled into Scotland and Ireland. Acted as supervisor of the Penitentiary Houses.

1780. Printed his first Appendix.

1781. Travelled into Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Poland, Germany, and Holland.

1782. Again surveyed all the English prisons, and went into Scotland and Ireland.

1783. Visited Portugal, Spain, France, Flanders, and Holland; also Scotland and Ireland, and viewed several English prisons.

1784. Printed the second Appendix, and a new edition of the whole works.

1785. { From the close of the first of these years to the beginning of the last, on

1786. { his tour through Holland, France, Italy, Malta, Turkey, and Germany.

1787. { Afterwards went to Scotland and Ireland.

1788. Revisited Ireland; and, during this and the former year, travelled over all England.

1789. Printed his work on Lazarettos, &c. Travelled through Holland, Germany, Prussia, and Livonia, to Russia and Lesser Tartary.

1790. January 20. Died at Cherson.

repeated journeys—were they necessary, some will be tempted to ask, for the object he had in view? Surely a few instances, well reasoned on, would have been sufficient to put us on the right track for the reformation of our prisons. But it should be considered, in the first place, that Howard was teaching a people pre-eminently practical in their intellectual character, a people who require to be taught by example and precedent. The most philosophical reasoning, the most eloquent diatribe, would not have availed half so much to stir the public mind, as, on the one hand, these details which Howard threw before it, fact upon fact, unsparingly, repeatedly—details of cruelty and injustice perpetrated or permitted by our own laws; and, on the other hand, this plain statement, brought from abroad, that in Ghent, that in Amsterdam, that even in Paris, many of the evils which we suffered to remain as incurable, *were* cured, or had never been allowed to exist. It was much to tell the citizen of London that in Flanders, and in Holland, there were prisons and bridewells that ought to put him to the blush.

And, in the second place, let it be considered, that Howard himself was pre-eminently a practical man. He neither wrote books of speculation, nor thought in a speculative manner. It was from detail to detail that his mind slowly advanced to principles and generalisations. These prisons, they were his books; these repeated circuits he made through the jails of Europe, they were his course of reading. He reperused each blotted page of human misery till he was satisfied that he had comprehended all it could teach. He was no Beccaria to enunciate a principle from the recesses of his library, (though it should be mentioned, in passing, that he had read Beccaria—that the man of speculative talent had stimulated the man of administrative talent, and the two were co-operating, all over Europe, on the same great subject of penal legislation;) his eye was ever upon practices, he got wisdom in the concrete, principle and instance indissolubly combined: he so learnt, and he so taught.

Again, in England itself, there was

no system that equally regulated all the jails of the country; or, to speak more correctly, there was no uniformity in the abuses which existed amongst them. Arrangements were found in one, no trace of which might be discovered in another. All were bad, but the evils in each were different, or assumed different proportions. In some, there was no separation between the debtor and the criminal; in others, these were properly classified, but the criminal side might be more shamefully mismanaged than usual. In some, there was no attention paid to the sick; in others, the infirmary might be the only part of the jail that was not utterly neglected. There might be a good supply of medicine, and no food. In some, the separation of the two sexes was decently maintained; in others not. It was impossible to make any general statement that would not have called forth numerous contradictions. An accusation strictly just with regard to York, might be repelled with indignation by Bristol; whilst, on some other charge, Bristol might be the culprit, and York put on the show of injured innocence.

Some prisons were private property; they were rented to the jailor, and he was to extract the rent and his profit, by what extortion he could practise on his miserable captives. These were prisons belonging to liberties, manors, and petty courts, of the existence of which few people were aware. In some of these the prisoner lay forgotten by his creditor—lay there to starve, or live on the scanty and precarious charity of those who gave a few pence to "the starving debtor." In many cases the jailor—for all remuneration and perquisite—was allowed to *keep a tap*. Of course, whatever was doled out to the prisoner by charity, was spent in drunkenness. The abuses were of all kinds, strange, and numberless. Howard tracked them out, one by one—recorded them—put them in his book—published them to the world.

Add to all this, that, after some time, he became invested with the character of *censor* of the prisons. He looked through them to see that, when a good law *had* been made, it was obeyed. There was never a

commissioner so universally respected. Men are not so bad but they all admired his great benevolence, and his justice equally great. No bribery, no compliments, and no threats, could avail anything. In vain the turnkey suggested to him, that the jail-fever was raging in the lower wards: the crafty official had so deterred many a visiting magistrate, who had thanked him politely for his warning, and retired. Howard entered, and found no jail-fever; but he found filth and famine, that had been shut up there for years from the eyes of all men. No danger deterred him. The infected cell, where the surgeon himself would not enter—from which he called out the sick man to examine him—was the very last he would have omitted to visit. This character of public censor he carried with him abroad, as well as at home. Foreign potentates courted his good opinion of their institutions—consulted him—shrank from his reproof—a reproof all Europe might hear. The Grand-duke of Tuscany, the Emperor of Germany, the Empress of Russia, were all anxious to see and hear him. He had no flattery for them; the report he gave was as faithful as a page out of his note-book.

As a popular misconception has prevailed upon the character of Howard, attributing benevolence to him as almost a sole motive, so a like popular misconception has prevailed, as to the nature and objects of that benevolence. He is sometimes spoken of as if to visit the sick and the captive, and relieve *them* individually, was the main object of his charitable journeys, and his unremitting inquiries. If, indeed, he had done nothing more than seek out those unhappy men, who, at the bottom of their infected dens, lay abandoned by all the world, he would have been entitled to our admiration, and to all the merits of a heroic charity. But he did more than this. He aimed at a permanent improvement of the condition of the prisoner. He aimed farther still. His object was the same which excites so much attention at the present moment: by a good system of imprisonment, both to punish and reform the criminal. "To make them better men," is a phrase often in his mouth,

when speaking of prisoners; and he thought this might be effected by combining imprisonment with labour, with perfect abstinence from intoxicating drinks, and other good regulations. Those who will read his reports with attention, will be surprised to find how often he has anticipated the conclusions to which a wider experience has led the reflective men of our own age. There is a note of his upon Solitary Confinement which might be adopted as a summary of those views which enlightened men, after many trials of various systems, have rested in. No false sensibility accompanied the benevolence of Howard. In some respects he was a sterner disciplinarian than would be generally approved of.

Upon this aspect of his character there remains only one remark to add: his mind was never absorbed in the great objects of a public philanthropy to an oblivion of his *near duties* and his private charities: he was to the last the just, considerate, benevolent landlord, quite as much as he was Howard the philanthropist.

"During his absence in one of his tours," says Dr Aikin, "a very respectable-looking elderly gentleman on horseback, with a servant, stopt at the inn nearest Mr Howard's house at Cardington, and entered into conversation with the landlord concerning him. He observed that characters often appeared very well at a distance, which could not bear close inspection; he had therefore come to Mr Howard's residence in order to satisfy himself concerning him. The gentleman then, accompanied by the innkeeper, went to the house, and looked through it, with the offices and gardens, which he found in perfect order. He next inquired into Mr Howard's character as a landlord, which was justly represented; and several neat houses which he had built for his tenants were shown him. The gentleman returned to his inn, declaring himself now satisfied with the truth of all he had heard about Howard. This respectable stranger was no other than Lord Monboddo; and Mr Howard was much flattered with the visit, and praised his lordship's good sense in taking such a method of coming at the truth, since he thought it worth his trouble."

The traveller who undertook all these philanthropic journeys was a man of slight form, thin, and rather beneath the average height. Every

feature, and every movement, proclaimed energy and determination. "An eye," says Dr Aikin, "lively and penetrating, strong and prominent features, quick gait and animated gestures, gave promise of ardour in forming, and vivacity in executing his designs." "Withal there was a bland smile," says another of his biographers, "always ready to play upon his lips." "I have," continues Aikin, "equally seen the tear of sensibility start into his eyes, on recalling some of the distressful scenes to which he had been witness; and the spirit of indignation flash from them, on relating instances of harshness and oppression." In his dress and person he was remarkably neat, and in his ablutions, we are told, punctilious as a Mussulman;—far more so, we suspect. For the rest, he had reduced his wants to the lowest possible scale. Water and the simplest vegetables sufficed. Animal food, and all vinous and spirituous liquors, he had utterly discarded. Milk, tea, butter, and fruit were his luxuries; and he was equally sparing in the quantity of food, and indifferent as to the stated times of taking it.

From the prisoner, and the subject of prison-discipline, it is well known that the attention of Howard was directed to measures for arresting the plague. It was a grand idea this—that he would lead the way to some general scheme to be adopted throughout Europe, and the contiguous parts of Asia, for checking the incursions of, and perhaps finally exterminating, the plague. For no object did he suffer so much, or expose himself to so great dangers; embarking purposely in a vessel with a foul bill of health, and undergoing the perilous confinement of the lazaretto, that every practice of the quarantine might be thoroughly known to him. Nowhere was his conduct more heroic. It cannot be said here, however, that his object was equally well chosen, or that his labours were attended with any good result. Whilst it would be difficult to over-estimate the value of his service as inspector-general of the prisons of Europe, we can detect nothing in this latter scheme but an unfortunate waste of heroic benevolence. In dealing with jails and houses of correction, he was dealing with evils, the nature of

which he, and all men, could well understand; but, in dealing with the pestilence, he was utterly in the dark as to the very nature of the calamity he was encountering. It is very probable that, had he realised his utmost wishes, and built a lazaretto on the most improved plan, combining every valuable regulation he had observed in every lazaretto of Europe, it would only have proved an additional nuisance.

This period of his life is more full of striking incidents than any other, but we must hurry rapidly over it.

"The point," says Mr Brown, "at which he wished to commence his new investigations was Marseilles; but the extreme jealousy of the French government respecting their Levant trade, had long kept the lazaretto of that port carefully concealed from the eye of every foreigner; but, as Mr Howard's object was such as ought to have awakened neither political nor commercial jealousy in any one, Lord Caermarthen, then secretary of state for foreign affairs, made an application to the French minister for permission for him to view this celebrated building. After waiting some time at the Hague, in expectation of its arrival, he went to Utrecht to visit his friend Dr Brown, at whose house he received a letter from his lordship, informing him, not only that the request he preferred had been peremptorily refused, but that he must not think of entering France at all, as, if he did, he would run a risk of being committed to the Bastille. Howard, however, was not to be deterred. He started immediately for Paris. At Paris, "having gone to bed, according to his usual custom, about ten o'clock, he was awaked between twelve and one, by a tremendous knocking at his room door, which, starting up, in somewhat of an alarm, he immediately opened; and, having returned to bed, he saw the chambermaid enter with a candle in each hand, followed by a man in a black coat, with a sword by his side, and his hands enveloped in an enormous muff. This singular personage immediately asked him if his name was not Howard. Vexed at this interruption, he hastily answered, 'Yes—and what of that?' He was again asked if he had not come to Paris in the Brussels diligence, in company with a man in a black wig? To this question he returned some such peevish answer, as that he paid no attention to such trifles; and his visitor immediately withdrew in silence. Not a little alarmed at this adventure, though

losing none of his self-possession, and being unable to compose himself to sleep, Mr Howard got up; and, having discharged his bill the night before, took his small trunk, and, removing from this house, at the regular hour of starting took his seat in the diligence, and set off for Lyons."

Such is the narrative of Mr Brown. It has been supposed that this midnight visitor was an officer of the police, and that, had Howard remained a few hours longer at his hotel, he would have been arrested. But some mystery still hangs over this adventure. Howard, in one of his letters, alluding to it, says that he had since learnt who his strange visitor was, and adds that "he had had a narrow escape;" and his biographer Mr Brown tells us that—

"He learned that the man in a black wig was a spy, sent with him to Paris, by the *French Ambassador at the Hague*, and that he himself would have been arrested then, (at Paris,) if Mr Le Noir had not been at Versailles on the day of his arrival; and, several persons having recently been arrested on very false or frivolous grounds, he had left orders for no arrests being made before his return, which was not until late in the evening of the next day, when he was pursued, but not overtaken."

If it was this that Howard learnt, we think his informant must have deceived him. An air of great improbability hangs over this story. The French government is represented as being so anxious to arrest Howard, if he should enter France, that it sends a spy to travel with him from the Hague; if so, the indentivity of Howard was sufficiently known to the police on his arrival at Paris. Yet we are next told that an officer visits Howard at midnight, only to assure himself that it is Howard;—pays a visit, in short, that can have no other effect than to give the alarm to his intended captive. In addition to this, we are to suppose that this person, whom the French government is so anxious to arrest, pursues his journey unmolested, and spends five days at Marseilles, visiting the very lazaretto to which it was known he was bound, and the inspection of which that government was so solicitous to prevent.

As to the other motives by which Mr Brown accounts for these hostile proceedings of the French government, we can attach no weight to

them whatever. On a previous visit to Paris, Howard had been extremely desirous to survey the interior of the Bastille. Not being able to obtain permission, he had boldly knocked at the outer door, and, assuming an air of official authority, walked in. He had penetrated to some of the inner courts before this little *ruse* was detected. He was then, of course, conducted out. He was obliged to content himself with an account of the Bastille written in French, and the publication of which had been forbidden by the government. He obtained a copy, and translated it into English. For this, and for another cause of offence of a far slighter character, it is difficult to suppose that Howard had excited the peculiar animosity of the French government.

Howard visited the lazaretto of Marseilles, however, under the full impression that the police were on the search for him. From Marseilles he went to Toulon, and inspected the arsenal and the condition of the galley-slaves. To obtain admission into the arsenal, he dressed himself, says Mr Brown, "in the height of the French fashion," Englishmen being strictly prohibited from viewing it at all. We are told that this disguise was easy to him, "as he always had much the air and appearance of a foreigner, and spoke the French language with fluency and correctness." Mr Dixon, faithful to his system of caricaturing all things, describes him as "dressed as an exquisite of the Faubourg St Honoré!" We presume that it was the French gentleman of the period, and not the French dandy, that Howard imitated.

He next visited the several lazarettos of Italy—went to Malta—to Smyrna—to Constantinople, everywhere making perilous inquisitions into the plague. At Smyrna he is "fortunate enough" to meet with a vessel bound to Venice with a foul bill of health, and he embarks in it. On its way, the vessel is attacked by pirates. "The men," says Mr Brown, "defended themselves for a considerable time with much bravery, but were at length reduced to the alternative of striking, or being butchered by the Moors, when, having one very large cannon on board, they loaded it with

whatever missiles they could lay their hands upon, *and, pointed by Mr Howard himself*, it was discharged amongst the corsair crew with such effect that a great number of them were killed, and the others thought it prudent to sheer off." Pointed by Mr Howard himself! We can well understand it. The intrepid, energetic man, Fellow too of the Royal Society, would look at the elevation of the gun, and lend a helping hand to adjust it.

We throw into a note a parting specimen of the manner of Mr Dixon. Not satisfied with the simple and probable picture which Mr Brown presents to us, he makes Howard load the gun as well as point it—makes him sole gunner on board; and in order to improve his *tableau*, after having fought half the battle through, recommences it, that he may discharge his gun with the more effect.* Mr Dixon advertises, as his next forthcoming work, a history of our prisons. We are sorry that so good a subject has fallen into such bad hands. Unless he should greatly improve, we shall have a book necessarily replete with much popular and interesting matter, in not one page of which will the narrative be strictly trustworthy.

At Venice he is conducted to the lazaretto, to undergo the quarantine. He is shut up in a close loathsome room, the very walls of which are reeking with foul and pestilential odours. Surely never was a valuable life so heroically ventured, for so futile a purpose. Whilst lying here, smitten with a low fever, he received—we quote from Mr Brown—"intelli-

gence from England of two circumstances which had transpired there, each of them an occasion of the deepest affliction to his mind. The first was the formation of a fund for the erection of a statue to his honour; the second the misconduct of his only son."

We can well believe they were *both* afflictions. Those who have entered into the character of Howard, will feel at once that the project of doing him any public honour would be, in his own language, "a punishment, and not a reward." It was mingling with his conduct and motives that very alloy of vanity, and consideration for men's opinion, which he was so anxious to keep them clear from. If a generous man has done a kind action for kindness' sake, how it spoils all if you *pay* him for it! You lower him at once. He refuses your payment; he would deny, if he could, his previous action; he begs, at all events, it may be utterly forgotten. To pay Howard in praise was, to his mind, as great an incongruity. He shrank from the debasing coin. He would have denied his philanthropy: "Say it is my hobby, if you will," he is heard at one time to mutter. Dying, he says to his friend—"Lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten." Child of Time—was it not enough?

When he had escaped the lazaretto and returned to England, he wrote a letter to the gentlemen who had undertaken to collect subscriptions, requesting them to lay aside their project. The money collected was in

* "For a while the Venetian sailors defended themselves with desperate courage, for it was a question of victory or perpetual slavery with them; but their numbers were limited, their arms indifferent, and altogether the contest seemed too unequal to last long. It was the first actual fighting in which Howard had been present; but the imminency of the danger and the sight of conflict appealing to the strong combative instincts of his race, he fought on deck with the coolness of a Saxon and the courage of a knight-templar. Indeed, it was his self-possession which proved the salvation of the crew. There was only one gun of large calibre on board, and of this he assumed the direction, though he had probably never fired even a rifle in his life; but, in the hour of peril, fighting seemed to come to him, as to most of his countrymen, by inspiration. *This gun he rammed almost to the muzzle with nails, spikes, and similar charge, and then, steadily waiting his opportunity, as the privateer bore down upon them with all her crew on deck, apparently expecting to see the Venetians strike their flag, he sent the contents in amongst them with such murderous effect, that, after a moment or two of consternation, the corsairs hoisted sail, and made off at their best speed.*"—(P. 356.)

part returned, a part was spent in liberating a certain number of poor debtors, and the residue was applied towards erecting, at his death, the statue of him in St Paul's Cathedral.

His son he was compelled to consign to the care of a lunatic asylum. He now published the information he had obtained, at so much risk, upon lazarettes, and the mode of performing quarantine, together with additional observations upon prisons and hospitals at home and abroad. Connected with this publication, an incident is related, which shows the extraordinary value Howard had put on the materials he had collected, and also the singular perseverance and determination of the man. We give it in the words of Mr Brown :—

"On his return from his Turkish tour, one of his boxes was stolen as he was getting into a hackney-coach in Bishopsgate Street, from the stage in which he had travelled from Dover. It contained a duplicate of his travels, twenty-five guineas, and a gold watch. The plan of the lazarette of Marseilles, of which he possessed no duplicate, was, happily, in the other box. Had it not been so, he declared to his friend Dr Lettsom, that, notwithstanding the risks he had run in procuring that document, so important did he consider it, that he would a second time have exposed himself to the danger of a visit to France to supply its place."

We believe he would.

This publication completed, and his son so unhappily disposed of, the veteran philanthropist quitted his country again, and for the last time. It was still against the plague that his

enterprise was directed. He seems to have thought that successful barricades, by quarantine and other measures, might be erected against it. With the plague, as with the cholera, it is generally admitted there is some occult cause which science has not yet penetrated ; but the predisposing, or rather the co-operating causes, are, in both cases, dirt and bad diet ; and the quarantine which would attack *these* is the only measure which, in our present state of knowledge, is worthy of serious consideration. It was his purpose, this time, to travel through Russia into Turkey, and thence, perhaps, to extend his journey far into the East, to whatever city this grim enemy of mankind might have taken possession of.

He had reached as far as Cherson, on the eastern borders of Russia, visiting, according to his wont, prisons and hospitals on his way. Here he was seized by a fever which proved mortal, and which he is supposed to have caught in visiting, with his usual benevolence, a young lady, to whom also it proved fatal. He was buried in the grounds belonging to the villa of a French gentleman who had shown him much attention. A small brick pyramid, instead of the sun-dial he had suggested, was placed over his grave. The little pyramid or obelisk still stands, we are told—stands alone, "on a bleak desolate plain." But Protestant England has a monument in that little pyramid, which will do her as much honour as any colony or empire she has planted or subdued.

THE DARK WAGGON.

BY DELTA.

I.

THE Water-Wraith shrieked over Clyde,
 The winds through high Dunbarton sighed,
 When to the trumpet's call replied
 The deep drum from the square;
 And, in the midnight's misty shade,
 With helm, and cloak, and glancing blade,
 Two hundred horsemen stood arrayed
 Beneath the torches' glare.

II.

Around a huge sepulchral van
 They took their stations, horse and man—
 The outer gateway's bolts withdrawn,
 In haste the drawbridge fell;
 And out, with iron clatter, went
 That sullen midnight armament,
 Alone the leader knew where bent,
 With what—he might not tell.

III.

Into the darkness they are gone :—
 The blinded waggon thundered on,
 And, save of hoof-tramp, sound was none :—
 Hurriedly on they scour
 The eastward track—away—away—
 To none they speak, brook no delay,
 Till farm-cocks heralded the day,
 And hour had followed hour.

IV.

Behind them, mingling with the skies,
 Westward the smoke of Glasgow dies—
 The pastoral hills of Campsie rise
 Northward in morning's air—
 By Kirkintilloch, Cumbernold,
 And Castlecary, on they hold,
 Till Lythgo shows, in mirrored gold,
 Its palaced loch so fair.*

V.

Brief baiting-time :—the bugle sounds,
 Onwards the ponderous van rebounds
 Mid the grim squadron, which surrounds
 Its path with spur and spear.

* It is mentioned by both the chroniclers, Hemingford, (i. 196) and Trivet, (332,) that Edward the First built "a strength" or fort "at Linlithcu" in 1301, and there enjoyed the festivities of Christmas. Lord Hailes inaccurately states that he wintered there; for, by dates since collected from writs, Chalmers has proved that, although Edward was still at Linlithgow on the 12th January, he was, on his way home, at Roxburgh on 12th February, and had reached Morpeth by the 24th.

This fort, or castle, was probably the same that was, a few years afterwards, taken by the stratagem of the patriotic yeoman, Binnoek, in concealing some of his followers in a waggon of hay; and who was rewarded by King Robert with an estate, which his posterity long afterwards enjoyed.

Thy shrine, Dumanie, fades on sight,*
 And, seen from Niddreff's hazelly height,
 The Forth, amid its islands bright,
 Shimmers with lustre clear.†

VI.

The Maiden Castle next surveyed,
 Across the furzy hills of Braid,
 By Craig-Milor,‡ through Wymet's glade
 To Inneresc they wound; §
 Then o'er the Garlton crags afar,
 Where, oft a check to England's war,
 Cospatrick's stronghold of Dunbar
 In proud defiance frowned.

VII.

Weep through each grove, ye tearful rills !
 Ye ivied caves, which Echo fills
 With voice, lament ! Ye proud, free hills,
 Where eagles wheel and soar,
 Bid noontide o'er your summits throw
 Storm's murkiest cloud ! Ye vales below,
 Let all your wild-flowers cease to blow,
 And with bent heads deplore !

* Dalmeny Church is unquestionably of very great antiquity. From the style of its architecture, which a most competent authority, Mr Billings, ("Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities," vol. i.) has pronounced to be of the purest Norman, it is referred, at least, to the tenth or eleventh centuries. There is extant a charter of Waldeve, Earl of Dunbar, from 1166 to 1182, witnessed by the parson of Dumanie.

† On these banks a castle was afterwards erected by the Earls of Wintoun, the picturesque ruins of which are yet a prominent object, by the edge of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, to the west of Kirkliston. Queen Mary is said to have slept there, on her flight from Lochleven to Hamilton, 2d May 1568.

‡ The name has for centuries been vulgarised into Craigmillar. Adam de Cardonnel, in his "Picturesque Antiquities," adheres to the spelling in the text ; although it is generally now admitted that the appellation is Gaelic—*Craig-moil-ard*, or the high bare rock running out into a plain. The original structure is of unknown antiquity.

§ Woolmet, or Wymet, and Inneresc, were granted by charter of David the First to the Abbey of Dunfermline ; the latter in confirmation of a previous grant by Malcolm Canmore and Queen Margaret, ("Registrum de Dunfermlyn," Imp. Edin. 1842, p. 5, 6.) A small mausoleum of the Wauchope family now occupies the site of the chapel of Wymet ; and the venerable pile of St Michael the Archangel, at Inneresc, was ruthlessly demolished in 1804. The house in which the great Randolph died, which was about half a mile distant, was also hewn down, about ten years afterwards, to make way for a shabby masonic lodge.

|| The family of Cospatrick, a powerful Northumbrian nobleman, took refuge in Scotland after the death of Harold at Hastings, and in 1072 had extensive lands in the Merse and Lothian gifted them by Malcolm Canmore. They continued to be one of the most opulent and powerful houses in the east of Scotland for a considerable period, as evidenced by their donations, noted in the chartularies of Coldingham, Newbottle, Dryburgh, Kelso, Melrose, and Soltra. Founded on a steep rugged rock, within sea-mark, and communicating with the land through a covered passage, the castle of Dunbar might well, before the invention of gunpowder, have been deemed impregnable. It was often the theatre of warlike contention, and two great battles were fought in its immediate neighbourhood,—the first in 1296, when Earl Warenne defeated the army of Scotland sent for its relief ; and the second in 1650, when Leslie was overthrown by Cromwell. It was often besieged, and as often bravely defended ; but perhaps never so brilliantly as by Black Agnes against the Earl of Salisbury in 1337.

VIII.

Ye passions, that, with holy fire,
Illume man's bosom—that inspire
To daring deed, or proud desire,
 With indignation burn!
Ye household charities, that keep
Watch over childhood's rosy sleep,
Ashes bestrew the hearthstone,—weep
 As o'er a funeral urn!

IX.

On—on they speed. Oh dreary day,
That, like a vampire, drained away
The blood from Scotland's heart—delay,
 Thou lingering sun to set!
Rain, twilight! rain down bloody dew
O'er all the eye far northward views;
Nor do thou, night of nights! refuse
 A darkness black as jet.

X.

Heroic spirits of the dead!
That in the body nobly bled,
By whom the battle-field for bed
 Was chosen, look ye down,—
And see if hearts are all grown cold,—
If for their just rights none are bold,—
If servile earth one bosom hold,
 Worthy of old renown?

XI.

The pass-word given, o'er bridge of Tweed
The cavalcade, with slackened speed,
Rolled on, like one from night-mare freed,
 That draws an easier breath;
But o'er and round it hung the gloom
As of some dark, mysterious doom,
Shadows cast forward from the tomb,
 And auguries of death.

XII.

Scotland receded from the view,
And, on the far horizon blue,
Faded her last, dear hills—the mew
 Screamed to its sea-isle near.
As day-beams ceased the west to flout,
Each after each the stars came out,
Like camp-fires heaven's high hosts about,
 With lustre calm and clear.

XIII.

And on, through many a Saxon town
Northumbrian, and of quaint renown,
Before the morning star went down,
 With thunderous reel they bled;
While from the lattices aloof,
Of many an angled, gray-stone roof,
Rose sudden heads, as sound of hoof
 And wheel to southward died.

XIV.

Like Hope's voice preaching to Despair,
 Sweetly the chimes for matin prayer
 Melted upon the dewy air
 From Hexham's holy pile ;
 But, like the adder deaf, no sound,
 Or stern or sweet, an echo found
 'Mid that dark squadron, as it wound
 Still onwards, mile on mile.

XV.

Streamers, and booths, and country games,
 And brawny churls, with rustic names,
 And blooming maids, and buxom dames,—
 A boisterous village fair !
 On stage his sleights the jongleur shows,
 Like strutting cock the jester crows,
 And high the morrice-dancer throws
 His antic heels in air.

XVI.

Why pause at reel each lad and lass ?
 A solemn awe pervades the maes ;
 Wondering they see the travellers pass,
 The horsemen journey-worn,
 And, in the midst, that blinded van
 So hearse-like ; while, from man to man,
 " Is it of Death "—in whispers ran—
 " This spectacle forlorn ? "

XVII.

Bright are thy shadowy forest-bowers,
 Fair Ashby-de-la-Zouche ! with flowers ;
 The wild-deer in its covert cowers,
 And, from its pine-tree old,
 The startled cushat, in unrest,
 Circles around its airy nest,
 As forward, on its route unblest,
 Aye on that waggon rolled.

XVIII.

And many a grove-encircled town,
 And many a keep of old renown,
 That grimly watched o'er dale and down,
 They passed unheeding by ;
 Prone from the rocks the waters streamed,
 And, 'mid the yellow harvests, gleamed
 The reapers' sickles, but all seemed,
 Mere pictures to the eye.

XIX.

Behold a tourney on the green !
 The tents are pitched—the tilters keen
 Gambol the listed lines between—
 The motley crowds around
 For jibe, and jest, and wanton play
 Are met—a merry holiday ;
 And glide the lightsome hours away
 In mirth, to music's sound.

XX.

And hark ! the exulting shouts that rise,
 As, cynosure of circling eyes,
 Beauty's fair queen awards the prize
 To knight that lowly kneels.
 "Make way—make way !" is heard aloud—
 Like Red Sea waters part the crowd,
 And, scornful of that pageant proud,
 On grinding rush the wheels !

XXI.

Hundreds and hamlets far from sight,
 By lonely granges through the night
 They camped ; and, ere the morning light
 Crimsoned the orient, they
 By royal road, or barren's park,
 Waking the watchful ban-dog's bark,
 Before the first song of the lark,
 Were on their southward way.

XXII.

By Althorpe, and by Oxendon,
 Without a halt they hurried on,
 Nor paused by that fair cross of stone,
 Now for the first time seen,
 (For death's dark billows overwhelm
 Both jewelled braid, and knightly helm !)
 Raised, by the monarch of the realm,
 To Eleanor his queen.*

XXIII.

Five times through darkness and through day,
 Since crossing Tweed, with fresh relay
 Ever in wait, their forward way
 That cavalcade had held ;
 Now joy !!! for, on the weary wights,
 Leomed London from the Hampstead heights,
 As, by the opal morning, Night's
 Thin vapours were dispell'd.

XXIV.

With spur on heel, and spear in rest,
 And buckler'd arm, and trolleed breast,
 Closer around their charge they press'd—
 On whirled, with livelier roll,
 The wheels begirt with prancing feet,
 And arms,—a serried mass complete,
 Until, by many a stately street,
 They reached their destined goal.

* This venerable memorial, which gives the name of "Queen's Cross" to the neighbouring locality in Northamptonshire, is a beautiful specimen of architecture, although much defaced by time, and the efforts of renovators.

The "trollied" vest, mentioned in stanza XXIV., was a species of armour, so called by contemporary Norman writers ; and consisted of a cloth coat, reaching only to the haunches. This was intersected by broad straps of leather, so laid on as to cross each other, and leave small intervening squares of cloth, in the middle of which was a knob of steel. (*Vide Murray's Ancient Armour*, vol. i. p. 11.)

XXV.

Grim Westminster! thy pile severe
 Struck to the heart like sudden fear;—
 "Hope flies from all that enter here!"
 Seemed graven on its crest.
 The moat o'erpassed, at warn of bell,
 Down thundering the portcullis fell,
 And clang'd the studded gates,—a knell
 Despairing and unblest.

XXVI.

Ye guardian angels! that fulfil
 Heaven's high decrees, and work its will—
 Ye thunderbolts! launched forth to kill,—
 Where was it then ye slept—
 When, foe-bemocked, in prison square,
 To death fore-doomed, with dauntless air,
 From out that van,
 A shackled man—
 Sir William Wallace stept!

THE GREEN HAND.

A "SHORT" YARN.

PART VII.

"WELL," continued the commander, his voice making use of the breeze as he stood aft of the group, "I could not have slept more than three or four hours on a stretch, when I was woke up by a fellow shoving his lantern in my face, and saying it wasn't me he wanted; for which I gave him a hearty objurgation, and turned over with a swing of the cot to go to sleep again. The sailor grumbled something about the parson being wanted for the captain, and all at once it flashed on my mind where we were, with the whole of last night's ticklish work—seeing that, hard rub as it was, it had clean left me for the time. "Try the aftermost berth, then," said I, slipping out in the dark to put on my trousers. The fact was, on going below to our state-room, I had found my own cot taken up by some one in the confusion; and as every door stood open at night in that latitude, I e'en made free with the nearest, which I knew was the missionary's. In a minute or two I heard Westwood meet the mate, who said he thought the captain would like to see him, and hoped they hadn't "disturbed the other gentleman." "Oh no, I daresay not," said Westwood, rather nervously, guessing, I

daresay, what he was wanted for; while Finch slipped quietly past to listen at the state-room door, where both he and I might hear the "other gentleman," whoever he was, snoring pretty plain. When the first officer shut the door to, however, turned the key, and put it in his pocket, I nearly gave vent to a whistle.—"I see!" thought I; "but, my fine fellow, it seemed you never were meant for a good jailor, anyhow!" He was no sooner gone than I walked forward toward the captain's cabin, near the after-hatchway, anxious enough to see how the poor man was, since I had had such a share in bringing him to a point, one way or another. Westwood was standing against the light out of the open door, and I looked in along with him, at the cot slung high to the beams like a lump of shadow, the lamp striking across below it on all the captain's little affairs—his glazed hat and his wet coat, the names of two or three old books, even, hanging in shelves against the bulkhead—and into the little state-room off the cabin, where the surgeon was stooping to mix a draught. The hard-featured Scotch mate stood holding the captain's wrist with

one clumsy slipper, as if trying to feel his pulse, fumbling about his own face with the other, and looking more concerned than I'd thought possible for him. "Well, I've slept a—good deal," said the captain, in a weak voice, putting up his hand slowly to rub his eyes, but seemingly quite composed, and knowing nothing of what had happened—which rid me of the horrid notion I could scarce help before, that he had known what he was about. His head was close shaved, and the look of a sailor clean gone off his face with the bluff, honest oak-colour it commonly had, till you'd have wished him decently in his bed thousands of miles off, with women slipping out and in; only the blood from his arm hanging down on the sheet, with the sharp point of his nose and the shape of his knees coming up off the shadow, kept it all in one with the wild affair on deck a few hours gone. "She's on her course, you say?" added he, listlessly. "Must be a *very* light breeze though, Mr Macleod." "So it is, sir; so it is, no doubt!" replied the second-mate, soothing him; "did ye say we'll *pent* the ship, sir?" "Ay, before we go into port, Mr Macleod, to be sure," said Captain Williamson, trying to put a cheerful tone into his voice; "she's had a good deal of buffeting, but we musn't let 'em see it, you know! Didn't you lose a mizen-top-mast somehow, though, Mr Macleod?" "Deed ay, sir," said Macleod hastily, afraid he was getting upon the scent of what had happened; "the first officer's watch it was, sir—will I tell Mr Finch ye're wanting to speak to him about it, Captain Williamson?" and he began to shuffle towards the door. "Finch? Finch?" said the sick man, passing his finger over his eyes again; "what voyage is this, Mr Macleod?" "Why—why," said the Scotchman, starting, and rather puzzled himself. "Oo, it's just *this* voyage, ye know, sir! Mr Finch, ye mind, sir?" "No, no; don't let him leave the deck for a moment, Macleod!" said the captain anxiously: "harkye, James, I'm afraid I've trusted overmuch to the young man all along! I'll tell ye, Mr Macleod, I don't know whether I was asleep or not, but I *heard* him somewhere wish-

ing he had the command of this ship! I shouldn't like him to take her off my hands! Have you seen the Scilly lights yet, Mr Macleod?" The mate shook his head; he had contrived to persuade the poor man we were far homeward bound. "If you'd only get the pilot aboard, Mr Macleod," the captain went on, "I'd die contented;—but mind the charts—mind the charts—I've got the charts to mind for another sort of voyage myself, James!" "Hoot, hoot, captain!" said the Scotchman, "what sets ye for to talk after that fashion—you'll be up an' about decks directly, sir! What were ye saying about topem'sts now, sir?" Captain Williamson gave the second mate a glance that looked into him, and he held down his head, for the man evidently believed fully, as none of us could help doing, that there was death on the captain's face. "James, James!" said the captain slowly, "you've no notion how some things weigh on the mind at a pass of this kind! Other things one don't remember—but there's one in particular, almost as it were yesterday—why, surely you were with me that voyage, Mr Macleod! when I let some o' the passengers take a boat in a calm, and all—" Here he stopped, seemingly overcome. "There was one young creature amongst 'em," he went on, "the age of my own girl, Macleod—my own little Nan, you know—and now—now I miss *her*—and, and—" The poor man gave a great gulp, clutching the mate's arm, and gazing him in the face. "Wasn't it a long time ago?" said he, very anxiously; "if it wasn't, I would go mad! They were all drowned—drowned—I see that black squall coming down on the swell *now*, man, and the brig, and all of us looking out to the wind'ard!" "I mind something about it," replied Macleod stoutly, though he looked away; "'twas none o' your fault, though, Captain Williamson—they were just *fey*, sir; and more than that, if ye mind, sir, they took the boat again' all orders—on the sly, I may say." Westwood was on the point of starting forward to make known how the case stood, on the strength of our finding the paper in the bottle; when I pressed his arm, and whispered that it could only make

things worse, and cheat the sick man of a notion more likely to do him good than otherwise. "It's a heavy charge, Mr Macleod, a heavy charge!" said he, falling back again; "and one Mr Brown needn't envy." "Mr Finch, sir, ye mind," put in the second mate, setting him right; "but keep up your heart, sir, for anysake!" "I feel I'll last over the time o' next full tide," said the captain solemnly. "I don't want to know *how* far we're off, only if there's any chance at all, Macleod, you won't spare canvass to carry her in." The Scotchman rubbed one of his hard cheek-bones after the other, and grumbled something or other in his throat by way of agreement. The whole thing was melancholy to see after last night's stir, with the dim lamp or two twinkling along the gloom of the steerage, the dead quietness of the ship, and the smothered sort of glare under the captain's oot bringing out the mere litter on the floor, to the very cock-roaches putting their ugly feelers out of one of his shoes in a corner: he shut his eyes, and lay for a minute or two seemingly asleep, only murmuring something about a breeze, and then asking them to shove out the port, 'twas so close. The second mate looked to the surgeon, who signed to him to do it, as if it didn't much matter by this time; while he gave him the draught of physic he was mixing, however.

The Indianman was beginning to swing slowly before the first of the flood, stern off at her anchors; and whenever the port was opened, 'twas so still otherwise, that you heard the tide clearly in the cabin, rippling along the timbers to the copper upon her bows—plash, plash, and lap, lap, like no other earthly sound that a man can hear—and you even began to note it on something else a good bit off, though it seemed to be all quite dark out-board. The captain's eyes opened by degrees, till we saw them looking at us out of the shadow of the cot, and the second mate started as if to mend his mistake; only 'twas plain enough, by that time, the captain *knew* the sound, half raising himself up and listening. A few early musquitoes came in, and, after dancing about to refresh themselves in the light and

warmth under the oot, began to bite savagely; every one of us had a distant horn sounding in his ear, and each was rubbing it or his nose, except the sick man; but not one of them settled on him. As the starboard port sluiced gradually opposite to the nearest shore, a low, deep hum was carried in over the water, ebbing and flowing, and full of dim, creeping noises, like things stirring in their sleep, as if the little cabin had been an ear to the ship. At times the tree-frogs broke out in a loud clicking chirrup; then, between the fits of it, when all seemed still again for a moment or two, you heard a low, half-smothered, small sound, deeper down, as it were, fill up the break with its throbbing and trill-trilling, as if just *one* land-cricket or a grasshopper did it, till it came out as clear as though it were a child's rattle close by, and all of a sudden stopped; when back floated the huge whispering hum again, with a damp smell of leaves on a cold breath of the land air, that died away as quickly as it reached us. The bewilderment on Captain Williamson's white face for that minute's time was cruel to witness, and Macleod would certainly have closed the port, but for the captain's seizing his arm again, with a wild, questioning sort of a look into the second mate's eyes. "Oh, good God!" faltered out the captain. "it's—it's *land*!—where—where?" "For goodsake, sir," said Macleod, "don't ask me the now—take a bit sleep, sir." We could hear one another breathing, when ting-tang went four bells on deck. You heard it going across to the shore, as it were; and a few moments after, out of the humming far and wide along the land, back came the sound of another bell, toll upon toll, like some clock striking the hour a long way off. Then a third one followed on it, from a different direction, ringing clearer in the air; while the murmur and the rush seemed to swell up the more all round, and the plashing of the tide made the ship heave at her anchors. The mate shivered, Westwood and I started, but some extraordinary notion or other gleamed over the captain's face as he sat up. He was quite in his senses, too, apparently, though it seemed to

be neither more nor less than sheer joy that overcame him, for he let out a long breath, and his eyes were glistening as if the tears stood in them. "James—James Macleod!" said he quickly, with a husky voice, "you oughtn't to've deceived one you've sailed so long with; but you meant me a good surprise, and 'twas kindly done of you! I know the very run o' the clocks off Greenwich Reach, man; d'ye think one could mistake the sound of Lon'on town, fidgeting when it wakes, either?—we're—we're home already!" And he fell back in the cot, with the drops running down his cheeks, smiling happily all the time at Macleod in a way that went to one's heart; while the Scotchman stared helplessly to the surgeon, who slipped to the port and closed it. "I know by your way, James," continued the poor man, "you wanted to send up to Virginia Row for 'em all; but don't send for an hour yet; better go up yourself and break it to 'em—break it to 'em, be sure of that, James; I shouldn't wonder but I pulled up, after all. Ay—that first one we heard was Greenwich Hospital—t'other in Dickson's brewery or Redriff—" Here his eyelids began to drop, owing to the sleeping-draught he had got, when suddenly they opened wide again. "Ha!" said he, listening, and putting up a finger, "but I haven't heard St Paul's strike six yet; it's seldom so long after; ought to be heard from here of a morning; let's—" By little and little, however, the sick man's eyes closed, and you heard him murmuring, as his finger sank down, "Macleod, say—to her—say—luff, luff, my lad, keep her her course—" till his shrunk face was as quiet on the pillow as if he'd been really at home the first night after a voyage.

"Oh man, doctor!" said the second mate, heaving a breath, "isn't terrible! Good forgive me for a lee to a dying man! Take an old seaman's word for it, Doctor Small, yon clock ashore was no mortal soond, sir; ye may keep your drogues for them they'll do good to. 'Twas neither more or less than the captain's *dregy*!"

"Phoo!" answered the Scotch surgeon, who was one of your sceptical chaps, as I heard say, "some other vessels here, of course, that's all." The sailor gave him only a smile of pity for not being able to distinguish the sound of a ship's bell. "There can't be a town hereabout, Collins?" whispered Westwood. "A town, —no!" said I, "it's the best wilderness sign you can have—the African bell-bird!"* "Ah, ah!" said the surgeon, laughing, "there now, Macleod,—of course it can be explained naturally, like other things." The second mate gave me a doubtful scowl; but seeing Westwood, whom he had always seemed to think rather in the way before, his eye softened.

"You'll be wanting to see the captain as soon as he wakes up, sir," said he. "I'm terrified to face him—but if ye'd juist slip in when he comes to himself, sir, I'm thinking, reverend sir, ye might wile him off yon terrible notion o' his." Westwood shook his head seriously, not knowing what to say. "Ay, ay, sir," continued Macleod, as he half closed the door, "no doubt a man ought to be upon better things; but it's hard for him, when he's got a wife and weans six thousand miles away, and wants them alongside in a couple of hours—uncommon hard, sir! She's a dounce, careful body, too, Mistress Williamson, like the captain's self; and I heard her fleech sore with the captain before we sailed, for to bide quietly ashore this time, for good. Poor woman! if she didn't e'en go the length o' partin' in anger the last morning, wae's me! till the very moment when (he telt me himself, sir,) she out with her arms round his neck, crying like to choke! An' all to—but if the captain had a fault, 'twas the love o'—good forgive me, though, when it was but studying his fam'ly, Mr Thomas! If it was only an auld tarry deevil like me, now, with neither kith or kin!" "Except cousins, Mr Macleod," said the surgeon, as he wiped his lancet on his coat-tail—"plenty of them in the High—" But he caught Westwood's eye, and was ashamed to finish his cursed heartless joke, though

* *Sc.*—The South African and South American *Campanero*, or bell-bird, whose peculiar note may be heard two or three miles off, chiefly in the loneliest parts of the Brazilian or Benguela forests.

the rough second mate was too full of his feeling to hear it: when Westwood said something about our all thinking too little of these things before-hand, but how the captain was plainly a man that had done his duty carefully, which no doubt would ease his mind. The mate looked up, and eyed him sideways for a moment: "Eh? what?" said he, bluntly; "it's not so little I mind o' what I used to hear at the kirk langsyne, as not to know that's not the right doctrine. D'ye think, sir, *that's* what'll put him over, when he finds out this is not Greenwich Reach? There's the Methodist minister with the glasses, though!" he broke out, when again a look of despair came over his broad hard-favoured countenance. "They're always upon works, too, I've heard!" said he, turning and murmuring to himself; "oh, if I could but hoist out a bit screed o' the truth, myself, to comfort the poor man with! Lord, how didn't I think of the Shorter Carritch—let's see how't went—'What is the chief end of'—no, it's 'What is faith in—faith in the only rule to direct us—no, no.—Baptism is a sacrament—where—whereby'—and he was still overhauling some old catechism in this fashion, twisting himself all the time as if he were twisting a stiff rope the wrong way, with a look of misery none of us could have had the heart to laugh at, when a midgy's voice came squeaking down the dark after-hatchway. "Mr Macleod, sir, the chief officer wants you on deck." Westwood slipped quietly off, and the young surgeon was beginning to talk easily, to rid his mind of something, perhaps; till I asked if there wasn't any chance. "Oh, the captain, you mean?" said he, "don't think there is—he's a bad subject! If we were out at sea now, Mr Collins, the *calenture* would make him think the waves all grass, or something as green as—as the cawdets used to call—" I looked at the fellow sternly, and he changed his key, though with a surprised air. "You're blessed early up, though, you two!" said he. "I suppose that cursed squall kept you idlers awake; but how they managed without the first mate I can't think. Clever fellow, Finch! but wasn't it a curious trick of the poor skipper to

box him up below here? I fancy he'd a guess we would all soon be under the mate's command! It's a queer thing the brain, isn't it, Mr Collins? For example, now, there's the captain it makes think something or other a clock near London, with everything accordingly! Macleod fancies it a soopernatural knell, and twaddles about some Calvinist stuff he learnt at school. Then you and me, you know, imagines it's a bird—now which is it after all? *Nothing*—maybe, eh?" The fellow capped all with a sneer, as much as to say I was a fool, which I had stood from him several times before; though now I could have kicked him, more for his heartless way than aught else. "I'll tell you, Mr Small," said I, "what I think *you*—you're neither more nor less than a—" but I turned on my heel. "I'm off, however," said he, "to turn in again."

Through the half-closed door one could see the sick man's face sleeping so quiet in the shadow from the lamp, you heard not a breath. I looked up the after-hatchway. It seemed still quite dark; and a patch of the deep dark-blue sky showed high over the square opening, with two or three keen sparks of stars, green ones and blue ones—you'd have thought the ladder, short as it was, went up to somewhere clean above the world. But the moment I got on deck, I saw it was really lighter—the heavy fog creeping slowly astern of the ship on both hands; the white mist rolling faster over it before the sea-breeze against her bows, which had swung seaward by this time from the tide, that rushed like a mill-stream upon both her tight cables; while the muddy river-water, bubbling, eddying, and frothing away past, spread far up in the middle, into the dusk astern. *Such* a jabbering, croaking, hissing, shrieking, and yelling, too, as burst into one's ears out of the dark, as if whole legions of monkeys, bullfrogs, parrots, parrots, and what not, were coming together full upon us from both sides, one band nearer than the other; till the heavy boom of the surf round the point, and the roar of the tide coming in over the shallows about the river-mouth, pretty well drowned it. The sudden change was a good relief, Babel though it

seemed, after the closeness below, with what had been going on ; and I looked ahead towards the sea, which lay away out off our larboard bow, round the headland, and over the opposite point ; a cold, watery streak of light showing it from where the breakers rose plunging and scattering along the sandy bar, to the steady gray line of horizon, clipped by one of the two brown chops we had got into. It looked dreary enough as yet, the mouth of it being wider than I'd fancied it from seaward at night ; though even with full water over the long spit of sand in the middle, there was no draught at all for the Indianman except by the channel betwixt it and the bold point on our right ; and pretty narrow it appeared from our present berth, heaving as it did with the green swell that set in, while meantime the mist scudding across the face of the headland let us see but the hard lump of bare black rock underneath.

In less time than I've taken to speak, however, the full space of sky aloft was turning clear, the sea far away suddenly shone out blue, with the surges tipped white ; you saw a sparkling star high over it sink slowly in, and the fog spread off the water near us, till here and there you caught the muffled-up shape of a big tree or two looming through, not half-a-mile off our starboard quarter ; the mist creeping over the headland till the sharp peak of it stood out against its shadow on the shoulder of a hill beyond, and old Bob Martin's single clump of cocoas on the rise, waving in landward from the brisk sea-breeze. One passenger after another came peeping sleepily out of the companion-hatch, at the men clearing away the wreck of the spars, and swabbing the quarter-deck down ; but scarce had Smith, one of the young writers, reached the poop, when he gave a shout that covered both poop-ladders in no time, with people scrambling over each other to get up. Next minute you'd have fancied them a knot of flamingoes with their wings out, as the bright red daybreak brought out the edge of the woods far astern, through a hazy lane in the purple mist, topped so with stray cocoa-nut trees and cabbage-palms, dabbled like

brushes in the colour, that they scarce knew them to be woods at all, and not a whole lot of wild savages fresh from other business of the kind, coming down with all sorts of queer tools upon us ; more especially when one heard such a chorus of unaccountable cries, whistling, and screaming, as seemed to struggle with the sound of the sea ahead of us, and the plash alongside. The huge round sun struck hot crimson along the far turn of the reach, with all manner of twisted blots upon him, as it were, and the very grass and long reeds seemingly rustling into his face, so one didn't for the moment know *him* either ; while the muddy chocolate-coloured eddies, sweeping and closing beyond the ship's rudder, glittered and frothed up like blood ; and every here and there, along the streak of light, the head of a log or a long branch came dipping up terribly plain,—no wonder the old Seringapatam had apparently turned tail to it all, ready to bolt if she could. Almost as soon as you took your hands off your eyes, though, and could see without a red ball or two before them,—*there* was the nearest shore growing out toward our starboard bulwark all along, crowded with wet green woods, up into steaming high ground—all to eastward a dazzle of light, with two or three faint mountain-peaks shooting up far off in it, and a woody blue hill or so between ; while here and there a broad bright hazy spoke off the sun came cutting down into the forest, that brought out a patch full of long big leaves, ten times greener than the rest, and let you look off the deck into the heart of it amongst the stems over the bank. The jabber in the woods had passed off all at once with the dusk, the water deepening over the bar, and the tide running slower, so that every one's confused face turned breathless with delight as it grew stiller and stiller. The whole breadth of the river shone out by this time, full and smooth, to the opposite shore three times as far away, where the wood and bulrushes seemed to grow out of the water ; a long thick range of low, muddy-looking mangroves, with a cover of dark-green, rounding from the farthest point one saw, down to some sandy hummocks near the mouth, and a ridge of the

same drifted up by the wind off the beach. Beyond that side there was nothing, apparently, but a rolling sweep of long coarse grass, with a few straggling cocoa-nut trees and baobabs, like big swollen logs on end, and taken to sprouting at top: a dun-coloured heave of land in the distance, too, that came out, as it got hotter, in a long desert-like, red brick-dust sort of a glare. The sole living things to be seen as yet, were some small birds rising up out of the long grass, and the turkey-buzzards sailing high over all across, as if on the look-out.

The air was so cool and clear, however, from the tornado overnight—not a cloud in the sky, and the strange scent of the land reaching us as the dew rose off it—you could see far and wide, with a delicious feeling of it all, that kept every one standing fixed on the spot where he first gained the deck, even the men looking over their shoulders with the ropes in their fists, and the fresh morning breeze lifting one's hair. Surprised as the passengers were, nobody spoke a word, except the three or four children shouting, dancing, and pointing together; without being noticed, till all at once the whole poopful burst into one confusion of questions and exclamations, running hither and thither, shaking hands and jostling each other like distracted people. I had a spyglass at my eye, making out the other shore, when, turning round in the middle of it, the first thing I saw was Violet Hyde's face, as she stood with one little foot on the stair-head behind me, holding the rail with one hand, her eyes sparkling, and her parted lips murmuring like one in a dream. "Oh, Mr Collins!" exclaimed she, breathless; "what is this? Where are we—is it fairyland? A river!" "Yes, in Africa," I said; "but whether it's the Bembaroughe or the—" "That fearful, fearful evening!" continued she, shuddering: "I saw the frightful sky, and heard the storm—and now!—*Were* we not in some very great danger, sir?" "Yes, ma'am, we were," replied I, as stiffly as I could; "but, happily, it's over now," and I gave my cap a lift to move off, uneasy as I was every moment, lest Sir Charles should catch me speaking again to his daughter. However, Miss Hyde

was gazing eagerly at the land, and I had to wait. "What lovely, lovely green!" she half whispered: "oh, if one could only tread upon it!—so un-English those strange tall trees look! are they not cocoa-trees and—and—" Suddenly her voice faltered, and she turned round with her bright blue eyes swimming in tears—"How—how thankful we should be that we are not—like our poor, poor friends, who were lost!" exclaimed she. I thought of the poor captain below in his cot, but next moment I was explaining, to her sheer amazement, how the real truth of the matter stood, though, if possible, it seemed to horrify her still more. "I can't think what they may be," I rapped out; "but if I had the command of this ship, I'd up anchor this very hour, and go out—at least as soon as the tide ebbed; but, at any rate, at the Cape I mean to get hold of some schooner or other, and if it were to China, why, I'll cruise after 'em till I—" "Then you think—" began she, and an arch, inquisitive sort of look danced in both her eyes as she turned away to watch the shore again, saying slowly, "You *are*—a naval gentleman, then, Mr West—Mr Collins?" I tried to stammer out something by way of an explanation, but it wouldn't do, and I said, "At any rate, I'm no better, by this time, than an idler aboard *here*, ma'am!"

All at once I caught a side-look from her eyes, that wasn't meant for me, as she glanced over the poop-netting. Half provoking and half sweet it was, though, and it made my brain somehow or other seem to spin round, till a little after, before I well knew what I was about, I was holding the long spyglass for her to see the bank of the river,—her warm breath coming on my ear as I stooped before her, near enough to have kissed the muslin on her shoulder, while her rosy mouth changed with every new spot that the glass brought near; and she had to hold one taper fore-finger on the other eye-lid to keep it shut, so that I could dwell on her face as if she'd been asleep. "There, there!" exclaimed she, "are actually flowers—with such immense leaves! And now—an enormous tree, with roots hanging from the branches, and other

stems growing up into them. Why, yes!—is not that a banian-tree, Mr—," and she looked away at me, when of course the tree was vanished, and instead of that, the rather undeniable expression of a fellow in love, two or three inches off, bent fair upon her. Violet Hyde coloured a little, and looked in again. "And—I think—" continued she, "I see—oh, two such beautiful creatures—deer, I think—coming out to drink from the river!" All this time, the ecstasies of the rest kept up the noise and confusion: the young lady's maid was gaping open-mouthed at the shore, not even noticing her young mistress's straw bonnet fall off, and I had just picked it up with one hand, to put it quietly over that matchless nut-brown hair of hers, shining suddenly in the sun like silk, when the Judge's voice sang out sharp from the other stair, "Violet, child, you'll have a sun-stroke. Kitnagar, you scoundrel, *beebee sahib penkah lao, sirrah!*" I held on to the telescope like grim death, while that eternal penkah was hoisted over us both, the Judge eyeing me somewhat coolly for the first moment. "Well, well, Mr Westwood," said he, however, "you've got rid of that proud freak of yours;—such behaviour as yours yesterday, I assure you, I shouldn't have endured from any one else, young man! But, my dear boy," added he, suddenly, "from what I can gather, indeed saw myself last night, I am convinced we owe you a very great deal—even, I suspect, the safety of the entire vessel!" Miss Hyde had left off using the glass, and, as I stood up, she gave me a quick glance of amazement. "Mere chance, sir," I stammered. "Why," said Sir Charles, "I saw you at the steerage in the middle of the hurricane, when I believe the actual officers of the ship had left it in dismay. I tell you what, Mr Westwood, you're a bold fellow; and your uncle and I must see in India if we can't reward you in some way, my dear boy!" All this fondling style of thing, and for little more than a piece of luck, would have disgusted me, if I hadn't been more taken up with watching the side of Violet Hyde's face, as she listened for sounds in the woods ashore. "Strange, wasn't it, Violet, my dear," continued

he to his daughter, "that my friend the Councillor's nephew should have gone out in the same Indianman, so fortunately—though of course, after all, it was the first this season." "Ah!" said she, starting, "I beg pardon, papa,—what did you—weren't you talking of the river?" "Don't you hear, child," said the Judge, "I said it was a curious coincidence, Mr Westwood's going in this vessel." "Oh yes, indeed!" answered she, and couldn't help looking down a little comfounded. But the lady's-maid was putting on her tiny slipper, which had come off, while her father mentioned that of course I'd had practical reasons for not owning my profession hitherto;—meaning, I suppose, that I didn't speak for fear of having to work, like the monkeys—though the sharp old lawyer must have had a better guess by this time, and queer enough it must have been to see her face, listening to him as he explained it all. I stood biting my lips, meanwhile—two or three times on the point of telling him it was all nonsense about my being a nephew of any hanged old nabob whatever; when Sir Charles said carelessly he should leave the Seringapatam, if possible, at the Cape of Good Hope, as he couldn't trust safely to the present officers.

Just then up got the merry chant of the men running round with the capstan-bars, to get up anchor; the chief officer wishing, as it was found, to carry her farther into the river with the breeze—for the sake of filling our water-casks the easier, according to him, but more likely out of sheer spite at what had been done without him. What with eagerness in the caddy to get on shore and see the woods, the breakfast below was a rare scene, no one minding what he did, even to rushing slap into a couple of ladies' berth for his boots, or laying a couple of loaded Joe Mantons into somebody's bed, swallowing biscuit and butter on the way.

Suddenly we heard the splash of paddles in the water, with a hail in some foreign tongue or other, and hurried on deck in a body; where we found the ship tiding it slowly up, under jibs and foretopsail, and beginning to open a longer reach where the river seemed to narrow in. A black-~~and~~

black-bearded fellow, with a tallowy, yellow, sweaty sort of complexion, in a dirty jacket, drawers, and short boots, and an immense grass hat, shouting Portuguese louder and louder into the first-mate's ear, till he actually put both hands together and roared through them,—pointing to himself now and then, as if surprised he wasn't known. All at once, evidently quite disgusted, he turned and looked over the side, saying something to one of the ugliest and most ill-looking mulattoes I ever saw, who sat in the stern of a long rough canoe, hollowed out of some tree, with two naked black rowers, less of the real nigger than himself, as they leant grinning up at the bulwarks with their sharp teeth, that appeared as if they'd been filed to a point. The mulatto gloomed, but he gave no answer, and as one of the cadets and I knew a little Portuguese, we managed together to get something out of the fellow on deck; though at noticing me for the first time that morning, I saw Finch turn red with surprise. We understood the man to ask if we wanted nothing particular in the river, the meaning of which I saw better on bethinking me of the fire along the bush inside the headland, that had let me see the marks of it—no doubt a signal to some craft they had taken us for. However, so soon as he heard we needed no more than water and spars, after musing a minute, and speaking again to Rodriguez, as he called the mulatto, he said he would pilot us to a convenient berth himself, for two or three dollars; notwithstanding his title was, as he said, Don José Jeronimo Santa somebody, commandant of the Portuguese fort something else. The river, we found, was the Nouries or the Cuaneé, where they had a settlement called Caconda, a good way up; a remarkably bad country, he gave us to know, and not worth staying in, from the number of flies, and the elephants having got into a cursed way of burying their tusks,—except, he hinted, for the plenty of blacks, all anxious to be sold and to see foreign countries; but the trade was nothing yet, absolutely nothing, said he, blowing his nose without a pocket handkerchief, and suiting the act to the word, as he mentioned his notion

of throwing it up and going farther north-west. By this time we had stood over to the lowest shore, till you could see the thick coffee-coloured mud in among the roots and suckers of the dark-green mangroves, with their red pods bursting under their rank-looking leaves,—and over them, through the tall coarse guinea-grass, to the knots of feathery cocoas behind, swarming with insects: when he gave the sign to go about, one of his blacks heaving a lead, and grunting out the depth of water, as the ship made a long stretch across towards the woody side again, and Don José all the time taking it as easy as if the quarter-deck were his own, while he asked for a cigar and lighted it. Joke though he did, yet I couldn't like the fellow at all; however, as soon as she got pretty near the shore, about a quarter of a mile from the mouth of what seemed a wide creek, glittering up between a high fringe of cane and bamboo clumps, he had the sails clued up, a single anchor let go in four or five fathoms, and our Portuguese friend got his money and bundled over the side, pulling quietly ashore.

The tide by this time was quite still, and the breeze sank almost at once, as we were shut in from the sea; when we were surprised to see the striped Portuguese flag rise off a tall bamboo stick, among the bushes on the open shore, nearly abreast of us; where a low, muddy-like wall was to be made out, with something of a thatched roof or two, and a sort of rude wooden jetty running before it into the water. Shortly after, Don José came paddling out again, and got on board, this time with an old cocked hat on, excusing himself for not having fired a gun—which was to save us expense, he remarked, being particular friends—seeing that he'd got to demand twelve dollars of harbour dues and duties, whereas, if he saluted, he must have charged fourteen. The cool impudence of this brought the chief officer from the capstan; but the steady face of the fellow, and the glance he took round the deck when the cadet told him he'd better be off at once, made me think he had something or other to back him. Mr Finch, as usual, fumed up into a pas-

sion, and told the men to fling him over into his canoe, which they accordingly did, without the least nicety about it; the Portuguese next minute picking himself up, and standing straight, with the look of a perfect devil, as he shook his fist at the whole ship, while the canoe slid off to the shore.

Budge even so much as a single fathom, at present, we could not; and most of us were too much in the spirit of fun and venture to care a fig for having made an enemy of Don José-So-on, as the cadet called him; indeed, it seemed rather to set a finer point on people's admiration of the green jungly-looking shore next to us, with its big aloes and agaves growing before the bush, and all sorts of cocoas, palms, monkey-bread, and tall white-flaked cotton-trees, rising in every way out from over the rest. For my part, I thought more of the Portuguese's *interest*, after all, than his hatred—which proved correct, by his soon sending out a sulky message by the mulatto, offering to sell us fowls and a bullock, at no ordinary price. However, all hands from the cabin were mad already to get ashore somewhere, and the cadets bristling with fowling-pieces and rifles, each singing out that he was ready to supply the whole ship with fresh meat; so the mulatto had to sheer off, with a boat nearly lowered over his head. From where we lay at the time, what with the large creek off one bow, and the broad river ahead of us, spreading brimful along to the light, the water had the look of a huge lake, fringed in by a confused hazy bluish outline steeping in the beat, where the distance clipped behind the lumps of keen verdure, showering over a dark mangrove-covered point. Before the two large quarter-boats could be got ready for the ladies and the rest of us, in fact, we heard the gig full of writers and cadets beginning to pop away at everything they saw alive, out of sight from the ship; till at last we were afloat, too, pulling slowly into the middle of the stream, and the men eyeing us lazily as they turned to about the rigging, to send up new spars in place of those lost. The old Indiaman's big bows stood looming up broad astern of us on the

sluggish eddies round her cable, with her tall steady fore-spars and furled yards rising white against the low line of marshy shore in the distance, and wavering in her shadow below, till the thick green branches of the next point shut her out, and the glare off the face of the creek shot level over all of us in the two cutters, wild with every kind of feeling that India passengers could have after two months' voyage.

For my own part, I should have had rather a suspicion how absurd it was to go a pleasuring in an African river we knew nothing about, especially when I saw that a day or two so long after the rains might suck it up, during ebb, into a pretty narrow mid-channel: all I thought of was, however, that I was steering the boat with Violet Hyde in it, the kitmagar holding his gaudy punkah over her before me, while the Judge, with his gun in his hands, was looking out as eagerly, for the time, as the four griffins were pulling furiously, in spite of the heat that made the sweat run into their eyes.

The other party were soon off ahead of us up the main river, under care of the Scotch surgeon, laughing, talking, and holloing in chase of the cadets who had first left. However, Sir Charles thought there was more likelihood of game along the creek, and the ladies fancied it something new, so I steered right into it; the fat midshipman, Simm, watching me critically as I handled the yokelines which he had given up to me in a patronising way, and the sailor in the bow regarding the exertions of the griffins with a knowingly serious expression, while he dabbled his flipper at ease in the water. As the tide steadied, this said creek proved to be a smaller river, apparently from the hilly country I had noticed beyond the woods; by the clearness of its current, that showed the pale yellow reflection of the close bamboo-brake on one side, deep down into the light—the huge sharp green notched aloe-leaves and fern shoving here and there out of it—the close, rank, stifling smell of rotten weeds and funguses giving place to the strange wild scent of the flowers, trailing and twisting in thick snaky coils close up the stems on our oppo-

site hand, and across from branch to branch, with showers of crimson and pink blossoms and white stars; till, eager as the ladies were to put foot on land, 'twas no use looking as yet for a spot of room, let alone going farther in. The cadets were not long in being blown, either; when the midshipman, the bowman, and I had to relieve them. However, *then* I could look straight toward Violet Hyde's face, the shade of the scarlet punkah hanging over it, and her soft little straight nose and forehead catching a flickering burst from the leaves as we sheered at times under cover of the bank; while her eyelids, dropping from the glare, gave her bright eyes a half-sleepy sort of violet look, and it was only her lips that let you see how excited she felt. The griffin who had the tiller steering with the judgment of a tailor's prentice on a picnic to Twickenham, we came two or three times crash into the twigs of some half-sunk tree; then a blue bird like a heron would rise direct ahead of us, with its tall wet spindle legs and spurs glistening like steel behind it into the light, and a young snake in its sharp bill; or a gray crane rustled out of the cane from overhead, its long wings creaking in the air out of our sight. Suddenly you heard a long chirruping croak from a tree-frog, and the ground ones gave full chorus from farther in, whining and cackling, and peep-peep-peeping in one complete rush that died as suddenly away again, like thousands of young turkeys—then out in the midst of the quiet would come a loud clear wheetle-wheetling note from some curious fowl in an opening, with another of the same to match, dimmer amongst the thick of the bush. However everything of the kind seemed to sink down with the heat at noon, the very buzz of flies round every dark feather of the cocoas, and the musquito hum along the bank, getting fainter; till one *heard* the heat, as it were, creeping and thrilling down through the woods, with the green light that steeped into both edges of the long creek; every reed, cane, leaf, and twig, seemingly, at last giving it back again with a whispering, hushing crackle, and the broad fans of the palms tingling in it with rays from

them, as they trembled before you in the glare, back into the high bundles of knotted and jointed bamboo, with their spiky-tufted crowns.

"Can you not almost *feel* the forest grow!" exclaimed Miss Hyde; while the boat floated quietly to one side, and her charming young face shining out from the punkah, before Master Gopaul's deucedly ugly one, coolly staring past his snub nose, made one think of a white English rose and a black puff-ball growing together under a toadstool; plenty of which, as red as soldiers' coats, and as big as targets, looked here and there out of the bank. It put new spirit into me to see her, but still we could do little more than shove across from one side to the other—till something all at once roused us up in the shape of a long scaly-like log, seemingly lying along in the sun, which tumbled off the edge with a loud splash, and two of the young fellows let drive from their fowling-pieces, just after the alligator had sunk to the bottom. Rather uncomfortable it was to come sheering right over him next moment, and catch a glimpse of his round red eyes and his yellow throat, as the mud and weeds rose over him. The other ladies shrieked, but Violet Hyde only caught hold of her father's arm and started back; though her blue eye and the clear cut of her pretty nostril opened out, too, for the moment her lips closed. Five minutes after, when a couple of large guineafowl sprang up, Sir Charles proved himself a better shot than the cadets, by dropping one of them over the water ahead of us, which was laid hold of by the reefer of the Indianman, and stowed away fluttering into the stern-locker—Simm observing coolly that it was a scavenging carrion-sort of bird, but perhaps one of his messmates might like to take it home stuffed to his sister. The Judge merely smiled and patted the mid on the shoulder, remarking in great good-humour that he, Simm, would make a good attorney; and on we held, soaking to our shirts and panting, until the bowman hooked down the stem of a young plantain, with a huge bunch of full ripe yellow bananas under the long flapping leaves at its head, right into the midst of us, out

of a whole clump of them, where the smooth face of the cove showed you their scarlet clusters of flowers and green round pods hanging over it, hidden as they were from above. Every man of us made a clutch, and the stem almost lifted Simm out of the boat with it, as it sprang back into the brake, rousing out a shower of gandy-coloured butterflies, and a cloud of mosquitoes, and making the paroquets scream inside; while the cadets' mouths were so full they couldn't speak, the reefer making a gulp with the juice seeming to come out at his eyes, the sailor spitting out his quid and stuffing in a banana, and the ladies hoping they were safe to eat; as I peeled the soft yellow rind off, and handed one to Violet Hyde, which she tasted at once. But if ever one enters into the heart of things in the tropics, I'd say 'tis when that same delicious taste melts through and through and all over you, after chewing salt junk for a space. I remember one foremast-man, who was always so drunk ashore he used to remember nothing in India but "*scoffing* * one bloody benanny," as he called it; "but hows'ever, Jack," he'd say, "'twas blessed good, ye know, and I'm on the look-out for a berth again, jist for to go and have another." One of us looked to the other, and Miss Hyde laughed and coloured a bit when I offered her a second, while her father said full five minutes after, "'Gad, Violet, it almost made me think I saw Garden Reach in the Hooghly, and the Baboo's Ghant!"

This whole time we couldn't have got more than three-quarters of a mile from where the ship lay, when all at once the close growth on our left hand began to break into low bush, and at length a spot offered where we might get ashore tolerably, with two or three big red ant-hills heaped up out of the close prickly-pear plant, and the black ants streaming over the bank, as well as up the trunk of a large tree. The monkies were keeping up a chattering stir everywhere about; and two or three bright-green little lizards changing into purple, and back again, as they lay gleaming in the sun on the sides of the ant-heaps, and darted

their long tongues out like silver bodkins at the ants coming past. In we shoved with a cheer, and had scarce moored to the tree ere the ladies were being handed out and tripping over the ground-leaves to the ankles, starting on again at every rustle and prick, for fear of snakes; till the bowman in charge was left in the boat by himself, and, there being seven of us with guns over our arms, the next notion of the griffins was to get a sight of some "natives."

In fact there was a sort of a half track leading off near the bank, through among the long coarse grass and the ferny sprouts of young cocoas, and a wide stretch of open country seen beyond it, dotted all over with low clumps of trees and bush rounded off in the gush of light, that gave it all a straw-coloured tint up to where a bare reddish-looking ridge of hill looked over a long swell of wild forest, off a hot, pale, cloudless sky. Here and there you saw the shadow of one bluff lying purple on the side of another, and a faint blue peak between, letting north'ard into some pass through the hills, but no signs of life save a few dun big-headed buffaloes feeding about a swampy spot not very far off, and rather too shaggy, by all appearance, to make pleasant company. Accordingly, we held for a few yards under the shade, where the fat mid, thinking to show off his knowingness by getting cocoa-nuts for the ladies, began to shy balls of mud from the creek-side at the monkies in the trees. However, he brought us rather more than he bargained for, till the whole blessed jungle seemed to be gathering between us and the boat to pelt us to death with nuts as big as eighteen-pound shot, husks and all; so off we had to hurry into the glare again, Sir Charles half carrying his daughter through guinea-grass up to the waist—when somebody felt the smell of smoke, and next minute we broke out near it, wreathing up white from inside a high bamboo fence, propped up and tied all along with cocoa-nut husk. "What the devil!" shouted the foremost cadet, as soon as he found the opening, "they're cannibals!—roasting a black child,

* *Anglicè*, eating.

by heaven!" and in he dashed, being no chicken of a fellow *ashore* at any rate, the others after him, while the Judge, Simm, and I, kept outside with the ladies, who were all of a shudder, of course, what with the thought, and what with the queer scent of roast meat that came to us. "Ha, ha!" laughed the cadet next moment, "it's only a monkey, after all!—come in, though, Sir Charles, if you please, sir,—nobody here, ladies." There, accordingly, was the little skinned object twirling slowly between two bamboo sticks, over a fire beneath two or three immense green leaves on a frame, with its knees up not to let its legs burn; about a dozen half-open sheds and huts, like little corn-stacks, thatched close with reeds, and hung with wattled mats of split bamboo, giving the place more the look of a farmyard than a village; as there was a big tree spreading in the middle, a few plantains, yams, and long maize-stalks flowering out of the coarse guinea-grass which the niggers hadn't taken the trouble to tread down all round inside of the fence. However, we weren't long of perceiving an old gray-headed black sitting on his hams against the post of a hut, watching us all the time; and a villanously ugly old thief he looked, with a string of Aggry beads about his head, and a greegree charm-bag hung round his shrivelled neck, which was stuck through a hole in some striped piece of stuff that fell over to his knees, as he sat mumbling and croaking to himself, and leering out of the yellows of his eyes, though too helpless to stir. Something out of the way attracted my notice, glittering in front of the hut over his head; but, on stepping up to it, I wasn't a little surprised to find it the stern-board of some small vessel or other, with the tarnished gilt ornament all round, and the name in large white letters,—*"Martha Cobb,"*—the port, Boston, still to be made out, smaller, below. This I didn't think so much of in itself, as the craft might have been lost; till, on noticing that the old fellow's robe was neither more nor less than a torn American ensign, in spite of his growls and croaks I walked past him into the hut, where there was a whole lot of marlinspikes, keys,

and such like odds and ends, carefully stored up in a bag, marked with the same name, besides a stewpan with some ostrich feathers stuck where the handle had been, as if this rascally black sinner wore it on his head on state occasions, being probably the head-man and a justice of the peace! What struck me most, though, was a pocket-book with a letter inside it, in a woman's hand, addressed to the master of the brig *Martha Cobb*; dated a dozen years before, yellow and fusty, and with tarry finger-marks on it, as if the poor skipper, God knows, had read it over and over in his cabin many a fresh breeze betwixt there and Boston. I put it in my pocket, with a curse to the old black devil, as he croaked out and fell on his face trying to bite me with his filed teeth when I passed out, to follow the rest out of the bamboo pen; wondering, of course, where all the negroes could be, unless they were dodging about the river shore to watch the *Indiaman*,—little chance as there was of their trying the same joke with the *Seringapatam* as with the *Martha Cobb*.

As for the women, however, I had scarce joined our party going out, when we met a half-naked black hag with a bunch of cocoa-nuts and husk. The moment she saw us she gave a squeal like an old hen, and fell flat, while several younger ones, jogging along with their naked black picaninies on their backs, turned tail and were off with a scream. Next minute we were almost as startled as they could be, when three plump young jetty damsels dropped down right into the bushes alongside of us, off as many tall cocoas which they'd been climbing by a band round them, for the nuts. "Mercy on us!" said the eldest of our lady-passengers: and it *was* rather queer, since they had nothing earthly upon them save very very short pet—I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I didn't know any other word—however off they scampered for the woods, Simm and one of the cadets hard after them, and we turning away to smother our laughter, especially as the griffin had forgot his mother being with us. The middy being first started, he was a good way ahead, when all at once the sternmost of the

black girls tripped in the band she had over her shoulder, Simm giving a cheer as he made prize of his chase; but scarce before the whole three of the dark beauties had him smothered up amongst them, laughing, yelling, and squalling as they hauled him about; till I saw the dirk Simm sported glitter in one of their hands, and I made towards the spot in the notion of their finishing him in right earnest. The black damsels ran off together as the unlucky reefer picked himself up, coming to us with his hair rubbed up like a brush, his cap out of shape in his hand and the gold band off it, his red face shining, and all the gilt anchor-buttons off his jacket, besides being minus his dirk. "Simm! Simm! my fine fellow!" said his friend the cadet, like to die with laughing, "what—what—did they do to you? why, your head looks like a chimney-sweep's mop!" Simm knocked his cap against a tree to set it right, without a word, and we followed the others to the boat, where he swore, however, that he'd kissed 'em all three; at which Mrs Atkins fairly took him a slap on the side of the head, saying he was a nasty improper boy, and she was glad *his* poor mother could'n't see him run after creatures of that kind in African woods—"Natives, indeed!" said she, "I have heard so often of native modesty, too, in books; but, after all, there's nothing like experience, I think, Sir Charles?" "Certainly not, ma'am," replied the Judge, humouring her, as she hadn't often had the chance of speaking to him before; "'tis almost as bad in India, though, you know!" "Oh, *there*, Sir Charles," said the lady, "I never happened to go out, of course, except in the carriage!" "Ah," said the Judge coolly, "you should try an elephant sometimes, ma'am."

After this, as Sir Charles was bent on getting a shot at something better, with a glass or two of Madeira to refresh us, we pulled farther still up the small river, passing the mouth of a deep marshy inlet, where I noticed a few long canoes belonging to the Congo village we had seen; the close, heavy heat of the woods getting if possible worse, and the rank green growth topping up round us as flat as before; when the sound of a loud

rush of water up-stream broke upon us through the bush to northward, the surface rippling, and a slight cool breath seeming to flutter across it now and then, the very noise putting fresh soul into you. Suddenly we opened out on a broad bend where it was hard work to force her round, and next moment a low fall was gleaming before us, where a hill-stream came washing and plashing over one wide rocky step above another in the turn, then sweeping out of a deep pool to both hands, and running away ahead, in between the spread of trees, seemingly to a sort of a lagoon, where you saw the light in the middle glancing bright down upon its face. A broad blue burst of air and light struck down along the hollow the stream rushed out of, off the roots of a regular mountain, leaning back to the sky, with its big tufted knolls and its shady rifts thrown out blue beyond one or two thick scaly-stemmed date-trees, waving their long, feathery, fringe-like leaves to the least bit of a breeze, on as many rough points near at hand: the *whole* shape of the mountain you couldn't see for the huge mahogany trees, teak, and African oak, rising up over one shoulder into a lump of green forest. In five minutes more we were through into the lagoon, which very possibly took round into the main river again, only the opposite end, to our surprise, was all adloat with logs of big timber choking it up, so that there we must stick or go back upon our wake.

However, the lagoon itself being broad enough and round enough in all conscience, with a deep hollow opening up out of it on the high ground, the Judge and the cadets thought a better place couldn't have been chosen for landing after a little sport, while we left the fair ladies to rest in the cool, and look at the lotus-lilies spread all over one cove of it, floating white on their large leaves. The green edge of scum ran about the black shadow on the rest of it, gathering round where a big branch or two had fallen in, with the hot white sky looking bluer out through the broad leaves coming together aloft, and the showers of little sharp ones in the tamarind twigs, mangoes, iron-wood, sumach, and all sorts; while here and

there a knot of crimson blossoms looked out from under the boughs in the dark, humming with small flies. Beautiful spot as it was every way, especially after the heat, yet I didn't much like the idea of letting the ladies stay by themselves, except the sailor and the kitmagar. Nothing particular had turned up to trouble us, certainly; but I daresay 'twas because there was one of them I never looked at without her soft fairy-like air making me think of something that might happen to her, life-like though she seemed. When I saw a big branch over her head, I kept fancying what it would do if it fell—and now, the thumping slabs and stones we scrambled over up into the gully toward the mountain, seemed to have come tumbling down off it to the very water's edge, covered with nets of thick creeping plants, and trails of flat fingery-leaved flowers, such as you see in hot-houses at home. A few yards higher, too, where the ground broke away into a slanting hollow out of the bush, 'twas all trampled and crushed, half-withering together in the heat of the sun, the young trees twisted and broken, and two or three good-sized ones lying out from the roots, which I set to the score of the timberers rolling down their logs, for some craft that evidently got their cargoes hereaway. After all, the thought of a slap at some wild game was tempting enough, the Judge appearing to consider any one but a sportsman nobody at all: so up we went behind him out of the gully, till we were all blowing like so many porpoises on the head of it, Sir Charles raising his finger as we peeped across a grassy slope right under us, where a whole drove of small slender-legged antelopes were feeding. We had just time to rest, getting a breath of air off the heights, when one of the foremost lifted its head, listening the opposite way from us; next moment the entire scatter of them came sweeping direct over to leeward in a string,—we could almost catch their bright black eyes through the grass, when the crack of our seven barrels turned them bolt off at a corner, and they were gone like wind on water. All of us had missed save Sir Charles Hyde; but his rifle-bullet had sent one of the antelopes springing up in the air

ten feet or so, rolling over and over into the grass again, where we found it lying with its tongue out, and its large eye glazing amongst the blades and dust—a pair of huge turkey-buzzards falling, as it were, out of two specks in the sun above us, already, and rising with an ugly flap while we got round the dead creature.

"Hallo!" said the mid, suddenly, looking back over toward the hollow we'd come out of; "what's that?"

From where we stood we could just see through the wild cane to the mouth of the gully, half a mile down or more, leading upon the trees by the lagoon. I thought I could hear a dull heavy sound now and then going thump thump down the hollow and along it, the stones rumbling from one spot to another at the root of the hill; but noticing a light smoke rising farther into the course of the creek, with a faint echo of axes at work somewhere in the woods below, I wasn't sorry to find the timberers were still in the river, showing we weren't the only civilised folks that thought it fit to visit. Perhaps it might have been a quarter of an hour more, however, and we were all looking out sharp for birds of any kind to pop at, happening to turn my head, I saw the long reeds were moving about the banks below, and the trees twisting about furiously; and no sooner had I made a few paces than, good heavens!—right in the break of the trees at the landing-place—there was a huge brute of some sort coming slowly up out of the water; then another, and another, glistening wet in the bright light as the shadow of the branches slipped behind them. A blindness came over my eyes, and I had scarce time to make out the big block-like heads and moving trunks of five or six black African elephants, ere the whole case flashed upon me, and away I dashed full speed down the slope. The big beasts were turning quietly off into the hollow, and two or three of their calves trotted after them out of the bushes, munching the young cane-stalks as they lifted their pillars of legs, and their tufty little tails, when I passed a fire of sticks blazing under a slab of rock, with the Judge's guinea-fowl plucked and roasting before it from a string, the bowman's tar-

Paulin and his pipe lying near by—a sight that doubled the horror in me, to know he had left the boat at all; and no doubt, as I thought, taken fright and run off, man-o'-war's-man though he was. I made three springs over the stones down to the water, terrified to look in, hearing it, as I did, splash and wash about the sides, up among the leaves of the trees; while a couple of monstrous brutes were to be seen by the light in the midst of it, still wallowing about, and seeming to enjoy sending the whole pool in wide rings and waves as far as it would go, with the noise besides: the one half swimming, and the biggest standing aground as he poured the water out of his long trunk all over his back, then broke off a branch and waved it to and fro like a fan round his flapping leathery ears.

Such a moment I hope never to know again—not the least sign of the boat could I see in the green black blink of the place, after the glare above; and I stood like a madman at the thought of what the herd of monsters had *done*, when they came suddenly down upon it; then I gave a wild cry, and levelled my ship's musket at the big elephant's head, as he brought his small cunning eye slowly to bear upon me, dropped the branch, and began to swing his forehead, all the time looking at me and wading out to the shallow—by Jove! my flesh creeps at it *just now*—though I couldn't have stirred for worlds till he was close enough for me to fire into that devilish eye of his. 'Twas no more than the matter of half a minute—till you may fancy what I felt to catch sight all at once of the cutter splashing up and down in the gloom below the branches, the ladies and the Hindoo crouching down terrified together, except Violet Hyde, who stood straight, holding the boat firm in by a bough, her white face fixed through the shadow, and her hair floating out of her straw-bonnet each time her head went up among the leaves, with her glittering eyes on the two elephants. Suddenly some heavy black figure dropped almost right over her into the boat, and she let go with a low cry, and sank down with her hands over her eyes; when they went sheering out towards the creek, the fore-

topman handling his boat-hook in her bow, without his tarpaulin. As for the wild elephants, I had just time to come to myself before the foremost had his feet on the stones below me, getting cautiously out of the pool; these awkward antics of theirs being possibly signs of too much satisfaction in a bathe, for them to show aught like fury, if you didn't rouse them; so I was slipping quietly round the nearest tree when I heard the cadets hallooing up the hill. The old bull-elephant seemed a dangerous customer to meet, and I was hurrying over the dead grass and branches to give warning, just as Sir Charles Hyde could be seen coming down before the rest, his rifle over his shoulder. However he brought up, the moment I sang out to stop: both the elephants were stalking off lower down into the hollow, and I dropped behind the slab where Tom Wilkes had been roasting his bird, when some fool of a cadet let drive at the bull-elephant from above, hitting him fair on the front. You heard the rifle-bullet hit slap against it as if on an anvil: the she-elephant made off at a fast trot, but the big brute himself turned round on the moment, lifting his trunk straight aloft with a sharp trumpeting scream through it, and looked round till his small red eye lighted on the Judge, who seemed quite out of breath from his sport.

"The fire! that fire, for God's sake, Mr Westwood, else I am lost!" called out Sir Charles, in a calm distinct key from where he stood with his eye fixed on the elephant, and could see me, too,—a moment or two before the huge round-backed lump of a brute came running round into the track, stumbling heavily up the dead branches of the fallen trees and the dry guinea-grass, with a savage roar between his two white tusks—and I saw what the Judge meant, just in time to throw over the whole heap of flaming cocoa-tree husk among the withered grass and stuff a few yards before the monster, as dry as tinder, while the light air coming down the gully of the mountain, drove it spreading across his course up through the twigs, and sweeping in one sudden gust of fire up to the very end of his trunk. I saw it lift over the smoke

like a black serpent, then another scream from the brute, and away he was charging into the hollow again, the flame licking up among the grass astern of him, and darting from one bough to another towards the cane-brake below. I had scarce drawn a long breath, and remembered the devil's own thought that had come into my head when the Judge called to me, ere he slapped me on the shoulder. "You did nobly there, my dear boy," said Sir Charles; "managed it well! 'Gad, it was a crisis, though, Mr Westwood!" "I'm afraid, however, sir," said I, eying the crackling bushes, smoking and whitening to a dead smoulder in the sunlight, then flashing farther down as the hill-breeze rustled off, "I'm afraid we shall have the woods burning about our ears!" Down we hurried accordingly, and hailed the cutter, where scarce had we leisure to pass a few quick words and tumble in, before I heard a shout beyond the other turn of the creek, through the end of the lagoon; then something like the cheep of ropes through blocks, with the bustle of men's feet on a deck, and next minute a perfect hubbub of cries, whether Dutch, Portuguese, English, or all together, I couldn't say,—only it wasn't likely the *last* would kick up such a bother for nothing. Four or five Kroomen came leaping round and along the float of logs at the far end, their large straw hats shining in the light over their jet faces, as they peered across into the lagoon. The minute after they vanished, we saw the white upper spars of a schooner slide above the farthest of the wood, and her bowsprit shoved past the turn just enough to show her sharp lead-coloured bow, with the mouth of a gun out of a port, and a fellow blowing the red end of his match behind it. All at once the chorus of shouts and cries ceased, and a single voice sang out along the water, clear, stern, and startling, in bad Portuguese, "*Queren sieté? who are you?*" Still we gave no answer, quietly shoving off as fast as we could, the flicker of the fire in the brake behind the trees beginning to show itself through the black shade of the lagoon. "*Queren sieté?*" sang out the voice, louder than before, in a threatening way,

and the logs were knocking and plashing before the schooner as the Kroomen hauled at them to make an opening. "Amigos! Amigos!" hailed we in turn; "Ingleses, gentlemen!" shouted the cadet who knew Portuguese, calling to them not to fire, for heaven-sake, else they would do us some harm. With this, the hubbub was worse than before; they plainly had some design on us, from the confusion that got up; but by that time we were pulling hard into the narrow of the river, and took the fair current of it as soon as the boat was past the falling stream we had seen before, till we were round into the next reach.

In fact the rate we all bent our backs at this time, was pretty different from coming up: the cadets seemed hardly to feel the heat, fierce and close though it was, at thought of those that might be in our wake, and nobody spoke a word at ease till at last, after an hour's hard work, taking it in turns, we came full in sight of the Indiaman at her anchor on the broad current. The ladies blessed the very ropes hanging from her bowsprit, and we got safe aboard, where we found the two other boats had come back long before; and every one of us turned in directly after sundown, as tired as dogs.

Well, I didn't suppose I had slept an hour, dreaming terribly wild sort of dreams about Violet Hyde and elephants, then that I'd saved her myself, and was stooping to kiss her rosy lips, when a sudden noise on deck startled me,—I shoved myself into my clothes and rushed on the quarterdeck. She had gone aground at her stern in swinging, in the water the Portuguese rascal gave her, canted a little over to starboard, away from the shore; and till morning flood nothing could be done to haul her off. The fog was rolling down with the land-breeze, and the jabber in the woods, again, thickened the confusion; when all at once a dim flash off the shore glimmered in the white fog, and a round-shot whistled just astern, pretty well aimed for her bilge, which would have cost us some work if it had hit. After that, however, there was no more of it, the fellow probably having spent either all his powder or his balls. As for

his fort, I heard the chief officer swearing he would knock it about his ears next day—a thing that couldn't have done him much harm, certainly, unless mud were dear.

No sooner had the men gone below, leaving the ordinary anchor-watch, than Mr Finch, to my great surprise, walked up to me, and gave me a strange suspicious look, hinting that he began to have a good guess of what I really was, but if anything new of the kind turned up, said he, he should know better what to say to me. "Mr Finch," said I, starting, "this won't do, sir—you'll either speak your mind before cabin and caddy, or to-morrow morning, by Jove! you'll go quietly ashore with me, sir—as I think, now you remind me of it, we settled to do, already!" The mate's face whitened, and he eyed me with a glare of malice, as I turned on my heel and began to walk the quarterdeck till he went below.

However, the thought of the thing stuck to me, and I kept walking in the dark to get rid of it: the four or five men of the anchor-watch shuffling lazily about, and all thick save ahead up the river, where the land-breeze blew pretty strong, bringing now and then a faint gleam out of the mist. I was leaning against the fore-chains, listening to the ebb-tide, and thinking; when I saw one of the men creeping in from the bowsprit, which you just saw, where it ran up thick into the dusk, with scarce a glimpse of the jib-boom and flying-jib-boom beyond. The sailor came up touching his hat to me, and said he thought he saw something queer off the boom-end. "Well," said I gruffly, "go and tell your mate, then." I didn't know the fellow's voice, though it had a particular twang in it, and he wasn't in Jacob's watch, I knew. "Why, your honour," he persisted, "I knows pretty well what you air—asking your pardon, sir—but I think you'd make more out of it nor any of the mates!—It's some'at rather skeary, sir!" added he. Accordingly I took hold of the man-ropes and swung myself up the bowsprit, and had my feet on the foot-rope below the jib-boom, when I heard his breath, following

behind me. "Never you trouble yourself, my man," said I; "one at a time!" and back he went in board again—for something curious in his way struck me, but I wanted to see what he meant. I had just got near the flying-jib, half-stowed in as it was on the boom, and I fancied, with a creep of my blood in me, I made out a man's head over the sail; but next moment a hand like a vice caught me by the throat, and some one growled out—"Now ye infarnal man-o'-war hound, I have ye—and down you goes for it!" The instant I felt it, my coolness came back; as for grappling, I couldn't, and the ebb current ran below to her bows at a rate fit to carry one out to sea in half an hour. I saw the whole plot in a twinkling, and never moved; instead of that I gave a sort of laugh, and followed the husky twang of the other man to a tee. "He won't come, Harry, my lad!" said I, and my ugly friend let go before he had time to think twice. "He be blowed!" said Harry, scornfully; "an' why won't he, mate?" He had scarce the words out of his mouth, though, ere I took him a twist that doubled him over the spar, and down he slipped, hanging by a clutch of the sail. "I suppose, my fine fellow," said I, "you forgot Fernando Po, and those nigger adventures of yours—eh?"—and I went in without more ado.

I hadn't been ten minutes on deck, however, when I heard both of them swearing something or other to the first mate. A little after Finch came forward to me, with a ship's-lantern, and three or four of the men behind. "Mr Collins, or whatever's your name, sir," said he aloud, "I believe you've been seen just now at the bowsprit-end, making signals or something to the shore! You're in arrest at once, sir, and no more about it!" "What the deuce!" said I, my blood up, and pulling out a pair of pocket-pistols I had had in the boat, "let me see the man to—" At the moment a blow of a handspike from near the mast laid me senseless on the deck, and I knew nothing more.—But I see 'tis too far gone in the night to carry out the yarn, ladies!

BRITISH AGRICULTURE AND FOREIGN COMPETITION.

"I do say it is for the public advantage that I should say to him, (the farmer,) continue your improvements: I cannot undertake to guarantee to you, by legislation, a particular price; BUT THIS I WILL SAY, THAT AS LONG AS CORN IS UNDER 51s., YOU SHALL NOT BE EXPOSED TO THE IMPORTATION OF FOREIGN CORN." So spoke Sir Robert Peel in February 1842, as the proposer of an excellent law for the improved regulation of the corn trade. The pledge was a distinct one; and the very homeliness of the language saves it from equivocal construction. In the course of the same debate, Sir Robert, with just and prudent caution, expressly abstained from committing himself to the obviously fallacious doctrine of a fixed remunerative price. He held, as we hold, that, according to varying circumstances, that remunerating price must vary. He did not, and could not, forget that, under war prices and war taxes, wheat could not be cultivated with profit in this country, unless the quarter sold for 80s.; neither was he blind to the fact, that we had seen the average price so low in 1835 as 39s. 4d., notwithstanding the operation of a highly protective law. But he also held that, although it was impossible, with all the aids which agricultural experiment and statistical science could bring, to fix an immutable price for the quarter of wheat—as he had previously done in the instance of the ounce of gold—still, from averages taken throughout the country for a series of years, it was possible to frame some general proximate conclusion, which the legislature was bound to keep in mind, whilst considering any laws or alterations of rates that might hereafter affect the interests of the British farmer. So that, when Sir Robert Peel enunciated the following opinions, we maintain that the principle which guided him was strictly correct; and we accept these as embodying the main argument that led to the conclusion, which we have placed above as the commencement and the text of this article. "Now, with reference to the

probable remunerating price, I should say that, for the protection of the agricultural interest, as far as I can possibly form a judgment, if the price of wheat in this country, allowing for its natural oscillations, could be limited to some such amount as between 54s. and 58s., I do not believe that it is for the interest of the agriculturist that it should be higher. Take the average of the last ten years, excluding from some portion of the average the extreme prices of the last three years, and 56s. would be found to be the average; and so far as I can form an idea of what would constitute a fair remunerating price, I, FOR ONE, SHOULD NEVER WISH TO SEE IT VARY MORE THAN I HAVE SAID. I cannot say, on the other hand, that I am able to see any great or permanent advantage to be derived from the diminution of the price of corn *beyond the lowest amount I have named*, if I look at the subject in connexion with the general position of the country, the existing relations of landlord and tenant, the burdens upon the land, and the habits of the country."

These opinions are quite distinct, and from them we gather that Sir Robert Peel, in 1842, considered that, on an average, 54s. was the lowest price at which the British farmer could raise wheat for the market—so long, at least, as he was liable to the same burdens as formerly, occupied the same position in the country, and paid the same rent to his landlord. Following out these views, Sir Robert Peel introduced his sliding-scale of duties, and the result would seem in a great measure to vindicate his sagacity. Let us take the averages for the six years immediately following:—

	s.	d.
1842,	57	3
1843,	50	1
1844,	51	3
1845,	50	10
1846,	54	8
1847,	59	0
6)333 10		
		55 7½

It will thus be seen that the average price of wheat, during those years, was *within fivepence* of the calculation made by Sir Robert as the fair and natural average for the preceding ten years, and that it almost hit the precise medium between the two extremes which he assumed.

Now, we are not aware that Sir Robert Peel has ever *directly* retracted these opinions, although many passages might be quoted from his speeches to show that he considered increased cheapness—the necessary result of his free-trade measures—some sort of compensation for the probable decline in the value of agricultural produce. But the income-tax and increased public burdens may fairly be set against any saving on the ground of cheapness, and the question remains precisely where it was before. The averages of sixteen years, excluding extraordinary impulses to an unnatural rise or fall, entitle us to assume that the British farmer cannot raise wheat profitably at lower prices than 56s. per quarter; and Sir Robert Peel, whatever may be the effect of his subsequent measures, once gave his solemn guarantee that, when prices should fall below 51s., there should be no foreign competition.

We have no desire to rake up old matters of discussion, or to reflect upon pledges which may either have lapsed or been broken. Our present business with Sir Robert is simply to have his evidence as to the remunerating prices of corn, and that evidence we have stated above. We are, therefore, entitled to assume that any great and permanent decline of prices, following upon increased foreign imports, must have a most deleterious effect upon the agriculture of the country, unless some remedy can be found which shall lessen the cost of production. As usual, there is no lack of volunteers to suggest remedies. Dr Buckland, of iguanodon and ichthyosaurus celebrity, discourses learnedly of subsoils and manures, and offers to show how acres of wheat may be raised upon soils hitherto yielding no other crop than rushes, ling, or heather. It is the misfortune of scientific men that they live in a world of their own; for, had the learned fossilist been aware of what has been passing around for

the last twenty years, he would have known that no sane person ever questioned the truth of his assertions. With the aid of draining, manure, and other artificial appliances, corn may be grown almost anywhere within the compass of the British islands. No man disputes that. The simple question is: Will the corn, when grown, yield a fair return for the expenses attendant upon its growth? Until the geologists and chemists have acquired so much real practical knowledge as to be able to answer this query satisfactorily, they will best consult the public interest by confining themselves to their quarries and their laboratories. That agriculturist who should deny the advantages which his own science has derived from the aid of chemistry, would not only be an ungrateful, but an exceedingly unreasonable man; nevertheless, he cannot be charged with either ingratitude or folly if, after calculating the cost of the productive agent, and the value of the produce, he declines to expend his capital in forced improvements, which at the end of the year, and with diminished prices, must leave him a considerable loser. If high farming could be shown to be productive, high farming would be the rule and not the exception. In Scotland we have farmed so high, that we are quoted at all hands as an example to the rest of the world. If we mistake not, Dr Buckland himself, in some of his stimulating addresses, has referred to the agricultural system of the Lothians as a specimen, or rather *the* specimen, of what may be achieved by science combined with energy. We accept the compliment; and in the course of the following pages we shall endeavour to show him, and his friends, how the pattern farmer is likely to fare, and how he has fared already, under the operation of the new code which modern liberalism has introduced for the encouragement of British enterprise.

Next to the chemists, and moving closely in their wake, come the free-trading landlords who assented to the great experiment. If we select Lords Ducie and Kinnaird as fair specimens of this class in England and in Scotland, we shall do no more than give that prominence to their names which

is challenged by their late assertions. Our occupancy of the Scottish field, from which we are unwilling to depart, precludes us from entering into any investigation of the views promulgated by the English earl. But we have no scruple at all in dealing with the Scottish baron, who, in the letter of advice addressed to his tenantry of the Carse of Gowrie, has taken infinite pains to show that the superior husbandry of Scotland has been stimulated, if not created, by the exaction of high rents; and, by an easy corollary, that future improvement depends mainly upon the maintenance of these rents, irrespective altogether of the decline in the value of produce! This, we are bound to admit, is a comfortable landlord's theory; and, if the agricultural tenants who frequent the reading-room at Inchture are convinced of its practical soundness, we should be extremely sorry to utter a single word which might tend to unsettle their faith. But we fear that Lord Kinnaird, like many other inconsiderate individuals, has committed a serious mistake in rushing precipitately into print. We agree with him, on the whole, that rent is a desirable thing, which ought not, under ordinary circumstances, to be violently diminished; still we must adhere to our deliberate opinion, that, if a great organic change, affecting the interests of agriculture to a serious degree, is consequent upon any measures of the legislature, both landlord and tenant must be prepared to suffer in a certain ratio. It is all very well to recommend the aid of chemistry, provided, at the same time, that adequate capital is forthcoming. Even with capital, to be drawn from the tenant's, and not the landlord's pocket, it will require more than mere assertion to persuade the former that, by an enormously increased outlay in phosphate of lime, sulphuric acid, magnesia, manganese, gypsum, guano, and what not, he may raise crops the abundance of which shall compensate him for a direct loss of 16s. or 20s. on the quarter of wheat, with a corresponding diminution in the value of every other kind of agricultural produce. Some of those who, according to Lord Kinnaird, have shown themselves "the best and most successful farmers," men who have here-

tofore been engaged in business—that is, commercial business—may be induced to try the experiment; but if there be any truth in the reply which Mr Thomas Ross of Wardheads, a farmer in the Carse of Gowrie, has made to his lordship's pamphlet, the result of the trials hitherto attempted by such enterprising persons, upon the Kinnaird estates and in the immediate neighbourhood, may be best estimated by a perusal of the *Gazette*, wherein the names of divers unfortunate speculators are recorded. But, to speak plainly, the time has gone by for any such absurd trifling. What we want are facts, not theories; least of all, theories so palpably preposterous as to carry their refutation on their face.

We do not, by any means, intend to insinuate that Lord Kinnaird is to be taken as a type of the Scottish or British landlords. On the contrary, we believe that he forms one of a minority so infinitesimally small, that the number of them would hardly be worth the reckoning. The position of the landlord and the tenant is, on the clearest of all grounds, inseparable; and it is in vain to suppose that the one class can, by possibility, have a distinct interest from the other. No doubt, during the currency of existing leases, entered into before the rapid conversion of the two great political rivals to the doctrines of free trade, the landlord may insist upon having the full penalty of his bond, and may wring the last farthing from the hand of the despairing farmer. We are living in times when vested interests have lost their character of sanctity: the legislature, while forcing down prices, provided no remedy for the relief of those who were tied up by bargains, reasonable when contracted, but ruinous under the altered circumstances; and the tenant, though forced to struggle against the might of foreign importation, has no legal claim on the proprietor of the soil for a corresponding deduction from his rent. But the good feeling which has always existed between the landlords and the tenantry of this country, if we assume no higher motive, will doubtless operate, in the majority of instances, to temper the rigour of the bargain, should the pressure continue to increase; and year

after year, as leases expire, and as the results of practical experience become more generally understood, competition will disappear, and rents fall to a point exactly corresponding to the expectation of future prices. It is a bad sign of the times, though certainly an instructive one, when we find a wealthy peer, in a letter addressed to his tenantry, expressing his opinion that retired tradesmen and others—men who have never handled a plough in their lives, and who are far better versed in the mysteries of long-stitch than in those of draining—make much better farmers than those who have been reared to agriculture from their infancy. According to this view, the farmer is a mere booby compared to the man whose intellects have been sharpened in the shop, the counting-house, or the manufactory; and the experience which he has gained positively unfits him for the actual exercise of his profession! Such views must be corroborated by the testimony of deeper sages than Lord Kinnaird, before they pass into general acceptance; and we cannot help thinking that the noble author would have used a wise discretion had he been less explicit in his reasons for preferring the novice to the practised farmer. Besides their habits of accurate accounting, and their total freedom from prejudice, retired tradesmen appear valuable, in the eyes of Lord Kinnaird, for two especial reasons:—“In the first place, that they have capital; secondly, that they are not afraid to expend it, knowing that thus alone can their land be made productive.” To such persons we would address a word of warning, cautioning them to use their acquired powers of accounting rather before than after they enter into any agricultural bargain; and in particular, we would advise them to look narrowly to the figures of their noble encourager, detailing the results of his own experience in the farm of Mill-hill, brought down, with great show of accuracy, to the close of 1847—*before* protection ceased, or prices fell—but *no later*. In the course of such investigations, they may light upon an anomaly or so which no arithmetician can explain,

and be rather chary of receiving his lordship's dogmas, that remuneration from farming is “*not dependent on high prices*,” and that “no one possessing capital need be afraid of investing it in a farm.”

The last champion of increased production as an antidote against free trade, is not the type of a class, but a single individual—whose testimony, however, being in some respects practical, is worth more than that of all the chemical doctors and interested landlords put together. We allude to Mr James Caird, whose pamphlet, entitled “*High Farming under Liberal Covenants*, the best Substitute for Protection,” has already excited so much attention, that, if rumour does not err, its author has been deputed by government, at the recommendation of Sir Robert Peel, to visit Ireland with the view of reporting upon the agricultural capabilities of that country. We shall presently have occasion to examine the details of that pamphlet, as minutely as their importance deserves; at present we shall merely note, in passing, that it does not profess to set forth the results of the author's *own* practical experience, although Mr Caird is well known to be a farmer of great intelligence and ability; and, further, that it directly points to *liberal covenants* on the part of the landlord as an indispensable basis of the arrangement. In fact, therefore, we find that Lord Kinnaird and Mr Caird, though both writing on the same side, entertain views widely differing from each other, as to the future terms of adjustment between the two great agricultural classes. Lord Kinnaird is for “*high rents*,” Mr Caird for “*liberal covenants*.” It is impossible that both of them can be right; and were we to join issue solely upon the facts which each of them has adduced, we should have no hesitation in deciding in favour of the practical farmer. But we apprehend that, even with the aid of liberal covenants, Mr Caird has failed in making out his case, as we shall shortly prove, when we proceed to analyse his statements.

We have already made an approximation to the price which, in ordi-

nary seasons, and under existing burdens and covenants, grain ought to bear, in order to yield a fair remuneration to the British grower. That price, as we have already said, has been held to range from 54s. to 58s. per quarter. This we hold to be a moderate computation; but if a further limit be desired, we shall admit—though for argument's sake only—that with great retrenchment and economy, curtailing his own comforts, but not materially reducing the wages of the labourer, the farmer may continue to grow wheat at an average of 50s., and nevertheless pay up his annual rent as before. A glance at former averages will show that this is a remarkably low figure; and, *being taken as an average*, it of course implies the supposition that in some years the price will be higher, in order to compensate for others in which it may be lower. Our primary business, therefore, is to ascertain whether, under the operation of the new system, prices can ever rise, supposing the present breadth of land to remain in tillage, above this average amount; or whether they must not permanently diminish so much as to destroy the vestige of an independent average in this country, and substitute foreign growing prices for our own. The question is a very momentous one, for it involves the existence of our national agriculture, and not only that, but the existence of the larger portion of the home market for our manufactures, compared with which our exports are comparatively as nothing. It is our earnest desire to approach it with all candour, temper, and moderation; and we shall not, if possible, allow ourselves to be betrayed into a single angry word, or discourteous expression, towards those who have differed from us hitherto in opinion. Neither shall we advance or reiterate opinions upon grounds purely theoretical. Ever since this contest began, we have taken a decided and consistent part, and have not scrupled to expose, by argument, what we held to be the glaring fallacies of free trade. That argument, necessarily inferential at first, has since been borne out and corroborated by every fact which has emerged; and, on that account alone, we think we are entitled to demand a serious

consideration of the matter which we now lay before the public, as the result of an investigation, in the course of which no pains or trouble have been spared, and which may help to guide us all, be our politics what they may, to a true sense of the danger which must immediately arrive, if we remain but a few months longer in a state of fancied security. Our warning may be derided by some, but the day of reckoning is at hand.

The first point, therefore, to which we shall entreat attention is, the prospect of future prices; regarding which we possess some information that may possibly take the reader by surprise.

The adoption of free-trade principles, as regards the trade in corn, proceeded upon a false estimate of the precise quantities available for the supply of this country. Those who, from various motives, combined for the purpose of allowing the foreigner an unrestrained competition in the British market, had no idea of the strength of the power which they had thus evoked; while the fearful and doubting protectionist, who yielded too soon to the clamour, was little aware of the extent of the evils which his supineness was to bring upon him. The statistics of the question were altogether overlooked—at least no proper means were taken to obtain them in a faithful manner. The returns made by the foreign consuls, and the evidence collected as to the ordinary available supplies at foreign ports, were, in nearly every instance, the mere reflex of the views of interested parties, furnished to men unable, from their habits or education, to judge of their approach to accuracy. The voluminous report of Mr Jacob, which might have been of use as a warning, at any rate, that cheap food does not always make a happy and comfortable people, seems to have been forgotten in these latter days. Hence the theories of those who had some experience in trade, and whose published opinions on mercantile matters had obtained credit and celebrity, came to be mainly relied upon. Among these, the ideas of Mr Tooke, whose authority stands pre-eminently high in such matters, as to prices, and the quantity of foreign grain which

might, in the event of free trade, find its way to our shores, were much insisted on. But how far these are erroneous and delusive has been sadly proved by our experience of the effects of free trade in corn since 1846.

Mr Tooke says, in the third volume of his work on the *History of Prices*, in the section entitled, "Conjectures as to the Prices at which Wheat would range, in the event of Free Trade"—which, under ordinary circumstances, he assumes to be 45s. per quarter,—“The quantity which we might look to import, at an average of the price I have named, might approach to from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 of quarters.” He goes on to say, “If there were to be a fixed duty of 8s. the quarter, I very much doubt whether the annual importation would reach that quantity;” and afterwards adds, “Before quitting this point, however, I must observe that my estimate of the price at which a foreign supply might be expected, of the extent supposed, may be considered by some of the opponents of the corn laws as strengthening the ground for the supporters of them, inasmuch as such statements may be made to work upon the minds of the farmers, in frightening them with the prospect of cheap foreign corn.”

What wonder, then, if the panic has materially increased, since the history of free trade, for the last three years, has revealed such a fearful addition to this estimate: for how stands the fact? In place of 2,000,000 quarters of wheat annually, from the passing of the Corn-Law Repeal Act (26th June 1846) until the 5th November 1847, a period of little more than sixteen months, we imported 7,229,916 quarters of wheat—while the total of all kinds of grain entered for consumption amounted to 16,331,282 quarters! Some idea may be formed of the effects of such an augmented importation, if we bear in mind that, from 5th July 1828 to 1st Jan. 1841, a period of nearly thirteen years, the whole quantity of foreign wheat and flour entered for home consumption was 18,476,000 quarters.

But lest it should be argued that this was a supply produced by extraordinary circumstances, and which could only be furnished from accu-

mulations of former seasons—as was, indeed, said at the time—the further history of the trade has shown us that our foreign supplies continue to pour in at precisely the same rate. The total of all kinds of grain and flour entered for consumption in the last nine months, ending 5th September 1849, as exhibited by the Board of Trade returns, shows an amount of 9,870,823 quarters, the quantity of wheat being for this period 3,821,292 quarters; and of wheaten flour—besides frightening the farmers, bearing ruin to our own millers—3,236,993 cwt.—together equivalent to quarters of wheat, 4,746,147. And all this, be it observed, has been imported while the average price per quarter has been *one sixpence only* above that named as likely to exclude the approach of more than 1,500,000 or 2,000,000 quarters from our shores! Formerly—in the first years of the century, up to 1842—the farmer had to contend against a foreign supply of grain amounting to little more than 1,000,000 quarters *per annum*—now, in some cases, under obligations contracted on the faith of protection to native industry, he is called upon to make the vain struggle against an inundation of foreign corn amounting to upwards of 1,000,000 quarters *per month*! He cannot, it is evident, maintain the contest long.

Such were the facts assumed as the basis of our legislation, and already they stand forth to the public eye as gross and palpable blunders. The British agriculturist has, beyond all question, been injured to an extent infinitely greater than was anticipated by any one—an extent so vast, that, could it have been predicted as a certainty, the rashest theorist would have recoiled from the danger of such an experiment.

But we have by no means, as yet, attained the lowest point of depression. At the close of the year 1849, we take the general average price of wheat as at 40s. per quarter, and we shall probably have a breathing time of two or three months, until the Continental ports are again available for navigation. We shall hereafter consider whether, under any circumstances, the price which we have just quoted can remunerate the farmer: in the mean time, let us see whether it is

likely that, in future, even this price can be maintained.

It is no easy matter to ascertain the rates at which corn may be grown on the Continent. The current prices at foreign ports, such as Hamburg, have, in reality, little bearing upon this most vital point, though they have been eagerly assumed by the free-traders as a sure index of future prices. Very little consideration will show every one that the true way towards forming a fair conclusion on the subject, is to ascertain, as nearly as may be, the cost of grain, *not at the ports from whence it issues*, but in the inland countries where the greater proportion of it is grown. The reason for this is obvious. Under the old system, when protective duties were the rule, the demand for foreign corn was exceedingly fluctuating and uncertain. We never dealt directly with the foreign grower; but, between him and the British consumer, at least three profits intervened. There were middlemen, principally Jews, who made it their regular business to purchase up the superfluity of the Polish crops on speculation, and to sell it to the Dantzic dealers. Then came the profit of the latter, and also that of the British corn-merchant; and, as the trade was notoriously a precarious one, these profits were of considerable amount. The demand, however, may now be considered as fixed and steady. Henceforward, under the operation of free trade, the two considerations of quality and cheapness must alone regulate the market. Not only the superfluity of Continental harvests will be available, but new land, of which there are immense tracts of the finest description, hitherto untilled, will be put under cultivation, and the produce regularly transmitted to this country, where a ready market can at all times be found. The first symptom of this new regular trade will be the disappearance of one of the intermediate profits. This is not subject of prophecy; it has already taken place. The foreigners have now taken the whole of the foreign grain trade exclusively into their own hands. We are informed by the first corn-merchants of Leith, that there is not a single order sent for grain from this country. "The finest Dantzic wheat,

free on board," writes one of our correspondents, "will not be sold to a British merchant for less than 38s. the quarter; and as no more than 40s. or 41s. could be got for it here, there is no margin for a profit, and the risk is not run. But the foreigner will send it on his own account, and sell it *here* at 38s. and realise a profit. You thus see that the entire trade is out of British hands, for the prices of our own grain must entirely be ruled by those of the foreigner; and the consequence is, that every bushel sent to this country is on consignment and not to order."

There still remains another profit, that of the middleman, to be reduced. The creation of a constant and steady demand from the foreign ports—which demand cannot be otherwise unless a protective law is reimposed—will naturally excite the dealers to purchase directly from the Polish grower. In this way they will have double profits, without enhancing materially, if at all, the original cost of the grain; for, in other Continental corn-growing countries, untilled land may be had to any extent for next to nothing, and no farming capital, as we understand the word, is required. Here a remark or two, founded upon past history, may be useful. About a century and a half ago, or rather about the time of the Revolution of 1688, the average price of wheat, as stated by Adam Smith, amounted to 28s. in England. Public burdens were at that time moderate, and so were poor-rates; still they were of such an amount as to be felt by the farmer. The wages of the agricultural labourer were at least seven shillings per week, equal to about 10s. 6d. of our present money, and the rent of arable land might be estimated over-head at 5s. 6d. per acre. All these items are enormously above the rates at present known in the Continental corn-growing countries, and some of them have no existence there. It is difficult to get at Polish charges, especially since the late change in our policy, for we have invariably found that foreign proprietors are most jealous of disclosing their true domestic position. Nor can we wonder at this, for the truth, were it broadly told, might tend materially to check that liberal

sympathy, which of late years has been so abundantly shown to the insurgents of central Europe. We are, however, fortunately enabled to throw some useful light upon this matter. Our informant is a Scottish agriculturist, who, some years ago, was engaged as land-steward on the estates of a Polish nobleman in Galicia, and who, therefore, had ample opportunity of witnessing the foreign system. If the reader glances at the map of Europe, tracing the course of the Vistula from Dantzic, and then following the upward line of its tributary, the Bug, he will find laid down in close proximity the extensive districts of Volhynia, Podolia, Kiow, Galicia, and others, formerly Palatinates, which together constitute the largest, richest, and most productive corn-field of Europe. Here there are no farmers, and—what is more strange to us—no free labourers who receive a weekly wage. The land is tilled for the profit of the owner; a superintendant presides over it as taskmaster; and the workers of the soil are serfs in the actual position of slaves, who toil late and early without other remuneration than the coarse rye bread, and similar fare, which is necessary to support existence. The manufactures of Manchester and Sheffield have not found their way into this region, and never will; because the population, being utterly without means, could not purchase them, and probably would not were the means within their power. Their dress is of the most primitive kind, and differs in no respect from that of tribes utterly barbarous—being chiefly constructed of the skins of animals. They are hardy, docile, and exceedingly sensitive to kindness, but as far removed from civilisation as the tribes of Tartary; and their owners—for that is the proper term—take especial care that no doctrine shall reach them which in any way may interfere with the exercise of despotic rule. In short, they are like so many cattle cultivating the land for their masters at the bare expense of their keep. To demonstrate more clearly the difference of the value of labour, we may here state, on the best authority, that in that district where the finest wheat, distinctively known as “high-mixed

Dantzic,” is grown, the ordinary price of a quarter of wheat will defray the expense of from forty to forty-five days’ work, whilst here it can procure only from twenty to twenty-five days. The climate is excellent, and the yield of the soil considerable. Wheat may be grown for several years successively without manure, and always with comparatively little work. The produce is floated down the numerous rivers which intersect the district, to Dantzic and other coast towns on the Baltic, where it is stored; and these will in future form the great depots of the grain furnished by central Europe for British consumption. Contrast this state of matters in modern Poland with that of England in 1688, when land yielded a considerable rent, when poor-rates and public burdens were levied, and when the labouring man received a reasonable wage; and we must arrive at the conclusion that the remunerating price of wheat in the former country must be something greatly lower than 28s. per quarter. We are almost afraid to state our conviction, lest it should appear exaggerated; but we do not doubt that Polish wheat could be delivered at Dantzic at 16s., and yet leave a considerable profit to the grower. We must also note that the variable-ness of our climate, and the comparative poorness of our soil, places us at a vast disadvantage in point of quality, as compared with the southern grower. It can be established, by consulting the prices-current of Mark Lane for a series of years, that it would require a differential duty of 6s. per quarter on wheat, on this account alone, to put the British farmer on a fair footing with the great bulk of his foreign competitors. Last season, the difference between the best foreign and English wheat throughout the year, as proved by the same authority, was upwards of 10s. per quarter.

We beg it will be distinctly understood, that, in estimating the remunerative prices of foreign grain, we do not profess to arrive at more than general conclusions. It matters nothing for or against our argument whether wheat can be delivered at Dantzic a little cheaper, or a little dearer, than the above sum. We leave room on either side for a considerable

margin. This much, however, we know for a fact, that an eminent corn-merchant in Leith has, in former years, purchased fine wheat, free on board, at Dantzic for 18s., with the offer of a constant supply, and that no circumstances have since then emerged to enhance the cost of production. Besides this, as Mr Sandars well remarks in one of his published letters, we have had plain and evident experience of foreign production under the working of the corn law of 1842. We had a fixed duty of 20s. per quarter in actual operation for four years; and in 1844 and 1845, such duty was paid, week after week, and in the latter year for six months consecutively, at a time when our general averages were only 46s. to 47s. a quarter. Was the foreigner at that time selling at a loss? His price, then, adapting itself to ours, was 26s. and 27s., deducting the duty, and at that time, be it remembered, *he was unprepared for competition*. So that, from experience not five years old, we may gather what kind of future competition awaits us, and also what we are annually sacrificing in revenue, by madly abandoning protection. Does any one believe that, in 1845, had there been no duty on foreign corn, wheat would have fallen to 26s., or the foreigner have sold his crop at that price? The remitted duty goes into the pocket of the foreigner, who is selling in the dearest market, and underselling our farmers, as he will be able to do—for he has tested that ability already—down to a point which must extinguish British agriculture. We know also from Mr Meek's report, quoted by Sir Robert Peel in 1842, that "the prices of corn in Denmark have, during the last twenty-five years, averaged, for wheat, 28s. 10d., rye, 19s. 9d., barley, 14s., and oats, 10s. 6d. per quarter," and it is obviously ridiculous to suppose that the cost of production in Poland is nearly so high as in Denmark and Schleswig-Holstein. Last year Denmark sent us upwards of a million quarters of grain. These are facts which have distinctly emerged, and they are all-important at the present time, when the tenantry are urged to expend further capital on the chance of future rise of prices. It is now perfectly clear that the returns,

which were assumed as the basis for the great experiment, are worthy of no confidence. On the other hand, we do not wish that our opinions, which point to a totally different result, should influence any one in his future line of conduct; but, beyond our opinions, there are certain facts, which we have just stated, and the import of which cannot be misunderstood, and these may serve as warnings for the future. Of the capability of the foreigner to supply us with any given amount of grain, we think no reasonable man can doubt. There is a breadth of soil open sufficient to supply more than twenty times the most exorbitant demand. It is his power to undersell us, and the extent of that power, which have been questioned; and on the solution of that question depends the utility of high farming, in this country, on a grand and comprehensive scale. We shall show that, at present prices, high farming is so far from remunerative, that those who practise it are actually incurring an immense loss; and that, unless rents come down to zero, or at least to a point which would utterly ruin the landlords, high farming cannot be proceeded with. We have shown that, within the last five years, we have been supplied, and that regularly, from abroad, when wheat was at 46s. per quarter, and a duty of 20s. existed; and, at such rates, it is quite evident that all attempt at competition would be hopeless. Wheat could not be grown remuneratively at 26s. or 27s. in England before a single shilling of the national debt was incurred; and no man is mad enough to insist upon its possibility now. When, therefore, the Free-traders tell us that the present is a mere temporary depreciation, we ask them—and we demand a distinct reply—for an explanation of the imports in 1845. How was it that, for a long period, foreign corn came in plentifully, paying the duty of 20s., when our home averages were at 46s. and 47s.? Can they assign any special reason for it? If not, the conclusion is plain, that the foreign growers can and will undersell us down to that point, if we possibly could compete with them so far, and all the while add to their profit,

while they also abstract from our revenue.

Our belief, as we have said already, is, that the foreigner could afford to go much lower, and that he could furnish us with wheat at little more than 18s. We have stated above an instance of this kind, and, if necessary, we could furnish more. Nor will the statement appear exaggerated to those who will take the trouble of comparing English prices and English burdens, as they existed before the Revolution of 1688, with the prices and rates of the great corn-growing countries of central Europe at the present moment, making due allowance for climate and the difference of social institutions. At the same time, let it be understood that we do not aver, that all the foreign grain which may find its way here can be grown at such low prices. Pomeranian and Bohemian wheat is more expensive in culture than that of Poland; and we know that there is some difference between Hamburg and Dantzic prices. Still our conviction is most decided, that henceforward the foreigner has the game entirely in his hands; that he may prescribe what price he pleases to this country; and that every year, in spite of all efforts, all home harvests, all variety of seasons, prices must inevitably decline. If it were possible that, by high farming, or any other means, we could produce wheat remuneratively at 30s., or 25s., the foreigner would be ready to sell in competition at 25s. or 18s., even supposing he received hardly any profit. His business is to get hold of the British market, and that once accomplished, he may elevate or depress prices as he pleases. The declension will be gradual, but it will be perfectly steady. This year wheat has been brought down to 40s., not in consequence of an exuberant harvest, as in 1835, but through competition. A million of quarters per month have been poured in to sink prices, and we are now debating at home whether British agriculture can go on under such circumstances. Tenants are mourning over their losses; labourers are feeling the pinch of lowered wages; some landlords, in apprehension of diminished rents, are exhorting to further outlay of capital;

statesmen are consulting with chemists; and agitators, who have made all the ruin, are shouting for financial reductions. In the mean time, the winter is crawling on apace. The price of grain in Britain has been beat down by competition with a poor foreign crop, for such unquestionably was the yield of 1848. That of 1849 was a splendid one, and, the moment the ports are opened in spring, its influence will be felt. The question will not then be of 40s. but of a price still lower; and we apprehend that, in that event, the argument will be nearly closed. We do not, however, anticipate that the reduction will be rapid. The dealers at the different foreign ports will best consult their own interest by keeping, as nearly as possible, just below the quotations current in the British market. In this way large profits will be secured during the whole maintenance of the struggle, which must end by the British farmer, overloaded with rent, taxes, and public burdens, giving way to his competitors, who, with no such impediments, and with a better climate and richer soil, will monopolise his proper function. We shall then experience in corn, what our West Indian colonists, under the same kind of legislation, have experienced in sugar. The greater part of the soil of Britain will be diverted from cereal growth; and, as the earth does not yield her produce without long wooing, we shall be at the mercy of the foreigner for our supplies of food, at any rates which he may choose to impose.

As to the matter of freights, about which so much was at one time said and written, we need not complicate the question by entering into minute details. From information upon which we can rely, we learn that, at this moment, steamers are constructing for the sole purpose of effecting rapid and continual transit between foreign and British ports, for the conveyance of grain—a circumstance which speaks volumes as to the anticipations of the Continental traders. We may also observe that ordinary freights form no bar to importation, since they are now hardly greater from the Baltic to this country than from Ross-shire to Leith, or from many parts of England to London. One fact, communicated

by a correspondent connected with the shipping trade, has peculiarly impressed us. We give it in his own words: "I enclose you a price-current, which will give you the prices of all grain. Grain from America has lately come home, both in American and British ships, at 4d. per bushel freight, and flour at 6d. per barrel—but much more frequently shipped on the condition that, if it leaves a profit, the one half goes to the shipper, and the other half to the owner of the ship for freight." He adds, "The freights from Quebec and Montreal are higher—say 2s. 6d. or 3s. for flour; but as British shipping ceases being protected after 1st January, they will be equally low there." So much for pulling down one interest by way of compensation to another!

The reader—or rather the critical economist—may treat the foregoing remarks as speculative or not, according to the colour of his opinions. All the discussion upon free-trade has been speculative, and so was the legislation also. We take credit for having anticipated what we now see realised; but beyond that, and beyond the facts which the experience of former years has given us, and which we have just laid before our readers, we are, as a matter of course, open to objection, and also liable to error. We have not been arguing, however, without sound data—such as, we suspect, never were brought fully under the eye of our statesmen—and they all tend manifestly and clearly to the same conclusion. That conclusion is, that, without the reimposition of a protective duty, prices cannot rise above the present level. Our argument goes further; for we hold it to be clear that, without some extraordinary combination of circumstances which we cannot conceive, prices must decline, and decline greatly. We look for nothing else; but having had our say as to the future, and pointed out the prospect before us, we shall now confine ourselves to present circumstances, and endeavour to ascertain whether, with a continuance of *present prices*, and under existing burdens, agriculture can be carried on in Britain at a reasonable profit to the farmer.

Mr Caird's pamphlet, though it has attracted a good deal of attention,

contains no hints or information which are new to the practical farmer. Its high-sounding title would lead us to suppose that he had discovered some improved system of agriculture, which might be applicable throughout the kingdom. We read the pamphlet; and we find that it contains nothing beyond the description of a very low-rented and peculiarly-situated farm, the occupant of which appears to have realised considerable profits from an extensive cultivation of the potato. It is not necessary that we should do more than allude to the general tone of the pamphlet, which seems to us rather more arrogant than the occasion demanded. Mr Caird, we doubt not, is a good practical farmer; but we should very much have preferred a distinct and detailed statement of his own experiences at Baldoon, to an incomplete and unattested account of his neighbour's doings at Auchness. A man is fairly entitled to lecture to his class when he can show that, in his own person, he is a thorough master of his subject. A farmer who has devised improvements, tested them, and found them to answer his expectations, and to repay him, has a right to take high ground, and to twit his brother tenants with their want of skill or energy. But Mr Caird is not in this position. He is occupier of a farm of considerable extent, but he does not venture to give us the results of his own experience. It is possible that he may himself pursue the system which he advocates, but he does not tell us so; he points to Mr M'Culloch as the model. This is at best but secondary evidence; howbeit we shall take it as it comes; and as this is strictly a farmer's question, it may be best to allow one practical agriculturist to reply to the views of another. We might, indeed, have abstained altogether from doing so, for Mr Monro of Allan, in a very able pamphlet, entitled *Landlords' Rents and Tenants' Profits*, has distinctly and unanswerably exposed the fallacies of Mr Caird. Still, lest it should be said that we are disposed to reject, too lightly, any evidence which has been adduced on the opposite side, we have requested Mr Stephens, author of *The Book of the Farm*, to favour us with his views as to Auch-

ness cultivation. We subjoin them, for the benefit of all concerned.

"On perusing Mr Caird's pamphlet, every practical man must be struck with astonishment at the inordinate quantity of potatoes cultivated at Auchness.

"The entire thirty acres of dried moss, (p. 7,) and twenty-five acres of lea, (p. 15,) were in potatoes in 1848; and the county Down farmer, whose statement is reprinted at the close of

Lord Kinnaird's pamphlet, reports that the number of acres occupied by potatoes in 1849 was ninety. This is more than one-third of the whole area of the land. I have considered attentively the calculation made by the farmer; and I think that, in order to meet present prices, it should be modified as below. You will also observe that, in my opinion, the outlay on the farm has been too highly estimated.*

" 90 acres potatoes, at 7½ tons each, £2 per ton, . . .	£1350	0	0
60 acres wheat, at 36 bushels each, £2 per quarter, . . .	540	0	0
Profit on 130 cattle, at £6 each, . . .	780	0	0
Profit on 150 sheep, at 10s. each, . . .	75	0	0
Profit of 5 milk cows, at £12 each, . . .	60	0	0
	£2805 0 0		
Deduct—			
Rent,	£262	0	0
Labour, 40s. per acre,	520	0	0
Manure purchased, (p. 23, Caird,)	256	0	0
Food for cattle purchased, (do.,)	270	0	0
Seed potatoes, 108 tons, at £2, for 90 acres,	216	0	0
Seed wheat, 120 bushels, at 5s.,	30	0	0
Tradesmen's bills, at £7 per pair horses each half-year,	70	0	0
Incidental expenses,	50	0	0
Interest on £2000 capital, at 10 per cent,	200	0	0
	1874 0 0		
	£931 0 0		

"This balance sheet shows a profit of £931; but as the potatoes are worth £1350, which is no less than £419 more than all the profit, it is evident that it is the potato *alone* that affords any profit under this instance of high farming. Indeed Mr Caird admits as much when he says, 'The *great* value of a sound potato crop induces the tenant to adopt such means as will not interfere with the *continued* cultivation of this root.' The admission is, that the profit rests entirely on the precarious potato. The potato has hitherto been safe in the moss of Auchness, and it is safe there in no other class of soil. In Ireland, even the moss does not save it. There is no high farming in the matter, in so far as manures are concerned, for as much and richer manure is used in the neighbourhood of large towns; and as on the moss at Auchness too much manure may be applied, at least after a certain time, so there may be on

other soils; and thus high farming, in reference to soils, just means heavy manuring. Mr Caird says, 'The potato has been grown on the moss land successively, year after year; but the entire reclaimed portions, *from being so frequently manured*, are becoming too rich, and the crop beginning to show signs of disease, and a tendency to grow to tops rather than roots, which makes it necessary to adopt some plan of reducing its fertility.' It is known to every farmer, that it is quite possible to overmanure any crop, and the effects of overmanuring are, the breaking down of the straw of the grain crops, and the hollowing of the core of the tubers and bulbs of the green crops. The inference then is, that a profit which depends entirely on potatoes is uncertain in any year; and the particular case of Auchness, in which that profit is derived from moss, is not generally applicable to the coun-

* It will be seen, by referring to the statement in question, that Mr Stephens' calculation is more favourable to the tenant than the other. According to him, the excess of produce over expenditure would be £931. The county Down farmer estimates it at £888.

try, and cannot, therefore, be held up as an example to farmers.

"The farm of Auchness contains nothing remarkable: for although the peculiar culture of the potato in moss is generally inapplicable, there are many farms in Scotland which have moss attached to them. The sea-ware may also be got on most farms on the coast, and where this is the case, it is commonly used. The soil is not good, and is certainly below the average quality; but I cannot understand what is meant by Mr Caird, when he asserts, on p. 7, that the '125 acres of light sandy soil is better adapted for wheat than for barley or oats when in a high state of cultivation,' for, in other parts of the country, such a soil would be eminently suited for barley. The steading is large for the size of the farm, but every steading ought to be made conformable to the farm by the landlord. The system of farming followed by Mr McCulloch, of having 'no fixed rotation of crops,' is highly objectionable, and Mr Caird, with great propriety, does not commend it; since the farmer who manages so, has no dependence on the amount of crop he may receive any year, and must work according to circumstances, and not on principle, as the unhappy Irish hitherto have done. In this respect, also, Auchness is no example for the country; and, were a regular rotation followed on it, so many potatoes could not be grown, and the profits would be proportionally reduced.

"On the whole, then, I would say that Auchness farming is not generally applicable; and therefore it is useless to proclaim it as an antidote to free competition. For although it is probably true, as Mr Caird says, 'that green crops are likely henceforth to be the main stay of the agriculturists of this country,' yet he must be conscious that he is wrong in recommending, as an example, and as a substitute for protection, the enlarged cultivation of potatoes as a green crop, seeing that their growth has, of late years, been attended with great uncertainty. Is not a mockery, then, to tell us that the main stay against foreign competition should depend upon a peculiarly uncertain crop? Will his pointing to a moss of 30 acres in Wigtonshire, convince the farmers of this

great kingdom, that their future safety, as a class, must entirely depend upon their cultivating such a root on such a soil, in preference to wheat on the fertile loams of glorious old England? I apprehend that such a result is beyond the power of argument."

The non-agricultural reader must pardon us for the insertion of these details. They are necessary for our case, because, if high farming can be made an efficient substitute for protection, we are bound to adopt it, and we should owe a deep debt of gratitude to any one who could point out the way. We are fully alive to the necessity of agricultural enterprise; and, if we thought that our farmers were standing beside their mired waggon, clamorously invoking the assistance of Jupiter, when they should be clapping their own shoulders to the wheel, we would be the first to remonstrate on the heinous folly of their conduct. It is because no amount of personal exertion has been spared, that we seek to enforce their claims according to the utmost of our ability; and, in doing so, we are bound to prove, that no ordinary means which have been suggested for their extrication can be of the smallest avail. Mr Caird has come forward in the character of adviser, and we have stated the opinion of practical men as to the feasibility of his scheme. We have yet more to state, for nature has already denounced his plan far more effectually than opinion. When the county Down farmer visited Auchness in July last, he found more than one-third of the whole farm under potato culture. Upon that crop depended not only the whole profits, but a great deal more. Without the potatoes, there would have been a loss, at a more favourable calculation than his, of £419, on a farm paying only £262 of rent. Since then, we are informed on the best authority, that disease has attacked the potatoes. The highly-manured moss could not preserve from decay, if it did not accelerate it, the uncertain and precarious root. Mr Caird must not quarrel with the penalty he has incurred for having totally misunderstood the nature of the question which is now agitating the public mind. Whilst all others were directing their atten-

tion to cereal produce, he kept his eyes obstinately fixed on a little patch of ground which seemed to give unusual facilities for the growth of the doubtful potato. He never attempted to show that, without potatoes, and an exorbitant growth of that vegetable, high farming could pay at Auchness, even with the important elements of very low rent, and singular liberality on the part of an enthusiastic landlord. He perilled his whole case upon the probable returns of a root which every farmer views with suspicion; and—more than that—his statistics, which he wished to be inferred were of universal application, were only applicable to a few remote and isolated spots in Scotland. The result is, that, with all these advantages, the experiment has failed; and that all the liquid manures, economy of dung, guano stimulants, and so forth, as practised at Auchness, cannot, at present prices of produce, force up so much grain, or feed so much stock, as will nearly pay for the required and inevitable expenses. We pass over all possible mistakes. It may have been matter of delicacy for Mr Caird to have exposed the balance-sheet of his neighbour, or he may have assumed, rather hastily, statistics for which he had meagre warrant. We can allow him a large margin. *Without* potatoes, and such an extent of potato as would be plainly ludicrous if adopted as a general rule, Auchness never could have paid. *With* potatoes, it has failed in the very year wherein Mr Caird has chosen to exhibit it as a universal model.

So much for the only instance of high farming which has been adduced, as an example of its efficacy in superseding the protective system. In justice to Mr McCulloch, whom we believe to be a most intelligent farmer, let it not be thought that we presume to call it empirical. On the contrary, we are convinced that that gentleman has acted with great judgment, suiting his management to the

nature of the ground with which he had to deal; and that he has made as much of it as any man could do under similar circumstances. He was compelled to deal with a precarious crop, and few men could have dealt with it better: still, his method is no example to others differently situated, nor are his results to be taken by them either as matter of warning or of triumph. It is sufficient for us that Auchness farming, successful or not, is peculiar, and cannot be dragged in as a rule or example for the English or the Scottish farmer. We have enough of high farming statistics to lay before our readers, and, therefore, without any further apology, we dismiss the matter of Auchness, as totally inapplicable to the great question at issue.

In order to arrive as nearly as possible at the true state of the case, in so far as Scottish farming is concerned, we put ourselves into communication with two gentlemen, of the highest eminence in their profession. We need scarcely tell our countrymen on this side of the Border, that it would be difficult to find better testimony on such a subject than that of Messrs Watson of Keillor, and Dudgeon of Spylaw; and we apprehend, moreover, that many English agriculturists are fully acquainted with their character and high reputation. Through their kindness we have been furnished with the statistics of farms situated in the fertile grain-growing districts of Forfar and Roxburgh; and the calculations as to the yield, prices, and expenses, were made from their own books. The rent set down is that which is usual in the district for land of the best description, and the tenant's capital is named at an amount which might enable him to develop the full capabilities of the soil. The estimates have been most carefully framed, with the view of avoiding every kind of exaggeration; and they have been gone over by Mr Stephens, who attests their general accuracy. They are as follows:—

No. I.

RETURNS OF PRODUCE from a 500 acre farm in Strathmore, county of Forfar, on a five-shift rotation of crops, with an improved stock of cattle and sheep, on an average of years previous to free trade in corn, cattle, &c.; and COMPARATIVE STATEMENT of what may be calculated upon as the returns

from the same farm under the present legislative measures affecting British agriculture.

Rent of the farm, as fixed for 19 years, assuming former average price of corn and cattle, &c.,	£800	0	0
Invested capital of £6 per acre at entry, £3000. Interest upon this sum, at rate of 10 per cent,	300	0	0
Floating capital of £4 per acre, £2000. Interest thereon, 5 per cent,	100	0	0
Expenses of management, wages, tradesmen's accounts, insurances, grass seeds, &c., at the rate of 20s. per acre per annum,	500	0	0
Annual loss by casualties on live stock by disease and accidents,	100	0	0
Public burdens leviable upon the farmer, including poor-rates,	50	0	0

Sum chargeable against the farm annually, £1850 0 0

To meet this sum there is the produce of 200 acres of corn crop, and the profits on live stock, (the whole grass and green crop being consumed on the farm.)

	Bushels.			
100 acres of oats, producing 48 bushels per acre,	4800			
Off for servants, horses, seed, &c.	2400			
Leaves disposable oats,	2400	at 3s.	£360	0 0
40 acres of spring wheat, producing 32 bushels per acre,	1280			
Off for seed,	160			
Disposable wheat,	1120	at 7s.	392	0 0
60 acres of barley, producing 42 bush. per acre,	2520			
Off for seed and horses, &c.,	500			
Disposable barley,	2020	at 4s.	404	0 0
			£1156	0 0
Profits from live stock, fed upon 200 acres grass, and 100 acres green crop,			800	0 0
Total returns,			£1956	0 0
Leaving annually to the farmer, for his skill and industry, over interest of capital employed, a sum of			£106	0 0
Convert the above disposable produce into money, at the present prices, or rather at what may be fairly calculated upon for future seasons, under a system of free trade, and the following is the result:—				
2400 bushels of oats, at 2s. per bushel,			£240	0 0
1120 bushels of wheat, at 5s. per ditto,			280	0 0
2020 bushels of barley, at 2s. 9d. per ditto,			277	15 0
			£797	15 0
Live stock, (as above, £800,) less 20 per cent on former prices, leaves			640	0 0
Net return,			£1437	15 0
Sum chargeable as above against the farm,			1850	0 0
Leaving the farmer minus, for rent, capital, and expenses of management,			£412	5 0
Total loss annually incurred by difference in price occasioned by free trade,			£518	5 0

HUGH WATSON,
KEILLOR, 1st December 1849.

No. II.

STATEMENT of the average PRODUCE of a farm in a full state of productiveness, managed agreeably to the five-shift course, as usually adopted in the south-eastern Borders of Scotland, where the returns of stock form a very considerable means of remuneration, and the

price of which, of course, is a material element in the calculation as to the rent to be given.

Thus, then, assuming the rent of 500 acres of useful land for this purpose—upon the estimate of the price of grain and stock, as warranted by their value previous to the introduction of the new corn law and tariff—to be, £800 0 0

This farm has been put into good productive condition by means of the tenant's capital, at a cost in draining and lime, (sunk,) of £2500. It is well known that nearly twice this amount has in many instances been thus expended; but we assume this as a fair average on a farm so rented.

Interest upon which sum, to enable him to recover the same during an ordinary lease of from nineteen to twenty-one years, at 10 per cent, £250 0 0

Interest on capital invested in stock, &c., yielding an annual return of £1500, at 5 per cent, 75 0 0

Expenses of management—wages, tradesmen's accounts, extra manures, &c., 550 0 0

Casualties, loss on stock, &c., 50 0 0

Public and Parish Burdens, 45 0 0

£970 0 0

£1770 0 0

To meet this sum, there is the produce of 200 acres of grain, in each year, distributed as follows:—

Acres.	Bushels.	Bushels.	Bushels.
100 Oats, at 48 per acre	4800.	Off seed, horses, and servants,	2420
60 Wheat, 33 ...	1980.	Off seed,	180
40 Barley, 40 ...	1600.	Off seed, servants,	210

Remain disposable, at the prices on which his calculations were founded and warranted by the rates, as is proved, under protection:—

2380 Oats, at 3s.,	£357 0 0
1800 Wheat, at 7s.,	630 0 0
1390 Barley, at 4s.,	278 0 0
	£1265 0 0

Returns upon stock estimated, at prices then current, to yield, 750 0 0

£2015 0 0

Profit—remuneration for tenant's industry and skill,

£245 0 0

The above grain produce yields, at the highest average I feel warranted in assuming, under free trade—

2380 Oats, at 2s.,	£238 0 0
1800 Wheat, at 5s.,	450 0 0
1390 Barley, at 2s. 9d.,	191 0 0
	£879 0 0

In place of, as above, 1265 0 0

£386 0 0

Thus the difference of proceeds of grain crop alone, more than absorbs all the tenant's remuneration, by £141 0 0

JOHN DUDGEON, SPYLAU, 3d December 1849.*

* Since the above statement was drawn up and submitted by us to the consideration of various farmers throughout the country, Mr Dudgeon has requested us to state, that after consultation with several of these gentlemen in his own neighbourhood, (who, he was gratified to find, entirely concurred in the essential particulars of the statement,) he is of opinion that he had deducted rather too small a quantity of oats and barley for seed, according to the average usual in the district. Any alteration which this involves would be a deduction from the tenant's original profit, and an addition to the amount of loss already brought out.

Mr Dudgeon also says—"I omit at present adding to this deficit the depreciation which it may be further estimated will result permanently from the open trade in live stock and cured provisions. But it may be stated that the recent depression in the value of stock from that of late seasons, amounting to at least 15 per cent, shows a farther present loss on the calculated profits of this farm to the extent of £112, 10s."

We addressed the following circular agriculturalists in Scotland, enclosing letter to some of the most eminent copies of the above statements:—

“EDINBURGH, 8th December 1849.

“SIR,—Wishing to publish in our Magazine as accurate a statement as we could obtain of the real condition and prospects of agriculture in Scotland at present, we have for some time been engaged in correspondence on the subject with various gentlemen connected with agricultural pursuits.

“The enclosed statements of the working of a farm, and the quantity and value at present prices of the produce, have been drawn out by Mr Watson, Keiller, Forfarshire, and Mr Dudgeon, Spylaw, near Kelso, assisted by Mr Stephens, author of the “Book of the Farm.”

“At the suggestion of Mr ——— we write to ask whether you will consent to allow us to affix your name to these statements, as attesting their accuracy, to the best of your experience, in farming. If it strikes you that in any of these statements the profits are either over or under estimated, we shall feel greatly obliged by your pointing out where you think the error lies. Any correction you may make we shall submit to the consideration of one or all of the above-mentioned gentlemen, with whose names, as competent judges of the working of a farm, you are probably acquainted.

“We shall feel further obliged by your making any remarks that may occur to you, and stating any facts that have come within your own observation, our only wish being to get as near the truth as may be. The article in the Magazine, into which this attested statement will be introduced, is founded upon the facts that we have been able to gather in the course of somewhat extended inquiries by ourselves, or rather by friends on whose knowledge of agriculture we could safely rely.

“Will you be so good as to send any answer you may think proper to this application, within a week from this date, or sooner if you can, as we have very little time to get everything into order for publication in the January number of our Magazine.—We are,” &c.

The following gentlemen have given us permission to use their names, as attesting the accuracy of these state-

ments, to the best of their experience, in farming:—

*Mid-Lothian—**

THOMAS SADLER, Norton Mains, Ratho.

East-Lothian—

JOHN BRODIE, Abbey Mains, Haddington.

ANDREW HOWDEN, Lawhead, Prestonkirk.

PETER RONALDSON, Moreham Mains, Haddington.

WM. TOD, Elphinstone Tower, Prestonkirk.

Berwickshire—

ROBT. HUNTER, Swinton Quarter, Coldstream.

WM. DOVE, Wark, Coldstream, attests Mr Dudgeon's only.

ROBT. NISBET, Lambden, Greenlaw.

Roxburghshire—

R. B. BOYD, of Cherrytrees, Yetholm.

NICOL MILNE, Faldonside.

WM. BROAD, Clifton Hill, Kelso.

FRED. L. ROY, of Nenthorn, Kelso.

JAMES ROBERTSON, Ladyrig, Kelso.

Fifeshire—

JAMES B. FERNIE, of Kilmux.

JOHN THOMSON, Craigie, Leuchars.

Forfarshire—

ALEXANDER GEEKIE, Baldowie, Coupar-Angus.

DAVID HOOD, Hatton, Glamis.

JAMES ADAMSON, Middle Drums, Brechin.

WM. RUXTON, Farnell, Brechin.

Aberdeenshire—

ROBERT WALKER, Portleithen Mains, Aberdeen.

JOHN HUTCHISON, Monyruey, Peterhead.

ROBT. SIMPSON, Cobairdy, Huntly.

WILLIAM HAY, Tillydesk, Ellon.

WILLIAM M'COMBIE, Tillyfour, Aberdeen.

Elginshire—

PETER BROWN, Liakwood, Elgin.

Kincardineshire—

J. GARLAND, Cairnton.

R. BARCLAY ALLARDYCE, of Ury, Stonehaven.

JAMES FALCONER, Balnakettle, Fettercairn.

* The statistics of Mid-Lothian appear in another page. They are attested by several of the first farmers in the county.

We further subjoin extracts from men, containing remarks or suggestions about the statements:—

"I was favoured with your letter and enclosure of the 8th inst. I have gone carefully over the statements of the working of a farm, and the quantity and value, at present prices, of the produce—all of which appear to me to be fairly stated. I have drawn up a statement of the returns of produce of a 400 acre farm in Mid-Lothian, which, if it meets your approval, you are at liberty to publish along with the others. The prices of the grain which I have assumed are in some instances higher than those of Messrs Dudgeon and Watson; but I think this can be explained, by the farm being situated in the neighbourhood of the best market."—(THOMAS SADLER, Norton Mains, Ratho.)

"I am in receipt of your letter of the 8th current, inclosing statements by various eminent agriculturists, showing the difference between times past and to come for farmers. I perfectly coincide with these gentlemen; and consider their valuation of produce and price to be average and just: although we are not at present realising the prices quoted, yet it is fair that an allowance should be made this year for the full crop wheat."—(ANDREW HOWDEN, Lawhead, Prestonkirk.)

"On looking over the statements you handed me of the comparative value of farm produce, under protection and free-trade prices, as drawn up by Messrs Watson and Dudgeon, my first impression was, that they had fixed the protection price of grain too high; but on taking the average prices of my own sales of the different kinds of grain, as entered in my corn-book, from crop 1827 to that of 1845, I find they are not beyond what I have actually received during that period. The only points in which I differ from these gentlemen's statements are in the rents fixed by them for land yielding the crops they mention, which in my opinion should not be less than 35s. per acre, and £1000 might be taken from the sum put down as necessary for floating capital by Mr Watson; and I think, upon an average of years, that £50 should cover the loss of live stock. These alterations I have suggested would make no material change in the calculations, which, in the main particulars, I hold to be perfectly correct."—(ROBERT NISBET, Lambden, Greenlaw.)

"I have to acknowledge the receipt of your agricultural statements, and have carefully examined them, especially Mr Dudgeon's, as being the one with which I am best acquainted. I have tested its various items, and have found them generally correct, and in agreement with my own practical experience. There is one, however, which I consider too low—viz., the allowance of barley for seed and servants. Mr Dudgeon, I believe, uses a drill-sowing machine, and, by that means, will save about one bushel of seed per acre; but as this mode of sowing has not come into general use, the following is what is commonly found necessary—

	Bushels.
40 acres, at 3 bushels,	120
7 servants, at 18 bushels,	126

—246

From the general accuracy of the statement, I have no hesitation in consenting to the use of my name in connexion with it."—(WILLIAM BROAD, Clifton Hill, Kelse.)

"Having for several years farmed land in the vicinity of Kelse, and of a description somewhat similar to that described by Mr Dudgeon, Spylaw, I beg to say that I agree essentially with the statement subscribed by him. It exhibits, in my opinion, a fair estimate of the returns of such a farm when in good condition, and of the necessary expenses attending the working and keeping it in good order. In many cases, a much larger sum has been expended in improvements, but that would probably make no great difference in the result; for while the occupier would have a larger sunk capital to draw out of the land, he would probably have a smaller rent to pay. I may remark, that even where land has been thoroughly drained, or does not require it, there is usually a large sum sunk at the commencement of a lease in liming, for I consider that almost all land in this district would require to be limed during the currency of a lease, in order to yield full crops."—(FRED. L. ROY, Nenthorn, Kelse.)

"I think Mr Dudgeon makes too little allowance for stock and insurance, (£50.) Mr Watson's allows double, (£100,) which is low enough. Some of my neighbours here have lost from £200 to £800 by pleuro-pneumonia upon cattle alone, independent of other stock. I also think they are both wrong in the average quantity of grain grown. It may be done upon a farm of good land, in high condition, but—I mean taking a whole county—it is, I think, above the mark. For example, 1836, 1837, 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, being six years running, with as fine appearance of wheat as I ever grew, I did not average twenty-six bushels per acre, weighing 64 lb. to 65 lb. per imperial bushel, in these six years. I considered my loss equal to 2000 bolls wheat below a fair crop, all in consequence of the fly."—(JOHN THOMSON, Craigie, Leuchars.)

"I have carefully looked over Mr Watson's statement, and I think that his calculations are very correct, and agree entirely with my experience, except in regard to the profits upon stock, which I think he has rather overrated, as the price of stock is falling every week. I do not think it necessary, however, to make out a separate statement."—(DAVID HOOD, Hatton, Glamis.)

"In reply to yours of the 8th instant, requesting my opinion as to the accuracy of the statements in your enclosed proof-sheet, I have to state that, after mature consideration, I generally concur with the statement drawn by Mr Watson as to the results; though, I think, that as a deduction of £20 per cent on the profits of live-stock has been made in the free-trade account, a like percentage should be deducted from the amount stated for casualties in the charge, thus making the loss under free trade £20 less. It also appears to me, that both the capital invested, and the amount received for crop and stock, are considerably beyond the average of farming capital and proceeds in Strathmore and the eastern district of Forfarshire; but as the statement is headed as "under the improved system of agriculture," of course the amounts must be different, and therefore are acceded to.

"It may be remarked, that the depreciation of £20 per cent on the value of live-stock, which has taken place this year, ought only to be deducted from the average of the last ten or twelve years, as the present prices might be considered equal to what we had been receiving previously to the opening up the southern markets.

"In my own case, the rent is considerably lower than that assumed, as I occupy a large proportion of unequal, inferior soil, which I have drained at my own expense; and, in order to raise the same quantity of grain per acre as mentioned in the statement, I have hitherto had to pay at least £100 more for manure than what seems to be allowed for under the title 'expenses of management.'"—(WILLIAM RUXTON, Farnell, Brechin.)

"I received yours of the 8th, with the enclosed statements regarding the prospects of agriculture, and as this was a ploughing-match day, (the Buchan district,) I deferred writing you until I should also show it to several experienced farmers for their opinions, and we all consider the statements as near as may be correct."—(JOHN HUTCHISON, Monyruy, Peterhead.)

"I have examined minutely the statements drawn up by Messrs Watson and Dudgeon, and have compared them with some calculations that I had previously made myself, and have no hesitation in allowing my name to be affixed to them as attesting their accuracy, in so far as my knowledge of the localities in which they are drawn up leads me to be a judge. Had I had time, I should have liked to have furnished you with a similar comparative statement of the difference likely to be made by free trade in our more northern climate, where we cannot raise the same quality of grain, and where little or no wheat is grown, and I am much afraid it would not have been so favourable to farmers as Messrs Watson and Dudgeon's are. The average price of what has been sold of this year's crop, in the counties of Aberdeen and Banff, is not more, I am sure, than 1s. 8d. per bushel for oats, and 2s. 6d. for bear or barley."—(ROBERT SIMPSON, Cobairdy, Huntly.)

"As to the statements of Messrs Watson and Dudgeon, the items appear to me, on the whole, to be fairly put. My only difficulty is in regard to the £3000 put down in Mr Watson's statement as invested capital. I presume, however, he includes in this draining and lime sunk, machinery, implements, horses, &c.; and, considering the valuable breed of cattle and sheep on the Keillor Farm, I would not regard £5000 as at all too large an estimate for capital of both kinds. As to the considerable difference in profits shown in Nos. I. and II., that might be accounted for in many ways. In 500-acre farms, with equal management and a like rent, greater differences will be induced by variations in the soil and climate alone.

"On the presumption above stated, as to what Mr Watson means by invested capital, I have no difficulty in allowing you to affix my name, as attesting, to the best of my knowledge, the substantial accuracy of statements Nos. I. and II."—(WILLIAM M'COMBIE, Tillyfour, Aberdeen.)

"I have gone over the respective statements with much care and anxiety, and have compared the different items entered to the debit and credit of the farm by both gentlemen with my own experience in such matters, and, on the whole, I have no hesitation in pronouncing them as nearly correct as, under the circumstances, they could be framed. Were I to draw up a statement of a farm of the like extent in this county, I believe the result would be still *less favourable* for the farmer, because if we have such returns as are stated by Messrs Watson and Dudgeon, we obtain them by the application to our land of a larger quantity of foreign manure than those gentlemen seem to use."—(PETER BROWN, Linkwood, Elgin.)

Some of the gentlemen to whom we wrote, whilst entirely concurring in the estimates of Messrs Watson and Dudgeon, have not authorised us to affix their names. Only three gentlemen, out of nearly fifty, have refused their assent on the ground of difference of opinion. The most important objection specified by any of them was, that the prices of grain assumed in No. II., as having been received before protection was withdrawn, were *higher* than those warranted by the fiars' prices of the county. Such were, however, the actual prices received in those years by Mr Dudgeon; and the reader is requested to refer to the extract from Mr Nisbet of Lamb-

den's letter for a corroboration as to that point. That there should be some difference of opinion is only natural, when the variations of soil, climate, and locality are considered; but we think it will generally be admitted, that the ordeal to which these estimates have been exposed, without exciting more challenge than we have just noticed, is a tolerably convincing proof of their general accuracy.

The receipt of these statements has induced several gentlemen, in different parts of the country, to draw up further estimates of the working of farms in their own districts, and these documents we now proceed to lay before our readers—

No. III.

STATEMENT OF INCOME and EXPENDITURE on an Aberdeenshire farm of the ordinary description, taking the value of produce at an average of a series of years—say 19—previously to the late alteration of the law in relation to the importation of corn and cattle.—Extent, 250 acres.

ANNUAL EXPENDITURE.

Rent of a farm of 250 acres imperial, at £1, 1s. per acre,	£262	10	0
Invested capital, £1000—interest at 10 per cent,	100	0	0
Floating capital, in stock, &c., £1800—interest at 5 per cent,	90	0	0
Servants' wages, per annum,	129	0	0
Day-labourers' wages, &c.,	15	0	0
Rye-grass and clover seeds,	20	0	0
Tradesmen's accounts,	50	0	0
Public burdens,	15	0	0
Casual losses of stock, and partial insurance,	40	0	0
Expenses in driving grain and extraneous manures, in the shape of tolls, &c., with necessary expenses at markets,	20	0	0
Total expenditure,	£741	10	0

ANNUAL INCOME.

250 acres, on the five-course rotation :—

In oats—80 acres, at 6 qrs. per acre, 480 qrs.

Deduct for seed, 60 qrs.

Do. for horses, meal, &c., 120 „

180 „

Oats to be disposed of, 300 qrs. at 21s. = £315 0 0

In barley—20 acres, at 5½ qrs. per acre, 110 qrs.

Deduct for seed, malt, &c., 15 „

Barley to be disposed of, 95 qrs. at 29s. = 137 15 0

Realised from cattle fed on 100 acres of grass and

50 acres of turnips, 400 0 0

Total income, 852 15 0

Profit—or return for labour, skill, and risk of capital, £111 5 0

INCOME UNDER FREE-TRADE PRICES.

Oats, 300 quarters, at 14s. per quarter, £210 0 0

Barley, 95 quarters, at 20s. per quarter, 95 0 0

And—on the supposition that no reduction of the price of fat cattle is to take place on account of the free importation of foreign animals—let us take the receipts from cattle fed on the gross and turnips as above, viz., 400 0 0

Total income under free-trade prices of grain, £705 0 0

	Brought forward,	£705 0 0
Expenditure as above, viz.,	.	741 10 0
Loss per annum,	.	£36 10 0
Or, adding former profit, viz. as above,	.	111 5 0
Total loss, on grain alone, by free trade,	.	£147 15 0

I consider the above a fair statement of the expenditure and income on a farm in the lower district of Aberdeenshire, under former and under present circumstances. It will be observed that no wheat is grown; but the soil is well adapted for the rearing and feeding of cattle, and from this source the Aberdeenshire farmer expects to derive a large proportion of his returns. In the comparison, reference is had solely to the fall in the price of the kinds of grain cultivated. Whatever decline in the price of fat cattle may arise from free trade, will fall heavily on the farmers of this district; and the reduction of income thus occasioned will, of course, add to the amount of loss shown above.

JAMES HAY,

LITTLE YTHSIE, 13th December 1849.

Having lately had an opportunity of examining a number of *actual accounts* of income and expenditure on various farms, I can confirm the substantial accuracy and fairness of the above statements, Nos. I and II. Mr Hay's statement above, referring to the system of agriculture with which, in this part of the country, we are most conversant, may, in my humble opinion, be regarded as fair and just, and as near the average that a comparison of a number of individual cases would indicate, as it can be made.

I am sensible that, in many cases of calculations—more especially in those in which certain assumptions have to be made—it is quite possible, even with a show of fairness, to bring out by means of figures almost any result that may be desired; but it is to be observed that, in the above statements, the *same* assumptions (if they can be regarded as such) are made on both sides of the comparison, with the exception of the prices at which agricultural produce is taken; and it is submitted with confidence that these are neither made higher in the one case, nor lower in the other, than experience warrants.

W. HAY,

TILLYDESK, 14th December 1849.

No. IV.

ESTIMATED VALUE of the produce upon a farm in Roxburghshire of 500 acres, managed according to the five-shift rotation, thus:—

200 acres of corn crop.

200 „ of grass.

100 „ of turnips.

500

It is here assumed that there are no local advantages, the whole green crops being consumed upon the farm by sheep and cattle.

I. PRODUCE OF CORN CROPS.

	Bush.	Bush.	Bush.
Oats, 100 acres, at 48, = 4800, off 2400, leaves for sale, 2400			
Wheat, 60 „ at 38, = 1980, off 180, „			1800
Barley, 40 „ at 42, = 1680, off 340, „			1340
<i>Average Value during the ten years preceeding Crop 1848.</i>			
2400 bushels of oats, at 3s.,	.	.	£360
1800 „ of wheat, at 7s.,	.	.	630
1340 „ of barley, at 4s.,	.	.	268
			1258 0 0
Value of grass and turnips,	.	.	500 0 0
Total amount of produce sold,	.	.	£2058 0 0

	Brought forward,	2058	0	0
<i>Expenses and Rent—</i>				
Annual charges for wages and tradesmen's bills, &c.,	£400	0	0	
Public and parish burdens,	45	0	0	
Annual outlay for extra manures,	150	0	0	
	£595	0	0	
Capital sunk upon improvements, £2500, at 10 per cent,	250	0	0	
Value of stock and crop, forming a floating capital of £2000,				
at 5 per cent per annum,	100	0	0	
Insurance of stock against deaths and other casualties,	50	0	0	
		995	0	0
		£1063	0	0
Rent,		800	0	0
Tenant's profit,		£263	0	0

ESTIMATED VALUE of the same amount of produce at the present rate of prices:—

2400 bushels of oats, at 2s.,	.	.	.	.	£240	0	0
1800 " of wheat, at 5s.,	.	.	.	.	450	0	0
1340 " of barley, at 2s. 9d.,	.	.	.	.	214	5	0
Value of grass and turnips,	.	.	.	.		£904	5 0
						700	0 0
Total amount of produce,						£1604	5 0
Amount of expenses, as above,						995	0 0
						£609	5 0
Rent,	.	.	.	.		800	0 0
Tenant's loss,	.					£191	15 0
Value of produce by 1st estimate,	.	.	.	.	.	£2118	0 0
Do. by 2d do.,	.	.	.	.	.	1615	10 0
						£502	10 0

The total amount of capital invested is £4500, of which £2500 is sunk upon improvements. According to the first estimate, the annual return, exclusive of 5 per cent per annum for repayment of the sum sunk, would be £548, or at the rate of about 12½ per cent. According to the second estimate, the annual return would be £45, 10s., or at the rate of about 1 per cent per annum upon the same sum.

I shall be glad to allow my name to be affixed to Mr Dudgeon's statement, as attesting, in so far as my experience goes, the accuracy of it.

My estimates and his very nearly correspond; but as every one has his own method of making up such statements, I take the liberty of handing along with it this detail of my own.

In all, excepting in regard to the value of live stock, or produce of grass and turnips, we nearly agree; and this difference may be accounted for, because no part of farm produce varies so much in its return as that of the live stock. Upon such a farm as that which is taken as an example, sheep and cattle are not wholly reared upon the farm, but part are bought in to fatten; hence the returns depend upon three circumstances,—1st, upon the crops of turnips and grass being less or more abundant; 2d, upon the price of lean stock; and, 3d, upon the price of fat. While, therefore, the butcher market may be very high, the feeder may not necessarily be well paid,—and hence, in making up returns under this head, a correct average is not easily ascertained; and as there must always be a difference of opinion among practical men upon this part of the subject, I think, for publication, Mr Dudgeon's method of stating the returns in *one sum* is preferable to giving them in detail.

JAS. ROBERTON,
LADYBAG, 13th Dec. 18

No. V.

STATEMENT of the ANNUAL CHARGE against, and RETURNS from, a 400 imperial acre Farm in Mid-Lothian—on an average of ten years previous to free trade in corn and cattle ;—with a comparative statement of the RETURNS of Produce from the same farm under the present free-trade measures affecting agriculture. The farm alluded to is managed on the four-course shift—the whole straw, turnips, and clover being consumed on it, and an average number of stock fattened.

Rent of farm, 400 acres at 45s. per acre,	£900	0	0
Interest on sunk and floating capital,	240	0	0
Expenses of management, wages, tradesmen's accounts, extra manures, grass and clover seeds, and miscellaneous expenses,	817	0	0
Casualties in stock, and fire insurance,	40	0	0
Public and parish burdens,	40	0	0
Total yearly charge,	£2037	0	0

To meet this sum there is the produce of 230 acres corn crop, 10 acres potatoes, and the profits from live stock as follows:—

100 acres oats, at 48 bushels per imperial acre,	4800		
Less for seed, servants' meal, and horses,	2004		
Leaving for sale,	2796	at 3s. 3d.,	£454 7 0
70 acres wheat, at 32 bushels per acre,	2240		
Less for seed,	220		
Leaving for sale,	2020	at 7s.,	707 0 0
30 acres barley, at 48 bushels per acre,	1440		
Less for seed,	100		
Leaving for sale,	1340	at 4s.,	268 0 0
30 acres beans, at 40 bushels per acre,	1200		
Less for seed,	110		
Leaving for sale,	1090	at 4s. 6d.,	245 5 0
Produce of 10 acres potatoes, after deducting seed,	100	0	0
Profits from live stock fed upon 60 acres turnips and 100 acres grass,	550	0	0
Total return,	£2324	12	0
Profit,		2324	12 0
		£287	12 0
The like quantities of disposable grain, taken at the present prices, fetch as follows:—			
2796 bushels oats, @ 2s. 4d.,	£326	4	0
2020 ... wheat, @ 4s. 9d.,	479	15	0
1340 ... barley, @ 3s. 0d.,	201	0	0
1090 ... beans, @ 3s. 3d.,	177	12	6
10 acres potatoes,	100	0	0
Add profits from live stock,	550	0	0
Total returns,	£1834	11	6
Sum chargeable as above against the farm,	2037	0	0
	202	8	6
Leaving the farmer short, for rent, capital, and expenses of management,		202	8 6
Total loss annually incurred,	£490	0	6

THOs. SADLER,
NORTON MAINS, 14th December 1849.

No. VI.

VALUATION OF PRODUCE, AND EXPENSE OF MANAGEMENT of a Farm of 320 Scots acres, situated within five miles of Edinburgh, on an average of seven years previous to potato failure in 1846, and farmed according to the four-shift rotation, the straw being sold in Edinburgh, and dung bought. The produce is a fair average of the best-managed farms within five miles of Edinburgh, during the period from which the average is taken. The prices noted are what were realised, being about 3s. 6d. per qr. above the average prices of the county, and the expense of management charged is what was actually paid.

Acres.	£	s.	d.
50 Potatoes, at £17 per acre,	850	0	0
30 Turnip, at £16 per do.,	480	0	0
50 Wheat, 5 qrs. per acre, at 58s. per qr.,	725	0	0
30 Barley, 7 do. do., at 34s. do.,	357	0	0
50 Pasture, let at £4 per Scots acre,	200	0	0
30 Hay, at £7 per do.,	210	0	0
80 Oats, 7½ qrs. per acre, at 26s. per qr.,	780	0	0
320			
Produce of straw sold,	450	0	0
Manure made on the farm from horses, &c.,	80	0	0
Value of produce,	4132	0	0
Expense of management,	4025	17	6
Profit,	£106	2	6

[We ought, perhaps, to explain that this case is peculiar. It is that of a first-class farm in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, attested by men of the same standing as its tenant, and similarly situated; the average of the produce is very high, and the rent corresponding. Mr Gibson, the tenant farmer, has taken the details of the following statement from his books; so that it becomes of much value, as showing the statistics of farming in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis of Scotland. In estimating the productiveness of this farm by the extent of the yield, our English readers must bear in mind, that it is divided by the Scots and not the imperial acre as in the other estimates, the former being one-fifth larger. It will be allowed, on all hands, that the yield of this farm is extraordinary.]

Acres.	£	s.	d.
50 Potatoes, at £2 per Scots acre,	100	0	0
30 Turnip, at 4s. per do.,	6	0	0
50 Wheat, 23 qrs. at 60s.,	69	0	0
30 Barley, 14 qrs. at 35s.,	24	10	0
50 Pasture, at 17s. per acre,	42	10	0
30 Hay, at 15s. per do.,	22	10	0
80 Oats, at 40 qrs. at 28s.,	56	0	0
320			
50 acres potatoes, 34 tons per acre, horse and cow manure driven from Edinburgh, at 6s. per ton,	510	0	0
30 acres turnip, 30 tons do., at 4s. per ton,	180	0	0
Keep of 15 horses, at £28 per annum,	420	0	0
Do. of 1 riding horse, do.,	28	0	0
Wages of farm overseer, per annum,	32	0	0
Do. 8 ploughmen, at £27 per do.,	216	0	0
Do. 2 labourers at 10s., and 1 boy at 5s. per week,	65	0	0
Outdoor women-workers per annum,	165	0	0
Reaping 160 acres corn crop, at 12s. per acre,	96	0	0
Wages of extra men securing crop,	13	0	0
Cutting 30 acres hay, at 3s. 9d.,	5	12	6
Cutting hedges, and keeping fences, gates, and houses in repair,	10	0	0
Smith work, per annum,	35	0	0
Carpenter work, do.,	22	0	0
Veterinary surgeon, do.,	7	0	0
Saddler work, do.,	17	0	0
Millwright, engineer, mason, and slater's accounts,	10	0	0
Coals for steam-engine, and steaming and bruising horse food,	12	0	0
Annual loss on live and dead stock, from death and tear and wear,	90	0	0
Tolls, custom, and marketing expenses,	25	0	0
Insurance,	6	0	0
Poor-rates and statute-labour, previous to passing of New Poor Law,	30	17	0
Assessed taxes and income tax,	19	18	0
Interest on £1500 capital, sunk in permanent improvements, at 10 per cent,	150	0	0
Interest on floating capital of £2000, at 5 per cent,	100	0	0
Rent of 320 Scots acres, at £4 10s. per acre,	1440	0	0
Expense of management,	£402		

VALUATION OF PRODUCE AND EXPENSES OF MANAGEMENT of the same Farm, for Crop 1849: as the Wheat crop is considered to be the best we have had in the district since 1835, every allowance is made for this in estimating the produce. The Oat, Barley, and Bean crops are under an average, but are charged at average quantities; the prices noted are what are being realised. In the expense of management full allowance is made in every item affected by present prices, except the seed, which is charged as paid for at seed time: had it been charged at present prices, there would fall to be deducted from expense of management a sum of £28.

Acres.		Acres.	
25	Potatoes, supposing them to be sound, at £20, 500 0 0	25	Potatoes, at £4 per Scots acre, 100 0 0
35	Turnips, at £14, 490 0 0	35	Turnips, at 5s. per acre, 8 15 0
20	Beans, 5 qrs. per acre, at 26s. per qr., 130 0 0	20	Beans, 12½ qrs., at 34s., per qr., price at seed time, 21 5 0
45	Wheat, 6 qrs. per acre, at 38s. per qr., 513 0 0	45	Wheat, 20 qrs., at 62s., do., 62 0 0
35	Barley, 7 qrs. per acre, at 23s. per qr., 281 15 0	35	Barley, 17½ qrs., at 33s., do., 28 17 6
50	Pasture, let at £4 per acre, 200 0 0	50	Pasture, at 14s. per acre, do., 35 0 0
30	Hay, at £5, 10s. per acre, 165 0 0	30	Hay, at 12s. do., do., 18 0 0
80	Oats, 7½ qrs. per acre, at 18s. per qr., 540 0 0	80	Oats, 40 qrs., at 22s. per qr., do., 44 0 0
320		320	
	Produce of straw, sold at present prices, 400 0 0		25 acres potatoes, 30 tons per acre, horse and cow manure, driven from Edinburgh, at 5s. per ton, 187 10 0
	Manure made on the Farm, 70 0 0		20 acres beans, 20 tons manure per acre, at 5s. per ton, 100 0 0
	Value of Produce, £3,289 15 0		35 acres turnips, 25 tons do., at 3s. 6d. per ton, 153 2 6
	Expense of Management, 3,786 14 0		Guano and other extra manures applied to turnip, potato, and other crops, 125 0 0
	Loss, £496 19 0		Keep of 15 horses, at £22 per annum, 330 0 0
	Annual Profit previous to 1846, £106 2 6		Keep of 1 riding horse, do., 22 0 0
	Loss incurred by difference of price under free-trade, £608 1 6		Wages of farm overseer, per annum, 30 0 0
			Do. 8 ploughmen, at £25 per do., 200 0 0
			Do. 2 labourers, at 9s. each, and 1 boy 5s. per week, 59 16 0
			Outdoor women workers, per annum, 165 0 0
			Reaping 160 acres corn crop, at 10s. 6d. per acre, 84 0 0
			Wages of extra men securing crop, 12 0 0
			Cutting 30 acres hay, at 3s. per acre, 4 10 0
			Cutting hedges, and keeping fences, gates, and houses in repair, 10 0 0
			Smith work, per annum, 35 0 0
			Carpenter's work, do., 22 0 0
			Veterinary surgeon, do., 7 0 0
			Saddler work, do., 17 0 0
			Millwright, engineer, mason, and slater's accounts, 10 0 0
			Coals for steam engine, and steaming and bruising horses' food, 10 0 0
			Annual loss on live and dead stock, from death and tear and wear, 90 0 0
			Tolls, custom, and marketing expenses, 25 0 0
			Insurance, 6 0 0
			Poor rates and statute labour under New Poor Law, 54 0 0
			Assessed taxes and income tax, 19 18 0
			Interest on £1500 capital, sunk in permanent improvements, at 10 per cent, 150 0 0
			Interest on floating capital of £2000, at 5 per cent, 100 0 0
			Rent of 320 acres, at £4, 10s. per acre, 1,440 0 0
			Expenses of Management, £3,786 14 0

JOHN GIBSON,

WOOLMET, 18th December 1849.

{ JOHN FINNIE, Swanston.

Attested by { GEORGE WATSON, Libberton Mains.

{ ALEXANDER SCOTT, Craiglockhart.

Let those who believe that, by high farming, the soil can be stimulated so as to produce enormously augmented crops, at a large additional profit, consider the above statistics well. **THEY ARE THE STATISTICS OF THE VERY HIGHEST FARMING IN SCOTLAND.** The English agriculturist has been taunted for his backwardness in not adopting the improvements of his northern neighbour, who, with a worse climate, has made the most of the soil. Such has been the language used by some of the advocates and apologists of free trade, who are now urging the farmer to lay out more capital in draining and manures—assuring him that, by doing so, the returns will far exceed the interest of the outlay. With a fine disregard for the elements of arithmetic, they insist that low prices can in no way interfere with his success, and that only exertion and enterprise are wanting to raise him above the reach of foreign competition. The above tables exhibit the experiment, worked out to its highest point. In these cases capital has been liberally expended, energy tasked to the utmost, and every means, which science can devise or experience suggest, called into active operation. The farmers of Mid-Lothian, Berwickshire and Forfarshire may fairly challenge the world in point of professional attainments. They have done all that man can do, and here is the reward of their toil.

Supposing, then, that hereafter the permanent price of wheat were to be 40s. a quarter; that other cereal produce remained at corresponding rates; and that the value of live stock did not diminish—points, upon all of which we are truly more than sceptical—it will follow that high farming, such as is at present practised in the best agricultural districts of Scotland, cannot by possibility be carried on. No possible reduction of rent would suffice to enable the farmer to continue his competition. Such a fall must necessarily have the effect of annihilating one of the two classes; for the landlord, burdened as he is, would cease to draw the means of maintenance from his estate, and it is questionable whether the residue would suffice to pay the interest of the mortgages and preferable burdens.

To the people of Scotland this is the most vital question that has engaged their attention since the Union. Our national prosperity does not depend upon manufactures to the same degree as that of England. By far the greater portion of our wealth arises directly from the soil: by far the larger number of our population depend upon that for their subsistence. Even if Manchester statistics were applicable to England, the case is different here. If the prices of agricultural produce should continue as low as at present—and we cannot see what chance exists of their rising, in the face of such a tremendous import—the effect upon this country must be disastrous. Such prices would reduce Scotland, at one fell swoop, to the condition of Ireland: paralyse the home market for manufactures; throw hundreds of thousands out of employment; lower the revenue; augment the poor-rates; and utterly disorganise society. And yet what help for it? The farmer cannot be expected to pay for the privilege of losing several hundreds per annum by cultivation. Let Mr Watson's statement be examined, and it will appear that the enterprising and skilful tenant of a farm of five hundred acres, in the best corn district of Forfar, cannot clear his expenses unless the rent of the land is reduced by one-half, and, even if that were done, he could only realise a profit of sixpence per acre! Such a result, we fairly allow, would appear, at first sight, to be incredible; yet there it is—vouched for by men of name, character, and high reputation. This is the extreme case; but, if we pass to Berwickshire, we shall find that a reduction of half the rent would barely place the tenant in the same position which he occupied previous to the withdrawal of protection. Look at No. IV., and the result will appear worse. Even were one half of the rent remitted, the profits of the tenants, at present prices, would be less by £100 than they were at the former rates of corn. Very nearly the same results will be brought out, if we calculate the necessary reductions on the rents of the Mid-Lothian farms. Lord Kinnaid may see in those tables the fate which is in store for him; and he cannot hope to escape it long, even by

inserting, in his new leases, the most stringent stipulations as to money payments which legal ingenuity can devise. It is just possible that "men of business habits," retired shopkeepers, and others of that class, may be coaxed and persuaded into trying their hands at a trade of which they know literally nothing. They may be incautious enough to put their names to covenants, not conceived according to Mr Caird's liberal principle, and so pledge their capital for the fulfilment of a bargain which common sense declares, and experience proves, to be preposterous. The necessary consequence will be, that the rent must be paid out of capital, a process which cannot last long; and the unhappy speculator, as he finds his earnings disappearing, will curse the hour when he yielded to the delusion, that high farming must be profitable in spite of the variations of price. The poor seamstress, who weekly turns out of hand her augmented number of improved shirts—and who lately, though on exceedingly erroneous principles, has found a warm advocate in the kind-hearted Mr Sydney Herbert—has, in her own way, tested the value of the experiment. There is more cotton to be shaped, and more work to be done, but the prices continue to fall. She makes two additional shirts, but she receives nothing for the additional labour, because the remuneration for each is beaten down. The free-trade tariffs are the cause of her distress, but the unfortunate creature is not learned in statistics, and therefore does not understand the source of her present misery. No more, probably, do the female population of the Orkney islands, whom Sir Robert Peel reduced to penury some years ago, by a single stroke of his pen, through the article of straw-plait. From Lerwick to the Scilly Isles, the poor industrious classes were made the earliest victims. The tiller of the land is liable to the operation of the same rules. By the outlay of capital, he forces an additional crop, but, the value of produce having fallen, his returns, estimated in money, are just the same as before. If the maintenance of rents throughout the United Kingdom depends simply upon the supply of dupes, we are afraid that

the Whig landlords will speedily find themselves in a sorry case.

We by no means wish to treat this question as if Scotland alone were concerned. The English agriculturist, who knows that strict economy is the rule in northern farming, will readily acknowledge that our observations have even greater force when applied to his own case. It would have been presumption in us, had we passed beyond the limits of our own field of illustration, which, however, will bear comparison with any other. On the whole, we think it will hardly be questioned, that, if high farming in the Lothians or on the Border is a losing trade, it cannot be made profitable elsewhere within the boundaries of Britain.

We are told that this is a landlord's question; and we find Messrs Bright and Cobden, with more than their usual malignity, chuckling over the prospects of the downfall of a class which they honour with their rancorous hatred. They do not affect to disguise the pleasure which they derive from knowing that, at this moment, the rents are being paid from the farmer's capital; and, so far, they bear important testimony to the truth of the calculations we have submitted. It is not our business at present to diverge into ethics, else we might be tempted to hazard a few observations on the brutal and un-British spirit which pervades the whole of their late harangues. All that we shall do now is to remark that they are trying, by every means in their power, to persuade the tenantry of Britain that this is a mere landlords' question; and we are bound to confess, that such writers as Lord Kinnaird have materially contributed towards fostering this delusion. A very little consideration, however, will show the utter fallacy of such an opinion; and we feel convinced that the good sense of the tenantry of Scotland will interfere to prevent them from being led astray by the devices of their inveterate enemies.

So far as we can gather from the opinions enunciated by the leaders of the Manchester school, at their late gatherings, their view resolves itself into this. Abolish the rents, and agriculture will go on as before. Little argument is necessary to show, that the

proposition, even were it admitted, is by no means in favour of the farmer.

Our excellent contemporary, *The Standard*, has already disposed of it in a single sentence:—*Wipe off the rents, and you wipe away the class which heretofore has paid the rents.* Mr Bright would fain attempt to persuade the farmers that they are altogether independent of the landlords, and that no suffering can reach them. Have then the landlords, in most instances, expended nothing on the soil? Their outlay does not appear in balance sheets, however large may be its amount; but, were that outlay added to the farmer's expenditure of capital, there can be no doubt that, even without rent, at present prices, farming would be otherwise than profitable. But did it never strike Mr Bright that, failing rents, the landlords must necessarily take their farms into their own hands, as indeed has occurred already in several districts of the country? We presume he does not contemplate a quiet confiscation of estates—if he does, confiscation will not stop there. We suppose the owner must still have the option of keeping his property; and if so, as he will derive no profit from it in the shape of rent, he must either farm it himself, or act as labourer on wages under a farmer. We apprehend there can be little doubt as to the course he will take, when driven to such an extremity. As a body, tenant-farmers will cease to exist. They may go to Poland if they please, and employ their practical skill, and such remnant of capital as they can save from the wreck of their fortunes, in the patriotic task of growing wheat cheaper than before, for the British manufacturing market; but in this country there will be no longer any room for them. We shall be thankful to know if any course more feasible can be suggested; but indeed ingenuity seems to be at fault, and the Free-traders hardly affect to conceal their conviction that such must be the result. The following extract from a leading article in the *Times* of 6th December, will show the views entertained by that very influential journal.

“If any landowners or tenants are thoroughly persuaded that, under the operation of free trade, land will yield no

rent to the owner, or no profit to the farmer, let them dispose of their land or their farms. The whole world lies before them. The funds, the share-market, trades and manufactures innumerable and new ones every day, the colonies, the United States, the Antipodes, Europe, and literally the whole surface of the globe, is open to the enterprise of wealthy or ingenious men. Those who regard an English landlord or yeoman as an animal to be kept in a hothouse will think this very cruel advice, but it is advice which nine-tenths of our fellow-subjects have to follow, at least once in their lives. The law of change is impressed on the whole face of society. Man improves by being transplanted to new soils, and grafted on new stocks. Why should not the heroic qualities of our gentry be employed in the improvement of the world, and in the spread of civilisation, religion, and manners? Why should not the skill of our farmers be turned to account in making the whole earth bring forth its full produce? As it happens, there are no classes actually concerned in the material and operations of industry who can change their place with so little difficulty or cost as the owners and cultivators of the soil. The landowner can sell his estate, and buy another, or invest the money in the funds, any day he pleases. The tenant can dispose of his lease and his stock without much sacrifice. Can an attorney, a physician or surgeon, a beneficed clergyman, a merchant, a retail shopkeeper, or, indeed, any commercial or professional person, change his locality ten miles without sacrificing at least 30 or 50 per cent of his present income? Yet many such are obliged to migrate, and resign present income, besides all the other losses involved in a move, in the mere hope of ultimately improving their condition. As for our agricultural labourers, who, we are often told, are the staple of our population, for many years the whole force and pressure of our social institutions has been applied to compel their migration. Landlord, tenant, parson, overseer, and even a man's own fellow-labourers, are all in a conspiracy to elbow him out of the crowd, and the sooner he yields to that pressure the better. Why, then, should it be thought a hard thing to give the same advice to the landowner and the farmer?”

So write the Free-traders, and we wish them joy of their argument. Henceforth, then, we ought to abandon all foolish scruples connected with home, and kindred, and country—all national considerations, all the ties and common feelings that

hitherto have held Englishmen together ! Truly, the cause which requires such advocacy as this must be in a desperate condition. Such language however, extravagant and puerile as it is, has some extrinsic value ; for it shows us the utter selfishness and entire disregard of the Free-traders for every other interest in Britain except their own.

We shall probably be told that we are alarmists. It is no new charge against us. The same thing was said when we denounced the policy of government towards the West Indian interest, and also when we foreshadowed the commercial crisis which overtook us in 1847. One exception may be taken to our agricultural views, on the ground that farms have been let in Scotland without any diminution of rent. We allow that such is the case. We admit that, even during the bygone year, there has been considerable competition for farms ; and we know very well that this circumstance has tended to allay the fears of many. But, after all, what does it prove ? Nothing more, we apprehend, than that the farmer is most reluctant to abandon the profession to which he has been bred, and in which his capital is invested ; and that, in times of notoriously unsettled and vacillating legislation, he may be, perhaps, too sanguine as to the possibility of another change. The fact that some farms, in various parts of the country, have, of late, brought full and even higher rents, is not enough to warrant the idea that present engagements can be met. It does not follow that these will continue to be paid ; nor do the parties themselves, we presume, expect to be able to fulfil their engagements, if future prices are such as we have felt constrained to reckon them. We have seen of late, in other matters, how easily people are deceived by sanguine anticipations ; and it has recently been lamentably proved, that it is often long before disastrous events produce their due effect in indicating true value. If, in the less intricate matter of railway speculations, we have seen men who boasted of their superior information, involving themselves in the downward course of these unfortunate concerns, under the idea that the turning-point of depression

had been attained, and that golden profits might be realised, is it marvellous if the farmer should be deceived in a matter which has been so much mystified, and which his predilections and peculiar position, in most instances, will not admit of his viewing calmly and dispassionately, even if he possessed the means of correct information ? His education and habits compel him to endeavour to continue his occupation at all hazards. If once he abandon his calling, he is out of a situation as well as a home. It often happens, besides, and now it is peculiarly the case, that, to dispose of his stocking—a necessity incumbent upon the loss of his farm—is to make a sacrifice of his property. At present, live stock is from 15 to 20 per cent under what he has been in the habit of receiving for the last few years. Hence, upon such a vexed question as the effects of the corn laws, modified and free, have become, it is only natural that, in his doubt, and darkness, and perplexity, he should stretch a point to keep possession of his occupation ; trusting that, if matters continue to be adverse, his landlord will have the like commiseration for him which it is his duty to testify for his neighbour, who, under other circumstances, is also writhing beneath the pressure. In such a case, rent becomes altogether a question of chance, left to be modified and controlled by after circumstances.

In this view it is not difficult to understand why farms falling out of lease have been taken at rates absurdly disproportioned to the present prices of agricultural produce. Ask any intelligent farmer, who has placed himself in this position, and he will frankly confess that he does not expect to be able to pay his rent, unless some very material change in the value of produce shall take place. How should he think otherwise ? In the better districts of Scotland, farming has been carried so high that there is hardly any margin left for improvement. Up to a certain point, the soil may be artificially stimulated ; but, that point once reached, any further appliances become positively hurtful, and defeat the intentions of the grower. The flower of our tenantry—the men whose exertions have

made the land what it is—can go but a little way further. Nor can the severest moralist tax them with a breach of probity if they should enter into bargains which, under the operation of the present laws, they cannot possibly fulfil. The legislature took no account of them when it abolished protection. Parliament dealt with them more tyrannically than any irresponsible monarch would have dared to deal with a people far less intelligent and far less cognisant of their rights. The laws have ceased to be, in the estimation of the multitude, final. We now consider them, and most justly, as mere make-shifts which cannot stand against the pressure of a well-organised agitation; and men speculate on the probability of their changes, just as gamblers make adventures on the probable fluctuations of the funds. No man can deny that such is the case. Free trade is in the ascendant to-day: to-morrow, protection may be uppermost. A sad state of things truly; but such as must necessarily occur, when statesmen, whose heads have grown hoary in office, desert principle to adopt expediency, and repudiate the professions of a whole lifetime, for the sake of outwitting their political opponents. Our steadfast conviction is, that unsettled legislation has tended more than anything else to prevent an immediate depreciation in the rents. Foster gambling, and you create gamblers. Farms are now taken on speculation, with the view, not to increased production of the land, but to further changes in the experimental policy of the nation.

But in reality we apprehend that such cases are the exception, and not the rule. We have heard it trumpeted abroad that certain farms in East Lothian were let during the course of last year at an advance. We have taken pains to investigate this matter; and we find on inquiry that, in some cases, such farms have been taken by new men of little agricultural experience. Lord Kinnaird may be glad to hear this, but we cannot view it in the light of an encouraging symptom. Others, no doubt, have been retaken, probably under the influence of such considerations as we have just stated. Again, we find that some farms in the south

of Scotland are very differently situated now, than they were before. The extension of the railway system has given to such of them as are near stations, advantages which were enjoyed heretofore by such farms only as were in the immediate vicinity of large towns; and in this way their value has been increased. But it is quite evident, that, unless some extraordinary fallacy lurks in the tables which we have given above—unless the leading practical agriculturists of Scotland are either possessed by some monstrous arithmetical delusion, or banded in some organised conspiracy to mislead the public mind—no exceptional case can be admitted as of any weight whatever in determining the general question. On the part of ourselves, and of our correspondents, we not only invite, but we broadly challenge investigation. We desire that the truth may be made known, because any delusion on either side must tend to the public detriment.

If our statistics should be admitted as correct, we think it must be clear to demonstration that British agriculture cannot maintain itself longer against the competition of the foreign grower. We believe it impossible for any man who has attended to the minute statements given above, to arrive at an opposite conclusion. No appliances, no energy, no high farming, can avail in this ruinous struggle. To expect that more capital will be embarked in so losing a trade, is perfectly idle. Even if tenants had the wish to do so, they would fail for the want of means. It will be seen from the preceding tables what amount of capital is usually perilled on Scottish farms, and what amount of loss, at present prices, the farmer must necessarily sustain. Even in better times, few men could afford to do as much as has already been done by the agriculturists of the Lothians and Berwickshire; and, under existing circumstances, the great body of the tenantry cannot find the means to continue their ordinary operations. With capital exhausted and credit denied to him, what is the farmer to do? The question is one which we would fain see answered, and that immediately, by those who have brought us to the present pass. It cannot remain long unanswered, without such an aug-

mentation of distress as must render all remedy ineffectual.

So far we have spoken for the tenant, who, as an old contracting party, has been utterly sacrificed by free-trade legislation. As a new contractor, we have shown that he is placed under circumstances of peculiar disadvantage, arising from ignorance as to his real position, his past exertions, and his future prospects. Had we spoken rashly on this matter, we should have been liable to the utmost blame; but we have not put forward any one position which is not based upon facts, laboriously ascertained, and closely scrutinised; and all these are open to challenge, if any assailant has the mind, or the power, to refute us. We state nothing which is not founded on evidence of the clearest kind, and we shall be glad if our statements can be met in a precisely similar manner.

We observe that Mr William Ewart Gladstone, in an address delivered at the late meeting of the Fettercairn Farmers' Club, has taken a different line of argument; and if his views should prove to be correct, we must necessarily admit that the British agriculturist has no ground for complaint at all. We are, it seems, making a vast deal of noise without anything to justify it. We are clamouring about an imaginary evil, when we ought to be deeply grateful for natural benefits vouchsafed to us. So thinks Mr Gladstone, or at least so he speaks; and as his undeniable talents, and the high official position which he formerly occupied, entitle him to an attentive hearing, we shall briefly recapitulate his views. These are not new, for, if we recollect right, they were enunciated so early as last spring by the Hon. Sydney Herbert, a gentleman belonging to the same political section as Mr Gladstone, and they were then triumphantly refuted by Mr John Ellman, in his letter addressed to the Duke of Bedford. Since that time, however, another harvest has intervened, and Mr Gladstone now takes up the argument of his friend under better auspices, and with a greater show of plausibility.

Foreign competition, according to Mr Gladstone, is not the cause of low prices. "This is not," says he, "the first time that we have had difficulties. We have had many periods when low prices prevailed. Certainly, at present, prices are extremely low; but, in many parts of the country, there is a sort of compensation for these low prices arising from great abundance—the result of improved processes of growing the crop, and, of consequence, an improved yield. With regard to the cause of declining prices, I cannot adopt the line of argument of those who look only to importations as the chief cause. I do not pretend to speak so accurately of Scotland, but, as to England, *the wheat crop this year was the largest ever known.* Upon one single acre of land, of average quality, no less than sixty-eight bushels of wheat have been taken from the crop of this year. I must also point out the fact to you, that, although the crop is the largest, the prices are by no means the lowest we have seen—for instance, in the year 1835, when the sliding-scale was in full operation, we had wheat at 35s. per quarter, *and this not only for a short time, but for the whole year.* If it be true, therefore, that, at the present time, we have prices 5s. per quarter higher than they were in 1835, with a corn-law prohibitory till wheat rose to 70s. per quarter, then I cannot see that we have any such great cause for alarm as many imagine."

The first remark that we shall make with reference to this statement, is, that it is *utterly incorrect*. We do not know from what source Mr Gladstone ordinarily draws his figures, but if any one will consult the official tables of returns for the year 1835, he will find that the average of wheat was 39s. 4d., and not 35s., as Mr Gladstone has unwarrantably asserted. We have gone over the weekly averages for the whole of that year, and we find that wheat was *never once quoted* so low as 35s. In a matter of this kind, accuracy is a cardinal virtue, and we cannot allow such a statement as this to pass unnoticed. The following are *the lowest* weekly and aggregate averages for the whole year, taken from the official tables, and we have

purposely selected these in order that Mr Gladstone may have the full benefit of the nearest approximation to his figures.

LOWEST WEEKLY AND AGGREGATE AVERAGES THROUGHOUT THE YEAR 1835.

1835.	Weekly average.		Aggregate average.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
January, .	40	1	40	7
February, .	40	4	40	10
March, .	39	8	40	0
April, .	39	3	39	1
May, .	38	6	38	11
June, .	39	8	39	5
July, .	40	5	40	1
August, .	40	4	42	5
September, .	37	7	39	2
October, .	36	11	37	3
November, .	36	7	36	9
December, .	36	0	36	8

What, then, are we to think of Mr Gladstone's averment, that, in 1835, we had wheat at 35s., "and this not only for a short time, but for the whole year?" Not even for a single week have we a vestige of any such quotation! This is blunder the first, and it is so serious a one, that, on his own showing, it is enough to invalidate the whole of his argument. It is NOT A FACT "that, at the present time, we have prices 5s. per quarter higher than they were in 1835." The difference is a fractional part of a shilling; and if Mr Gladstone wishes to find a time when the prices were five shillings lower than at present, he must go back to the year 1779; and, in travelling towards that period, he will meet with some startling facts in the financial history of the country, which are well worthy of observation. In 1779, he will find wheat at 33s. 8d., the produce of such a harvest that the export of grain exceeded the import by 217,222 quarters. But he will also find that the national debt, at that period, was just one-fourth of what it now is; and that the poor-rates of England, instead of touching eight millions, were considerably short of two.

Secondly, it is not true that the last wheat crop was the largest ever known in England. This is a wild and utterly extravagant assertion. The bygone crop was a good one, less on account of quality than of gift; but every agriculturist knows that, within the experience of the present generation,

we have had far finer crops. That of 1815 was enormous in its yield—so great that we did not import a single quarter of grain, and the average price of wheat for that year was 63s. 8d. The crop of 1822 was not very much inferior. These are notorious instances; but in order to ascertain, with as much precision as possible, the relative quality of the bygone crop, we submitted the statement of Mr Gladstone to one of the most extensive corn-dealers in Leith, and the following is his reply. "Mr Gladstone's statement is certainly very unlike that of a person of his high authority; though I conceive it as calculated to do much mischief in the present depressed state of the corn-trade, as many people will judge of it from Mr Gladstone's high standing. In my opinion, however, nothing can be more absurd than estimating a crop by a *yard* in any field, or by a single acre. We hear now a great deal of the land being more productive, by draining and other improvements; and it was to be expected that, when a good wheat season occurred, we should have more wheat than in previous years; but, from all the confirmation we have yet obtained, I am by no means disposed to believe that the last crop is a great one, far less that it is greater than ever known. The present generation, I have no doubt, have seen larger crops of wheat than our forefathers; but I think 1814, 1815, 1822, 1825, 1831, 1832, 1833, 1834, 1835, 1841, and 1842, were better seasons than the last. Essex, and several other English counties which had bad crops in 1848, have much greater crops in 1849; but Lincolnshire, and several other very important counties, have very deficient crops on certain varieties of soil. All that can be said of the present crop is, that it is a full one, generally speaking. More of it, I am sure, will yield under 40 bushels an acre than over 40; and very little, indeed, 60 or 68, as Mr Gladstone says a *single* acre has produced." So much for the general yield; let us now revert to the seasons which Mr Gladstone has selected for comparison.

The crop of 1835 was not only larger than that of 1849, but it came to us under circumstances which

entirely preclude a comparison of the years, if prices are to be taken as a criterion. THE CROP OF 1835 WAS THE LAST OF A SERIES OF FINE ONES. We subjoin the statistics from 1830, which was a bad season, to 1836, when the harvest was again unfavourable:—

Year.	Quarters imported.	Average price. s. d.
1830,	1,701,889,	64 3
1831,	1,491,631,	66 4
1832,	325,435,	58 8
1833,	82,346,	52 11
1834,	64,553,	46 2
1835,	28,483,	39 4
1836,	24,826,	48 6

It will thus be seen that it was a succession of good harvests which brought down the prices gradually from 66s. 4d. in 1831, to 39s. 4d. in 1835. Last year we had one good harvest following a remarkably bad one, and yet Mr Gladstone would attempt to persuade us that the pre-

sent reduction of price arises solely from excessive plenty, as in 1835! If it were so, where would be the room for that importation, which, during the first eight months of the bygone year, has more than doubled that of 1848, for the corresponding period? For his own sake, we are sorry to find Mr Gladstone resorting to fallacies so exceedingly flimsy and transparent. Surely he must be aware that the extreme depreciation of price, which is the cause of agricultural distress, could not by any possibility be the result of the late harvest—for this unanswerable reason, that, in the earlier parts of the year, before the corn had shot in the fields, prices were rapidly dwindling. The deficient crop of 1848 could not have put prices down—we presume that even Mr Gladstone will not maintain *that*—and yet, for the week ending April 7, 1849 we find the averages of England as follows:—

AVERAGE PRICES OF GRAIN FOR			WEEK ENDING APRIL 7, 1849.		
Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Rye.	Beans.	Peas.
44s. 5d.	28s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	26s. 5d.	28s. 1d.	29s. 6d.

So then, after a poor crop in 1848, we find prices lower than they were in 1834, after a series of fine crops, and we are calmly asked to adopt the conclusion that a single good crop in 1849 has done all the mischief! Mr Gladstone might just as well tell us that our present prices are affected by the crop of 1850, which is now lying in embryo in the seed.

But we have not yet done with Mr Gladstone, who goes on to assert that low prices have nothing to do with importations from abroad. This position he tries to fortify by rather an ingenious process, as will be seen from the following extract from his speech:—

“Let me point out also that I had the curiosity to obtain an account of the last month's importations into this country, and, on comparing the same with those of 1848, the decrease this year is very remarkable; and, besides, with diminished importations this year, must be taken into account the fact, that from the condition of the crop this year, as compared with the last, the value of our grain is at least 5s. superior to the mere nominal price. In October, last year, you had good prices for wheat; in this year, bad. I ask, was this owing to importations from abroad, or was it not? I give you the result in figures, which I think will convince you

what is the reason of the low prices. In October 1848, the importation of wheat to this country was no less than 506,000 quarters; in 1849, it is only 154,000 quarters. How are we to account for this, but simply from the great abundance of wheat at home this year, while in 1848 the supply was somewhat short; and, so far as regards the English farmer, I consider he is better off this year, with his large crop and low prices, than he was last, with his small crop and high prices.”

If anything could make us lose our patience, while dealing with so momentous a subject, it would be the sight of such statements as these. Observe how the matter stands. Mr Gladstone is arguing that importations from abroad do not affect prices here, and, by way of proof, he gives us the statistics of a single month. He says—Last October you had good prices and large importations: this October you have bad prices and diminished importation. *Ergo*, importations have nothing to do with prices! Is Mr Gladstone ignorant of the fact, that, for the first eight months of the year 1849, the quantity of grain imported was more than double that of the preceding season, and that almost every warehouse in our ports is filled almost to bursting with

foreign grain? Is he aware that this diminished import for October, if extended over the year, would give an amount greater than was brought in during any famine year previous to 1839? Let us see how this matter stands, adopting his very favourable calculations.

IMPORTS OF WHEAT AND WHEAT FLOUR
IN BAD SEASONS.

	Quarters.
1810, . . .	1,491,341
1817, . . .	1,020,949
1818, . . .	1,593,518
1829, . . .	1,364,200
1830, . . .	1,701,889
1838, . . .	1,834,452

The October imports, which Mr Gladstone considers as being reduced in consequence of the good harvest at home, would, if spread over the year, amount to 1,848,000 quarters—being very little less than the average amount imported from 1836 to 1840, when we had five bad or indifferent seasons in succession. Mr Gladstone, however, we apprehend, leaps too rapidly at his conclusions. He should have waited until the frost set in, and then, perhaps, he might have been able to point to a materially diminished importation. We should like to know how he will dispose of the ascertained statistics for November. They are as follows :—

IMPORTS OF FOREIGN GRAIN INTO UNITED
KINGDOM, FOR NOVEMBER 1849.

	Quarters.
Wheat and wheat flour, . .	215,134
Barley and barley meal, . .	90,364
Oats and oat meal, . . .	114,811
Rye and rye meal, . . .	6,201
Beans,	19,061
Pease,	22,269
Indian corn,	46,306
Buckwheat,	30

being equal to 513,615 quarters of all kinds of grain for the month! These are the diminished importations! But we shall come down even later, and inquire what sort of proportion the arrivals of foreign grain bear to those of British growth in the London market, according to the last accounts. We copy from the *Times* of December 11 :—

“CORN EXCHANGE, Monday, Dec. 10.

—Throughout the past week, there have been good arrivals of wheat, barley, and oats into this market from abroad, al-

though of wheat the quantity reported has been less than of other grain. Of English corn of any kind, (if we except barley,) the total reports are insignificant, and but a few cargoes of oats from Ireland. The state of the trade, on the several market days, was languid, and even at lower prices for barley and oats, buyers were indisposed to get into stock.”

The following is a statement of the arrivals of grain at London from the 3d to the 8th of December, which may serve to indicate the sources from which the population of our vast metropolis is fed; and we leave Mr Gladstone to reconcile it, as he best can, with his new theory of importations :—

	British. Qrs.	Foreign. Qrs.
Wheat, . . .	4601	19,617
Barley, . . .	6144	19,842
Oats, . . .	7370	21,713
Rye, . . .	...	514
Beans, . . .	962	337
Pease, . . .	1077	6,713
	20,154	68,741

So then, after the harvesting of “the largest wheat crop ever known in England,” and at the dead season of the year, when the navigation of the Elbe is closed, the importation of foreign wheat into the London market exceeds the arrival of English wheat by a ratio of nearly five to one! And, with such facts before us, we are forbidden to believe that imports affect prices! We hope, when we next meet Mr Gladstone, to find him in a more logical humour, and better prepared with his facts.

It is not surprising if, in a controversy of this kind, we should find the Free-traders openly contradicting each other, and very often themselves, in the advice which they gratuitously offer to the agriculturist. One section recommends further outlay on the land, more extended and elaborate tillage, and prophecies in return an augmented cereal crop. Another totally repudiates this view, but advises that the loss should be made good by green crops, wider pastures, and an infinite multiplication of cattle. The former philanthropists want more grain; the latter insist upon an extended consumption of butcher meat. The tendency of late legisla-

tion has been in favour of the latter view, and the consequence has been a depreciation in the value of cattle throughout the kingdom, of at least from 15 to 20 per cent. The consumer has not yet got the full benefit of it, but the farmer has incurred the loss; and we know instances of pasturings on which, for the last two years, not a single shilling of profit has been realised. The cattle when sent to market, after being fattened, have brought the same price which was given for them in their lean and hungry condition. The Free-traders are very bold about cattle, alleging that, in this respect, there is nothing to fear from the effects of foreign competition. And undoubtedly, to a casual observer, this would appear to be one of the least objectionable parts of their scheme. Still there is something mysterious in the fact of the great depreciation. The prices of cattle have fallen, until profit has been nearly extinguished; and if we exclude altogether the idea of foreign competition, the necessary conclusion will be, that the supply has vastly exceeded the demand. This is but poor comfort to those who are told to look to green crops for their remuneration. But we think that the subject requires a closer examination than it has yet received. We are convinced that the depreciation of live stock is intimately connected with importation, and the result of our inquiries will show whether we are right or wrong. But first let us glance at the ascertained effects of importation under the relaxed tariff.

The first fruit of the unrestricted trade in live stock—which exhibited a number that mounted up, for the first five years, at a rate increasing annually fourfold, until the number of “oxen and bulls” reached from 1885 in 1843, to 27,831 in 1848—was no doubt sufficiently alarming. But, judging from the trade of the year ending 1848, and of the present season, this influx would appear to have reached its full. Assuming this to be the case—as the entire number would not, on a rough calculation, furnish more than a week or ten days’ supply of beef to the whole country—perhaps there is not much reason to apprehend any great depression in

home prices from the influence of the importation of foreign live stock. Besides, from the tendency of recent improvements in agriculture—should these fortunately continue in operation—to increase materially the supplies of beef and mutton, it is possible that these necessities could, in future, be afforded at such a price as to exclude the probability of any great accession to our importations for many years.

We believe that the only considerable harm which has resulted from the importation of live stock, has been the importation of two very fatal diseases, which have, since then, carried off numbers of cattle and sheep, and which, like most epidemics, will in all human probability become permanent. The mortality was so serious, that Parliament has already passed an act establishing a sort of conditional quarantine; and it has been calculated by those who are skilled in such matters, that the number of animals that have died in consequence, is considerably greater than the whole amount of the importation. In this way it is easy to reckon the amount of our losses and our gains.

But there is a farther importation of butchers’ meat in another shape, which is far more difficult to contend against—namely, that of “cured beef, bacon, and pork.” The importation of these articles has increased so rapidly and enormously, since the introduction of free trade—the two latter to upwards of sixfold since 1847—that the whole together, it may be reckoned, now afford a quantity of food exceeding in weight four times that of the “oxen and bulls” imported during the last year. This is a mere beginning, but already the effects of it have been widely and calamitously felt. It is not only affecting the graziers, but it is displacing a large and hitherto flourishing trade, both in Britain and in Ireland; and, if carried out further, as it clearly will be, not one single rallying point or chance of escape will be left to the British agriculturist.

The following is the statement of a Liverpool correspondent, dated 6th December last:—

“I enclose you a price-current, with the latest quotations of Ameri-

can provisions, which are the prices to the wholesale dealers. In the *best* qualities of beef and pork, the trade generally get 5s. to 10s. a package profit, and on an *ordinary* article a much larger margin is allowed.

"American beef is far superior to Irish, and brings more money. The import of the latter is about 1000 tierces—of the former, 20,000 tierces. Irish pork stands higher than American, and the finest quality eastern will sell within 5s. per barrel of Irish. The import of Irish is about 3000 barrels—of American, 35,000 barrels."

The following table will show the comparative prices of Irish and American produce:—

Comparative Table of Prices of Irish and American Provisions at Liverpool, in December 1849.

	Irish.		American.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
Prime mess beef, per tierce, 304 lbs., .	80	to 85	67	6 to 81
Prime mess pork, per barrel, 200 lbs., .	62	to 66	34	0 to 60
Mess do., per do., .	54	to 60	45	0 to 50
Bacon, per cwt., .	45	to 48	30	0 to 32
Lard, per do., .	38	to —	33	6 to 34

These are figures which may well astound the boldest Free-trader; for they show that the provision trade is altogether passing from our hands. To those who regard the welfare of Great Britain, they furnish additional proof of the headlong rate of our decline. But we have yet other statements to make, for which, we are certain, no one was prepared, though the facts they disclose are the necessary consequence of such comparative prices as we have just given.

We believe that the British navy, which is victualled by contract, is at this moment supplied from foreign, and not British produce!

We crave the special attention of the reader to the following letter from a gentleman residing in Dundee, who stands nearly at the head of the meat-curing business in Scotland. We have authority to give his name, if that should be considered necessary. His letter bears date 12th November 1849:—

"In reply to the queries put to me by you, as to the value, &c. of foreign provisions, I beg leave to hand you a statement of the difference of price of Scotch and American beef, calcu-

lating the Scotch beef at the present low price of 40s. per cwt., and the present price of my American prime mess beef at 87s. 6d. per tierce of 304 lbs., the quality of which is not inferior to the best Scotch beef.

Present price of Scotch beef, from butcher, 40s. per cwt., or for 304 lbs.,	£5	8	6
Price of tierce, 5s. 6d.—expense of curing, 4s.,	0	9	6
In leakage of weight,	0	7	6
Allowance of value between necks, shanks, and prime beef,	0	2	6

Present price of one tierce Scotch beef, £6 8 0

Present price of my prime mess American beef, 4 7 6

Difference, £2 0 6

"By this statement you will see that there is a difference of £2, 0s. 6d. per tierce, or 14s. 9d. per cwt., in favour of the American; besides, I allow 2½ per cent off for cash, which I hardly think the butcher does at the above price. Neither am I the importer of this beef, but purchase at the sales in Liverpool, through a broker; neither am I an underseller, 87s. 6d., (2½ per cent off,) being about the general price for such an article in various markets. Owing to the low price and excellent quality of American beef, almost every ship from this port, going to the south, takes it in preference to our home beef; and when in England, last month, we found there was nothing else used by the English vessels, with the exception of a little fresh beef, which they take with them when they go out; and one house in London informed me that they had supplied the navy with 3080 tierces of American beef.

"American pork can be purchased at a very low price, but as yet I have seen none fine, and there are but few of our shipowners that would take it. There is, however, hardly anything else than American hams and sitch bacons sold in this and other manufacturing towns; and although the quality is not fine, still the price is low, and purchasers are to be found on that account.

"Hamburg beef and pork are both of a good quality, and sell generally about 10s. per cwt. below the price of Scotch. I had, however, an offer of

500 barrels from one of the largest houses in Hamburg fully 15 per cent below what I can afford to cure Scotch; it, however, being last year's cure, I did not accept of the offer.

"There are several houses opened lately in Hamburg, who are curing a first-rate article in a first-rate style for the London market; and one of my London correspondents, writing lately, informs me of a house in London (to which I have sent a great quantity of pickled pork for the last twenty years,) having opened a curing establishment in Hamburg for the cure of pickled pork on the Scotch system. It was doing up nicely, and affecting the market for Scotch greatly; he adds that, from the price and quality of the article, it would be a death-blow to the Scotch curers. I may also say that it looks very like it. Some years ago I was curing about seven tons a-week for the London market alone, and found plenty of demand; now, at the present day, I can hardly get clear of two tons a-week, and that at very low prices—so low, indeed, that we are compelled to look for other markets in other places; and I am confining myself principally to prime mess pork among the shipping of this and other ports. These are facts which I can authenticate, as I have had many years' experience in the curing both of beef and pork for home and foreign markets; and you are at perfect liberty to make any use of this information which you may think proper."

From this, and other statements of a similar nature which have reached us, and which we refrain from inserting, solely on account of the unusual space which our remarks must otherwise occupy, we entertain no doubt whatever that in the article of meat the competition is as formidable as in that of grain; and that there is no limit to the extent of competition, save the ultimate inability of the burdened British agriculturist to hold his ground against the untaxed and unreciprocating foreigner. In a very short time, if the system is not perfected at present, we may expect to see the rations of the army, the stores of the navy, and the contracts for all large establishments, supplied from foreign produce. The dis-

placement of home industry, and the extinguishment of important trades indicated in the foregoing letter, are perhaps matters of minor importance in such a revolution as this: nevertheless, they are too serious to be contemplated without the greatest alarm.

So stands the agricultural interest at this moment—an interest, be it observed, in which the prosperity of well-nigh three-fourths of the population of this mighty empire is concerned. We might say, with perfect truth, the interest of the whole population; but as those of the Manchester school deny their identity with the rest of us, we must exclude them; and they cannot think us ungracious or illiberal if we assign to them a number of adherents far greater than we believe they actually possess. These are the effects of what they call free trade; BUT FREE TRADE IT IS NOT, being simply the most shameful species of one-sided and partial legislation. The Manchester men dare not, for their souls, carry out the principle to its full extent. The agriculturist has a right to demand that this shall be done; that, exposed as he is to the competition of the world, and burdened, as he must remain, with debts contracted ages ago to the profit of the capitalist, and burdens swollen to their present amount by manufacturing pauperism, no other class shall be protected from a similar free competition. No plea for revenue duties to be raised upon customs can be held valid in equity now. Why should there still exist a protective duty off from ten to fifteen per cent against foreign manufactures? Why is any one portion of our consumption to be taxed, whilst another is allowed to go free? Are we not entitled to demand that the same measure which has been dealt to us, shall be meted out to every man in Great Britain and Ireland, let his trade or occupation be what it may? Are we not entitled to say this much to the manufacturers, who were foremost in the late movement—You have compelled us to compete with Poland for grain on equal terms: you therefore must in future compete with the foreign manufacturer on a similar condition of equality? Why are we to pay fifteen per cent duty for foreign silk manufactures; for velvets, gauzes,

satins, and suchlike? Why ten per cent for more than a hundred articles of consumption, including cotton, woollen, and hair manufactures, lace, gauze, brass, brocade, stoneware, steel, &c.? Why should we be prohibited from growing, if we can do it, our own tobacco? Why are Messrs Cobden and Bright, and their confederates, to nestle under the wing of protection, whilst the agriculturist is left utterly bare? Apart from policy, and simply on the ground of justice, we denounce such infamous partiality. If, without even the shadow of a coming reciprocity on the part of foreign nations, we are desired to face competition, let there be no exceptions whatever. There can be, and there is, no just medium between entire free trade and equitable protection for all. The voice of the whole nation will ere long declare that no such medium shall exist. What enormous amount of benefit have Manchester manufacturers conferred upon the community at large, that they are to be bolstered up by customs' duties, whilst the agriculturist is trodden under foot? What fractional portion of the greatness of this country has been achieved by the professors of the spinning-jenny and the billy-roller, who now, in defiance of history and of fact, would fain persuade us that *THEY*, forsooth, are the flower of Britain, the oracles of its wisdom, the regulators of its policy, the masters of the destiny of mankind?

It has been the fashion of late, for those gentlemen, to talk as if the British farmers were infinitely behind the rest of the world in activity and intelligence. It has been insinuated, that they are unworthy occupants of an exceedingly fertile soil, the capabilities of which they have not tested, through indolence and prejudice. Some such accusation is implied, in all the late stimulating exhortations to increased exertion; and Lord Kinnaid does not hesitate to tell us so, almost in as many words. These are, no doubt, recent discoveries, for it is not long since we were told, by the very same parties, that the superior agricultural skill of our farmers was such as to set foreign competition at defiance! That was one of the principal arguments employed for effecting the repeal of the corn laws; but now,

when the results have proved totally contrary to anticipation, it is convenient to turn round, and accuse the farmer of a total want of those very qualities which were assigned as reasons for the change. The obvious fallacy in the first proposition, does not make the inconsistency of the second a whit less monstrous. No wonder if the insult should be bitterly felt by the agriculturist.

We are perhaps too apt, at the present moment, to allow the former promises of the Free-traders to slip out of memory. If we were to search through the abandoned rubbish of the League, we should find ample evidence of the gross fraud which was passed upon the country by the leaders of that nefarious faction. On the 19th December last, we find Mr Cobden, at Leeds, speaking as follows:—"I have always contemplated a transition state in this country, when there would be pinching and suffering in the agricultural class in passing from a vicious system to a sound one; for you cannot be restored from bad health to good without going through a process of languor and suffering. I have always looked forward to that time." If this statement be true—if Mr Cobden did "always contemplate" such a state of matters—it would not be difficult to convict him of something worse than hypocrisy. Three days later, at the memorable meeting held at Huntingdon, Mr G. Day, one of the speakers, made the following pithy remarks:—"He would refer, however, to the magnificent promises which had been held out by Mr Cobden as certain to be realised by free trade, and to do so he was free to refer to his letters. 'First, with regard to the landlord, I do not mean to say that the landlords will not get as good rents with free trade as they have now with monopoly: No doubt they will get on a great deal better with free trade. The landlord has nothing to fear.' Again, he said, 'The landlords will have the same rents with free trade as they have at present.' In speaking of the tenant-farmers he said, 'The tenant-farmer will under free trade be an independent man. I say that the farmer has nothing to fear from competition.' With regard to the poor, what did this gentleman say? 'There

would be no complaining poor in our streets, no income-tax, no property-tax, no poor-rates, but all classes would be benefited by the adoption of free trade.' These were the promises made to them by a free-trader—the leader of them; and in the *Bread-Tax Circular*, No. 146, page 255, they would find what he had read to them—Mr Cobden's own words."

Does Mr Cobden admit that he wrote this circular? If he does, perhaps he will be good enough to explain how he reconciles the views contained in it with his new assertion that he always contemplated a transition state of suffering for the agricultural class? We recommend him, for his own sake, to clear this matter up. Rash averments may be pardoned; but deliberate double-dealing, never.

"It is cruel," writes one of our correspondents, a practical farmer of great experience, "that the advocates of the measure, in their exultation, should pretend not to see that the facts of the case have revealed a much more alarming aspect to their opponents than they anticipated; and that even the danger to themselves, from this cause, does not bring conviction of the falsity of their views. They affect to blame the farmer for ignorance, want of skill and enterprise—forgetting that, not long since, he was wont to be held up as a pattern of all that was superior in agricultural advancement, and that our island stands conspicuous among foreigners for its garden cultivation. Still, we are told, it is want of energy, and of a free application of capital, which prevents the British farmers from successfully competing with the Continent: as if overwhelming supplies of foreign corn, and, consequently, a greatly reduced price, were not sufficient reasons to oblige the agriculturist to modify the enterprise, and curtail the expenditure for which he had hitherto been so distinguished. Such unjust reflections may serve to raise up and maintain a feeling of prejudice against the farmer, and to bring him into obnoxious comparison with other arts, where science has fortunately been more successfully applied; but it is not to be expected, that a hopeless rivalry, and a low price, are to have the effect of stimulating to

efforts and outlay, beyond what was induced by protection and a remunerating return.

"It has been customary to bring the farmer's position into contrast with that of the manufacturer, who is said to fear no foreign competition. But is the comparison a just one? The British manufacturer possesses every advantage and appliance to render his productions superior, and, consequently, also cheaper. Britain is the great mart of all the chief staples of new produce. Her machinery is the best—her fuel is the cheapest. On the other hand, the farmer here is deficient in *raw material*. He labours an obstinate soil, for the use of which he pays high; while his climate—the main element to give security and save expense—is far inferior to that of his rival."

Our friend might have gone further; for, if we enter into the comparison, we shall find that the British farmer has taken more advantage of his natural position than the British manufacturer. The true way of arriving at a just conclusion upon this point is, by contrasting, in the first instance, the natural advantages enjoyed by either class.

The motive power of the British manufacturer is derived from coal, of which he has an unlimited supply: the motive power of the British farmer is, except to a very small extent, dependent upon animals, which is infinitely more expensive and tedious; requiring more work with less command of power. The manufacturer can try any experiment he pleases, either in the construction of his machinery or in the texture of his fabric, in the course of a few days or weeks, and adopt or reject it as best suits his purpose: the farmer cannot attempt any experiment upon his crops without waiting a whole year for the result; nor any upon his live stock in less than two or three years. In the mean time, his expenses and rent go on as usual. The British manufacturer is not dependent on the climate: the British farmer is altogether so dependent; the climate of this country being proverbially uncertain and changeable, and very often ungenial. We apprehend, therefore, that, as to natural advantages, the home manufacturer stands

on a far more advantageous footing than the home agriculturist.

Let us next contrast the state of the two classes abroad. The foreign manufacturer has few natural advantages. He does not possess the command of coal for his motive power, but is compelled to erect his factory on the bank of some stream, without regard, otherwise, to the convenience of the locality. Iron for machinery is far more expensive abroad than here; in fact, most of the Continental machinery is directly exported from Britain. On the other hand, the foreign farmer has all the advantages of an equable, rich soil, and of a good and steady climate.

Now, then, let us see how far the British manufacturer, with all his natural advantages, has surpassed his foreign rival. Does he make a *better* article than the foreigner? Can he beat the German linen, the Russian duck, the Swiss calico, the Saxon or Austrian broad-cloth, the porcelains of Dresden and Sèvres, or the silks, stained papers, and prints of France? If not, where is his superiority? As to *designs*, it is notorious that he is infinitely behind the Continent. No doubt he sends ship-loads of flimsy textures, with glaring colours and incongruous patterns, to semi-barbarous countries; and he can deluge the markets of the world with cheap goods, so furnished and tricked out that they sell from appearance only. But what hold has he of the Continent? He cannot compete with the manufacturers there in point of *quality*: if he could make a better article, no Zollvereins or combinations would be able to keep him out. These remarks apply to the bulk of our manufactures, which are made for foreign export; and these, in point of quality, are precisely what we have described them. There are undoubtedly high class manufacturers here, especially in the woollen and linen trades, who supply the home market with high class goods. But how do they stand? *They are protected from foreign competition.* It is in their favour that the highest import duties remain; and, were those restrictions removed to-morrow, they would be undersold in the British market. If any one thinks we are wrong in this matter, we shall

be glad to hear him explain why the duties remain? It cannot be for *revenue*, since, if the British manufacturer can beat his foreign rival, without reciprocity, in the foreign market, it would be an absurdity to suppose the tables turned, and the foreign manufacturer paying duty solely for the sake of offering us a worse article in Britain. If not for revenue, why are the duties continued by statesmen who have declared for free trade? The answer is clear. *These are protective duties*; and they are continued for this reason, that, with all his natural advantages, the British manufacturer is not able to set Continental competition at defiance.

Lastly, let us look to the British farmer, in so far as energy and enterprise are concerned, in contrast with his rival. Here no detailed statement is necessary. In spite of all natural disadvantages, the soil of Britain is better tilled than that of any other country. We ask with a natural pride, greater perhaps on account of adverse circumstances, whether the husbandry of the Lothians or of the Border counties can be matched anywhere out of Britain? Where, on the surface of the globe, are the agriculturists who have approached our tenantry in the free outlay of capital, ready intelligence, persevering enterprise, and high professional skill? And yet these men, admittedly at the head of their craft, are to be told, forsooth, that they have been indolent and ignorant; and that retired tradesmen and shopkeepers would make far better farmers than they!

Judging from results, then, which of the two classes has best done its duty to the state? Which of the two has availed itself most of the advantages which lay within its reach, and done most to overcome the power of natural disadvantages? We apprehend that, in all respects, the efforts of the agriculturist have been greater than those of the manufacturer. If the former is to fall a sacrifice, let it not at least be said that his indolence provoked his fate. Out of agriculture manufactures arose; and it is now, we presume, the intention of our rulers, that the one shall decay, and the other survive: that the former shall fall unprotected, and the latter

struggle on with the whole monopoly of protection. If so, the results are clear enough. The manufacturer who the other day accosted Mr Muntz in the following terms:—"We have eaten up the West Indian planters, we have eaten the Irish landlords, we have finished the colonies, and now we are at the farmers; and I don't know that we won't be eaten ourselves,"—saw plainly the effect of our legislation. Mr Cobden sees its effect as well; but now, at the eleventh hour, when the tide is turning against him, he is straining every nerve to maintain his false position. It is the misfortune of demagogues, but a great blessing to the rest of mankind, that they invariably become intoxicated with the first draught of success, and seldom recover their reason. So is it with Cobden now. His late rabid harangue at Leeds, in which he ransacked the vocabulary for terms of abuse to heap upon the landed gentry, was perhaps the most insolent speech ever uttered in a free nation. Surrounded by his fetid chimneys, and his squalid dupes, he assumes the tone of a dictator, holds out threats of annihilation to all who dare to question his policy, and actually throws the gauntlet of defiance to the constituencies of the United Kingdom! There is no mistake at all about the force and significance of his *SHALL*. Right or wrong, every man in this empire must walk as Cobden directs him, else some nondescript vial of unutterable wrath and retribution is to be poured on his devoted head. These are not the arguments of a reasonable man, but the ravings of a positive maniac. They will delude no one, whilst they serve to show the base nature of the man who utters them. The gladiator of old, blowing sulphur flames through a hollow nut, and passing himself off for a god, was not a more rank impostor than this seven times baffled prophet. Is it not something unparalleled in the annals of assurance to find this person, himself protected, declaiming against all protection, save that of his immediate class, and avowing his deliberate determination to overthrow every institution of the country, if we shall cease from enriching the Polish magnates at the expense of the British labourer? Let us

see what this man is doing. He, whose fortunes were notoriously redeemed by the questionable wages of agitation, is now publicly announcing his intention, if thwarted, of pursuing a line of conduct which would necessarily result in the abolition of the monarchy, and the establishment of a republic in Britain. There is no mistaking the tendency of the hints which are thrown out by him and his fellows. They abstain, indeed, and certainly wisely for themselves, from broadly proclaiming their ends in such language as would bring them within the immediate grasp of the law. They say nothing about the Crown, for that would be dangerous; but they resolutely avow their determination, if possible, to pull down the aristocracy; and they point to the abolition of the House of Peers as a measure which, at some future period, may engage their serious attention. Add to this their perpetual laudation of American institutions, as preferable to our own—their open and avowed sympathy with the insurgents of democratic Europe—their bitter and malignant abuse of every one who has been instrumental in putting down insurrection—their scheme for abandoning the colonies as worthless appendages, and so breaking up the integrity of the empire—their proposals, so violently urged and reiterated, of such a reduction in the army and navy, as would render both arms of the service utterly inefficient—add all these, and we shall be at no loss to discover the real aim of this foul and scandalous confederacy. We are aware that it is somewhat difficult to define the limits of sedition; still Mr Cobden had better have a care of his language whilst indulging in such revelations as he has of late chosen to set forth. It will be no child's-play if he actually should attempt to put the smallest of his threats into practice.

Setting Mr Cobden aside, we have still an observation to make. It is not a little edifying to contrast the tone assumed at present by the disciples of the Manchester school with that which they adopted after the passing of the disastrous measures of 1846. We were then entreated, in Parliament and out of it, to give the experiment a fair trial. It was

admitted that divers extraordinary occurrences had intervened to postpone the great advantages to the nation which must flow from the opening of the ports, yet still we were asked to believe that the calculations of Mr M'Gregor were perfectly sound, and that in a little time all would be well. We have waited, patiently enough, until the last fragment of agricultural protection has been removed—until it is obvious to every one, save an exporting and protected manufacturer, that nothing short of protection can save the landed interest of Great Britain from total ruin—and until ruin, in its worst shape, has already overtaken Ireland. And what was it that we waited for?

RECIPROCITY; the sole thing which, by the acknowledgment of the Peel party, could justify the experiment. RECIPROCITY, which Mr Cobden promised us if we would only show the example. Now that reciprocity is out of the question, our antagonists turn round, revile us as fools for adhering to our original opinions—though the experience of each succeeding year has attested their accuracy and soundness—and, in the contemptible cant of the day, denominate their free-trade policy “an accomplished fact.”

They are right in one sense. It is a fact that this great nation has suffered itself to be misled by the machinations of a selfish and unscrupulous faction. It is also a fact, that for a time these machinations have been successful. But the great fact which now concerns us is, that the British nation is fully alive to the imposture; and that being the case, we entertain not the slightest doubt as to the ultimate issue.

One word in conclusion to our friends. It is the policy of those who are against us—and indeed their last desperate chance—to promote disunion among the ranks of those who draw their subsistence from the land, and whose welfare depends upon the agricultural prosperity of Britain. They are trying to set the tenant against the landlord, the labourer against the farmer; and their efforts have been assisted, to no inconsiderable extent, by the folly of weak men, who, in their terror, are attempting,

by all the means in their power, to shelter themselves from the consequences which they thoroughly foresee. Our policy, as well as our duty, is to maintain a firm and united front. It would be madness to suppose that among the three great agricultural classes, there can be any disunion of interest. Landlord and farmer depend upon each other; the one class cannot be prostrated without the other falling a victim. And both of them have a duty to perform to the labourer, which must not be disregarded. He, as the lowest in the scale, is often the first to suffer; but woe to our land if the labourer should be trodden under foot!

We repeat that we have no fear for the future. We see on all hands the unmistakeable signs of a mighty reaction, which cannot but defeat the designs of that grasping faction for whose benefit alone this ominous experiment has been made. Deeply as we deplore the misery which has overtaken us, we must regard it as the penalty incurred for having swerved from the old path by which Britain attained her greatness—for having listened too readily to the suggestions of selfish and incompetent men. The experience of each succeeding month shows the error of the course we have been pursuing, and demonstrates the necessity of a return. Why should we fear? England—that noble country which stands pre-eminent among the nations of the world for its loyalty, enterprise, and independence—for its regard to sterling worth in the lowest, as well as the highest sphere—has awakened from its momentary trance. The voice of the people, before which that of faction must be silenced, is proclaiming, in clear and articulate language, that the virtual possession of its free and unviolated soil shall not be yielded, through fraud, to the foreigner, who never could have taken possession of it by force of arms; and that the English yeomanry will not submit to be sacrificed or annihilated for the wretched interest of a handful of manufacturers, whose gains are dependent upon the extension of a foreign market. We rejoice to see that men of England are up and

Their energy, if rightly directed, nothing can withstand. Cobden may bluster, as demagogues always do; and Bright may insinuate revolutions which he has neither the courage nor the power to attempt; but the day for such trashy vapouring has gone by, and England will no longer allow her greatness to be perilled at the bidding of such miserable upstarts. The issue of the late elections, and the triumphant meetings which are everywhere held in England, for the maintenance of her national and agricultural prosperity, should excite us to similar efforts. If our statements of what is occurring here can strengthen the hands of our brethren in the south, we shall be more than amply repaid for the pains we have expended in a close and laborious investigation. England may not require support; but support is ready for her. Ireland, from the depths of present misery, sees the hand which is striving to keep her down, and prepares herself for another struggle. Scotland will not remain inactive. Her interest is so clear, that it would be almost wasting words to attempt to explain it further.

Let but this experiment go on for a few years longer, and all that we have gained, by more than a century of unremitting toil, will be lost to us: our improvements will be annihilated, and our people pauperised. Deprived of her yeomanry, as noble a body of men as exists upon the face of the earth, the nationality of Scotland is gone. We trust, then, that in every part of the country the appeal will be energetically answered. Scotsmen are slow to move; but being moved, they have a will and resolution that can bear down any obstacle whatever. There never was a time when the old national spirit was more imperatively required to show itself than now. Let us then speak out boldly in defence of our country, and tell those Manchester conspirators, in answer to their insolent challenge, that—beyond that circle of smoking factories, which they falsely imagine to be the heart of Britain—there exists a majority of loyal British subjects, who despise their dictation, detest their hypocrisy, and utterly defy their power.

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GOLDSMITH.

THERE are many poems in the English language of loftier merit, and more loudly applauded, than the *Deserted Village*; not one so universally beloved. There are many poets and authors amongst the literary men of England who rank much higher in our esteem and approbation than Goldsmith; not one whose memory calls up a kinder feeling. We smile at his follies, we reprehend his culpable imprudence; the brow bends somewhat sternly at those departures from perfect rectitude of conduct into which sometimes want, and sometimes vanity, betray him; but the native goodness of his heart is such that we soon begin to pardon, and end always with the language of affection. His very weaknesses contribute to that feeling of tenderness which hangs about his memory. Men like to admire; men like also to overlook, to pity, and reprove. The character that gives occasion for all these is sure to be highly popular. The foibles of Goldsmith, his blunders of conduct, his precipitancy, his incurable improvidence, the dullest observer can note and reprehend; whilst the coldest of men must warm at that unflinching benevolence, that genial heart of friendship, that sweet clemency of disposition, that untutored charity, which more than covers all his transgressions. The man whom we all can censure, and whom all must love, was, moreover, the author

of *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village*.

Strange, that one whom the simplest of his readers can look down at, as from a superior standing-point; who in his conduct appeared, and was to the last, a very child—always to be chidden, counselled, criticised, reproved—should yet have seized upon the heart of all England, wise and simple. This truant from study, this vagabond tourist, *fluting* for bed and board, or subsisting no one knows how, has given us a survey of the several countries of Europe, and their national character, as truthful as it is poetic. And our English village *home*, and our own rural landscape, so dear to the national taste—this homeless wanderer saw them as none other had seen before, and gave them back to us with added endearment. They live for ever in his verse, as the pleasant banks endure for ever in the lucid, flowing stream, which at once reflects and vivifies them. Sir Christopher Wren could claim the whole of our metropolitan cathedral for his monument. Every village church in England is a monument to Goldsmith. Every cottage in the village speaks of him; we seem to hear his name in the ticking of the clock that stands behind the door; we hear it on the green or across the common, in the distant shout of the boys let loose from school: the whole landscape has been made his own.

Oliver Goldsmith: a Biography. By WASHINGTON IRVING.

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If an illustration were wanted of that subtle quality, or rare combination of qualities, which we designate by the name of genius—which comes not at our bidding, which no learned discipline can secure, which grows up by an education of its own—an education lawless, capricious, indescribable, imperceptible to any but the learner himself, and not recognised by him till the hour of study has long since passed—we could not point to one more perfect than may be found in the intellectual history of Goldsmith. Schoolmasters, tutors, colleges, professors, can make nothing of him; he has neither patience nor industry, nor perhaps much aptitude, to gain anything from them. "Never was so dull a boy; he seemed impenetrably stupid," says Miss Delap, the schoolmistress who has to teach him his letters. He is the same at school, the same at college. Every teacher tells the same story; every Miss Delap finds him impenetrably stupid. He can learn nothing that others learn, or as others learn it. At the university of Dublin he makes no figure. In the lecture-room he is an idler, or he is a truant. He is "a loungee at the college gates." But he is a student there! He is reading something in these streets of Dublin. There, or in any book picked up by chance, he finds his lecture-room. In this process of study, he has quite unconsciously taught himself to write ballads, which the street musician sings and finds profitable, extracting therewith, from many a pocket—surely no slight testimony to their power—the halfpence devoted to apples and gingerbread. Goldsmith steals out at night, and hears them sung.

He is designed by his good uncle Contarine for the church; he presents himself to the bishop for ordination, and is rejected. Some have laid the blame upon a pair of scarlet breeches, in which he thought fit to array himself for episcopal inspection. But the whole scholastic career of the youth plainly demonstrates, that it was not the outward, or the nether man, that was in fault. His uncle then despatches him to the Temple, to study law. Here, he does not even get into his school-room. Stopping by the way, at Dublin, he loses all his money

at the gaming-table, and returns to be despatched in a quite different direction, and for a quite different purpose,—to Edinburgh, to study medicine. At Edinburgh he is distinguished for his convivial talents, and his Irish songs. But he is seized with a strong passion for studying medicine at Leyden or Paris! Neither at Leyden nor at Edinburgh, does he ever get so much medical science as would justify him in prescribing for a case of measles or the chicken-pox. Such, at least, is our strong conviction. We are persuaded that he would have picked up more of medicine from his miscellaneous reading and observation, if he had never designed to practise it, than, having to get his living by the profession, he thought it prudent to acquire. Years after, when he carried a gold-headed cane, and *dressed for the part* of a physician, (it was all the preparation he ever made for it,) he could not pass his examination for a surgeon's mate. In all the highways of learning or science, he makes no advance; he is a sluggard, or a loiterer, or a truant. But in this truant idleness, along some byways of his own, he has been going through a course of study of which we can give no account, except that his own warm heart and overflowing sympathies have had much to do with it. When a loungee at the college gates, it had already taught him to write ballads, which drew audience in the streets of Dublin. Pursued still further, it taught him to write, for all the three kingdoms, for all hearts, and for all time, the very sweetest pastoral that—no production of Greece or Italy excepted—was ever penned.

It is in this vagrant, occult manner that the man of genius always studies. But (and let the saving clause be noted) it follows not that he should fail in other, and ordinary methods of study. The higher spirits—the Dantes and the Miltons—the "thrones and principalities," take all learning for their province. Of Goldsmith, however, it may be said that he studied in this, and no other way. Like Burns, and some other names which might be mentioned, his mind was indebted only to what,

being unable to describe it, we call the inspiration of genius.

That beautiful style of his, how and where did he get it? He spent his youth much amongst roistering collegians, or the choice spirits of a rustic ale-house—the club that met at *The Three Jolly Pigeons*—and he has hardly taken his pen in hand than he writes a style as chaste as Addison's—graceful, musical, refined. And what is more surprising, this refinement of *mind* which pervades all his writings, how did he contrive to obtain and preserve it through the influence of so loose and unsettled a life, wherein coarser pleasures took their turn, and even the excitement of gambling, and all those hardening and degrading artifices that poverty must have recourse to, if poverty would eat? The only answer we hear of, and can report, is, that Goldsmith was a man of genius.

If the contradiction seems extraordinary between the visibly blundering process of education which our poet goes through, and the intellectual power which he nevertheless manifests, how still more striking is the contradiction between that intellectual power, between that which we call the author's mind, and the blundering, buoyant, vacillating being, whom we know as the man Goldsmith! Surely never was the man of thought, and the man of action, seen in the same individual in such striking contrast. His biographers have often remarked how largely and repeatedly Goldsmith drew the materials for his poetry and his works of fiction from himself, and his own life. The author drew perpetually from the man. But how sagacious is the author, how incurably unwise the man! Goldsmith the man seems to have committed, and to continue committing, every folly and absurdity, that Goldsmith the author, with shrewd observation and admirable humour, might note and describe them. There are hosts of men, it is true, who think wisely and act foolishly; but they either think wisely on some other matter than those in which they act foolishly, or else the contradiction is but occasional. In Goldsmith the wise thinking is exactly exercised on the subject-matter of the foolish acting, and the contra-

diction is sustained through life. His moral character, beautiful in parts, is a mere confusion: every impulse reigns its hour despotically; and there are impulses of all kinds. Everything is there but reason. He is open as a child to the impression of the moment; yet with what a calm and veteran sagacity does the author Goldsmith look down upon this child, and scan and depict its follies, and dry its tears, and reprove its wanderings!

In this point of view we think the biography of Goldsmith without a parallel. Fond of the tavern, it is by no drinking-song that he is remembered. Cited as a rake, and, at all events, of no very strict demeanour, he never employs his pen to defend or promote licentiousness. He makes no use of his follies but to analyse and reprove them. In real life he wanted self-respect, and the guidance of moral principle; vanity, or thoughtlessness, or mere companionship, or his good nature and keen sensibility, could lead him into errors more or less grave; yet in all English literature, so boastful of its morality, there is no writer who diffuses a more unaffected love of truth, or instils a higher sentiment of honour. And in this there is no hypocrisy. He is genuine Goldsmith with his pen in hand, satirising folly and rebuking falsehood—as genuine as when he enacts the folly he rebukes. All his outer life is a perpetual make-shift; all his inner life of thought is pure and honourable. The two beings in one were never more strangely blended, or rather say held together in continual and irreconcilable opposition.

We have been recalled again to the memory of Goldsmith by a Life of the poet lately re-written and extended by Mr Washington Irving. The appearance of another biography so shortly after the "Life and Adventures" of Mr Forster will seem at first to be very inopportune. One of the two, at least, will be thought superfluous. But the two works are in some respects dissimilar. If the reader be desirous of a classic and almost uninterrupted narrative—the checkered career of Goldsmith written in a style which Goldsmith himself would have approved,

do wisely to address himself to the pages of Mr Irving. The work of Mr Forster is more miscellaneous, more discursive, more critical; anecdotes of contemporaries are largely, too largely, introduced; the writings themselves of Goldsmith are criticised; and the politics of the day are occasionally discussed. This last topic, both Whig and Tory will probably agree with us in thinking is quite unnecessarily introduced in a life of Goldsmith, distinguished as he is by a peculiar abstinence from all party politics. Mr Irving adheres almost exclusively to the narrative; he does not even give us any critical estimate of the works of Goldsmith—an omission in which the reader will feel some disappointment; for no one, we apprehend, would be more capable of such a task than Mr Irving. Neither does he appear to have bestowed any minute attention to biographical details; he has taken his facts as they were presented to him in the pages of the laborious work of Mr Prior. He has reproduced the narrative, separate from extraneous matter, and clothed it in the charms of his own style. This is all he has done, or, we presume, professes to have done. Twice sifted, and at last clad in a classic and delightful style, we have the mere narrative of the life of Goldsmith in as complete a form as it is likely to attain.*

With little labour to himself, and little other merit than what is implied in writing elegantly, Mr Irving has produced a very acceptable book. His work is less varied than his predecessor's, but its workmanship is more complete. The reader of Mr Irving will resign himself into the hands of his biographer, and be carried on to the last page in uninterrupted gratification. The reader of Mr Forster, to whatever other pleasure he may de-

rive, will certainly add that of an occasional controversy with his author: he will gain more, but he will often lose his temper in the acquisition. The titles of the two biographies ought to be reversed. At all events, it is difficult to understand why Mr Forster should have added to his work its second title, "*Life and Adventures*;" for, in spite of its green and gold, and its pictured page, it is far from possessing that popular character which the word "*adventures*" would imply. One who, in reading it, should be interested only in the career of Goldsmith, would often find the gilded and be-pictured leaves passing with unexpected rapidity through the finger and thumb.

It would be on our part, indeed, a mere work of supererogation, if we were here to reproduce in chronological order the events of Goldsmith's life. We shall allude to them only for the sake of illustrating certain points in his character, and notice such only as appear to be most significant.

And first, we have to quarrel with both our biographers for what appears to us a false refinement, and an instance of wasted ingenuity. Of what use this subtle and most unsound defence of Goldsmith from the charge of vanity? Almost as well attempt to clear him of that improvidence to which his vanity often conducted him. We love our Goldsmith too, but we cannot shut our eyes to a weakness which his contemporaries and intimate friends attributed to him, and which so many anecdotes illustrate. Boswell, it seems, has related one or two anecdotes in a most absurd manner—representing the poet as speaking in earnest when he was evidently jesting. We thank Mr Forster, or whoever has performed so kind a part, for correcting these errors. But these are only a few out

* We did not look for what are called *Americanisms*, in the writings of Mr Irving, whom we are accustomed to regard as one of those who assist in preserving the purity of our common language from useless novelties. But one or two have unexpectedly crossed our path. "*To loan*," is used for *to lend*, (p. 69); we have "*illy assorted*" for *ill assorted*, (p. 78); and we suspect the word *flush*, as expressive of sufficiency of cash, must have attained to a degree of dignity on the other side of the Atlantic which it has not acquired with us, since Mr Irving uses it with all the gravity in the world, and with no appearance of humour, or that air of condescension which sober writers assume when they find it convenient to employ an expression which may be thought bordering upon slang.

of many cases; and what could so grossly have misled Boswell but the prevailing impression of Goldsmith's vanity? A man who has once obtained a marked character will always become the subject of many a false anecdote illustrative of it; just as a celebrated wit is sure to have many a jest attributed to him that he never made.

Mr Irving, following Mr Forster, resolves into bashfulness and over-sensitiveness, what has been described by contemporaries as the vanity of Goldsmith. The two may be confounded once or twice, but cannot be mistaken for each other during a long intimacy. Highly sensitive to the ridicule of failure he may have been, but this did not prevent his constant wish to distinguish himself in little matters, or on trivial occasions—a love of distinction which is generally understood as vanity. They are not incompatible. One of the earliest anecdotes recorded of him manifests this thirst for display, accompanied, we are told, with no little confusion and embarrassment at the absurd predicament in which it involved him. Mr Irving shall relate the story.

"An amusing incident is related as occurring in Goldsmith's last journey homeward from Edgeworthstown. His father's house was about twenty miles distant; the road lay through a rough country, impassable for carriages. Goldsmith procured a horse for the journey, and a friend furnished him with a guinea for travelling expenses. He was but a stripling of sixteen, and being thus suddenly mounted on horseback, with money in his pocket, it is no wonder that his head was turned. He determined to play the man, and to spend his money in independent traveller's style. Accordingly, instead of pushing directly for home, he halted for the night at the little town of Ardagh, and, accosting the first person he met, inquired, with somewhat of a consequential air, for the best house in the place. Unluckily, the person he had accosted was one Kelly, a notorious wag, who was quartered in the family of one Mr Featherstone, a gentleman of fortune. Amused with the self-consequence of the stripling, and willing to play off a practical joke at his expense, he directed him to what was literally 'the best house in the place'; namely, the family mansion of Mr Featherstone. Goldsmith, accordingly, rode up to what he supposed to be

an inn, ordered his horse to be taken to the stable, walked into the parlour, seated himself by the fire, and demanded what he could have for supper. On ordinary occasions he was diffident, and even awkward in his manners, but here he was 'at ease in his inn,' and felt called upon to show his manhood, and enact the experienced traveller. His person was by no means calculated to play off his pretensions, for he was short and thick, with a pock-marked face, and an air and carriage by no means of a distinguished cast. The owner of the house, however, soon discovered his whimsical mistake, and, being a man of humour, determined to indulge it, especially as he accidentally learned that this intruding guest was the son of an old acquaintance.

"Accordingly, Goldsmith was 'fooled to the top of his bent,' and permitted to have full sway through the evening. Never was schoolboy more elated. When supper was served, he most condescendingly insisted that the landlord, his wife, and daughter, should partake, and ordered a bottle of wine to crown the repast, and benefit the house. His last flourish was on going to bed, when he gave especial orders to have a hot cake at breakfast. His confusion and dismay, on discovering the next morning that he had been swagging in this free-and-easy way in the house of a private gentleman, may be readily conceived. True to his habit of turning the events of his life to literary account, we find this chapter of ludicrous blunders and cross-purposes dramatised many years afterwards in his admirable comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer, or the Mistakes of a Night.'"

We think that something of the youth of sixteen, who delighted to play the part of *grand seigneur* in an inn, though but for one night, may be traceable in the mature man, so solicitous to deck out his person in all the glories of "Tyrian bloom," and the peach-coloured coat. Mr Irving, however, explains it otherwise.

"This proneness to finery in dress, which Boswell, and others of Goldsmith's contemporaries, who did not understand the secret plies of his character, attributed to vanity, arose, we are convinced, from a widely different motive. It was from a painful idea of his own personal defects, which had been cruelly stamped upon his mind in his boyhood, by the sneers and jeers of his playmates, and had been ground deeper into it by rude speeches made to him in every step of his struggling career, until it had become a con-

stant cause of awkwardness and embarrassment. This he had experienced the more sensibly since his reputation had elevated him into polite society; and he was constantly endeavouring, by the aid of dress, to acquire that personal *acceptability*, if we may use the phrase, which nature had denied him. If ever he displayed a little self-complacency on first turning out in a new suit, it may, perhaps, have been because he felt as if he had achieved a triumph over his ugliness."

A triumph over his ugliness! So every old fop achieves a triumph over both his age and his ugliness. Men really conscious of personal defects do not generally solicit attention to their form and features by singular gaudiness of attire. Moreover, Mr Irving draws a picture of the youth of Goldsmith, not at all justified by anything related in his own biography. We nowhere find that "the idea of his personal defects had been cruelly stamped upon his mind by the jeers and sneers of his playmates." Goldsmith appears always as a great favourite amongst his associates. Ugly he might be—there is no proof that he ever thought himself irredeemably so—but he was not the less acceptable on this account. He was the leader of their sports, noted for his conviviality, and beloved for his cordiality and good fellowship. Mr Irving feels that he has not taken quite secure ground, and therefore, to eke out his explanations, he has—upon very slender authority—thrown poor Goldsmith into love.

"It has been intimated that the intimacy of poor Goldsmith with the Miss Hornecks, which began in so sprightly a vein, gradually assumed something of a more tender nature, and that he was not insensible to the fascinations of the younger sister. This may account for some of the phenomena which about this time appeared in his wardrobe and toilet. During the first year of his acquaintance with these lovely girls, the tell-tale book of his tailor, Mr William Filby, displays entries of four or five full suits, beside separate articles of dress. Among the items we find green half-trimmed frock and breeches, lined with silk; a queen's-blue dress suit; a half dress suit of ratteen, lined with satin; a pair of silk stocking breeches, and another pair of a bloom colour! Alas! poor Goldsmith! how much of this silken finery was dictated, not by vanity, but humble consciousness of thy defects; how

much of it was to atone for the uncouthness of thy person, and to win favour in the eyes of the Jessamy Bride!"

In this forced explanation, Mr Irving seems to have followed the lead of his immediate predecessor. Mr Forster had said:—"If Goldsmith was vain, it was the wrong way. It arose not from overweening self-complacency in supposed advantages, but from what the world had forced him since his earliest youth to feel, intense uneasy consciousness of supposed defects." This intense uneasy consciousness—if it existed—must have made the suit of "Tyrian bloom" very uncomfortable wear; but it is hardly the sentiment that would have led to its selection.

But to quit this subject of dress—for which the bad taste of the young Irishman is partly to blame—the anecdotes are too numerous to be explained away, which show that Goldsmith had that passion or weakness which all the world calls vanity. Take the well-known story of the trick which Burke practised upon him.

"Colonel O'Moore and Burke, walking one day through Leicester Square, on their way to Sir Joshua Reynolds, with whom they were to dine, observed Goldsmith, who was likewise to be a guest, standing and regarding a crowd which was staring and shouting at some foreign ladies in the window of a hotel. 'Observe Goldsmith,' said Burke to O'Moore, 'and mark what passes between us at Sir Joshua's.' They passed on and reached there before him. Burke received Goldsmith with affected reserve and coldness. Being pressed to explain the reason, 'Really,' said he, 'I am ashamed to keep company with a person who could act as you have just done in the Square.' Goldsmith protested he was ignorant of what was meant. 'Why,' said Burke, 'did you not exclaim, as you were looking up at those women, what stupid beasts the crowd must be for staring with such admiration at those painted Jezebels, while a man of your talents passed by unnoticed?' 'Surely, surely, my dear friend,' cried Goldsmith with alarm, 'surely I did not say so!' 'Nay,' replied Burke, 'if you had not said so, how should I have known it.' 'That's true,' answered Goldsmith, 'I am very sorry—it was very foolish: I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it.'"

Now, it is not the confession into which Goldsmith was entrapped which gives, we think, the chief significance to this anecdote. How came Burke to be confident of the success of his trick, or to think of practising such a jest, if he had not well known what was the prevailing weakness of his friend? Here lies the main force of the anecdote, and we do not see how it is to be broken or turned aside.

Another little story, illustrative of the same weakness, we will quote in the words of Mr Forster:—

“The little sculptor, as he (Roubiliac) is called in the *Chinese Letters*, being a familiar acquaintance, and fond of music, Goldsmith would play the flute for him; and to such assumed delight on the part of his listener did he do this one day, that Roubiliac, protesting he must copy the air upon the spot, took up a sheet of white paper, scored a few lines and spaces (the form of the notes being all he knew of the matter,) and with random blotches pretended to take down the tune as repeated by the good-natured musician; while, gravely and with great attention, Goldsmith, surveying these musical hieroglyphics, said they were very correct; and that, if he had not seen him do it, he never could have believed his friend capable of writing music after him. Sir John Hawkins tells the story with much satisfaction. Exposure of an ignorant flute-player, with nothing but vulgar accomplishments of ‘ear’ to bestow upon his friends, gives great delight to pompous Hawkins as a learned historian of music.”

Exposure of an ignorant musician! No; the exposure is of one who, to be thought able to read music, descends to a silly falsehood. What necessity was there for Goldsmith to read music? He played from ear, and at another time might have made this a matter of especial boast. Just now, he thinks it will exalt him more in the opinion of his present company, if he is somewhat of the learned musician; and this puerile vanity leads him into a ridiculous position, much like that of the sapient burgo-master in the play, who, pretending to the faculty of reading, *holds the book upside down*.

But we must not dwell longer upon this topic, or we shall run the risk of putting ourselves in a false position, and leave it to be inferred that we consider this vanity as a far more

conspicuous element in the character of Goldsmith than it really was. That character, we think, is not likely to be mistaken by any one who reads his life and writings, and allows them to make their natural impression. We are in danger of misapprehension only when we begin to subtilise and refine.

In such a character, so full of unrestrained impulses, we must expect to meet with inconsistencies. The combination of vanity with over-sensitiveness is not the only apparent incongruity we encounter. We detect in Goldsmith a propensity to gaming, we see it break forth very forcibly on several occasions. Much of his early history is obscure, but, where the light falls on it, we more than once discover him at the gaming-table; and it is not uncharitable to suppose that, if we could follow him more closely through his needy campaigns, abroad and at home, we should see him there still more frequently. Now, it is not often that we find this propensity united with an uncontrollable charity. There is no incompatibility between them; still, it is not often that the youth who frequents a gaming table, is the same youth who gives his blankets to a poor woman and her children, and, cutting a hole in the bed, keeps himself warm amongst the feathers.

These blankets were not his own to give. At least it is not the habit of students, or lodgers of any description, to carry about such articles. If he had nothing to bestow in charity, he had no money wherewith to replace these blankets. He was charitable, and not just. An inconsistency, it will be said, by no means uncommon.

His conduct to his uncle, Contarine, his early friend and benefactor, betrays, in a still more striking manner, the incongruous elements of his character. He plays a little with this good uncle; he practises upon his good nature and his credulity. You would augur very ill of the youth from this circumstance. But Goldsmith defies augury. He does talk over the good, believing uncle—and for the sake of his guineas—but for all that, he would spend his own last guinea to do a pleasure to that uncle.

By the aid of this constant friend and generous, though far from v

benefactor, Goldsmith, we have seen, has got to Edinburgh.

"He now attended," says Mr Irving, "medical lectures, and attached himself to an association of students called the Medical Society. He set out, as usual, with the best intentions, but, as usual, soon fell into idle, convivial, thoughtless habits. Edinburgh was, indeed, a place of sore trial for one of his temperament. Convivial meetings were all the vogue, and the tavern was the universal rallying-place of good fellowship. And then Goldsmith's intimacies lay chiefly among the Irish students, who were always ready for a wild freak and frolic. Among them he was a prime favourite, and somewhat of a leader, from his exuberance of spirits, his vein of humour, and his talent at singing an Irish song, and telling an Irish story."

After spending two winters at Edinburgh in this profitable manner, he found it absolutely necessary to complete his studies on the Continent. His uncle Contarine was to furnish the funds. Under the plea of study, he wished, in fact, to see the world, and gratify a roving propensity. "*I intend*," he thus writes to his uncle—"*I intend to visit Paris, where the great Farnheim, Petit, and Du Hammel de Monceau instruct their pupils in all the branches of medicine. They speak French, and consequently I shall have much the advantage of most of my countrymen, as I am perfectly acquainted with the language, and few who leave Ireland are so. I shall spend the spring and summer in Paris, and the beginning of next winter go to Leyden. The great Albinus is still alive there, and 'twill be proper to go, though only to have it said that we have studied in so famous a university.*"

The great Albinus! We see him laughing in his sleeve as he pens this *rigmarole* to Uncle Contarine, evidently more distinguished for his good nature than his penetration. "The great Farnheim, Petit, and Du Hammel de Monceau instruct their pupils in all the branches of medicine!" Having drained the Scottish professors of all their knowledge, he will add to his store whatever the Continent can teach. And "they speak French," which probably Uncle Contarine was not aware of, and consequently he will have a great advantage over

certain of his countrymen whom he represents, we know not with what justice, as going to Paris to be taught medicine in a language they do not understand!

When he gets to Leyden—for to that capital and not to Paris, he first bends his steps—we hear little enough of "the great Albinus." We hear that, after some time, he gets so much into the habit of gambling that a certain friend he has, of the name of Ellis, who, on several occasions, has lent him money, will assist him no more, unless he promises to quit Leyden altogether, the scene of his temptations. We should have thought the same temptations would follow him to Paris, or to any other city. However, so runs the story: Ellis lends or gives him a sum of money, and he promises to start forthwith for Paris. He has not escaped the environs of Leyden when he sees in a florist's garden some beautiful tulips; recollects that Uncle Contarine is fond of tulips; and incontinently spends all he has, except one solitary guinea, in the purchase of rare tulip roots, to be despatched to Ireland. We hope they reached their place of destination. Goldsmith pursues his way to Paris with one guinea in his pocket, and his flute.

It is very little we know of Goldsmith's Continental journey—how he occupied himself, what route he took, or how he subsisted. His flute has the merit of providing for him, especially in France. In the country districts we can understand this, but are we to represent Goldsmith to ourselves as street musician in the town of Paris? In this dearth of information, his biographers show a disposition to have recourse to his works of fiction and other miscellaneous writings, where he drew so much from himself and his own experiences. This is rather a hazardous method of getting at facts.

When the events of an author's life are known, it may be well to trace and illustrate them in his fictions; but to reverse the process, and piece out the biography by aid of the fictions, is manifestly a far too conjectural method.

"At Geneva," Mr Irving tells us, "he became travelling tutor to a mongrel

young gentleman, son of a London pawn-broker, who had been suddenly elevated into fortune and absurdity by the death of an uncle. The youth, before setting up for a gentleman, had been an attorney's apprentice, and was an arrant pettifogger in money matters. Never were two beings more illy assorted than he and Goldsmith. We may form an idea of the tutor and the pupil from the following extract from the narrative of the 'Philosopher Vagabond,' the son George, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*."

Then follows an extract from that novel, which the reader, if he is not upon his guard, will be apt to confound with the biography, and which has evidently coloured the account Mr Irving gives of this ridiculous tourist, to whom Goldsmith performed the part of tutor, or guide.

"Once more on foot," continues Mr Irving, "but freed from the irksome duties of 'bear leader,' and with some of his pay as tutor in his pocket, Goldsmith continued his half-vagrant peregrinations through part of France and Piedmont, and some of the Italian states. He had acquired, as has been shown, a habit of shifting along and living by expedients, and a new one presented itself in Italy. 'My skill in music,' says he in the *Philosophic Vagabond*, 'could avail me nothing in a country where every peasant was a better musician than I; but by this time I had acquired another talent, which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation. In all the foreign universities and convents there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant; for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, and dinner, and a bed for one night.'"

We are told, (though not, as we remember, by Mr Irving,) that Goldsmith had in conversation claimed to be himself the hero of these disputations; but even this is not sufficient to let in the evidence, as the lawyers would say, of the *Philosophic Vagabond*. We can readily admit that Goldsmith had been present at some of these disputations, and had earned a supper and a night's lodging by taking a part in them; but we cannot

agree with Mr Irving in placing this amongst the "expedients" of subsistence, amongst the ways and means of travel.

"At Paris," writes Mr Irving with great gravity, "he attended the chemical lectures of Rouelle, then in great vogue, where he says he witnessed as bright a circle of beauty as graced the court of Versailles." This statement is evidently founded on a passage in his essay on *The Present State of Polite Learning*. Goldsmith, in that essay, is remarking on the influence of the fair sex in France, in preventing the decline of taste, by requiring a certain literary qualification from their admirers. "A man of fashion," he says, "at Paris, however contemptible we may think him here, must be acquainted with the reigning modes of philosophy as well as of dress, to be able to entertain his mistress agreeably. . . . I have seen as bright a circle of beauty at the chemical lectures of Ronelle as gracing the court of Versailles." But such a passage as this by no means implies that he had "attended," as a student, the lectures of Ronelle. If he had been present at them once, it would have been quite sufficient to allow him to speak of the array of beauty he had seen there.

"I have seen," a tourist returning from his visit to Paris might say, "at the college of the Sorbonne, a set of grimy, bearded figures, wild as young Cossacks, listening breathless to wire-drawn discussions on the Alexandrian school of metaphysics!" It would not follow from this, that such a person had attended the lectures of M. Simon, or whoever else might have been professor of ancient philosophy at the time. That he put his head into the lecture-room is all that, in strictness, we are called upon to believe.

But the good Uncle Contarine is dead—all expedients for travel, of whatever kind, fail—and Goldsmith returns penniless to England. After all this medical study in Edinburgh, Leyden, Paris, and Padua, at which last place, "it is said," he obtained that doctor's degree which decorated his name, he now applies in vain for "employment in the shop of a country apothecary!" Some rumour

reaches us, about this time, of theatricals in a barn, and a trial of his talents as a strolling player. It seems that no wandering genius could fulfil his destiny without *this* experience. "At length we find him launched on the great metropolis, or rather drifting about its streets, at night, in the gloomy month of February, with but a few half-pence in his pocket. The deserts of Arabia," adds Mr Irving, "are not more dreary and inhospitable than the streets of London at such a time, and to a stranger in such a plight."

For a short time he is usher in some school, of which we hear nothing—then assistant in a laboratory of a chemist; then practising medicine in a small way in Bankside, Southwark, chiefly amongst the poor, "decked out in the tarnished finery of a second-hand suit of green and gold, with a shirt and neckcloth of a fortnight's wear." In this costume he meets an old schoolmate and college companion. He assumes a prosperous air—cannot endure to be thought poor by him: "he is practising physic, *and doing very well!*" Poverty, meanwhile, pinching him to the bone. Then we hear of a half-written tragedy, and of "a strange Quixotic scheme of going to decipher the inscriptions of the *written mountains*, though he was altogether ignorant of Arabic, or the language in which they might be supposed to be written—the salary of three hundred pounds being the temptation."

Something like a home he at length obtains as usher in a respectable school at Peckham, kept by Dr Milner. Dr Milner is acquainted with Griffiths, the proprietor of the *Monthly Review*. Hence his introduction to the literary craft. Goldsmith quits the school, becomes contributor to the *Monthly*, at a fixed salary; commences, in short, his literary career.

He has not yet, however, accepted this as his true calling and final position in society. On the contrary, he has hopes, through the influence of his friend Dr Milner, of a medical appointment in India; and he is publishing his *Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning*, in order to obtain funds for his outfit. He is, in fact, promised the appointment of phy-

sician and surgeon to one of the factories on the coast of Coromandel.

"His imagination was immediately on fire with visions of Oriental wealth and magnificence. It is true the salary did not exceed one hundred pounds; but then, as appointed physician, he would have the exclusive practice of the place, amounting to one thousand pounds per annum, with advantages to be derived from trade, and from the high interest of money—twenty per cent; in a word, for once in his life the road to fortune lay broad and straight before him."

Therefore he labours sedulously at his *Essay on Polite Learning*. At this period, it seems, our law of copyright did not extend to Ireland. He fears his work may be pirated, and is anxious that such friends as he may have in that country, who may be disposed to purchase it, may give their orders to the London bookseller. Accordingly he writes several long letters to his Irish friends and relatives, explaining the matter, and, in short, soliciting their interest in his forthcoming publication. In one of these, he enters into a vague rhapsody upon his future prospects, which he describes as very gorgeous and splendid, and then suddenly turns from the bright future to the actual and the present. Dismounting from his Pegasus of hope, he says:—"But *now*—where *is* I? Gods! gods! Up in a garret, writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk-score!"

It is just at this point, we call to mind, that Mr Forster, in his biography, breaks out into an energetic protest against the cruelty and injustice that could leave a man of genius in this lamentable plight. We regret that any man should suffer—and still more that a man of genius, in whom the world suffers too, should be left to struggle with the hard necessities of life. But angry reproaches, which are not even followed by any distinct enunciation of the duty neglected, or of the line of conduct to be henceforth pursued, can lead to no good result. Society has so many faults of omission and of commission to reproach herself with, that it is something worse than wasted breath when false accusations are brought against her. It is thus Mr Forster writes:—

"In a garret, writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk-score." The ordinary fate of letters in that age. There had been a Christian religion extant for now seventeen hundred and fifty-seven years; for so long a time had the world been acquainted with its spiritual responsibilities and necessities. Yet here, in the middle of the eighteenth century, was the one common eminence conceded to the spiritual teacher—the man who comes upon the earth to lift his fellow-men above its mire ways. Up in a garret, writing for bread he cannot get, and dunned for a milk-score he cannot pay. And age after age, the comfortable, prosperous man sees it, and calls for water and washes his hands of it, and is glad to think it no business of his; and in that year of grace and of Goldsmith's suffering, had doubtless adorned his dining-room with the *Distrest Poet* of the imitable Mr Hogarth, and invited laughter from easy guests at the garret and the milk-score."—(Forster, p. 129.)

The remark, to say the least of it, is not judiciously introduced, and certainly does not come commended to us by the singular display of rhetoric for which it is made the occasion. What wrong has society done to Goldsmith at this time? What service has it received from him? No *Traveller*, or *Vicar of Wakefield*, or *Citizen of the World*, has yet appeared. He is not even yet resolved to cast in his lot with literary men. So far from being, or aiming to be, our "spiritual teacher," he is more than ever bent upon practising, with very slender amount of knowledge, upon our bodily infirmities. It is true that, willingly or unwillingly, he undergoes a severe apprenticeship to the profession of an author. We wish we could have lightened it for him. But it is manifest that, until he has passed through this period of toil and probation, and proved himself to be the man of genius, by the work of genius, the world at large can do nothing for him. It knows nothing of him. No one would propose to pension five hundred ordinary penmen, in the hope that one man of genius would be found hidden amongst the number.

But applying these observations of Mr Forster to any period we please of Goldsmith's history, we are still left in the dark as to the specific measure, act, or proceeding, which he would

have required of society, or, in a similar case, would now require of it. When Goldsmith had published his *Traveller* and *Vicar of Wakefield*, these works, it is true, did little *immediately* towards supporting him. He, the poet, who can write a *Deserted Village*, has to obtain his subsistence by mere compilations—histories of Greece, of England, of *Animated Nature*—or by literary labours far more obscure and far less useful. Ought this to be? Ought we to leave the man of superior powers to do what those of inferior ability might execute almost as well? Nay, it is not always that the man of poetic or philosophic genius can execute these more profitable but less meritorious works. They, too, require some peculiar aptitude which he may not possess. In that case, are we to leave him to starve, or, what is almost as bad, to live in a state of miserable dependence, begging and borrowing of this or that individual?

Here is a distinct evil; it existed at the time of Goldsmith, and it exists now; but Mr Forster has not suggested any remedy for it.

The author and the public do not stand towards each other in altogether a satisfactory relationship. This must be confessed. We congratulate ourselves, and justly, on the substitution that has long since taken place of the bookseller for the patron. Under this new régime has grown up a class of literary men, if not of the highest order, yet yielding only to the very highest in their usefulness, and the honourable attitude they assume. For the literary man, who, without exactly professing to originate new ideas, is constantly occupied in disseminating knowledge, in disentangling truth from the partial or obscure statements of others, and the like critical and explanatory labours, is performing a most beneficial, and indeed an indispensable office, in the education of mankind. He is exercising a profession second to none in its useful and honourable character. And if not a lucrative profession, yet, upon the whole, it appears that the intellectual demand of the public will call forth and remunerate the intellectual supply he has to offer.

But there are men who, while in

point of genius, invention, originality, and independence of thought, they are raised above this class, are far less sure of being adequately remunerated, or remunerated at all. It is a chance. They may be elevated at once to the highest honours in the hierarchy of literature, be the most richly endowed, or they may be compelled to enrol themselves amongst its friars-mendicant. The works they produce may be admired at first by a few only; their circulation may be limited. They are works which demand the labours of the whole man, and for some years, and after all may occupy but little space: their mercantile return must then be small. The bookseller here is manifestly an inefficient patron.

But where is the remedy? Mr Forster would not recommend to us the patronage of government, the systematic and habitual gift of pensions. He would be the first to tell us that nothing would more certainly destroy whatever remains to us of independence of thought, or genuine love of truth, than such an official patronage. The government pension, indeed, would rarely come to the only man who very much needs it—to him who is struggling, unfriended, against the tide of popular opinion.

The only hint we receive from Mr Forster is, that the literary man should be more "respected." We hope that he does not mean by this that he should have a larger share of those titular honours, knighthood or baronetcy, which appear to be extending themselves amongst us. Besides that this has no relation whatever to the peculiar evil we are pointing out, and the only one of which there seems ground to complain, we should extremely regret to see literary men become candidates for these honours. They do not want them; they have already taken a title from their works. The title-page of their book is their best order of knighthood. The "Author of Waverley!"—can any prince's sword dub a man with a title like that, or any title that shall be remembered by the side of it? These distinctions are becoming common amongst scientific men of eminence, and what is the result? Not that those are more honoured who possess them, but that many

who possess them not, feel slighted and aggrieved. And yet the common forms of language are enough to show how superfluous such titles are, to both literary and scientific men of distinguished merit; for no sooner does a man become famous than all prefix whatever to his name is dropped. The highest honour is to be stripped bare to the simple surname. It is plain Newton or Locke men speak of. No one talks of *Sir Isaac's Principia*. A Sir Joseph Banks may keep his title. But even a Sir Humphry Davy has some difficulty to retain his. Whenever the language of the writer rises into panegyric, we have remarked that it becomes plain Davy. We hear and read always of one *Faraday*. The living man has already obtained this highest of nominal distinctions, to be without a prefix. For ourselves, we know not whether it is *Mr* or *Sir* that is omitted; but we know this, that if the *Sir* is yet to come, it will drop off, it will not *stick*.

But is it not possible to suggest any remedy for the evil we have pointed out? The man of genius, to whom the bookseller can be no patron, shall he find a patron nowhere else? There is one practical suggestion we would offer. We put it forward with extreme embarrassment and hesitation, because we know the delicate ground on which we tread; but it is the only remedy which occurs to us for an admitted evil. The man of genius, in the predicament we have mentioned, ought to find a patron in that "select few" who have given him audience, and acknowledged his merit.

Would it have been an unnatural thing, or an unreasonable, if the biographer of Goldsmith had it to record, that, after the publication of his *Traveller*, the readers of that poem had, by each contributing no very large sum, raised a sufficiency to shield the author from want?

Or, to come nearer home, what man had a more ardent circle of admirers than Coleridge? They looked to him for some great work of philosophy or religion—the metaphysics of theology. Whether their hopes would have been realised is another matter, but why did they do nothing to enable him to prosecute such a work? Each looked

on at a distance, and marvelled that a man of insecure position in his social and economical relations, should fall into desultory habits of thought and study.

For these cases we do not ask the patronage of government, and it would be idle to appeal to society at large, or to what is called public opinion; but we would fix a duty upon the consciences of those who profess to have read the works of the man with profit or delight.

We pay some guineas to a lecturer for a few hours' instruction; we pay other guineas, in the course of the year, to see the drama performed, or to hear music. For the book which has, perhaps, given us more gratification, more mental occupation, more intellectual excitement, than lecture, and drama, and concert put together, we have paid a few shillings: It is very cheap. No harm in that, however. But if the case required aid of a financial character, would it be other than a grateful act of justice if we made the payment somewhat more equivalent to the benefit received?

Neither could there be any objection, on the ground that the delicacy of the recipient would be wounded by this act of liberality. The gift would have the character, rather of an honourable tribute, than an eleemosynary donation. It would surely be as little derogatory to accept such a present, as to accept a pension from government.

But where have we left Goldsmith all this time? Writing his *Essay on Polite Learning*, to provide his outfit for the coast of Coromandel. The essay was published, but the appointment never came.

"Alas! poor Goldsmith!" thus continues his biographer, Mr Irving, "ever doomed to disappointment. Early in the gloomy month of November, that month of fog and despondency in London, he learnt the shipwreck of his hope. The great Coromandel enterprise fell through, or rather, the post promised to him was transferred to some other candidate. The cause of this disappointment it is now impossible to ascertain. The death of his *quasi* patron, Dr Milner, which happened about this time, may have had some effect in producing it; or there may

have been some heedlessness and blundering on his own part; or some obstacle arising from his insuperable indigence. Whatever may have been the cause, he never mentioned it, which gives some ground to surmise that he himself was to blame."

How is it that, in this enumeration of the probable causes of the failure of his hopes, Mr Irving avoids mentioning what must occur to every one as by far the most probable of all—namely, that those with whom the appointment rested had become aware of the very little medical knowledge which Dr Goldsmith possessed, and of his incompetency to perform the duties of such a position? A month afterwards, he underwent his examination at the College of Surgeons for the humble situation of hospital mate, and was rejected as unqualified.

There is no help for it now: he must apply himself to the pen in downright earnest—there seems no other occupation for him. But for this occupation, and apparently for this only, nature had fitted him. His efforts are attended with success. The *Chinese Letters*, which first appeared in a daily newspaper, are collected and published under the title of *The Citizen of the World*. He is introduced to Johnson, becomes the friend of Reynolds and of Burke, and a member of the Club. Then appear *The Traveller* and *The Vicar of Wakefield*. The man of genius at length stands out revealed to, and recognised by the world.

A cruel apprenticeship to letters did Goldsmith pass through in that *Green Arbour Court*, so sadly misnamed,—or elsewhere, "up in a garret, writing for bread and dunned for a milk-score." It is painful to contemplate, painful to read of. Yet there is one turning-point in his history we read of with still greater pain. Success, and some measure of prosperity, has at length arrived. His play of *The Good-Natured Man* has brought him in some four hundred pounds; the bookseller, at the same time, has paid him one hundred pounds more. Here is a fortune which he might at least subsist on for some time, while he wrote other works; he spends it all at once, in getting

better chambers in the Temple than those he had been occupying, in buying furniture, and replenishing his wardrobe. On the proceeds of future plays he begins to give dinners to his aristocratic friends. He makes no other use of his good fortune than to get as fast and as deep as possible into debt. In debt he, of course, continues to the last day. He dies in debt to the amount of two thousand pounds. "Was ever poet so trusted?" says Johnson. He was trusted, for it was known that he paid as soon as his earnings permitted him. The man was honourable, but incurably improvident.

But we have not heard the last of this hapless profession of medicine. It is a peculiar trait in the character of Goldsmith, this tenacity with which he clings to a profession for which he never prepares himself, except, as we say, by dressing for the part. It is impossible to give him credit for ever having studied medicine seriously. All that we know of his life at Edinburgh, and on the Continent, forbids the idea. Neither in his writings do we find any traces of the physician, or even of the medical student. We believe that he was quite as well prepared to read the *written mountains of Arabia* as to cure the diseases of the human frame; and that it was quite as honest a scheme to undertake the one as the other. Yet when his pen has earned him subsistence, and a position in the world, and he has no longer the excuse of want, he again brandishes the gold-headed cane. This time the profession is, in part, subsidiary; he is desirous of adding the *respectability* of the doctor to the reputation of the poet.

"He accordingly launched himself upon the town in style; hired a man-servant; replenished his wardrobe at considerable expense; and appeared in a professional wig and cane, purple silk small-clothes, and a scarlet roquelaure buttoned to the chin: a fantastic garb, as we should think at the present day, but not unsuited to the fashion of the times.

"With his sturdy little person thus arrayed in the unusual magnificence of purple and fine linen, and his scarlet roquelaure flaunting from his shoulders, he used to strut into the apartments of his patients, swaying his three-cornered hat in one hand, and his medical sceptre

(the cane) in the other, and assuming an air of gravity and importance suited to the solemnity of the wig; at least such is the picture given of him by the waiting gentlewoman who let him into the chamber of one of his lady patients.

"He soon, however, grew tired and impatient of the duties and restraints of his profession; his practice was chiefly amongst his friends, and the fees were not sufficient for his maintenance; he was disgusted with attendance on sick-chambers, and capricious patients, and looked back with longing to his tavern haunts and broad convivial meetings, from which the dignity and duties of his medical calling restrained him. At length, on prescribing for a lady of his acquaintance, who, to use a hackneyed phrase, rejoiced in the aristocratical name of Sidebotham, a warm dispute arose between him and the apothecary as to the quantity of medicine to be administered. The doctor stood up for the rights and dignities of his profession, and resented the interference of the compounder of drugs. His rights and dignities, however, were disregarded; his wig and cane and scarlet roquelaure were of no avail; Mrs Sidebotham sided with the hero of the pestle and mortar, and Goldsmith flung out of the house in a passion. 'I am determined henceforth,' said he to Popham Beauclerc, 'to leave off prescribing for friends.' 'Do so, my dear doctor,' was the reply; 'whenever you undertake to kill, let it be only your enemies.'

"This was the end of Goldsmith's medical career."

He who would have practised medicine without, we cannot help thinking, an honest qualification in an average amount of knowledge, would not, however, be a *quack politician*. He would not enter the field of party politics, or write for the minister of the day. He might have done so with little or no sacrifice of opinion, for he had no sympathy with the *patriots* of his time; but he chose to preserve his independence. When Lord North, attacked by Junius and Wilkes, looked round for literary support, he thought of enlisting the pen of Goldsmith, at that time still struggling very hard for subsistence. One Scott, a chaplain to Lord Sandwich, and himself a political writer, was sent to negotiate with the poet. "I found him," Scott used afterwards to relate, "in a miserable suite of chambers in the Temple. I told him my authority: I told him how I was em-

powered to pay most liberally for his exertions ; and, would you believe it ! he was so absurd as to say, ' I can earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party ; the assistance you offer is therefore unnecessary to me.' And so I left him in his garret." Bravo, Goldsmith ! we exclaim.

In the latter and brighter portions of Goldsmith's life, there is one aspect in which we contemplate him with peculiar pleasure. It is not when he is at the Club, striving, with uneasy efforts, to sustain in conversation the reputation of the author of the *Traveller* ; it is not even when visiting the amiable family of the Hornecks, where his genial and bland nature can expand and be appreciated, and with whom he travels on the Continent, and views those scenes from the interior of a carriage which he had formerly passed through on foot : it is when he retires to some rural retreat in the neighbourhood of London, to Canonbury House, Islington, then a very different place from what it is at present, or to his cottage on the Harrow-road. Here he is occupied, it is true, by some mere literary task-work, probably one of his historical compilations ; but he is a genuine lover of nature, and as he is wandering amongst the fields and hedgerows, he is unconsciously storing in the materials of his *Deserted Village*. These, we feel confident, were the happiest days of the poet's life.

But although in this later period there are some positions—pleasant solitudes and delightful companionships—in which we are glad to contemplate Goldsmith, we cannot, upon the whole, dwell with more satisfaction on the close of his career than on its commencement. There is something peculiarly melancholy in these last struggles of the debt-encumbered writer, working amidst anxieties and with impaired health, at a toil that no longer kindles. Youth in a garret, though writing for bread, has hope before it, and the conscious wealth of an unexhausted mind. But when this wealth has been extracted, wrought up, and presented to the world—when the man has done his best—when, to the energy of youth, succeeds the infirmity of age—when the horizon

darkens every hour, instead of growing brighter—it is very sad then to read of debt, and unreposing toil, and the worn brain called upon to supply the exigencies of life.

Such is the gloomy position in which we are last called upon to contemplate Goldsmith. Gleams of sunshine break in upon the scene, but only to leave it sadder by the contrast. After a happy Christmas spent at Barton, the residence of the Hornecks, amidst the cordiality of a friendly circle, he returns to his solitary chambers at the Temple ; returns to debt and ceaseless drudgery ; returns to be harassed by creditors, and driven, well or ill, to his unremitted task-work.

We quote from Mr Irving his account of the closing scene, and of the death of Goldsmith. It is touchingly told, and forms in itself a compendium of his character. He had formed the wise resolution of retiring into the country, and spending only two months of the year in London ; and, having made arrangements to sell his right in the Temple chambers, he had already taken up his country quarters at Hyde. But—

" An access of a local complaint, under which he had suffered for some time past, added to a general prostration of health, brought Goldsmith back to town, before he had well settled himself in the country. The local complaint subsided, but was followed by a low nervous fever. He was not aware of his critical situation, and intended to be at the Club on the 25th of March, on which occasion Charles Fox, Sir Charles Bunbury, (one of the Horneck connexion,) and two other new members, were to be present. In the afternoon, however, he felt so unwell as to take to his bed, and his symptoms soon acquired sufficient force to keep him there. His malady fluctuated for several days, and hopes were entertained of his recovery, but they proved fallacious. He had skilful medical aid and faithful nursing, but he would not follow the advice of his physicians, and persisted in the use of James's powders, which he had once found beneficial, but which were now injurious to him. His appetite was gone, his strength failed him ; but his mind remained clear, and was perhaps too active for his frame. Anxieties and disappointments which had previously sapped his constitution, doubtless aggravated his present complaint and rendered him sleepless. In reply to an ir

his physician, he acknowledged that his mind was ill at ease. This was his last reply: he was too weak to talk, and in general took no notice of what was said to him. He sank at last into a deep sleep, and it was hoped a favourable crisis had arrived—to awake, however, in strong convulsions, which continued without intermission until he expired on the 4th of April, at five o'clock in the morning; being in the forty-sixth year of his age.

"His death was a shock to the literary world, and a deep affliction to a wide circle of intimates and friends; for, with all his foibles and peculiarities, he was fully as much beloved as he was admired. Burke, on hearing the news, burst into tears; Sir Joshua Reynolds threw by his pencil for the day, and grieved more than he had done in times of great family distress. 'I was abroad at the time of his death,' writes Dr McDonnell, the youth whom, when in distress, he had employed as an amanuensis, 'and I wept bitterly when the intelligence first reached me. A blank came over my heart, as if I had lost one of my dearest relatives, and was followed for some days by a feeling of despondency.' Johnson felt the blow deeply and gloomily. In writing some time afterwards to Boswell, he observed—'Of poor Goldsmith, there is little to be told more than the papers have made public. He died of a fever, made, I am afraid, more violent by uneasiness of mind. His debts began to be heavy, and all his resources were exhausted. Sir Joshua is of opinion, that he owed no less than two thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before?'

"Among his debts were seventy-nine pounds due to his tailor, Mr William Tilby, from whom he had received a new suit but a few days before his death. 'My father,' said the younger Tilby, 'though a loser to that amount, attributed no blame to Goldsmith; he had been a good customer, and, had he lived, would have paid every farthing.' Others of his tradespeople evinced the same confidence in his integrity, notwithstanding his heedlessness. Two sister milliners in Temple Lane, who had been accustomed to deal with him, were concerned when told, some time before his death, of his pecuniary embarrassments, 'Oh sir,' said they to Mr Cradock, 'sooner persuade him to let us work for him gratis than apply to

any other; we are sure he will pay us when he can.'

"*On the stairs of his apartment there was the lamentation of the old and infirm, and the sobbing of women; poor objects of his charity, to whom he had never turned a deaf ear, even when struggling himself with poverty.*"

"But there was one mourner, whose enthusiasm for his memory, could it have been foreseen, might have soothed the bitterness of death. After the coffin had been screwed down, a lock of his hair was requested for a lady, a particular friend, who wished to preserve it as a remembrance. It was the beautiful Mary Horneck, the Jessamy bride. The coffin was opened again, and a lock of hair cut off; which she treasured to her dying day."

To add a word of eulogium after this simple description, where the wise, the gentle, and the poor are seen lamenting his loss, would be quite superfluous. Here we may safely leave the character of Goldsmith to our readers; sure that they will not carry away with them too harsh an impression, and that no remarks we have been induced to make, will have diminished materially from the affectionate regard in which they have been accustomed to hold his memory.

Mr Irving, as we have already intimated, has not entered upon any critical survey of the writings of Goldsmith, and this might of itself be sufficient excuse for our own silence on this topic. The reviewer is supposed to follow where his author leads. As attendant satellite, it would be quite out of order to explore a space remote from the orbit of his primary. But we are afraid we are not altogether so modest as to be controlled by this technical objection. A simple and imperative reason restrains us—we have not space here to enter on such a topic. We had been refreshing our memory with a perusal of some of the works of Goldsmith, but such hints and fragments of criticism as had occurred to us we must postpone, and throw together in a subsequent paper.

THE SIEGE OF DUNBEG; OR, THE STRATAGEMS OF WAR.

At the time of the "Great Rebellion" of 1641, there stood, in the ancient territory of Offaly, now the Queen's County, in Ireland, two fortalices, somewhat singularly circumstanced, both in local situation and in the *morale* of their respective garrisons. Dunbeg, held nominally for the King, but in truth for the Parliament, by Sir Simon Brabazon, a stout, testy old Englishman, with a garrison of fifty well-appointed rank and file, occupied the northern bank of a deep and wide bog, extending many miles into the woods on either hand. On the opposite bank, at about three quarters of a mile distant, stood the rival castle of Dunmore, also held nominally for his Majesty, but, in truth, for "Our Lady and Roger Moore," by the warden and retainers of Sir Theobald Verdon, a young knight of the Pale. Between Sir Hugh Verdon, the father of the present captain of Dunmore, and his Roundhead neighbour, there had been many bickerings and contentions; and Sir Theobald, on returning from his travels, after his father's death, found himself separated from his neighbours, not only by the obstacle of the bog, which has been mentioned, and which was usually impassable nine months out of the twelve, but by a rankling and insuperable personal dislike. The grudge of Sir Simon, however, was by no means participated in either by Lady Brabazon, whose tendencies were strongly Royalist, or by their only child, Lucy Brabazon, who more than once, by the banks of the placid Boyne, had wandered at eve, listening, in fact, to the vows of the identical gallant and enamoured knight in question. A protracted visit of the young lady at the residence of one of the nobles of the Pale, hard by the banks of that famous river, whose murmurings have mingled with the tenderesses of so many lovers, may perhaps account for the fact, that affairs at Dunmore had latterly received little attention from Sir Theobald Verdon; and the garrison there, consisting wholly of native Irish of the clan O'Dempsey, were left, in a great

measure, to form their own opinions, and pursue their own course, in reference to the exciting events just then going forward. Some intimation of this untoward attachment had reached Sir Simon, and a peremptory recall had brought Lucy Brabazon back to the paternal roof, with a heart no longer her own, shortly before the events which are now to be narrated.

"Lady Brabazon," said Sir Simon, taking down a clumsy telescope from his only serviceable eye—it was a dark day in December—"if my eyesight don't deceive me, that Teague of a warden and his wood-kerne are about some mischief in Dunmore."

"Why, Sir Simon, what do you see?"

"He has mounted his fourth piece of cannon on the north flanker;—a villain with a vengeance! He doesn't mean to salute us here with a twelve-pound shot, I hope?"

"A twelve-pound fiddlestick, Sir Simon. Don't you know they are but demi-sakers of four, as you often saw in Sir Hugh's time."

"By —, madam, I believe it was a delusion which that Malignant practised on me, to put me off my guard. 'Tis a twelve-pounder, I see, if it be a gun at all."

"'Tis the mist which magnifies the object. Look you, Lucy, and tell us; can you see anything at this distance over the parapet of Dunmore?"

"Humph!" said Sir Simon; "she'll not see what she'd wish to see over the parapet of Dunmore: but I tell you both, ladies, that the heads of certain traitors will be seen, before all is done, over the parapet of Dunmore, as the head of one traitor ought to be there already."

"Sir Simon, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," exclaimed Lady Brabazon. "You have no reason under heaven, except your quarrel with his father, for imputing treasonable intentions to young Verdon; and you know perfectly well that in that quarrel you were entirely in the wrong."

"Right or wrong, Lady Braba-

zon, I'd have you to know that I am not to be bullied out of my senses by a pair of chattering women."

"Why, dear father," interposed Lucy, "I haven't opened my lips."

"If you haven't opened your lips, you have opened your eyes, and said quite enough, I can assure you," retorted the Governor. "I have a weighty charge here. This castle is the key to the whole of Ormond. These Irish have been rebels and cut-throats ever since Strongbow. I shouldn't be in the least surprised to see your fine Sir Tibbot in a yellow shirt and a glibb like the tassell of your horse-cloth, with his gossips and kindred of vagabonds, laying siege to Dunbeg before New-year's day."

"I am sure you will never see him do anything unworthy of a gentleman," said Lucy.

"Sir Simon," cried Lady Brabazon, "it is a highly unbecoming way to speak of the man your daughter likes, and I approve of. There is not a more loyal gentleman in the Pale than Sir Theobald Verdon."

"The loyalty of the Pale, indeed!—a straw loyalty you may well call it!" exclaimed Sir Simon, punning on the word.

"If ever Sir Theobald Verdon point a gun against Dunbeg," replied Lady Brabazon, with increasing animation, "I shall be willing that you hang me out in this arm-chair, and let the first shot of the rebels come to your walls through my body!"

"And I beside my mother!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Upon my word, I should make a fine appearance," exclaimed Sir Simon, "with my wife and daughter hung out like a parcel of clothes to dry! But by —, ladies, if I took you at your words, it would be no more than the two most mutinous petticoat sergeants in Leinster would well deserve." And so Sir Simon descended, in no enviable mood of mind, to the afternoon inspection of his garrison in the courtyard.

While the authorities at Dunbeg were thus speculating on the proceedings of O'Dempsey, (for the warden of Dunmore assumed to be the *caunfile*, or head, of his own branch of the clan,) that dignitary, with his lieutenant, Cormack Mac Teige O'Demp-

sey, was occupied in making some reciprocal observations of a similar kind from the window of the barbican of Dunmore, whither it was Dempsey's custom to retire after dinner.

"Son of Teige," said he, "have you noticed anything particular to-day in the Saxon castle?"

"Nothing beyond the arrival of the young *bantierna* from Meath," replied the lieutenant.

"You could not know the branch of beauty from the great madam at this distance, Cormack?"

"Oh, yes! I'd know the yellow robes of the *bantierna more* even at this distance, as well as the blue mantle of the *bantierna oge*," cried Cormack. "But, in fact, I saw young Madame Lucy and her train riding up the Craggan meadows, and I in the cool Martin woods. I was as near her as we are to that dun heifer that's grazing in the Pack-namo, O'Dempsey."

"Son of Teige," said O'Dempsey, "do not disparage the lily of Leix and flower of Offaly by such a comparison."

"I ask pardon, O'Dempsey," replied the lieutenant. "She is the loveliest young lady in Leinster *go deoin*; and surely the *bantierna more* is a very beautiful lady in herself as well."

"Hark ye, Cormack," said O'Dempsey confidentially; "if the good cause continues to prosper as it has done, I would not wonder if we should have the beating-up of the old hog of a father's quarters before New-year's day."

"She's yours, O'Dempsey!" cried Cormack, grasping his hand.

"And the great madam is yours, son of Teige," replied O'Dempsey, "if you choose to have her."

"Have her!" cried Cormack; "by all the bells of Ireland! I'd rather have the little finger of that stately noble lady, than a cartload of the pick of all the rest of the women of Ireland."

"Tis a thing that is settled, Cormack," said O'Dempsey. "Every eye its own beauty. But who comes here? Hillos, son of Brien!" he cried, calling out to a horseman who dashed up to the castle-gate, waving his cap—
"hillos! What news? what news?"

"Glorious news, O'Dempsey!"

cried the new-comer. "The Pale is up!"

"Up for whom, you son of a fortunate father?"

"For God, and Our Lady, and Roger Moore!" was the reply.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" cried the garrison, swarming down to the entrance archway, where the son of Brien, as fast as his panting lungs would permit, detailed to them the great events which had just taken place in Meath. The nobles of the Pale, irritated by the conduct of the Lords Justices, who would neither afford them protection from the violence of the rebels, nor intrust them with arms with which to defend themselves, had assembled in open convocation on the hill of Crofty, and determined on taking up arms in their own behalf. The son of Brien drew from his pocket a list of the nobility and gentry who had thus virtually declared for the cause so dear to all in Dunmore. Nauee after name of men high in rank and influence was hailed with enthusiastic shouts by the garrison; but amid the long list of Toffs, Flemings, Plunkets, Barnwalls, and other noble families who had given in their adherence to the insurgent cause, there was no mention of the individual whose motions were so all-important to the present audience. Sir Theobald Verdon had not attended the meeting, and there was a prevalent report that he had privately withdrawn from the Pale, and offered his adherence to the Earl of Ormond, then in arms for the government. The latter announcement called forth an unqualified expression of the feelings of the garrison.

"Down with the heretic Butler, and long life to the noble Gormanstown!" cried Shemus-a-t'siseal, the head carpenter of the garrison.

"To the *diocul* with the boddaghl justices, and success to the Catholic council!" exclaimed Tomas-a-tongas, the chief blacksmith.

"Bad luck to the traitor Tibbot, and here's more power to our own noble warden!" shouted a third in the rear of the crowd; and on this bold declaration of rebellion, there ensued a confused murmur of approbation, but still not loud enough to justify O'Dempsey in coming forward.

But Cormack, who well knew how to work upon the feelings of the kindred, took advantage of the first slackening in their ardour to address them thus:—

"Sons of Dempsey, you hear how you have been handled. Sir Tibbot is by this time in the camp of the Malignants; a trumpeter will be at your gates, perhaps, to-morrow morning, to call on your noble warden to render up his keys to some Puritan corporal or Saxon drummer. Boys, gossips, sons of my heart! will you render up this royal castle, to be garrisoned by cheesemongers and porkers, for a rebel parliament, or will you follow these noble lords and kindly gentlemen of your own race and country by the path of honour to the field of glory? Will you stand by with arms rusting in your hands, while the great Earl of Fingal, the bold lords of Gormanstown and Dunsaney, the valiant barons of Mount Garret, Trimblestown, and Slane, are fighting in the open field for church and country? While Roger Moore, Hugh Byrne, and Phelim O'Neill, are bearing the sway throughout Leinster, Meath, and Ulster, will you lie here like nails driven into a wall, or stones sunk at the bottom of a draw-well? No, my sons; I knew it was not in your natures to hang back at the call of honour and religion. Come forward, then, like true men, and tell his nobleness our honourable warden, to lead you to glory in the name of God and the blessed Virgin!" Cormack's oration had the effect desired. In a moment, a hundred *barrads* sought the sky, and a hundred voices proclaimed, "Long life to O'Dempsey! O'Dempsey and the Catholic cause for ever!"

"By all the bells in Ireland," cried the flattered warden, leaping up on the carriage of one of his favourite guns, "I am prouder to be chosen your captain, in this cause, than to hold a general's commission under the boddaghl justices. And sure, my sons, it is my natural right to be the captain and leader of my country, as my father was before me. *Dar m' anim*, I've been too long depending on a shred of sheepskin, for the rank that is my own, both by right and by election! I will take the command

you offer me, sons of Dempsey; I'll no longer be warden, nor deputy-warden to any man; but I'll carry my patent this very night to Trim, where the Catholic leaders are assembled, where I will give it up to those who have the best right to grant me a better; and if I come not back by to-morrow night with a commission from the general-in-chief, worthy the chieftain and head of the kinel Dempsey, why, by all the blessed bells in Ireland! I wish that I may never drink success to the good old cause, nor a health to Roger Moore again!—Cormack, the meather." So saying, O'Dempsey took off a copious draught of aqua vite, and, mounting his horse soon after, rode off, attended by his trusty lieutenant, to render up his patent as warden of Dunmore, to the rebel leaders at Trim.

At Trim, the representatives of the clan Dempsey were received with intoxicating honours. Roger Moore, one of the most polite men of his age, himself met them at the gates, and introduced them to the council—rejoiced at so important an accession to the strength and reputation of the Catholic army, and congratulated himself and his friends on their good fortune in securing two so honourable allies, adding, as he turned to the raptured Captain, "Had we but your cousins O'Dunn and M'Coghlan joined with us in this gallant enterprise, we might fairly boast of all the best blood of Leix and Offaly."

"By my hand of valour!" replied O'Dempsey, "the clan Dempsey are no children: it is no lie. I am not myself given to boasting, but I will say this much, that there is not a man of the kindred that is not able for three; and if they make not good what I say, the first time that God sends the Saxons in their road, I wish I may never drink success to the good old cause, nor a health to Roger Moore again!"

"You do me much honour, O'Dempsey," said Moore with a smile.

"And for my part," said Cormack, "though I am but a humble gentleman of the clan, yet I can assure your lordships, that, when the kindred know how honourably their chieftain has been received, it will sharpen their swords against the enemies of the

Catholic cause better than twenty scythe-stones."

"I doubt not," said Moore, "they will do their *dívoer* very bravely. What effective force of men do you bring to our aid, O'Dempsey?"

"Men enough to scatter all the enemies of the good cause in Leix," replied the warden; "three or four hundred that are no children, I'll answer for it."

"And of guns and military stores, O'Dempsey?"

"Twelve-pounders enough to blow all the stone walls between this and Banagher off their foundations," replied the warden—"a gun itself on every flanker of my bawn."

"And the number of your bastions, Master Dempsey?"

"Some half-a-dozen or so—four that is," said the warden, correcting himself.

"Four twelve-pounders, and from three to four hundred able men," repeated Moore: "it is an effective force—a very effective force. You can undertake, then, to hold Dunmore against all comers?"

"Doubtless, O'Moore; and could think but little of my father's son if I could not do the cause some pretty service in the field besides."

"There is a neighbouring strength of the Malignants, held by one Brabazon, if I mistake not?"

"Dunbeg; I know it well, *Dàr m' anim*. Say but the word, and I'll have fifty of the kindred quartered by the old knave's hearth before sunset to-morrow night."

"It is a place that I would much desire to see in the hands of friends: it commands the passes from Slieve Bloom to Tullamore. It is indeed a post of great importance, and taking it will be a service of proportionate moment."

"Never say the word twice—I'll have him summoned before breakfast bell to-morrow."

"There is no need, O'Dempsey, to fatigue yourself by so great a haste: you will stay and see somewhat of our prospects, and the disposition of our forces, for another day; and in the meanwhile, our secretary can make out your patent as captain of your country. I do not mean to say that we can prudently give you a higher

commission than that of colonel, for the present, with a captaincy of galloglass for your honourable cousin; but I may with safety promise that, if you succeed in securing us the castle and pass of Dunbeg, you shall be created Viscount O'Dempsey by letters patent, the moment a regular government shall be established."

On this announcement, Lieutenant Cormack, who had been standing by an attentive listener, made as if he would have leaped a yard off the floor; while O'Dempsey, swelling with pride and confidence, swore devoutly that, if the bodd'gh Saxon did not open his gates at the first blast of Cahile-napioba's trumpet, there should not be one stone of Dunbeg upon another by the next sunset. Moore, smiling at his vehemence, but much too polite to allow his smile to betray either contempt or ridicule, rang a small silver bell that lay upon the table, and, committing his guests and allies to the care of his chamberlain, returned to the arduous duties of the council table.

When the now Colonel Dempsey and his adjutant were left alone, before retiring to rest, a deep and earnest consultation was entered into. "You must ride for Dunmore by daybreak, Cormack," said the Colonel. "The kindred will need to be apprised of the exploit, to give them time to get their matchlocks and great guns in order; and, now that I think of it, how are we ever to get our heavy cannon across the bog?"

"By my hand! it is too rash you were entirely, O'Dempsey," replied Cormack. "Did you not see me looking at you, and shutting one eye, when you talked of sitting down by Sir Simon's hearthstone as you did. I would not wonder if it took me a week to make a breach in Dunbeg wall, with the rusty commodities which you dignify with the title of twelve-pounders. They went all into honeycombs and red rust, that last time I was in Munster."

"Tut, man! the very sight of them will frighten the old knave into a surrender. He dare no more stand a salvo of such metal than he dare be hanged!"

"The sight of them, well mounted on a battery under his nose, might move his fears, *go deoin*; but how they

are to frighten the stubborn old traitor, at a distance of a good three quarters of a mile, is a great puzzle to me entirely."

"It is clear we must find a way to carry them over the bog: either that, or draw them round by the woods."

"The bog, so help me heaven! is as soft as the bottom of the cream-crock. The woods are clean impassable."

"By all the blessed bells of Ireland! I care not though the bog was as soft as the cream in the churn. I will have my artillery across it, though I make a causeway through it with the bodies of the best men of my clan! After the promises I made to Roger Moore, I would not, for all the cattle in Leinster, go back in my undertaking."

"*Mo vrone*, O'Dempsey! it was the foolish promise to make at this time of the year; but the honour of the name is pledged to it now, and, come what will, I'll never be the man to ask my chief to go back in his word. What I can do, I will; there is my hand upon it."

"Cormack *astore*, I knew you would not fall me at a pinch. May I never drink success to the good old cause, if I don't make you governor of Dunbeg the minute it is taken! *D'ar m'anim*, man! you shall marry old Brabazon's widow: she is a lady of gentle blood, Cormack; she will be better than houses and land to you."

"We'll be two happy men, O'Dempsey, myself and my son-in-law."

"I'm your chief and your foster-brother already, Cormack; but when I'm married to Lucy of the curls, I'll be your son and your friend as long as I have breath to draw. We'll make a road across the Lullymore, from the one gateway to the other, and we'll dine with one another the alternate days, after hunting in the morning—you in Coolmartin woods to-day; myself in the Craggan woods to-morrow."

"They will be great days for us, surely, O'Dempsey; but this devil of a governor must first be got out of Dunbeg. But never fear: I have it all in my head what to do. Make yourself easy about the guns. I'll put a blind on the old knave will prevent any suspicion. The guns shall be on

the edge of his ditch, behind a good bank of wattles and sand-bags, before he's two days older. It will be the first sight he'll see after he has rubbed his eyes in the morning."

"Well, Cormack, I trust everything to you: you have a better head for devising plans and means than I have; and I know of old that what you undertake you will go through with. So I will just take another draught, Cormack dear, in honour of God and Roger Moore, and then to bed."

Next morning brought with it an important arrival. Sir Phelim O'Neill, attended by a train of considerable splendour, had joined his associates in rebellion, on his way to Banagher; and when O'Dempsey and Cormack descended from the turret in which they slept, to mount for their intended journey, they found the court-yard filled with the retinue of the northern chief. Cormack had never before beheld such rude magnificence as was displayed in the arms, the trappings, and general equipment of this proud, able chieftain's train; and the waving of plumes and banners, and flashing of gilded armour and embroidered horse-furniture, joined to the prestige of the name of the great O'Neill, inspired him with a fuller consciousness than he had yet felt of the vast importance to which his own chief had attained, by being admitted, on terms of equality, into such a confederacy, and raised in his breast such a lively anxiety lest his clan should not be adequately represented in the Colonel's first interview with the great visitor, that he could not tear himself away until he had seen the object of his solicitude not only presented to, but cordially embraced by, this great and terrible leader. But pride was soon succeeded by alarm. O'Neill was journeying westward. "I had proposed to travel," he said, "by the road south of Montrath; but having heard of your honourable undertaking to open the pass at Dunbeg, I altered my route, and will be happy, Colonel Dempsey, to give you the escort of my poor company so far, the morning after to-morrow. It will shorten my route by two days at least; for, as I understand you have heavy battering cannon to bring against the churl, I

suppose he will not hold out more than a few hours at farthest; so that I can have the pleasure of assisting at the siege, if siege there be, and afterwards the advantage of marching through the open communication." Captain Cormack did not wait to hear his Colonel's reply—well knowing that O'Dempsey could not refuse the offer of so great a man's company; and, feeling that the sole prospect of preserving the honour of the clan depended on his own exertions, he sprang on his horse, and in an agony of anxiety hastened to Dunmore.

"He is pledged to it now," he would say, as he spurred on, regardless of the rain, which had been all day descending. "The clan is pledged; the honour of the name is at stake; and if he be degraded, if the clan be dishonoured—if we be laughed at and despised, as we will be if we cannot take this rascal castle, by fair means or by foul, before Sunday next; it will all be my own blame—all will be the fault of my own folly and presumption. And O'Dempsey, my own foster-brother, too!—to think of seeing my natural-born chief and kinsman brought to disgrace! By St Patrick's staff! it must not be. If men and horses can do the work, it shall not be! Though I harness myself to the work like a cart-horse, I will have it done. Though I bridge the bog with my own carcass, I will have every cursed gun of them on the Craggan meadows before to-morrow morning."

He accordingly lost no time, on arriving late that evening at Dunmore, in summoning to the castle workshop James of the chisel and Thomas of the tongs. To each he gave his special instructions; and thenceforth, till near the dawn of the next day, the axe and the auger, the saw and the hammer, were in busy requisition throughout every shed and outhouse of Dunmore. At about two hours from dawn, James of the chisel awakened his captain from a hurried slumber, to say that his orders were executed.

"Wheels, carriages, and all complete—painted and mounted?" demanded Cormack.

"All so complete, Captain, that, unless you laid your hand upon them, you would hardly know which was

the iron and which the wooden gun; only that the wooden ones are somewhat wider in the bore, and larger; for the pump that we cut into lengths for the barrels of them is all through as thick as the breach of a twelve-pounder, and we had not time to chip it down."

"Good, Shamas; they will do very well at the distance: they are only intended to prevent the churl's suspicions, should he see our walls without their usual artillery. Have you trained down the real guns off their platforms?"

"We have, Captain *avick*; and we have also mounted sham cannon in their places, all as directed."

"Then, under God, we'll try the passage of the bog at once. If we wait for to-morrow night, the rains will have made it a hopeless effort; and, by my hand! with the torrent pouring out of the sky, it is almost a desperate one as it is. But come, you are still in time to make the attempt before daylight: if we succeed in getting them across, we will hide them in the copee on the edge of the bog, with a sufficient guard, until O'Neill and O'Dempsey arrive. If we find that we cannot get them over, why, we must only turn back and wait for better times." So saying, he put himself at the head of a chosen body of the garrison, who awaited him in the courtyard, with ropes and tackling ready to execute his further orders. A gang of twelve men being allotted to each gun, the pieces of cannon, four in number, were slowly and quietly dragged out of the fortress, along the grass-grown causeway that skirted the bog, to the distance of about a quarter of a mile. Here the morass was narrower and firmer than between the castles, but still presented a wide, and apparently insuperable obstacle to the farther progress of heavy carriages. Cormack's forethought had, however, provided the means of making the attempt to the greatest advantage. At the point where it was proposed that they should enter on the soft ground, a quantity of timber, felled that evening in the adjacent wood, was deposited. The trees were cleared of their branches, and cut of an even length, so that, when laid side by side on the surface of the morass, they

formed a sort of planked causeway, extending about ten yards into the bog like a broad pier projecting into the sea. On this the guns were dragged in succession and ranged abreast, so that, when drawn up at the extremity, they occupied only the forward half of the platform, leaving the timbers of the remainder to be lifted from their beds behind, and again laid down in front: this being done, the guns were shifted forward another five yards, and the portion first occupied now furnished the materials of a fresh stage still further on. Thus, by successive transfers and replacements, the cannon destined to batter the walls of Dunbeg gradually gained the centre of the morass, which had hitherto been considered that castle's chiefest defence. But the shifting floor on which they rested had now more the appearance of a raft at sea than of a planked causeway constructed on land; for, at each succeeding stage of its advance, the timbers inclined more and more from the level, now sinking to the right, and again to the left, as the inequalities of the surface, and the varying degrees of the consistency of the morass, yielded to or resisted the pressure in different degrees. The plashy expanse around, too, was now so saturated with rain, that the torrents, which still continued to descend from the sky, no longer soaked into the spongy soil, but lay in pools, or overspread the level surface like a shallow lake: add to this the pitchy darkness and the violence of the winter wind dashing the showers in their faces, and it may easily be supposed that it required all the confidence of the men in their captain's courage and resources, and all Cormack Oge's conviction of the necessity for perseverance and exertion on his own part, to keep these adventurous navigators of the fen, if they can so be called, from fainting at their severe and incessant labour. Still the design was so bold and ingenious, the means so simple, and hitherto the success so complete, that feelings of congratulation and pride more than counterbalanced the pain of fatigue and the dread of failure; and the men, although working up to their middles in mud and water, could scarcely refrain from breaking thro-

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headlong into the deepest of the quag. But James of the chisel, who happened to be standing nearest to him, seized him by the belt with both hands, and held him back.

"Captain, *astore*," said the chief carpenter; "never be so cast down for the loss of three or four old honey-combed demi-sakers. By the helve of my hatchet! if the kindred will but keep the secret, I'd engage to frighten Dunbeg into a surrender with the four that I made out of the long pump last night! May I sink where I stand, if any one would know them from the real metal three yards off. They're light enough, I'm sure, and the devil's in it entirely if you can't get *them* through the bog. By haft and helve! Captain, it's what I would have you to try: there's no need to say a word of it to O'Dempsey. We have them ready on the edge of the bog when he comes; and, I'll stake my life for it, old Brabazon will hang out the white flag the minute he sees them drawn up before his walls. May I never die, if they don't frighten the very life out of him; they look as good as twelve-pounders at the least, every gun of them."

"But, Chisel, what would O'Niell say, if he found we were making game of him?"

"Devil may care what he says! We've done what we could, and, if it comes to the worst, we are ready to make the best breach we can with picks and sledge-hammers."

"But O'Dempsey will be disgraced, and he bragging as he did of all that he would do, before Roger Moore and all the nobles."

"Never fear, Captain. If we take Dunbeg, O'Dempsey can afford them a laugh; and take it we will, or I'll sink my tool-box five fathom deep in Loghermore, and never ask to be called *Shames-a-t'aisual* again."

"By my hand! then, Chisel, I hardly see what else we can do; and, sure enough, it is deeply myself is indebted to you for the device. The scheme is a good one surely, and if it prospers, our fortunes are made without doubt: if it fails, *Dar m'anam*, we are no worse than we were. Come, then, *Mo h'oga*, there is no use in staying longer here. *Shames-a-t'aisual* has struck out a plan that I'll tell you

of when we get to Dunmore; and, with the help of God, if you but behave yourselves discreetly till to-morrow night, for all that has come and gone yet, Dunbeg will be our own, though all the guns in Ireland were at the bottom of the sea."

Slowly and with difficulty the adventurers now extricated themselves from their awkward position, but not until they had discovered that, in the darkness, they had missed a safer passage. This was now carefully marked out as they retreated, and about sunrise the weary and dripping kinel Dempsey regained their gates.

Shortly after these events had taken place in the bog of Tullymore, the governor of Dunbeg was aroused from his morning slumbers by the arrival of a well-spattered messenger, with despatches from the Lords Justices. Sir Simon, throwing his nightgown over his shoulders, broke open the packet, and, sitting on his bedside, read, under the great seal which was impressed on the corner of the enclosure, as follows:—

"For the honourable hands of Sir Simon Brabazon, knight, governor of our fort of Dunbeg:

"Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well: Whereas we repose entire confidence in the zeal and loyalty of our trusty and well-beloved James Earl of Ormond; these are to signify our pleasure that you be aiding and assisting the said earl, in whatever manner he shall require of you, at any time within ten days of the date of these our letters-patent, your commission of military governor and warden of our fort of Dunbeg notwithstanding; and whereas it hath been represented to us that Sir Theobald Verdon, knight, sometime governor of our castle of Dunmore, is evilly affected towards our government, these shall be your warrant to require the present warden or garrison of our said castle to deliver the same into your hands, to be held by you, or by such warden as you shall please to appoint, for and on behalf of the king's majesty as aforesaid, until our further pleasure in this matter be made known to you.

"J. BORLASE, W. PARONS, J. TEMPLE.

"Given at His Majesty's castle, Dublin, this 15th of December 16

"So! Lady Brabazon," cried Sir Simon, tossing the letter to his scarcely awakened spouse, "see how *the man your daughter likes and you approve of* has turned out at last. I said so from the first; I knew him to be a traitor descended of a race of traitors; I told you so from the first, and see now whether I wasn't right. Hilloa! Watkins, my buff coat and my laced boots; have the white feather fixed in my cocked hat, and get my state saddle-cloth and holsters brushed and furbished. I will show this Teague of a warden how the governor of a British fort ought to turn out to a morning parade. I will teach him a new tune to his matins. I will instruct him—"

"For heaven's sake! Sir Simon, what does all this mean?" cried Lady Brabazon, sitting up in bed with the open paper in her hand. "What has the Earl of Ormond to do with our neighbour the poor Irish warden? Oh, bless my soul! I see it now," she exclaimed, as the name of Sir Theobald Verdon caught her eye lower down, and she became pale and flushed again, as she hurriedly read the remainder of the letter, while Sir Simon continued his triumphant preparations.

"*You see it now, Lady Brabazon!*" he cried, while he buckled on his sword. "I saw it all the time; I saw it from the first, though I have but one eye, Lady Brabazon, and you have two."

"Well but, Sir Simon, after all, it is no more than a representation,—'Whereas it hath been *represented* to us.' And then again they do not say he is in rebellion, but only ill-disposed, 'evilily affected to our government,'—*their* government!"

"Yes, *their* government, Lady Brabazon, and why not? They are the representatives of the King and Parliament of England."

"Well, well, Sir Simon, I will not dispute the point; but you see this is no more than representation, and perhaps *mis*-representation, against poor Sir Theobald."

"Miss or master, Lady Brabazon, it settles the representation of one *miss* that I know of, at all events."

"I vow, Sir Simon, you look upon your daughter more like a borough, to

be bestowed on any favourite that will pay you for his privileges, than as a reasonable being that is to have a will of her own in the election."

"Madam, I hate politics; and as to payment, I trust you don't mean to insinuate—"

"Oh, heaven forbid! I am sure Colonel Coote is a most honourable person; and I am quite sure, my dear, I never meant to hint that you were influenced in wishing the match by any motives unworthy the kindest and best of men—but indeed, my love, poor Lucy is so averse—"

"Lady Brabazon, you are a mistress of the art of war, but I'd have you to know you have an old soldier to deal with. When you commence operations with a 'my dear' before breakfast, I know that you are breaking ground for a regular siege; when this is followed by a 'my love,' I perceive that you have already run your first parallel, and will soon proceed to construct your breaching-battery, under cover of a kiss or a squeeze of my hand: but I won't be taken, either by assault or capitulation. You may draw off your forces, Lady Brabazon, and while you are mustering them for an after-dinner attack, I will proceed to make Master Teague beat his chamade by a very different series of approaches." So saying, Sir Simon made an orderly retreat, in spite of a whole detachment of smiles and flying glances sent to intercept him; and, with his letters in his hand, descended to the courtyard, where his garrison were already mustering on early parade. Just as the Governor had taken his place in front of the line, ready to give the word to march, another panting courier galloped up to the gates, with a second packet for the honourable hands of Sir Simon Brabazon. It ran thus:—

"After my hearty commendations. The letter of my Lords of the Council, which by their promise should be in your hands, will be my warrant for requiring the attendance of all the foot-soldiers of your garrison, except only those on actual duty as sentries, on his Majesty's urgent service, to-morrow by noon, at the cross of Killmeiler. I am loath to have one of his Majesty's castles so poorly garrisoned; but, trusting that your own domestics and the

usual sentries will be a sufficient force to secure you against any sudden attempt of the mere Irish of your neighbourhood, and commending to you the bearer hereof, who is instructed to impart to you his best counsel and assistance, I remain, your loving friend,

“ORMOND.

“Given at my camp at Jamestown, this 16th December 1641.”

“So, by Saint George! I am here in a pleasant case!” exclaimed the astonished and indignant governor; “stripped of my garrison, at the very moment I want them most! Left with my cook and my butler to defend his Majesty’s castle, belike with dripping-pan and ladle, against twenty miles of a country swarming with rebels!—deprived of my command when another hour would make me master of the two first fortresses in Leix! It is not to be endured: I will bring Lord Ormond to an account for this injurious conduct—I will, by heaven!—And you, sir, whom he takes it upon him to commend to me,” turning angrily on the new-comer, “what counsel have you for me? What do you propose to do, to save his Majesty’s castle from the dangers that you see surround it on every side?”

“Let me counsel you to keep your temper, Sir Simon,” said Lady Brabazon’s voice from the window above.

“Madam, mind your own affairs,” replied the angry governor, and gruffly shifted his position.

“Any poor assistance I can render, Sir Simon Brabazon, is heartily at your service,” said the bearer of the despatches, not seeming to notice this disagreeable interlude; “and if a sentry or two more than are usually on guard in Dunbeg be any object, I shall not boggle at stretching my authority a little in leaving them behind.”

“Sir, you speak reasonably and to the purpose, and I will be happy to make your acquaintance: but you will acknowledge, sir, that it is an unexampled hardship for a governor of one of his Majesty’s castles to be left, as I said before, to defend his charge with no better garrison than a corps of cooks and kitchen wenches; and if my Lord

of Ormond deprive me thus of my forces, how, I pray you, am I to execute the commands of the Lords of the Council? Think you, sir,” (handing him the open letter,) “that I can both defend Dunbeg and take Dunmore at the point of the dripping-pan?”

“Take Dunmore, Sir Simon!” repeated the stranger in a tone of surprise; “I thought Dunmore was also a royal garrison.”

“Neither royal nor loyal, sir, I can assure you; and if you would assure yourself, read that letter of the Lords Justices.”

“Why, how is this!” exclaimed the stranger, as he ran his eye along the paper; “here is some mistake, Sir Simon. I have reason to know—that is, I have heard and believe—that Sir Theobald Verdon is in arms for the King.”

“You have been misinformed, then, sir, I can avouch it to you. His conduct has for a length of time been very suspicious: the motions of his garrison throughout the last week, in particular, have been most alarming to well-disposed persons. Look yonder, sir; you can see, even at this early hour, a party of his savage raparees returning, doubtless, from some marauding excursion against the peaceful subjects of the country. How am I to deal with these pestilential neighbours, I pray you, if I be left without means offensive or defensive? Why, sir, for aught I know, this Teague of a warden may take it into his cracked pate to march his savage crew against Dunbeg itself, before sunset!”

“Tush, Sir Simon! Captain Dempsey is better instructed: if your only apprehensions be from that quarter, I can guarantee you a sound sleep to-night.”

“But, sir, I will not sleep upon any man’s guarantee! See you what a stir there is in the nest of hornets! I tell you, sir, were it not that a good half-mile of the bog of Tullymore lies between me and those heavy sakers that you see bristling on the rascal’s rampart, I would rather give you the right hand off my body than a single man out of my garrison.”

“You may be easy on that score also, Sir Simon: you know the ~~how is~~ totally impassable for cannon

woods at this season are, for either man or horse."

"Are you from this part of the country, sir?" demanded Sir Simon, looking at the stranger sharply.

"From within a mile of Maryborough," was the reply, in a careless tone.

"You know the country well, sir," persisted the governor.

"I have often hunted through it with old Sir Hugh Verdon, when he kept house in Dunmore."

"You might have hunted in better company, sir," gruffly replied the governor; then added, half soliloquising, "he was my bitter enemy."

"You do him wrong, Sir Simon; on my honour, you do!" exclaimed the stranger, with greater animation than he had yet exhibited. "I have often heard him say—"

"No matter what you have heard him say, sir," interrupted Sir Simon, as he twitched himself round, to cast another suspicious glance on the walls of Dunmore. "Look yonder, sir, and tell me what you think of that."

"The knaves do seem to be bent on some mischief," said the stranger, thoughtfully, as he surveyed the opposite fortress, for some minutes in silence. At length he took down his hand, with which he had shaded the rising sunlight from his eyes, and said, "It is only the morning parade; you need be under no apprehension from your neighbours of Dunmore today; their warden is absent."

"How do you know that?" sharply demanded the governor.

"Captain Dempsey never permits the parade on the esplanade before his windows."

"You seem well acquainted with their discipline, sir," said Sir Simon, again eyeing the stranger with considerable earnestness.

"I recollect the routine of garrison duty in old Sir Hugh's time," replied the stranger, apparently unconscious of the pointed manner of the governor. "We have no time to lose, however, Sir Simon," he added: "we should have been upon our march ere now. I see you mount one sentry on your drawbridge, and another on the turret, with two on guard in the barbican, which makes on duty four in

all. I shall leave you half-a-dozen men, which will, I think, be a sufficient force for the security of the place, till the return of your garrison, as that will certainly be before sunset to-morrow. Should you think it necessary to make the usual show of a force within your walls, I will be glad to instruct your people how to turn their resources to the best advantage."

"How do you mean, sir? What more can we do, if we be attacked, than stand at our posts, till we are shot or cut down?"

"To tell you the truth, Sir Simon, from what you mention to me, and from the aspect of things in this neighbouring fortress, I think it would not be unadvisable to hang up a few red jackets here and there about your embrasures: a dozen military caps set upon poles behind the parapet, and shifted occasionally along the platform, would at all events do no harm, and might perhaps deter ill-disposed persons from looking too lightly on your defences. If you will instruct your storekeeper to show me your stock of military clothing and accoutrements, while the men prepare for their march, I doubt not but I could give some of the kitchen wenches you mention, an hour or two's profitable employment in putting together a tolerable corps of steady men for your battlements, fellows who may fall, but who will never run away."

"Ha, ha, ha!—ho, ho, ho!" cried Sir Simon—"ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!—Send Lady Brabazon here—send here Miss Lucy Brabazon, and all her maids, with all their needles and thimbles. Lady Brabazon! here is a valiant gentleman who is going to run away with your garrison, but before he leaves you to the tender mercies of Master Teague, who I think is about to pay you a visit, he will teach you the secret of manufacturing as pretty a family of tall fellows for his Majesty's service, as the heart of a loyal lady could desire! ha, ha, ha! Come on, ye hussies; follow him to the storehouse, ye jades, and let me find that you profit by his instructions, while I see to the proper equipment of these poor fellows of my own, for their approaching journey." And

he left the stranger surrounded by a group of wondering and tittering females.

The stranger, with a better grace than might have been expected, followed his conductresses to the depository of the military stores, and gravely selected the necessary uniforms, and pointed out the method of stuffing them so as to resemble human figures. The merriment of the assistants very soon subsided, when they became more fully aware of the purpose to which these ludicrous images were to be turned; and when Lady Brabazon entered, and, in an alarmed voice, asked if she and her companions were to be left "to the protection of men of straw," a clamorous burst, not of laughter, but of expostulation, rose from all present.

"Madam," said the stranger, "if you will do me the honour of affording me a private interview of a few minutes, I will do my best to account for the necessity I am so reluctantly under." Lady Brabazon motioned him to follow her to an inner apartment; they entered, and the stranger, having closed the door, plucked away a false beard which had hitherto concealed the lower part of his face, and exposed the smooth features of a young man of about four-and-twenty—"Dear Lady Brabazon, do you not know me?" he exclaimed, in a clear joyous voice, very different from the hoarse tones he had hitherto employed, and, removing his slouched hat, permitted a profusion of light brown hair to fall about his shoulders, and complete the bust of a remarkably handsome cavalier.

"Theobald Verdon himself, as I live!" cried the good lady, warmly proffering her hand.

"But where is my dearest Lucy?" asked the knight: "we have not a moment to lose; and heaven knows when I may have a chance of such happiness again!"

At that moment Miss Brabazon entered the apartment; her mother placed her finger on her lips, and slipped past her to close the door. When she turned, the astonished Lucy was folded in the arms of the knight, who was just adding to his silent embrace the privileged kiss of a fully accepted lover.

"I vow, Sir Theobald," said Lady Brabazon, "you and Miss Lucy do just as you please! You have procured Sir Simon's consent, I take it for granted, as a reward for your ingenuity in manning his walls! If you have, I can tell you, your men of straw have had more influence with him than my best endeavours daily for the last month."

"Oh, you rash Theobald! how could you venture?" exclaimed the younger lady.

"Why, Lucy, as the governor never saw me but once, I had little difficulty in keeping up my disguise—besides, my dear girl, I kept at his safe side all the time."

"But what mean these extraordinary preparations? You surely do not expect that we will have occasion to make serious use of the absurd figures outside?" asked Miss Brabazon.

"Spare me, dear Lady Brabazon! Lucy, forgive me! It was the only device I could imagine to gain an interview; and I think, Lucy, I may say without boasting, that in this my men of straw have done me at least one good piece of service."

"But tell us now, in heaven's name, what you have been doing!" cried Lady Brabazon: "and where on earth have you been hiding, when all the world are asking what has become of you? We were told, first that you had joined the northern puritans; and next, that you were with Ormond for the King; and now these low fellows of the Council insinuate that you have taken arms with the rebel lords of the Pale, and would have Sir Simon to garrison your castle on their behalf; but," she added with a smile, "if you run away with all our soldiers, as you threaten, Sir Simon, however secure in the strength of his letters-patent, will find some difficulty in marching his new levies to take possession."

"When I return, Lady Brabazon, I will be at liberty to tell all; and, Lucy, when I next come to Dunbeg, I will not need a disguise; but I am pledged to secrecy and despatch at present. I am engaged on a service of the utmost importance; and although I have heard enough to make me most uneasy about the state of affairs at Dunmore, I dare not delay

even to visit my own people. This much, however, I may say," he added with mournful earnestness, "that, whether I ever return to explain myself more fully or not, the few dear friends who value my memory—"

Just then the voice of Sir Simon was heard in the courtyard, "So ho, ye sluts! how goes on the manufacture? How many recruits have ye turned out of hands, Lady Brabazon? See that they be tall fellows, ye baggages—such as will do your handiwork some credit—able-bodied knaves, ye jades—strapping fellows, every mother's son of them—ha, ha, ha!" At the first sound of the governor's voice, Lady Brabazon opened a side door, and pressing Sir Theobald's hand, while Lucy gave him a silent adieu with her eyes, pushed him gently into the courtyard, and turned to meet her husband. There was more bitterness than hilarity in poor Sir Simon's laugh, though the ludicrous appearance of the place might have raised a smile on the gravest countenance. Here lay the half-stuffed bodies which were to be joined to legs still, literally speaking, in the straw. On the latter circumstance Sir Simon did not fail to rally his female Prometheuses unmercifully, although unavailingly; "But after all," he cried, "never be so downcast; this honest fellow, though he does run away with the better part of my garrison, has still left me a dozen arms of flesh that I put more trust in than in a haggard of these precious gentlemen. So come, Lady Brabazon; I hear them marching off; let's go shut our gates, and prepare to put on as bold a face as folks in our predicament may."

The anxieties of the garrison of Dunbeg decreased as the day advanced. Their neighbours seemed disposed quietly to remain within their walls. Lady Brabazon and her daughter, resting on the assurances of Sir Theobald, treated the fears of the governor with indifference, although they dared not dispel them by telling him on whose authority they grounded their consciousness of security. The distribution and arrangement of the stuffed figures also revived the merriment of the domestics; and when evening at length fell on the

castle of Dunbeg, the little garrison were so reassured by the tranquillity in which the first day of their desertion had passed by, that scarce a thought of danger was entertained by any person within the walls, except Sir Simon alone. But the governor was still uneasy; he paced the rampart that fronted Dunmore from sunset to near midnight; every light that flitted from window to window of the opposite fortress filled him with apprehension; and it was with difficulty that his good lady, by repeated denunciations of rheumatisms and coughs, at length persuaded him to retire to rest. But Sir Simon could not rest; the suspicions excited by the Lords Justices letter kept him in a wakeful fret till break of day. Scarcely had the first dawn shed its faintest rays over the landscape, when he was up, and gazing from the window of the gallery adjoining his bedchamber at the outline of Dunmore, which rose between him and the daybreak. He looked, and rubbed his eyes, and looked again; then roused his worthy lady for at least the twentieth time. "Lady Brabazon! Lady Brabazon, I say! get up and look here: your eyes are better than mine; but if my sight does not deceive me, the guns have been taken down from the ramparts of Dunmore. I pray God, Teague may not be preparing to lay siege to us!"

"I vow, Sir Simon, you have not given me an hour's rest since midnight," cried Lady Brabazon, in a somewhat pettish tone, through the open door: "what need we care what they do with their guns? they cannot bring them through the bog of Tullymore, and that you know as well as I do."

"But, by Saint George! Lady Brabazon, they *have* brought them through the bog of Tullymore! and if you doubt what I say, you may rise and look at them coming up the Craggan meadows!" (the Craggan meadows lay at a distance of about half-a-mile from the castle, on the western or nearer bank of the morass;) "rank and file, by heaven! Twenty men abreast, and four heavy battering cannon, drawn by six horses a-piece, in front! Hilloa, Watkins, call out the guard!"

"You are jesting, Sir Simon," cried Lady Brabazon, but in a voice a little shaken; "they are the cows coming to be milked that you mistake for horses drawing great guns."

"Lady Brabazon, I tell you, though I have but one eye, and you have two,"—but by this time the lady had risen, and approached the window; she no sooner looked out than she exclaimed in excessive consternation—"Heaven have mercy on us! they are troops and cannon, indeed, that I see, and they are coming up from the side of the bog! How on earth could they ever have got over; or what is to become of us, if they lay siege to the castle, and we without a garrison?"

"I'll tell you, madam, what ought to become of you: if they lay siege to the castle, you ought to be hung out over every parapet, madam. You and your precious daughter should be hung in chairs, and let their shot come at my rampart through your bodies—as you offered, madam, if ever Dunbeg should be summoned by the traitor Verdon at the head of a rebel army; for as sure as there is an eye, though it be but a single one, in my head, that is his Teague of a warden, and there are his raparees of a garrison, that are coming up the Craggan meadows to rob and murder us all!"

"It is not possible, Sir Simon: it cannot be—I pledge you my life it is quite impossible."

"But it is the fact, madam, as you may see, if you choose to look at these ensigns."

"I tell you, Sir Simon, it cannot be the fact. Theobald Verdon told me with his own lips that there was no danger to be apprehended from Dunmore."

"*Theobald Verdon told you with his own lips!* And so you have been talking lately with Theobald Verdon, madam?" exclaimed the governor, turning imperiously on Lady Brabazon, just as their daughter entered the apartment in a state of excessive alarm. "Oh, sir!" exclaimed Lucy, thunderstruck at the conversation, which she but partly overheard, "it was my fault alone; do not blame any one but me; but he is gone now, and what is to become of us?"

"Why, what d'ye mean? what's all this work about?" demanded the governor.

"Oh, sir, do you know there is an army marching towards the castle with cannon, as if they meant to besiege it."

"To be sure I do! don't I see them as well as one eye will let me? What of that?"

"Why, what is to become of us, now that Sir Theobald is gone off with all our men?"

"Ha, what! *when!* Oh, hell and the devil! I see it all now!" shouted Sir Simon, tearing off his wig and dashing it on the floor: "I see it all!" he repeated, slapping his thighs with both his hands, and dancing on his peruke. "It was the villain Verdon who was here in disguise! He has stolen away my men upon a forged letter!—stolen and entrapped my brave fellows into an ambushade, as sure as God's in heaven!—and now that he has got their throats cut in the woods, he is coming down on my defenceless castle with his bloodthirsty barbarians to ravish, rob, and murder!"

"I see it all," he repeated, pulling out the suspected letter: "that is no more James Butler's handwriting than it is my own! Oh, what an old fool I was to be duped by such a clumsy artifice!—Ay, ay,—we are sold—our lives are not worth that!" he tore the paper, and stamped upon it. "But he shall buy it dear!" he exclaimed, clenching his fists, "while there is blood in my body—while I can hold a pike; as long as these old bones will hang together, I will not surrender, and I care not though he doesn't leave one stone of Dunbeg upon another!"

While the governor continued to rage in this manner, his lady and daughter stood by without uttering a syllable, so thunderstruck were they by his frantic gestures and astounding assertions. Lady Brabazon first picked up the torn letter and looked at the writing; she was pale as a corpse, and dreadfully agitated. "If it be possible," she said "that Theobald Verdon has forged Lord Ormond's signature."

"Do not think so, dear mother! do not doubt Theobald Verdon's honour. Father, you are mistaken; Theobald Verdon never forged any person's—

signature, never betrayed the trust of any one—he is incapable of an act so base; and if these be his men who are coming against us, I will answer for it with my life, they are in rebellion against him, as well as against the King!”

“Minx, do not dare to justify him! Has he not already done what no gentleman of honour ought to do, degraded himself to skulk into my house in a disguise? It is he who leads these men, as sure as it is I who will oppose them; and as sure as you, Lady Brabazon, once boasted that you would stop Sir Theobald Verdon’s cannon-balls with your body, so sure you will be fairly challenged to put that boast in execution, before you are an hour older!”

“And if I be, Sir Simon, I trust I know how to keep my word!” exclaimed Lady Brabazon with great spirit.

“And if this be he,” cried Lucy, who now beheld the near approach of the besiegers, “life is of no value to me, and I care not how soon or in what manner I lose it!”

“Very good, ladies!” cried the governor, “and, by my honour! if it conduce to the safety of the castle, I’ll hang ye both out to dry, as I said before, as fast as ever your laundry-maid hangs out a pair of rumpled petticoats!” So saying, the distracted old gentleman left the apartment to attend the summons of his besiegers, which was just now heard in the shape of some doleful notes from the bagpipe of Cahill-na-pioba in front of the drawbridge.

“Now, Lucy,” cried Lady Brabazon, as the governor closed the door behind him, “give over your trembling, and do as I desire you. I have no idea of losing my life, nor of letting you lose yours, neither, my darling child; but I will make Simon Brabazon rue his taunts to me this day, if the feelings of either husband or father be still alive in his breast! Come here and listen to my instructions,”—but what instructions Lady Brabazon gave to her daughter, history has not further recorded.

In the mean time, Colonel O’Dempsey and Sir Phelim O’Neill, attended by the latter chieftain’s train of galloglass, were riding side by side through

the Craggan meadows, having made their approach along the eastern side of the Tullymore direct from Trim, without taking Dunmore on their route, a course which would have laid them under the necessity of passing the formidable morass in question. The breast of the Colonel was swelling with emotions of pride, excited by the intelligence which had met him while still a distance of some miles, of his lieutenant’s complete success in transporting his troops and artillery. “By my hand of valour! O’Neill,” he said, pointing to the formidable array of men and cannon that crowded the swelling slope before them, as they emerged on the open ground, “when I brought the clan Dempsey to the assistance of the Catholic army, I brought no children to your aid. Look at that bog; may I never drink success to the good old cause, nor a health to Roger Moore again, if it ain’t deeper by five fathoms than the Liffey at Dublin bridge, when the tide is full. By all the bells in Ireland! there have been more droves of cattle lost in that bog within my memory, than would victual your camp for three years; for though the summer be never so dry, that bog is all the year round as soft as butter from the churn; and what is still stranger, by my hand! it is always softer, the dryer the season is; so that to get across it now is next to impossible, by reason of the hot summer we had this year.”

“I see the bog is deep and dangerous, Colonel O’Dempsey,” said O’Neill, somewhat impatiently.

“You may say so, O’Neill,” replied the Colonel with infinite complacency; “I only wish you saw it a bit higher up; but that is not my present purpose: you see those guns?”

“I see the guns are heavy cannon, Colonel O’Dempsey; twelve-pounders, as I have heard you say,” replied O’Neill.

“By my hand of valour! then, I’ve said so so often,” muttered the Colonel, rubbing his eyes, “that I believe in my conscience it is grown to be the truth at last! But such as they are, O’Neill—and, by my hand! they are no trifles, as this churl of a Sassenagh hog shall shortly experience—they have been dragged, every gun of them,

right through the middle of that bog by the Kinel Dempsey this very morning! By your head, it is no lie!"

"I do not doubt your word, Colonel Dempsey; and I admit that it is a very extraordinary exploit, and a most important service, for which the gentlemen of your clan have my hearty thanks."

"Show me the men in Leinster that would do the like again, that's all! They thought at Trim the thing couldn't be done. *Dar in 'amin*, they know little of the Kinel Dempsey that said so! If the guns were twice the weight—and, by my hand! I'll venture to say you haven't seen heavier metal since you saw the great gun of Athlone last—ay, even if they were four-and-twenty pounders, let alone twelve itself; let me but say the word, and the kindred tackle to, and if they wouldn't pull them through the bog of Allen from the chair of Kildare to the seven churches of Clonmacnoise, at a single haul, may I never drink success—"

"Doubtless, Colonel Dempsey, doubtless; the service was a good service, and the men are active and strong fellows, I grant; but I think you had better proceed to take advantage of their exertions, and not spend time in idle praise of them. I do not myself care to appear in this adventure; I would have my presence in this part of the country kept private. I shall, therefore, wait while you summon the governor of Dunbeg; and as he shows a good force on his walls, I would recommend you to treat for a capitulation on honourable terms rather than incur any unnecessary loss of men. I know these red-coats of old; they stand to their posts very manfully when pressed."

"The churls do show a good front, it is no lie; but wait till I give them a salvo, and if they don't run to their cellars as nimble as emmets off a sod of turf, may I never—"

"Colonel Dempsey," said O'Neill, somewhat sternly, "if you drank to Mr Moore's health somewhat less deeply and less frequently, the success of the good cause would be much less problematical. Proceed now with your lieutenant to offer Sir Simon Brabazon honourable terms of surrender; if he refuse these, plant your battery against the curtain of his

main rampart, and give the assault the moment a practicable breach appears."

The Colonel, conscious of the rebuke, attempted noreply; but, riding forward with a white handkerchief on the end of his sword, summoned Cormack Oge to attend him to the gate of the castle. "By the hand of my body! you have done the work well, Cormack," he said, as his lieutenant joined him. "O'Neill does not know what to make of you; he never knew of such an exploit before: by all the bells in Ireland! if I'm not for ever obliged to you, may I never—"

"Never say more about it, Colonel dear; it is more than that we would do for O'Dempsey, or men and pitchforks would be scarce with us."

"A main heavy piece of work it must have been, Cormack."

"Middling, in troth; nothing to complain of," said Cormack, with a careless air.

"By my hand of valour! Cormack, although you may make light of such metal after the great guns of Athlone and Dublin—"

"Make light of them, Colonel dear! Oh then, by virtue of my baptism, it is light enough I've made them, if you knew but all!" muttered the Captain.

"Though you may make light of the guns, and call them six-pounders," persisted the Colonel, eying his battering-train very attentively, "I knew I was right from the first in counting them double that calibre at the least; that is the bore of a twelve-pound shot, if it be the bore of a two-ounce bullet, as this churl who is coming to parley on his drawbridge shall shortly be qualified to take his oath of! But confound it, Cormack, now that I look again at the guns—"

"Colonel, the boddagh warden is going to speak to you," cried Cormack; and the Colonel's attention, which had fixed most suspiciously on the counterfeit cannon, was again transferred to the knight who had stoutly taken his stand on the opposite side of the ditch of Dunbeg.

"How now, Master Teague—Master Dempsey, that is—what seek you at my door with battering cannon and an armed force?" he cried in a loud voice; "or in whose name do you hold

the commission that authorises you to lead your company across the bounds of my military jurisdiction?"

"Sir," said the Colonel, drawing himself stiffly up, "I came here not to answer churlish interrogatories, but to ask an honourable question: Will you surrender the fort of Dunbeg, to be occupied by me on behalf of the Catholic army of Ireland, on the terms of an honourable capitulation—I permitting you to march out with all your arms and baggage, drums beating, ball in mouth, match lighted at both ends, and colours flying; or will you rather taste a salvo from my guns, just by way of a good-morrow to your nightcap, for old acquaintance sake?"

"I return no answer till I know with whom I treat," cried the governor. "Who commands this force?"

"I command this simple battery of *eighteen pounders*," replied the Colonel with an irresistible swagger. "Let that suffice for the present, Master Saxon."

"I see your commander on horseback in the rear," cried Sir Simon, "and I am not surprised that he should be ashamed to show his face in front. Tell him he is a traitor and a coward, a liar and a poltroon; and for yourself, Master Teague, you may fall to with your eighteen pounders, as soon as you have a mind!" So saying, Sir Simon withdrew through the narrow opening of the gate out of which he had issued.

"Teague, Teague!" exclaimed the insulted Colonel, "clown, Saxon, son of a hag! blow him to atoms! knock his bit of a cashleen into smidhereens, I say! Fire! sons of fortunate fathers!—fire!"

"Stop a bit, Colonel dear," cries Cormack; "it would be against the rules of war to fire upon him till he is summoned in due form."

"*M'anin an dioul!* and haven't I summoned him to his heart's content! what more would the son of a hag have? Haven't I offered to let him off bag and baggage, ball in mouth, match lighted at both ends, drums beating, and colours flying, all as directed by O'Neill himself, and hasn't he called me Teague for my pains? Teague to my teeth, Cormack O'Dempsey!—fire, I say; if you have

any regard for the honour of your clan, fire!"

"Colonel," said Cormack, "it's little O'Neill knows of the real art of war, though I say it that may be oughtn't to say it, or he'd never ask the captain of your battery to bring disgrace upon himself and his people, by firing upon a fort before it had been summoned, according to the real old regular form prescribed by King Brian Boru in his military tactics, and practised in all the famous breaches that valiant general fought against the Danes."

"By my hand of valour! Cormack," exclaimed the Colonel, reddening to the eyes, "if I thought O'Neill had wilfully put wrong words into my mouth"—

"Never take it to heart, O'Dempsey," said the captain of the artillery; "it is plain he knew no better, and could not mean to put an affront upon any one: so do you just stand to one side for a minute and give me the white handkerchief, till I show you how to summon a fort in style!" With that Captain Cormack moved slowly forward with the flag of truce to the edge of the ditch, muttering as he went, "Oh blessed Kieran! stand to me this once; and if, through your bounteous assistance, my invention gets me prosperously through without exposing the kindred to disgrace, I vow to keep your high altar at Clonmacnoise in candles of white wax from this till Easter come a twelvemonth." In confirmation of which resolution, he devoutly crossed himself as he stepped upon the verge of the covered way. Then waving his flag very formally three times, he cleared his throat and began,—*"In the name of the Blessed Virgin, the patroness of the Catholic cause, and immediate protectress of the Irish army; and in the name of the blessed Kieran, the tutelar saint of these parts, as well as in the name and by the authorities of Patrick and Colomkill—amen. I, Cormack MacTeige, MacCormack Buy, MacCahil More, MacCormack na g'cran O'Dempsey, captain and commander of the artillery and battering-train of the army of Leix and Offaly, do hereby call upon, summon, exhort, and strongly advise all such sons of unfortunate fathers as I*

see ranged on these walls before me, ready to be blown into the air, like *travaneens* on a windy day, at the first salvo from my guns—Arrah, what is the old churl laughing at!" he exclaimed, as Sir Simon, who had made his appearance on the top of the tower on the commencement of his oration, burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

"Address yourself to me, Master Teague," he cried; "for I promise you your discourse will have no effect whatever on my men. You may blow them about like straws on a windy day, sure enough,—ha, ha, ha!—but you'll find it no such easy matter to work upon their fears, by telling them how you mean to thrash them,—ha, ha, ha! But what do you offer, sirrah? or why do you stand there grimacing on my glacis, like Punch upon a platform?"

"Punch! you son of a hog!—grimacing on your glacis! you grandfather of churls! Oh, by my head, and by my father's head! (if I had but one of the six-pounders here,) if it wasn't that my heart is too soft, entirely it is—it's a short summons you and yours should have at my hands! But I'm a merciful man, Sir Simon Brabazon, (small my thanks in troth,) and though my trade be war, I hate the sight of bloodshed. Ay, indeed, 'tis too full of humanity my heart is entirely; but for the sake of Lady Brabazon and your daughter, (oh, more glory to you, blessed Kieran, you've set me on the true scent at last!)—for their sakes I'll consent, for all that has come and gone, to give you another chance. You see these cannon; may I never see glory—(holy Virgin! pardon a lie, for it is told in a good cause)—may I never stand in the sight of the saints, if they arn't every gun of them charged to the muzzle with powder and ball—ay, two balls itself in some of them—six-and-thirty pound weight of iron ready to go thwack against your old ricketty rampart at one touch of this blessed linestock: think of that! You see these men of mine: may I never die (and God knows this is true enough) if they arn't every mother's son of them so set upon blood and spoil, murder, and what's worse than murder"—On this the Kinel Dempsey gave a loud shout of approbation, and there

appeared considerable indications of confusion in the garrison; female voices were heard loud in exhortation; and while Sir Simon turned round, apparently endeavouring to allay the storm, Captain Cormack also turned towards his friends, and gave a wink, as much as to say, "I'm doing it now." "Ay," he continued, "so bent on violence and violation"—here there was another burst of female outcries from within. "I'm doing it; I'm doing it!" cried Cormack, rubbing his hands and cutting a caper, as the distracted governor turned again to quell the threatened insurrection in his garrison. "So eager for all manner of devilment," continued Captain Cormack.

"Silence, I say!" cried the governor to those within. "I'll lose my life in your defence, Lady Brabazon; you know as well as I do that I'd die to defend you; but I'll be torn limb from limb before I surrender to this apostate villain!" This declaration was succeeded by another dolorous burst from the complaining females.

"You see the guns ready shotted to blow you into perdition," continued the urgent captain. "You see the men only restrained by my authority from perpetrating an indiscriminate massacre; and I put it to you once for all, will you surrender like a discreet man—and may I never see the saints, if I don't get you and yours the height of good treatment if you do; or will you (like a stubborn old bocconough as you are, and be cursed) see your walls pounded into powder, your men made mincemeat of, and your people in general abandoned to the cruellest ill usage? Will you, once?—tut! Colonel, don't interfere—this is Brien Boru's summons that I was telling you of—will you, twice? Oh then, did you ever see or hear tell of so stubborn an old traitor?—he'll force me to crossness, he will, in spite of my natural turn for tender-heartedness and all manner of civility. Do you hear, old man? I have asked you; will you, once?" No answer—a pause. "I have asked you, will you, twice?" No answer—a long pause, and Captain Cormack's face becoming fast bedewed with perspiration. "Oh then, by the blessed Virgin! there's no use in standing on ceremony with

any longer, so here goes for the third and last time; and, by all the crosses between this and Banagher! if you lose this chance, you may settle your scores with heaven, all and sundry, big and little, men and women, maid and wife. Will you then, as I said before, will you, *twice*?—(oh blessed Kieran, is it deserting me you are?)—will you twice, I say? (Holy Virgin turn his heart, or we'll be disgraced for ever!)—Well then, since what must be must, although, upon my conscience, it goes against my grain, (for, blessed saints, what is to become of us!)—will you then, like a reasonable man, as I said already, surrender on honourable terms, or will you, like an unnatural old traitor, as I say again, see your castle demolished, yourself cut in four quarters, and your wife and daughter—for, by the king of the elements! it is in right good earnest I am—your wife and daughter!”

“Monster!” exclaimed Lady Brabazon's voice from a window of the wall, just over the spot at which the guns were pointed.

“Madam, what does your honourable ladyship please to propose?” cried Cormack, turning with an air of grateful acknowledgment at the timely overture.

“Lady Brabazon, don't presume to interfere!” exclaimed Sir Simon, from his stand on the tower top, from which he commanded a view of the window now occupied by his lady. “If you interfere between me and the king's enemies, you will be guilty of both high and petty treason! Remember, madam, that I am here the governor, and that by me alone terms can be accepted or refused.”

“Oh then! 'tis the fancy governor you are, all out!” cried Cormack; “'tis a pattern you are for discretion and considerateness to all the wardens in Leinster, not a doubt of it! Why, you stubborn, foolish old man, sure there's more sense in her ladyship's little finger than in your whole body! Ay, indeed, madam, it is not without reason I say it, for isn't the whole country full of the report of your ladyship's sense and beauty!—sure enough; and more's the pity to see so much discretion and loveliness thrown away upon this old boocough, whom,

saving your ladyship's honourable presence, I take to be no better than a hog!”

“Wretch!” exclaimed the lady, “do not add insult to cruelty. Listen to my resolution. I and my daughter have heard your abominable threats: we prefer death, a hundred thousand deaths, to the dishonour you are not ashamed to declare yourselves ready to perpetrate against defenceless women. But these atrocities you never shall execute. Before a stone of these walls crumbles before your cannon, we shall be beyond the reach of further indignity. Since misfortune has deprived us of other defence, your cannon-shot shall never come against these walls but through our bodies. Fire now, if you have the heart to fire against women!” To the indescribable amazement of all the spectators, but of none so much as Sir Simon, the window overlooking the part of the wall threatened by Cormack's battery was flung open, and two figures, in the well-known blue and amber robes of Lady and Lucy Brabazon, slung in arm-chairs, were lowered from the window till they hung right opposite the mouths of the cannon.

“Hilloa! hilloa! the woman's mad!” screamed Sir Simon. “They're mad both of them, as sure as God's in heaven. Lady Brabazon, you old fool! I wasn't in earnest, you know I wasn't; Lucy, daughter Lucy, you silly child—oh, gracious God! they'll be blown in pieces. Teague, Master Cormack, good O'Dempsey, for Jesus' sake one moment; I demand a parley.”

“No parley!” shouted in ferocious tones Sir Phelim O'Neill, who had ridden up impatient of the delay. “Apply your match, villain; we hold our hands now for no flesh, of either man or woman.” But Cormack, to whom this command was addressed, flung his match to the ground on the instant; and the look of bewilderment which he had worn for the last few minutes, gave place at once to an expression of decision and daring. At the same moment, O'Dempsey himself, starting forward, exclaimed—“O'Neill, you shall not command the Kinel Dempsey to turn their hands to their own dishonour. Go back to

your troop, and leave this work to me. By the brightness of heaven! no shot shall be fired at these walls, while these poor ladies hang there for our targets."

"And for the villain you call me," cried Cormack, "villain in your teeth, you bloody chieftain! The sons of Dempsey are no unmanly butchers. Up with the ladders, boys! Forward with the picks and crowbars! To the devil with the pump, and all belonging to it! We'll carry the castle by the strong hand—hurrah! hurrah!"

The kindred sprang forward with picks and axes to attack the gate, while others raised the scaling-ladders against the walls. Foremost among the latter were O'Dempsey and the faithful captain. Each planted his ladder opposite the figure he believed his destined portion of the spoil. Sir Simon took no notice of the battering going on at the planks under his feet, but called to his sergeant,—“Now, Watkins, do you cover the warden, and I shall let this villain of a lieutenant see whether he's to carry my wife, as well as my castle, by escalade.” They fired together. Both leaders reeled on their ladders; but both clutched at the figures above them, grasped them, and the ropes by which they were suspended giving way, rolled together into the ditch. At the same moment, Lady Brabazon herself reappeared at the window. “Run, you wretches, run!” she cried to the Kinel Dempsey; “there's blood enough shed!—here comes the king's army; run, or you will all be cut in pieces!” And, as she spoke, cries of “*Butler aboo!—Saint George!—a Verdon! a Verdon!*” resounded from the woods. The Irish cavalry, under Sir Phelim O'Neill, wheeling to the right-about face, and the assailants of the castle, scrambling down from their various points of attack, disappeared as if by magic. Among the latter, James of the Chisel, who had overthrown two or three of the mock garrison, with a facility that caused him much astonishment, and had already intruded one-half of his person into an embrasure, was just in time to regain the means of escape. He descended with abundant celerity, and was on the point of joining the

body of the assailants in their flight, when he perceived O'Dempsey and Captain Cormack stretched beside the female figures in the castle ditch. The chief carpenter turned, cast a glance at the immovable array of the garrison over the parapet. “By Saint Kieran of Clonmacnoise! I believe in my conscience 'twas against a garrison of men of straw that we brought up our wooden battery. I'll not desert the chief, then, if there's breath in him, nor my poor Cormack neither,” he cried, hastening back to his fallen leaders. But both lay lifeless. The chief captain turned over the lady figures. “May I never die, if they aren't a couple of bottles of straw in petticoats!” he exclaimed. “Oh, by haft shelve, this beats all your military tactics of King Brian Boru, my poor Cormack! The real stratagems of war were never practised since the breach of Troy till now! Farewell to you, sons of my heart! Bad luck to the hands that laid you low! I'm off for Kilkenny, if God and the Virgin give me an escape through mine enemies.” So saying, *Shamus a f'eiseal* fled round the angle of the building; while a gallant array of horse, headed by the Earl of Ormond, galloped up on the castle green.

“How goes it, Sir Simon?” cried the earl, reining up on the edge of the gateway bridge. “Have you beaten the knaves off? and how do my gos-sips, your wife and fair daughter?”

“We are here to answer for ourselves,” cried Lady Brabazon; “come forward, Lucy, the rogues are all run away. We are both very well, I heartily thank your lordship, but the poor child is a little frightened: show yourself, Lucy.”

“My lord, we hope we'll be forgiven the little trick we played on my father: I beg your lordship will intercede for us. He thinks we have sacrificed our lives in defence of the castle.”

“By —, my good lord!” cried Sir Simon, “I know not whether my wife and daughter be talking to you from the window, or lying in the arms of those wood-kerne in the ditch; but I shall see presently! Throw open the gates, Watkins, and give the pursuit!”

“The pursuit is already in hands, Sir Simon,” said t^h

"Young Verdon has had the execution of the rebels ever since they dispersed. A gallant young fellow, by my honour! Sir Simon, and has done such service to-day, and every day for the last week, in the cause of king and country, as will make him a viscount of the realm, if I have any influence at Whitehall."

"And if you can only prevail on Sir Simon to give up an old stupid grudge he has against Sir Theobald's father, my lord," cried Lady Brabazon, "we shall be quite prepared to back your lordship's efforts in his favour by providing him with a countess. Don't run away, Lucy—it is no sham siege this time."

"Ha! sits the wind in that quarter?" cried the earl. "By my word, I congratulate you, my old friend, on a most honourable alliance."

"I am no match for these women, my lord," replied the governor. "Whether I stand on my head or my heels, I know no longer; and by —, as it seems to me, these guns that

they frightened us so damnably with are shams like all the rest of it. By the honour of a soldier, I am ashamed of the whole business, grudge and all. Only I hope the young gallant that you mean to make a viscount of is not to be a noble of straw, like the *Sugan* Earl of Desmond."

"If land in Ireland be worth rent after these disturbances," replied the earl, "he inherits the best half barony in Meath by Luke Taaff's death, who was killed yesterday, poor fellow, by the rebels at the bridge of Trim. But here he comes to answer for himself, and his sword, by my faith! very handsomely spotted."

As he spoke, Sir Theobald was seen riding up at the head of a body of horse, who had evidently been engaged in hot work. "Let fall the drawbridge, Watkins," cried the governor, "and come down with me, Lady Brabazon, and bring the minx with you. I will hear what our gallant has got to say for himself in the presence chamber."

AGRIPPA D'AUBIGNÉ AND MADAME DE MAINTENON.

On a spring day of the year 1560, an excited crowd was assembled without the walls of a town of Touraine, which, although of small size and importance, had been the residence of several kings, and the birth and death place of Charles VIII. of France. Upon this occasion, no regal pageant attracted the throng, nor was the gaze of the mob one of idle curiosity. Gratiified hatred and savage exultation were legible on most of the faces there collected together; only a few countenances wore an expression of horror and pity; and fewer still were those whose contracted brows, compressed lips, and pallid cheeks, betrayed their suppressed grief and indignation. The sight that aroused these various emotions in the spectators was that of a row of human heads fixed upon the battlements of the fortress, and bearing horrible testimony to the power and cruelty of the house of Guise, then paramount in

France. The vast plan of insurrection, known in history as the Conspiracy of Amboise, whose chief was Louis de Bourbon, Prince of Condé, and its object the overthrow and imprisonment of the haughty Balafré, and of his no less arrogant brother, the Cardinal of Lorraine, had been discovered and frustrated; and twelve hundred nobles and gentlemen, including much of the best Huguenot blood in the land, had expiated upon the scaffold their failure and offence. Francis II., a feeble and incapable prince, then occupied the throne, and the sword of Guise was virtually the sceptre of France.

Of those who contemplated, with ill-concealed fury, the horrible trophies of that bigoted and vindictive party which, twelve years later, rioted in the bloody saturnalia of St Bartholomew, one of the most remarkable was a middle-aged man, of robust frame and martial aspect, whose dress

was travel-stained, and who was accompanied by an intelligent-looking boy, ten years of age. Long did the old Huguenot soldier gaze, in mingled wrath and anguish, upon the blackening features of his former leaders and comrades, beneath whose banner, and by whose side, he had so often spurred to victory. At last his deep emotion found vent in words. "The assassins!" he exclaimed, "they have beheaded France!" Then, laying his hand upon the boy's head, and heedless of the lowering attention his exclamation had drawn upon him—"My son," he said, "you must not grudge your head, when mine shall have fallen, to avenge those noble chiefs, so full of honour. My curse cleave to you, if you are miserly of your blood in that holy cause!" The exhortation was heartfelt, but imprudent. Murmurs were heard amongst the bystanders as the stranger's words passed from mouth to mouth, and a cry of "Down with the Huguenots!" arose in the crowd. For a moment the cause of this commotion seemed disposed to abide the gathering storm. His nostril expanded with defiance, and his hand sank down to seek the hilt of his trusty sword. But his eye fell upon his son, and, repressing the vengeful impulse, he turned and left the place, unimpeded by actual violence, but pursued by the vociferations of the mob. The soldier smiled scornfully at the hootings of the rabble. But upon the boy who clung to his side a deep and ineffaceable impression was made by the whole of that scene—by the severed and ghastly heads, by his father's passionate injunction, by the hoarse cries of the brutal populace. That day was an epoch in the life of Agrippa d'Aubigné. Then was confirmed in him a hatred, which ended but with his life, of the persecutors of his Protestant brethren, an attachment to his creed, which he ably vindicated both with sword and pen, and to which he never hesitated to sacrifice the favour of kings and the brightest smiles of fortune.

* *Mémoires de Comdé*, i. 560.

† The following is an extract from this curious epistle: "Mon bon homme, je me mange les doigts de penser que si j'eusse eu vi. guanons pour en tirer 2 mille coups, ceste ville étoit à nous. Ils n'avoient qu'ung seul parapet qui vaille. Ils n'ont pas quatre cens soldats bons. Je ne puis fere mieux que de essayer de gagner le pont, qui couppent; ce qui m'est malleré." &c.

The life of Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné was a grand romance, crowded with marvellous adventures and heroic traits. Brave as any real or fabulous hero of antiquity, he possessed qualities and acquirements that are to be found combined in few military heroes, whether of ancient or modern times. His failings were those of his century, whose virtues and vices were reflected, as in a mirror, in his active and turbulent career. Precocious in all things, at six years of age he read four languages. At that period, learning was confined to a few. The chiefs of the Huguenot party had a large share of what little was abroad. As to the Roman Catholic clergy and nobility, their ignorance would be incredible were it less well attested. In the very same year in which we find d'Aubigné (already a learned linguist, and the translator of Plato's *Criton*) proceeding to Paris with his father to complete his studies, Jean de Montluc, himself a bishop, denounced before the king's council the gross ignorance of the dignitaries of the church. "Bishoprics," he said, "are now given to children and to ignorant persons, having neither knowledge nor will to fulfil their duties. Cardinals and bishops have not hesitated to bestow benefices on their house stewards, and even on their valets-de-chambre, cooks, barbers, and lackeys. The same priests, by their avarice, ignorance, and dissolute life, have made themselves universally odious and contemptible."* "A cook-maid of our times," says Du Laure, in his *History of Paris*, "would blush to write French with such gross orthographical errors as are to be found in a letter written by the Duke of Guise to M. de Connor, after the capture of some fortifications at Orleans."† A marshal of France, the Count de Brissac, could barely sign his name; and the constable Anne de Montmorency, by birth, station, and wealth, one of the first men in France, could neither read nor write, and signed with his mark. In 1573, when the Polish envoys went to Paris to offer the crown

of their country to the Duke of Anjou, it was found necessary to send to Auvergne for a nobleman who could converse with them in Latin, they not understanding French. In so ignorant an age, young d'Aubigné's unusual acquirements could not fail to give him prominence, even though they had not been combined with rare probity, dauntless bravery, and a daring frankness that more than once embroiled him with his superiors. His fortitude and stanchness revealed themselves at a very early age. Soon after his arrival at Paris, he and his preceptor were arrested on a charge of heresy, and their guards told him that he and all his band would be condemned to the stake. "My horror of the mass," replied the intrepid child, "is far greater than my fear of the flames." He was eighteen years old at the outbreak of the third civil war between the Catholics and Protestants. His father was dead, and his guardian opposed his taking arms, kept him a prisoner, and at night removed his clothes, lest he should escape. But the scene at Amboise, and his father's injunction, were vivid in the young Huguenot's memory: combined with religious fanaticism, and a warlike temper, they drove him with irresistible force to the battlefield. A company of men-at-arms were to leave the town for a Huguenot rendezvous, and some of his companions, who had joined them, promised to fire a shot as warning of their departure. On hearing the signal, d'Aubigné let himself down from his window by the aid of the sheets, scaled two walls, narrowly missed jumping into a well, and, with his shirt for sole covering, overtook his friends, who were already on the march, and who wondered greatly to see a naked man pursuing and calling to them, and crying out because his feet were tortured and bleeding from the stones. The captain of the band, after scolding him and threatening to make him return home, took him on his horse and gave him his cloak to sit upon, because the buckle of the crupper lacerated his skin. A league further on, they fell in with a troop of Papists making for Angoulême, who were routed after a slight skirmish, in which the breechless volunteer obtained an arquebuss and some indifferent equipments, but

refused to take clothes, notwithstanding his need and his comrades' advice. Thus he reached the rendezvous at Jonsac, still in his shirt; and there, some officers having dressed and armed him, he wrote at the end of his receipt for these advances: "Upon condition that I shall never tax the war with having despoiled me, since I cannot return from it in more piteous plight than I joined it." At Xaintes, the general rendezvous, M. de Mirebeau, governor of the province, would have sent him home, first by remonstrance and then by menace. But d'Aubigné was indocile; and abruptly quitting de Mirebeau and his captain, who would have put him under arrest, he broke through the company, fled, and, checking with the sword's point a cousin of his own, who pressed him hard, he reached the quarters of another captain, named Asnières, whom he knew to be on bad terms with de Mirebeau; and the next day, a scuffle occurring between their respective followers, he was foremost in the fray, and nearly killed his cousin. He shared in all the actions of that war, excepting in the battle of Moncontour; at which time, however, as he himself tells us in his *Memoirs*, he was as dangerously employed: for "being," he says, "in his native province of Xaintonge, he was surprised at night in a village, escaped—as did only four others out of eighty that composed the party—crossed the Dronne by forcing a peasant, who came to kill him, to show him the ford; passed through Contras, and having encountered on the quay several arquebuss-men, who began to blow their matches, threw himself unhesitatingly into the river, and swam across it with his horse, peppered the while by the bullets." He now found that a stranger had got possession of his paternal estate, sustaining to his face that he had been killed at the combat of Savignac. Sick and suffering, treated as an impostor, denied by his tenants, renounced by his maternal relatives, who hated him for his religion, he reached Orleans with difficulty, obtained leave from the judges to plead his own cause, and did it with such eloquence and pathos that the tribunal rose as one man, indignant against his opponents, and, exclaiming that none but the son

of d'Aubigné could speak thus, reinstated him in his rights. Such were the sufferings, perils, and adventures for which, at the age of twenty, Agrippa d'Aubigné was already distinguished. "The narrative of such a life," says M. de Noailles, "is the history of a whole epoch. It is the living picture of the state in which France then was. Every man had to guard his own life; on all sides were seen strong castles supplied with military stores and prepared for war, and armed bands spreading terror abroad. There was no travelling but with pistol in hand and sword loose in the scabbard; at each moment one was exposed to fall in with a party of enemies. Some fought in their own quarrel; others enrolled themselves in the innumerable expeditions which every little chieftain organised after his own fashion. The life of d'Aubigné is full of such adventures." After narrowly escaping the fatal night of the 24th August 1572—having left Paris, in consequence of a duel, three days previous to the massacre—he was recommended the following year to Henry the Fourth, then King of Navarre, by an officer of that prince's household, as "a determined man, for whom nothing was too hot or too cold, and who was as firm in council as bold in execution." This recommendation took d'Aubigné to court, and soon afterwards, at the earnest entreaty of Henry, who had outwardly abjured Protestantism, he accompanied, although with great reluctance, an expedition against the Huguenots of Normandy. Instead of serving the Roman Catholic cause, however, he did his utmost, but in vain, to rescue the Count of Montgomery—the accidental slayer of Henry II.—then besieged in Domfront. His design came to the ears of Catherine de Medici, who afterwards taxed him with it under very remarkable circumstances. For when that odious assassin of his Protestant subjects, Charles IX., had just given up the ghost, bathed in a sweat of blood, and poisoned, it is said, by his own mother, d'Aubigné, desirous to ascer-

tain his decease, and perhaps also to feast his eyes with the sight of this dead enemy of his faith, penetrated into the king's chamber, and there met Catherine, who threatened him, reproaching him with his endeavours to save Montgomery, and telling him he would resemble his father; whereto d'Aubigné boldly replied—"God grant it!" In disgust, and to avoid the anger of the vindictive Florentine, he would then have withdrawn altogether from the court, but was dissuaded by his friend Fervacques, a Catholic gentleman attached to Henry IV., and only left it temporarily for a short campaign in Germany. At court he was a great favourite for his wit and skill in composing poetry and plays, and arranging *ballets*, masquerades, and other diversions. He was noted for his gasconades, a propensity which in him was united with the most headlong valour. "Various quarrels," he says in his *Memoirs*, where he speaks of himself in the third person—"an attack that he and three others made on thirty *badauds*, (Parisian cockneys,) most of them armed with halberds, who took to flight; another on the guards of the Marshal de Montmorency, who besieged Fervacques in the hostelry of the Chapeau-Rouge; another to rescue the children of the Marquis of Trans, pursued by a great number of archers; another, in which he and Fervacques, attended by a page and some grooms, were wantonly assailed by thirteen fellows armed in mail, and both wounded: these and other combats, on foot and on horseback, in company with the brave Bussy,* gave him so great a reputation, that this cavalier conceived a friendship for him—after seeing him serve as second to the said Fervacques against himself—and one day induced him, by a stroke of folly, with some nobles of the court to enter the city guard-house sword in hand, where he was hard pressed and disarmed, but nevertheless recovered his weapon and escaped." Such were the recreations with which the young gentlemen of that day filled up the intervals between frequently-recurring

* Bussy d'Amboise, one of the lovers of Queen Margaret of Navarre, "of invincible courage," says l'Etoile, "and a hasty temper, proud and audacious, brave as his sword, but vicious and slightly fearing God."

wars. Peril was their element, battle their pastime. In such men as Bussy, d'Aubigné, and Fervacques, modern romance writers have found the models (and have overdrawn them less than might be supposed) of those valiant adventurers and soldiers of fortune, whose skill of fence, strength of arm, and contempt of death, render them a match for a host of ordinary combatants. D'Aubigné, however, was too earnest a spirit to waste his life in street brawls and court diversions. It was with the dagger of St Bartholomew suspended over his head that Henry IV. had abjured the Reformed religion; and in February 1576 he fled to La Rochelle, and again publicly professed it. D'Aubigné, one of four who instigated and arranged this flight, then visited Languedoc, Normandy, and several other provinces, to encourage and rouse the Huguenots to take arms. On his return from this dangerous mission, Henry, whose good qualities did not include generosity, presented him with his portrait, beneath which d'Aubigné, dissatisfied with the unsubstantial reward, wrote the following epigram:—

"Ce prince est d'étrange nature,
Je ne sais qui diable l'a fait :
Ceux qui le servent en effet,
Il les récompense en peinture."

From this time his favour declined, until he lost the good graces of the King of Navarre—partly, according to his own account, by his freedom of speech and bold replies, partly in consequence of Catherine of Medicis' intrigues, and partly by refusing to serve Henry in one of his numerous love affairs. He withdrew from court, leaving a farewell letter for his ungrateful master. "Sire," he said, "your memory will reproach you with twelve years of my services, and twelve wounds upon my body; it will remind you of your prison, and that the hand which now writes to you broke its bars, and has remained pure whilst serving you, unfilled by your benefactions, and exempt from corruption, whether proceeding from your enemies or from yourself." Repeatedly recalled by Henry, who knew the worth of his blunt but honest councillor, d'Aubigné obstinately refused to return, until, as he himself tells us, "the malcontent, learning

one day that his master, who had been informed of his enterprise against Limoges, and believed him to have been taken prisoner there, had put aside some of the queen's jewels to pay his ransom; and then, being falsely informed of his death, had testified great grief, he was touched, and resolved to return to his service." These quarrels and reconciliations were frequently renewed. At one time, d'Aubigné was about to take service under a German Protestant prince; but he fell in love, married, and remained in France, where he continued his adventurous life and feats of extraordinary prowess. "No one," says M. de Noailles, "represents better than he the exuberant and energetic vitality that animated the sixteenth century: writer, warrior, historian, poet, theologian, controversialist, when necessary, he constantly quitted the sword for the pen; and was, at the same time, the type of those rough Huguenot gentlemen—proud, independent, inflexible in their faith and in their hatred of Papacy; always with helmet on head and blade in hand. . . . Honest, devoted, ardently attached to his religion, keen-witted and accomplished, energetic and impassioned; on the other hand, he was a braggart, almost always dissatisfied, satirical and insolent of speech, and he called his master ungrateful." This his master unquestionably was, although his poverty may be taken as a palliation. "My friend," wrote Henry IV. to Sully, "my shirts are all torn, my doublet is out at elbows, my larder is often bare, and I dine where I can." But Henry, like a Gascon as he was, had a habit of promising much more than he could perform, and this bred discontent amongst his followers, whose murmurs, however, made little impression on the good-humoured sovereign. "La Force," said d'Aubigné one night to a fellow-courtier, as they lay in bed in a closet adjoining the King's bedroom—"La Force, our master is a thorough niggard, and the most ungrateful mortal on the earth's surface." "What say you, d'Aubigné?" inquired La Force, who was half asleep. "He says," cried the King, who heard every word, "that I am a thorough niggard, and

the most ungrateful mortal on the earth's surface," at which d'Aubigné was somewhat confused. He tells the story himself, and says that his master made no difference in his manner to him the next day; but neither, he adds, did he give him a livre the more.

It was great grief to d'Aubigné when Henry, after his succession to the crown of France, once more abjured the Protestant faith; and, from that time forward, he was much less about his person. A report having got abroad that he had lost the king's favour, he repaired, in 1595, to the siege of La Fère. "On arriving, he went straight to the house of Gabrielle d'Estrées, and remained for more than two hours with Henry and his mistress. It was in this conversation that Henry, having shown him a wound on his lip inflicted by the dagger of Jean Châtel, who had attempted to assassinate him, d'Aubigné made that memorable reply, which was afterwards repeated throughout France,—‘Sire, you have as yet renounced God but with your lips, and He has contented himself with piercing them; if you one day renounce him with your heart, he will pierce your heart.’ Too bold a speech of a subject to his king, says l'Estoile, and even criminal and capital in any other than d'Aubigné, to whom his Majesty, for the much that he loved him, gave entire liberty of speech, taking nothing he said in bad part." D'Aubigné, it has been shown, was not one to whom such license could be accorded with impunity. His tongue was as sharp, and almost as formidable a weapon, as his sword. At a celebrated religious conference which took place in the year 1600, in presence of Henry IV. and his court, between the Bishop of Evreux, on the part of the Catholics, and Duplessis Mornay, on that of the Protestants, d'Aubigné supported the latter; "and his arguments," he says, "put the prelate in so great embarrassment, that great drops of water fell from his forehead upon a manuscript of Chrysostom, and were remarked by all the assembly." This was two years after the edict of Nantes, which secured protection and liberty of worship to those of the Reformed faith. The period that elapsed

between Henry's accession, and the date when he deemed it fitting and practicable to publish that edict, was agitated by the manœuvres and active political opposition of the Huguenot chiefs, amongst whom d'Aubigné was prominent. Personally attached though he was to Henry, he bitterly blamed and inveighed against the renegade king, sparing him not in his addresses to the synods and Congregation, and even urging these to take arms against him. Henry was well informed of his proceedings, even to the satirical and indignant words in which his former adherent inveighed against his change of religion, which proceeded, he said, "not from ignorance, or want of knowledge of the truth, but from pure ambition, and from desire of greater liberty to indulge in pleasures and worldly delights." But between those two great men—that able sovereign, and that stern and heroic Protestant chief—there existed a friendship which circumstances might cloud, but could never destroy. It is, indeed, most interesting to trace the frequent struggles in the soul of d'Aubigné, between his love and loyalty to his royal friend and master, and his deep attachment to his religion. Henry, a subtle politician, steered his devious course amidst the great conflicting interests of the age, often bending lest he should be broken. D'Aubigné, a fearless soldier of the faith, and tinged with fanaticism, would admit of no compromise; and was irritated, almost to madness, at each fresh appearance of temporising or vacillation on the part of the king. "When the death of the Duke d'Alençon rendered the King of Navarre presumptive heir to the crown of France, and the League, throwing off the mask, declared itself both against Henry III.—accused of sacrificing the Catholic religion—and against Henry of Béarn, who threatened to give France a Protestant king—d'Aubigné was everywhere, raised several companies, defended Poitou, was left for dead at the enterprise of Angers, took the island of Oléron, and was made prisoner, for a moment, at Brouage; but, as the king of Navarre restored Oléron to the Catholics, d'Aubigné again retired, furious, and

was for bidding an eternal farewell to his master: he even set himself to study books of controversy, to see, he said, if he could find some shadow of salvation in Rome." It did great honour, both to Henry and to his plain-spoken friend, that, when the Huguenot opposition was weakened by the death and defection of its leading members, and, still more, by the leniency and toleration they enjoyed, and d'Aubigné was about to leave the country, he received a letter from the king urging him to go to court, and promising him a good reception. He passed two months there without exchanging a word with Henry on the subject of past dissensions; until at last, one day that they were walking together, the king broached the question, and some discourse ensued between them, which ended by Henry's saying,—“I have greater confidence in you, d'Aubigné, than in those who have played a double game,” and then embraced and dismissed him. “But d'Aubigné, returning to the king, said,—‘Sire, when I look you in the face, my old liberty and boldness of speech returns to me; unbutton three buttons of your doublet, and do me the grace to say how you could come to hate me.’ Then that prince, growing pale, as was his wont when moved by affection, replied,—‘You were too attached to La Trémoille, (a Huguenot chief, then dead.) I hated him, you know, and yet you declared for him.’ ‘Sire,’ replied d'Aubigné, ‘I was brought up at your Majesty's feet, and there I early learned not to abandon persons afflicted and oppressed by a superior power. Approve this apprenticeship of virtue which I served with you.’ This reply was followed by a second embrace and adieu.” After Henry's death, d'Aubigné was again involved in Protestant insurrections, but finally retired to St Jean d'Angely, and occupied himself with literature, revising and completing his works, and publishing in 1616 his most important

book, the *Universal History* of his times, which was burned by order of the Parliament, “as containing many things against the state, and against the honour of kings, queens, and other nobles of the kingdom.” In 1620, after Louis the Thirteenth's short campaign against the Huguenots, Poitou being full of the royal troops, he deemed himself unsafe there, and, escorted by twelve well-armed cavaliers, and lightly bearing the weight of his seventy summers, he reached Geneva through many perils and fatigues, and was there received with great honour as the old and valiant champion of the Protestant church. His mental and bodily activity were still unimpaired; he was chosen president of the council of war, fortified Geneva and Berne, carried on negotiations with various Protestant princes, and was condemned to death in France, “the fourth similar judgment,” he says, “rendered against me, and which has done me honour and pleasure.” At the age of seventy-three he married a second wife, and had completed his eightieth year when he died, surrounded by friends, and lamented by all good men. His death was as calm and happy as his life had been turbulent and agitated.

How troubled would have been the dying hour of this brave old Huguenot warrior, could he have foreseen that, fifty-five years later, his grandchild, the daughter of his son, would countenance, if she did not instigate, the cruel persecution of the religion he had so steadfastly adhered to and defended! The date of the secret marriage of Louis the XIV. and Françoise d'Aubigné agrees, as nearly as it can be ascertained, with that of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. A striking coincidence! for it is hard to believe, that the influence and seduction which could bring one of the proudest kings who ever sat on throne to wed the widow of the jester Scarron, in opposition to urgent advice and entreaties,* might not have been effica-

* “The King,” says the Abbé de Choisy, “confided one day his intended marriage to M. de Louvois, as a thing which was not yet quite decided upon, and which he was fully determined never to declare, and asked his opinion. Louvois had never had the least idea of such a thing. ‘Ah! Sire,’ he exclaimed, ‘does your Majesty really mean what you now tell me? The greatest king in the world marry the widow Scarron! Do you wish to dishonour yourself?’ He threw himself at the

ciously exerted in behalf of the suffering and persecuted Huguenots. It had been a graceful act of the elderly Egeria of the fourteenth Louis, to have extended the shield of protection over the descendants of those who had fought for their faith by the side of her valiant grandsire.

Agrippa d'Aubigné was unfortunate in his eldest son. The heir to his name and honours, notwithstanding the great care taken of his education, was a profligate from his youth, a rebellious son, a renegade to his religion, a traitor to his party. After repeatedly pardoning him, his father, indignant at a crowning act of perfidy, disinherited and cursed him. The parent could forgive offences against himself, and had more than once welcomed back and confided in the prodigal, when he professed to revert to the Reformed church; but the Huguenot chief sternly refused to pardon the double traitor who revealed to the Roman Catholic government of France the plans of England for the relief of La Rochelle, when that Huguenot stronghold was beleaguered by Cardinal Richelieu in 1627. The crime of the son was deemed a merit in the subject. Constant d'Aubigné, now a declared Catholic, and apparently devoted to the court, received an appointment about the person of Louis XIII., had a confiscated barony restored to him, and contracted an honourable marriage. But treachery was his element. He was detected in correspondence with English agents, and was imprisoned at Bordeaux, and

afterwards at Nîort in Poitou, in which latter place of confinement was born, the 27th Nov. 1635, his daughter Françoise, celebrated in history under the name of Madame de Maintenon. Two or three years later, his wife's exertions having obtained his liberation, he sailed with his family to seek his fortune in Martinique. There he acquired considerable property, lost it again at the gaming-table, and died, holding a small military office, barely sufficient to enable him to live. At his death, Madame d'Aubigné returned to France with her children. Françoise was then nine or ten years old. Already, according to some of her numerous biographers, she had had marvellous adventures, and had narrowly escaped being devoured by a serpent, carried off by pirates, and thrown overboard for dead. But no perils that her childhood may have passed, can have equalled in strangeness the vicissitudes of her after life.

Once more in France, Madame d'Aubigné, reduced almost to penury, supported her misfortunes with courage, and busied herself with her daughter's education. Compelled, however, to revisit Martinique, she left Françoise in charge of her sister-in-law, Madame de Villette, who brought up the child in the Reformed religion; wherefore she was taken from her by an order of the government, and placed under the care of another relation, Madame de Neuillant, a zealous Catholic, who spared no pains to instruct her in the Romish faith. "At first gentleness and caresses were

king's feet, and burst into tears. 'Pardon me, Sir, the liberty I take; strip me of my offices, put me in prison—so, at least, I shall not witness this indignity.' The king replied: 'Rise; are you mad, have you lost your senses?' Louvois arose, and left the room without knowing whether his remonstrances had taken effect; but the next day he thought he saw, in the embarrassed and ceremonious manner of Madame de Maintenon, that the king had been so weak as to tell her what had passed; and from that moment he perceived that she was his mortal enemy. The secret marriage took place sometime afterwards; M. de Louvois was not summoned to it." M. de Noailles, a fervent partisan and admirer of Madame de Maintenon, declares her hostility to Louvois to have existed only in that minister's imagination. St Simon, in his *Memoirs*, and Duclos, in his *Mémoires Secrets*, give the scene between the King and Louvois as occurring subsequently to the marriage, and as having reference to its declaration. M. de Noailles scouts the statement; Madame de Maintenon, according to him, was so utterly devoid of ambition, that she would have been shocked at the idea of becoming Queen of France. Amidst the mass of conflicting evidence handed down by an age prolific in memoirs, posterity will probably always remain divided as to the real merits and aims of that extraordinary woman. We cannot but think that, in his zeal to exalt her virtues, her most recent biographer is too apt unceremoniously to put out of court, as untrustworthy, the assertions and opinions of unfavourable witnesses.

tried as means of conversion; then it was attempted to subdue her by harshness and humiliation: she was left with the servants, and employed in the most menial offices. 'I commanded in the poultry-yard,' she afterwards said, 'and it is there my reign commenced.' Every morning, a mask on her face to preserve her complexion, a straw-hat upon her head, a switch in her hand, and a little basket upon her arm, she was sent to take care of the turkeys, strictly forbidden to touch the basket till she had got by heart five verses of Pibrac." She was subsequently sent to an Ursuline convent, and there, by kind treatment, was induced to abjure Calvinism. Her mother's death, and that of Madame de Villette, again left her without other resources but the charity of Madame de Neuillant, which was very scanty, avarice being that pious lady's most prominent characteristic. In her house, Mademoiselle d'Aubigné had to endure innumerable privations and vexations; but she was rescued from seclusion by the vanity of her parsimonious benefactress, who found her own importance in society increased by the association of a young and beautiful girl—for beauty she unquestionably possessed, although such is not the popular notion. The error is accounted for by M. de Noailles. "Unfortunately for Madame de Maintenon," he says, "it is only at too ripe an age that her elevation attracts our gaze. We know her only as an old woman; we always picture her to ourselves in her fillemot dress and coif, devout and severe; ruling the court which had become as serious as herself, and supporting, besides the weight of years, her own *ennui* and the king's. Her best-known portrait, taken at the age of sixty—the one in which she was painted by Mignard in the character of St Frances—has an expression of nobility and dignity, but, at the same time, of sadness and melancholy, which contributes to fix her in our imagination under that aspect. For us, no lingering reflection of youth softens upon her countenance the wrinkles of advanced age. She should have been known young. Happy those whose likeness is handed down to posterity as an image of grace

and beauty; for them posterity is more indulgent. . . . An oval face, chestnut hair, a complexion fair almost to pallor, black eyebrows and long lashes, dark eyes, at once soft and sparkling, regular and delicate features, a graceful and intelligent physiognomy, an elegant and noble carriage of the head, and very handsome shoulders, rendered her a person of rare distinction, and of an uncommon style of beauty; it is thus that she is represented in the enamel by Petitot, preserved at the Louvre, (an engraving from which is prefixed to M. de Noailles' work,) and in the portrait which Scarron had taken of her, at the same period, by Mignard." She was then four-and-twenty. It was nine years previously that Madame de Neuillant, who sometimes assisted at Scarron's conversations, introduced her to the gay and accomplished, but mixed society, which was wont to assemble at the house of the witty, eccentric, and good-hearted cripple. "She was already handsome, but timid, and embarrassed by her provincial-looking dress and by her gown, which was too short, and on her entrance she began to cry. Her youth and confusion touched everybody, but especially Scarron." About two years afterwards, her mother having died in the interval, he married her. If he had been attracted at first sight by her beauty, he was still more charmed by the wit, good taste, and good sense, which he soon afterwards discovered in her. In short, he fell in love, although the cynic could not help sneering at himself—as he sat in his easy-chair, crippled in every limb, and bearing, as he himself said, "no bad resemblance to the letter Z"—for daring to entertain such a sentiment. Influenced by this feeling, and by the compassion with which her forlorn condition inspired him, he offered her his hand. "I preferred him to a convent," was her reply to those who expressed surprise at her acceptance of so strange a suitor.

The history of Madame de Maintenon is so well known, so many distinguished writers have busied themselves directly or incidentally with her biography, that a mere outline of her career would tell nothing that is new to anybody. Even M. de Noailles,

whose voluminous work might naturally be supposed to contain novel particulars—as it certainly contains original views—of a subject that is rather hackneyed, thinks proper to prelude by an apologetic explanation. Whilst preparing a new edition of Madame de Maintenon's letters, he proposed prefixing to it a tolerably extensive notice of her life. Led away by the interest of the subject, and the importance of the period, his memoir imperceptibly grew into two copious volumes, which he was induced to publish in an independent form, and which he considers to compose a tolerably complete history of the reign of Louis XIV. Viewed in this light, the part where the work is most defective is the military history of that remarkable reign. That is compressed into a short chapter, whilst a third of the whole work is occupied with a discussion of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, of the causes that led to it, and of the degree of blame to be attached to Louis, with a vindication of Madame de Maintenon from stimulating the persecution of the Huguenots, and an endeavour to prove that it was wholly out of her power to prevent it. All these points are settled by M. de Noailles in a manner which he deems perfectly conclusive. For the justification of his heroine, he especially cites her letters. "Above all," he says, "I have let Madame de Maintenon speak for herself. There is no historical personage concerning whom more falsehoods have been promulgated, and, after all that has been said of her, the only way to know her is to read her correspondence. I have been careful, at each epoch and incident of her life, to let her explain and show her true sentiments. I have sought to make her history out of her letters." He supports this evidence, which alone might not carry conviction to all, by quotations from numerous cotemporary writers, and by long and elaborate arguments of his own, sometimes more specious than convincing. He begins, after an able sketch of the social movement in France during the first half of the seventeenth century, by describing her married life with Scarron, and by repelling the calumnies levelled by

St Simon and others against her conduct as a young woman. A more trying and perilous position can scarcely be imagined than that of this beautiful girl of seventeen, exposed to the seductions and contamination of the equivocal society that frequented the house of the paralytic wit, whose nurse she had become when she accepted the title of his wife. Whilst the Hotel Rambouillet, in the words of St Simon, "was a sort of academy of wits, of gallantry, virtue, and science, the rendezvous of all who were distinguished by quality and merit—a tribunal to which it was imperative to defer, and whose decisions had great weight in society," there existed in Paris another coterie, whose meetings, less select, were often far gayer than those of the more aristocratic and dignified assembly. "There too," says M. de Noailles, "courtiers were to be seen, in company with Marion de Lorme and Ninon de l'Enclos, and mingled with men of letters, but all those were *bon vivants* and gay companions. In the midst of this circle was enthroned a little man of grotesque countenance, deformed from illness, and constantly in pain, but always laughing and making all around him laugh. Of inexhaustible gaiety, fertile in sallies and full of wit, his reputation drew a crowd around his sick couch. This little man was Scarron; he is entitled to a place here, not only from his personal celebrity, but also because his house was one of the principal meeting-places of that secondary society, which was not unconnected with the social transformation we speak of. When the *beaux esprits* of the Hotel Rambouillet assembled in the neighbourhood of the Palais Cardinal, in the quarter of the Marais Scarron's drawing-room opened. In the one place, fine sentiment, refined conversation, romantic intrigues and brilliant but somewhat pretentious entertainments; in the other, gaiety, joy, folly, suppers to which each guest contributed his dish, and where the language was as free as the thoughts."

Scarron, a clear-sighted appreciator of the failings and vices of himself and his boon companions, foretold, in cynical phrase, a speedy change in the

retiring simplicity of the young girl who was to become the daily witness of their joyous meetings. For once he was mistaken. As Madame Scarron, Mademoiselle d'Aubigné exchanged her timidity for dignity, and curbed, instead of sharing, the license of her husband and his friends. "By her decent and modest manners," says Madame de Caylus in her *Souvenirs*, "this young person inspired so much respect, that none of the young men who frequented the house dared utter an ambiguous expression in her presence, and that one of them was heard to say—'If I had to take a liberty with the queen, or with Madame Scarron, I should not hesitate an instant: I would risk it rather with the queen.'" The becoming dignity that inspired this feeling of awe, was unmingled with that austerity which—we say it with all deference to M. de Noailles and her other eulogists—contributed to the gloom that overshadowed the latter years of the court of Louis XIV. Already the lately converted Calvinist showed herself rigid in the prescribed observances of her new creed. "In Lent time," says Mademoiselle de Caylus, "she would eat a herring at one end of the table, and then retire to her chamber." This, however, the same writer remarks, was part of a necessary system, adopted out of regard to her reputation, and to check the forwardness of those who habitually surrounded her. Scarron, jovial and easy, took no offence that his friends brought to his table the materials of a feast. Once the Count de Lude did this rather unexpectedly; Scarron shared the repast, but his wife betook herself to her apartment. Her amiability, and the charm of her conversation, destroyed the sting of these tacit reproofs, without neutralising their wholesome effect. She was generally liked, not only by men, but by her own sex. When the nieces of Cardinal Mazarin were sent to Brouage on a party of pleasure, planned to remove one of them from the vicinity of the young king, who had fallen in love with her, they were most urgent that Madame Scarron should accompany them. Her poverty prevented her. Scarron was not fortunate. A lawsuit lost him the chief part of his income; a satirical couplet,

levelled at Mazarin, cost him a pension; and, although he humbly retracted the lampoon, the avaricious Cardinal would not restore the allowance. Notwithstanding these reverses, the last years of Scarron's life were probably the happiest. "I am not surprised," Queen Christina of Sweden said to him, when she had seen his wife, "that, with the most amiable woman in Paris by your side, you are, notwithstanding your sufferings, the most cheerful man." It had long been a system with Scarron to conceal his sufferings; it was his whim to play the philosopher, and to laugh and jest when writhing with the gout. But he had his hours of deep dejection and prostration, and these his watchful and affectionate wife soon detected. At the same time she saw that pity was intolerable to him, and that applause and admiration alone consoled him for his physical pains and degradation. She laughed at his sallies, she tended him as his nurse, she acted as his secretary—writing, at his dictation, his letters and books, and frequently prevailing with him to modify objectionable passages and coarse expressions.

The circumstance most likely to tarnish the reputation of Madame Scarron was her intimacy with Ninon de l'Enclos, who won her heart by her graceful and affectionate manners, and by the charm of her intercourse. Here we are forbidden to follow the common rule of judging persons by the company they keep. Neither can we apply the rigorous code of decorum now happily in force. We must endeavour to enter into the ideas and feelings prevalent in France two centuries ago, although, even then, this intimacy gave their greatest advantage to the enemies and calumniators of Madame Scarron. "Some persons," says M. de Noailles, "have difficulty in understanding how Madame Scarron's habits of piety and virtue could be reconciled with such an intimacy, which was believed, however, to be closer than it really was, the report having long been spread that she and Ninon were accustomed to share the same bed—a circumstance which at that time would have had nothing very strange. This friendship is explained by the part that Ninon played

—so singular a one, that the great Condé, meeting her on the public promenade, did not hesitate to pay his respects to her, hat in hand, at the door of her carriage. It is explained also by Madame Scarron's position in her husband's house, where Ninon had long been a visitor, and by the easy morality of the period. . . . Ninon was then nearly forty, twenty years older than Madame Scarron. Her conduct was more restrained than in her youth, and, without being much more moral, it was externally more decent." The extent of this comparative decency may be judged of from the fact that Ninon was then living in the country with Villarceaux, her favourite lover, to the great grief of his young wife, who, with her infant daughter, dwelt in retirement at Paris, or at her mother's chateau. Villarceaux fell in love with Madame Scarron, and Ninon, who was desirous of transferring her favour to Coligny, assisted him in his pursuit of *la belle Indienne*, the name frequently given to Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, from her childhood having been passed in the West Indies. Informed of the conspiracy against her virtue, Madame Scarron was about to quarrel with Ninon, but abstained upon reflection, and, in concert with the Abbé Têtu, arranged a plan to reclaim Villarceaux. The counter-plot was crowned with complete success. Villarceaux was inveigled into writing a letter, in which he declared he renounced for ever the unworthy connection with Ninon. On repairing to a rendezvous accorded him by Madame Scarron, he found himself in presence of his wife, who thanked him with tears, and an effusion of tenderness, for the assurance of future fidelity he had spontaneously transmitted to her. She had received the letter intended for Madame Scarron. Touched by her affection, and by that of his little daughter, Villarceaux accepted with a good grace the part of a penitent husband thus skilfully imposed upon him, wrote a grateful letter to his fair deceiver, and was ever afterwards her attached friend. Madame de Genlis, in her historical romance, or romantic history, of *Madame de Maintenon*,

relates this incident in much detail, and with all the attraction of style for which the clever mistress of *Egalité* was distinguished. But at the best it has a Decameronian savour; and although the end attained was unquestionably laudable, it is impossible to reconcile with the notions of propriety of the present day the part played in the intrigue by a virtuous and beautiful woman of twenty. The chief imputations cast upon her by cotemporaries have reference to this same Villarceaux, but subsequent to the death of Scarron. During his life, only one person, Gilles Boileau, dared, out of animosity to the husband, to defame the virtue of the wife. This he did in an epigram, which excited universal indignation; and a hint from a person of quality, that he might perhaps be repaid by cudgelling, induced him to retract the calumny. Ninon herself, who, it appears, was very anxious to see her otherwise, did unwilling homage to the strict correctness of her young friend's conduct; and Tallemant des Réaux, the scandalous chronicler of the day, who was apt enough to record as facts malicious and unfounded reports, casts no imputation upon her. St Simon furiously attacks her conduct after the death of Scarron. This writer, deprived by his independent character of the favour of Louis XIV., scarcely attempts to dissemble his hatred of Madame de Maintenon, and of the king's legitimated bastards—and doubtless it frequently rendered him partial and unjust; but M. de Noailles goes too far in refusing all historical value to his Memoirs. "St Simon," he says, "is a painter, a poet, an orator, anything you like, except an historian." And he devotes some pages to an attempt to destroy the credit of the author he thus condemns, as eagerly as though he had inherited the animosities of his ancestor, that Duc de Noailles whom Duclos shows us trembling with fury, when compelled by St Simon's persistence to do justice to the town of Périgueux, cruelly oppressed by his friend Courson.* He successfully exposes certain weaknesses and blunders of St Simon, but we doubt the success of

* Duclos, *Mémoires Secrets*, i. 330-34.

his attempt wholly to put aside his *Memoirs*, as untrustworthy in all that relates to Madame de Maintenon, although St Simon has certainly too lightly accepted calumnies respecting her, current at a period when he himself was as yet unborn. But controversies of this kind are now interesting to very few, except for the curious traits and details they bring forward, of times from which the present generation is separated by the magnitude and crowd of events, even more than by the lapse of years.

After Scarron's death, his widow was living in retirement in a little lodging of the Rue des Tournelles, occupied with books, and with such charitable works as her limited means allowed, when fortune sought her out. The post of governess to the king's children by Madame de Montespan was offered to her, and she accepted it, on condition that the appointment should come in the form of an order from Louis XIV. "She feared, perhaps, lest the clandestine education of children, who might never be recognised by their father, should place her in a false position in society, by which she was honoured and cherished; and she would not have it said that she had sought it, or even, in some sort, voluntarily accepted it." It was a mixture of prudery and prudence, of care for her reputation, and regard for her interests, frequently observable in the course of her career, which dictated this stipulation. M. de Noailles admits that, besides the delicate motive above cited, she thought it safer to hold her appointment by the king's will, than at the caprice of his mistress. There was less chance of an affront, and a better one of a pension. As to her position, it was unavoidably equivocal in the eyes of the world—at least after a time, when, owing to the increased numbers of her charge, she went to reside in a large isolated house near Vaugirard, where she ceased to receive her friends, and occupied herself entirely with the children, her care of whom was most tender and maternal. Her sudden renunciation of society, her solitary life, and the king's visits, made the world talk, and reports even spread of her having supplanted Madame de Montespan. Gradually, however, the mystery was dissipated, and the

true state of things became known. It was very soon after her installation in this retreat, according to Madame de Caylus, that she first began to occupy the king's thoughts. Madame de Montespan's eldest daughter having died, "Madame Scarron was as much affected as the most tender mother could have been, and much more than was the real mother; whereupon the king said, 'She knows well how to love, and there would be pleasure in being beloved by her'—words which constitute an epoch in the intercourse of Madame de Maintenon and the king. It is thought that from that time the king was sensible to her attractions, and even that he testified as much to her." One of her letters to Madame de Coulanges, written at about that period, and quoted at length by M. de Noailles, fully confirms this opinion. This was in 1672. It was the commencement of a long attachment, full of romantic incidents and sentimental episodes—of quarrels with Madame de Montespan, and of moral relapses on the part of Louis, who, during the latter part of the time, was in the transition state from the character of the elegant profligate to that of the *enrayé* bigot. Twelve or thirteen years later—in 1685, according to the most likely calculation—the king being forty-seven years old, and Madame de Maintenon three years his senior, the Archbishop of Paris celebrated their secret marriage in an oratory at Versailles, in presence of Père la Chaise, (who said the mass,) of the king's *valet-de-chambre*, and of M. de Montchevreuil, an intimate friend of Madame de Maintenon. Some writers have said that Louvois was present, but this, for reasons already given, appears very doubtful, as, indeed, are many of the details popularly credited with regard to this singular union. The date of the event seems fixed with tolerable certainty by La Baumelle, in his *Memoirs of Madame de Maintenon*. He says, that one day, when reprimanding the Duchess of Burgundy, she said to her—"I was what I am before you were born." The Duchess of Burgundy was born the 13th December 1685. Voltaire assigns a later date to the marriage—incoherently, if this anecdote be true; and St Simon alleges it to have taken place imme-

dially after the queen's death, in the winter of 1683-4, without, however, assigning any valid reasons for the assertion. The date, however, is immaterial; the fact of the marriage has long since been established by testimony that admits not of dispute. And even if the Bishop of Chartres, and other equally trustworthy persons, had not left written evidence of the fact, the king's behaviour to Madame de Maintenon, and certain parts of her own deportment, would leave no room for doubt. "At the promenades of Marly," says Duclos, "shut up in a sedan-chair, to avoid the least breath of air, she had the king walking by her side, and taking off his hat each time that he bent forward to speak to her. Thus was she also seen on a rising ground at the camp of Compiègne, surrounded by all the court, the king on foot beside her, and the Duchess of Burgundy seated on one of the poles of the chair. In her own apartments it was still less possible to mistake the queen. She rose not on the entrance of princes of the blood, who had to demand an audience before they were admitted to her presence, unless, indeed, they were sent for to receive some dry reprimand. She never called the Duchess of Burgundy otherwise than *mignonne*, and the duchess always addressed her as *aunt*." How strange a contrast! Thirty years previously, this woman of fifty, before whom the greatest king in Europe now stood uncovered—a mark of respect he had never shown to the queen, or to any of his mistresses—had walked, in the flower of her youth and beauty, beside the chair in which the poor cripple Scarron took his airing, beneath the arcades of the Place Royale.

For some years before the marriage, Madame de Maintenon's power over Louis XIV., although occasionally weakened by the fugitive seductions of Madame de Fontange, or some other favourite of the hour, was as great, to all appearance, as at any subsequent period. Already the influence of the priests and Jesuits who accompanied her advent, was visible in the violent efforts made for the conversion of the Huguenots—efforts which, when unsuccessful, were

replaced by the most oppressive and cruel measures. These persecutions were preceded and accompanied by ardent attempts at proselytism. On all sides, missionaries were at work. When they failed, dragoons replaced them. The sword succeeded to the crucifix. Neither were successful; but a hundred and fifty thousand families, belonging to the most intelligent classes of the French population, fled from their native land, where religious liberty was refused them, to enrich other countries by their ingenuity and industry. By guarding the frontiers, Louvois endeavoured, but in vain, to check this wholesale emigration, the evil of which was insufficient to wrest concessions from the king. "The first of religions for Louis XIV.," says Duclos, "was the belief in the royal authority. Ignorant, besides, in matters of doctrine, superstitious in his devotion, he pursued a real or imaginary heresy as an act of disobedience, and thought to expiate his faults by persecution." Always inclined to tyranny, this quality augmented tenfold when he threw himself into the arms of bigotry and the Jesuits, of which body St Simon asserts that he became a lay member. Certain it is that he was as much under their influence as if he had been bound by the terrible obligations imposed upon the members of that execrable fraternity. "The revocation of the Edict of Nantes was the most terrible act of this fanatical devotion. Louis pretended to the rule of consciences. France, already ruined by war, luxury, and festivals, was depopulated by proscriptions; and the foreigner was the gainer by our losses. Louis was but the blind instrument of this barbarity. They represented to him, under the blackest colours, those heretics to whom his grandfather Henry chiefly owed his crown. Madame de Maintenon, born in the bosom of Calvinism, feared to draw suspicion on her own orthodoxy by intercession for her former brethren.* Voltaire, whom M. de Noailles admits to be tolerably correct in his judgment of Madame de Maintenon, says that she did not press the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and its consequences, but that neither

* Duclos, i., 193-94.

did she oppose it. It is significant, however, of the unscrupulous lengths to which she deemed herself justified in going to obtain converts to Rome, that, during the absence at sea of her cousin, M. de Villette, she fraudulently obtained possession of his young children, and prevailed with them to abjure their father's religion. "She was full of joy," says M. de Noailles, "to have rendered so great a service to their souls—greater even than to their fortunes." The latter point, however, was not neglected; and, subsequently, the king gave a regiment of dragoons to the eldest son, and a commission in his guards to the younger. In a letter to her brother, dated 19th December 1680, she develops her plan for the conversion of all her young relatives. "Young de Murçay," she says, speaking of M. de Villette's eldest boy, "has long been a Catholic. M. de Saint-Hermine arrived to-day, and I think will give me more trouble. In a few days I shall have Mesdemoiselles de Saint-Hermine, de Caumont, and de Murçay; I hope I shall not miss one. But I like Minette, whom I saw at Cognac. If you could send her to me, you would do me a great pleasure. *There are no other means than violence; for they will be much afflicted in the family by de Murçay's conversion; you should prevail with her, therefore, to write to me that she wishes to become a Catholic. You will send me her letter. I will send you back a lettre-de-cachet, in virtue of which you will take her into your own house, until you find an opportunity of sending her off, by means of the M. de Xaintes, or M. de Tours.*" In this creditable manner were employed, it appears, a part of the nine thousand *lettres-de-cachet* issued under the reign of Louis XIV., surnamed the Great. It were easy to give a host of similar details respecting Madame de Maintenon's propagandist manoeuvres. Doubtless, she acted according to her conscience, guided by the jesuitical maxim that the end justifies the means. We find her exulting in the success of her intrigues: "*On ne voit que moi,*" she says, "*dans les églises, conduisant quelque Huguenot.*"

"Whilst the king was occupied with his amours," say Ducloux, "the court was gallant: the confessor stepped in and

took possession, it became dull and hypocritical. The courtiers ran to the chapel as they before had hurried to ball and pageant; but the king was still the god to whom the worship was addressed. He had opportunities of perceiving this. Once that he was expected at evening prayer, the aisles were full of courtly devotees. Brissac, major of the body-guard, entered the chapel, said aloud to his men that the king was not coming, and withdrew them. In an instant the chapel emptied itself; the Marchioness of Dangeau and three or four other women alone remaining. A quarter of an hour afterwards, Brissac replaced the guards. The King arrived, and was astonished at the extraordinary solitude. Brissac told him the reason; Louis laughed, and perhaps he pardoned the indifference to religion in favour of the respect and fear shown to his person."

The morality of which the king set an example after his second marriage, found as few sincere imitators as his exaggerated devotion. No words, that we can venture to employ, would give an adequate idea of the profligacy prevalent under his reign—of the debaucheries of the clergy, the vileness of the courtiers, the immorality of all classes. Dulaure, in his *Tableau Moral* of Paris, under Louis XIV., gives a frightful picture of the state of society; and although he has been taxed with exaggeration in certain financial statistics relating to that reign, his evidence is corroborated by the records of the time, in all essential particulars, as to its morals. "The clergy," he says, "with the exception of a few men of genius, who threw a bright lustre upon their century, and of a few others, commendable for their talents and regular lives, were plunged in ignorance and dissoluteness. When the conversion of the Protestants was undertaken, hardly a priest was to be found in the rural districts capable of instructing them by his discourse, and of edifying them by his conduct. The king set an example of disorder by his gallantries." A king who scrupled not to travel with his wife and his two mistresses, (de Montespan and la Vallière), all in the same carriage—whilst the people flocked to see the three queens, as they called them—could with ill grace have shown himself too severe a censor of his subjects. Later, however, in the height of his fanaticism, when he was completely in the hands of the pious

Madame de Maintenon and his spiritual advisers, and religion was the order of the day, the clergy and courtiers continued their evil courses, merely adding hypocrisy to their other vices. The Archbishop of Paris, de Harlay, was noted for his debaucheries, notwithstanding which he was about to receive a cardinal's hat, when he was carried off by apoplexy in 1695. "What is now wanted," wrote Madame de Sévigné, "is some one to make his funeral oration. They say there are only two trifling considerations that render the task difficult—his life and his death." The corruption of the ladies of the court was extreme. "They united," says Dulaure, "pride with baseness, licentiousness with devotion, the forms of politeness with acts of cruelty. When too old for amorous intrigues, they became passionate gamblers, quarrelsome, litigious, false devotees, the tyrants of their homes, the curse of their families. The annals of tribunals, and historical records, afford abundant and indisputable proofs of the truth of this picture. We have already seen a specimen of their morals in the matter of the poisonings"—referring to the affair of La Voisin and the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, in which a great number of noble persons belonging to the court were mixed up, although most of them got off with light punishment. When devotion (or hypocrisy) had become the fashion at court, "the lady gamblers," says a cotemporary writer, "upon separating, pronounced a formula, by which they reciprocally made each other a present of any gains that might have been unfairly acquired. This mode of defrauding God, practised by so many pious harpies, even in the very apartments of Madame de Maintenon, appeared to me an eminently characteristic trait." Tolerance

went yet farther; and men, known to have committed ignominious crimes, such as theft and coining, were admitted, in virtue of their ancient names and amusing qualities, into the very highest circles. As for cheating at cards, nothing was thought of it. The author of the *Memoirs of the Duke de Grammont* speaks jestingly of his addiction to this base practice. "A great sharper and a great cheat at play," says St Simon. This is the Duke de Grammont of whom we read in Lémontey's *Nouveaux Memoires de Dangeau*, that, in his seventy-third year, his wife made him say a paternoster, for the first time in his life. "Truly a fine prayer!" he said; "who made it?" Bussy Rabutin, in his *Memoirs*, mentions that, having been robbed, he suspected one of his retinue: "I strongly suspected that gentleman," he remarks, as if the thing were quite natural, "for he had been all his life a sharper." And elsewhere he speaks of an equerry, a soldier of fortune, whose bravery and friendship he extols, and adds, (as quietly as if he were saying that the man was a good shot and horseman,) "he was addicted to every vice, and robbery and murder were as familiar to him as eating and drinking." Such lenity is best explained by the practices of the great nobles themselves. At the rejoicings celebrated at Versailles, for the marriage of Louis XIV.'s grandson, where the princes and courtiers literally bent under the weight of embroidery and jewels,* some noble thieves made an immense booty, and had the audacity to cut off a piece of the Duchess of Burgundy's dress, in order to obtain possession of a diamond clasp. "The Chevalier de Sully caught one of the robbers in the act: it was a man of the first quality. They supposed he wished to get wherewith to pay for his coat, and the king

* Luxury in dress was carried to a scandalously extravagant height under the reign of Louis XIV. The King set the example, and seemed to think that the splendour of his clothes contributed to his personal grandeur. Dulaure is very severe upon him for this weakness. "When, in February 1715," he says, "the Jesuits, to divert the *ennui* of Louis XIV, sent him a supposititious ambassador from the King of Persia, a foreign merchant being made to play this part at the Court of France, the monarch, continually the dupe of these priests' knavery, thought it necessary to display all his magnificence to the pretended envoy. He put on a dress of gold stuff and watered silk, embroidered with diamonds to a value of twelve and a half millions of livres, and the coat was so heavy that he changed it after his dinner." See also *Dangeau's Memoirs*, by Madame de Sartory, ii. 117.

pardoned him." The mixture of bigotry and libertinism, prevalent at the end of the 17th century, was most curious. Compliance with the forms of religion, with fasts, and penitence, was held far more important than a virtuous life. Louis XIV.'s son, known as the *Grand-Dauphin*, considered it one of the blackest of crimes to eat meat on a fast-day. During Lent he sent to Paris for one of his mistresses, an actress named Raisin; and when she came he gave her nothing to eat, but salad and bread fried in oil, imagining that a sin avoided expiated a sin committed. The king's brother, eating a biscuit, said to the Abbé Feuillet, a canon of St Cloud, "This is not breaking the fast?" "Eat a calf," replied the priest, with a frankness and honesty rare at that time, "and be a Christian." It was the age of hypocrisy and outward observance. The husk of religion was offered to God; the grain was nowhere. People went daily to church; there to talk and laugh, and see their friends. In a work that appeared in 1713, entitled "A Letter from a Layman to his Friend on the immodesty and profanation committed in Churches," the author, after describing the irreverence and unbecoming attitudes of the congregation, adds this reflection—"It is truly extraordinary that people reckon it a great sin not to attend mass, but make no scruple of the profanations they there commit." But neither satire, sermon, nor reprimand could repress the indecency then remarkable in woman's attire, and which was prescribed by court etiquette, whose laws none dared violate or attempt to reform. Even in his most fervent hours of fanaticism, etiquette was paramount with the king to every other consideration. As usual, the town took pattern by the court, and the immorality of Paris has seldom been greater than during the years of Louis XIV.'s devotion and ennui—those years of dulness and discontent of which Madame de Maintenon so bitterly complains in her letters. From the hypocritical concealment of this reign, to the open license of the Regency, the apparent change was great, but the real increase

of depravity was far from considerable.

M. de Noailles, in common with all the admirers of Madame de Maintenon, represents her heart to have been more interested than her ambition in the success of the skilful course of conduct by which, after the death of the queen, she riveted the king's fetters, and decoyed him to the altar. If her anticipations of happiness from the marriage were sanguine, they were far from realised. It was difficult for any attachment to endure the constant presence of Louis's intense egotism, and her strong good sense cannot but have been disgusted by the prodigious doses of adulation he daily complacently imbibed. The magnitude of these is shown in a curious passage from Duclos:—

"Never was a prince the object of so much adoration. The homage paid him was a worship, an emulation of servility, a conspiracy of eulogiums, which he blushed not to receive, since others blushed not to offer them. The dedication of his statue in the Place des Victoires was an apotheosis. The prologues of operas intoxicated him with corrupt incense, to such a degree that he *raisonnement* sang them himself. The Bishop of Noyon, (Clermont Tonnerre,) so vain-glorious and so vile, founded a prize at the Academy, to celebrate in perpetuity the virtues of Louis XIV. as an inexhaustible subject. Men went in the morning to the chapel of the Louvre, to hear the panegyric of St Louis; and at night, at the Assembly, they attended with greater devotion to that of Louis XIV. Nor was it without his knowledge; they shamelessly communicated to him the subject of each eulogium. It was not without opposition from certain servile Academicians, that I succeeded in changing the subject of the prize: * such difficulty has the soul that has once grovelled, to raise itself from the earth. The Duke of Grammont, son of the first marshal of that name, asked of the king an appointment as historiographer, that he might flatter by right of office. If others were preferred to him, truth was nothing the gainer. Is it astonishing that, in the midst of a court of poisoners, Louis fell into a delirium of vanity and self-adoration? . . . Nothing better paints the impression made by the king's presence than what happened to Henry

* Duclos was a distinguished member and perpetual secretary of the French Academy, as well as historiographer of France, under Louis XV.

Jules de Bourbon, son of the great Condé. He had an hysterical affection which, in any other than a prince, would have been called insanity. It showed itself in his occasionally fancying he was a dog, and then he barked with all his might. He was once seized with a fit of this kind in the king's apartment. The monarch's presence restrained the madness without wholly checking it. The maniac went to the window, and, putting out his head, stifled his voice as much as he could, making, at the same time, all the grimaces with which his barking was habitually accompanied.*

Madame de Maintenon must have felt continually humiliated in the person of her royal husband, whose greediness of flattery was scarcely less despicable than the baseness of those who administered it; and, in a woman of her character, it is difficult to imagine affection surviving esteem. Many passages in her letters lead to the inference that her love for Louis, if it ever distinctly existed, was exchanged, for years before his death, for utter indifference, not to say dislike. "With all my good fortune," she wrote to one of her friends, "I am dying of melancholy. The king keeps me constantly in sight. I see no one. I am obliged to rise at five in the morning, to find time to write to you." And, in another letter, "I feel too well that there is no compensation for loss of liberty." Her disgust at the baseness of the courtiers is forcibly expressed in various letters: "Almost all," she says, "are ready to drown friends and relations in order to say a word the more to the king, and to show him that they sacrifice everything to him. . . I see and hear things that rouse my displeasure and indignation. Cold-blooded assassinations, causeless envy, treason without resentment, insatiable avarice, despair in the midst of prosperity, baseness misnamed magnanimity. I pause; I cannot think of these things without anger." Louis XIV.—whose death was more exemplary than his life, and who recognised, on the brink of the grave, some of the chief errors of his reign†—

testified, in his last illness, much affection for Madame de Maintenon, embracing her tenderly, and even shedding tears at the thought of parting from her—the best sign of human feeling and weakness that marked the closing scene of his existence. "I have not made you happy," he said, "but I have always entertained for you the sentiments of esteem and friendship you merit. In quitting you, I am consoled by the hope that we shall speedily meet again in eternity." To this adieu, according to Duclos, she made no reply, and the idea it expressed seemed repugnant to her. It is most unlikely, however, that she would have allowed such repugnance to appear. "Bolduc, chief apothecary, assured me that she said, as she left the room, 'A pretty rendezvous he gives me! That man has never loved any one but himself.' These words, which I will not guarantee to have been spoken, because the chief domestics loved her not, might better have come from the lips of Scarron's widow, than from those of a queen." Duclos is right to doubt so improbable an anecdote. But what admits not of doubt, or of excuse, is her desertion of her king and husband during the forty-eight hours preceding his death. Her most ardent admirer, Madame de Genlis, is for once compelled to censure. "It is the sole blamable action of her life," she says. "She should have received the king's last sigh." Unquestionably she should. Though affection were extinct and gratitude forgotten, common decorum should have bound her to his dying pillow. It was a strange blunder of one habitually so circumspect. It furnished to her enemies an additional and valid pretext for taxing her with hypocrisy and coldheartedness; and it weakened the position of the friends who, with a greater but more amiable exaggeration, held her up as a model of perfection, such as is incompatible with the fragility and corruption of human nature.

* Duclos, i. 199-201.

† In his last words to the Dauphin: "My dear child, I have been too fond of war; do not imitate me in that, nor in the too great expenditure I have made."

MEMOIR OF W. COLLINS, R.A.

THERE is wanting in our times a good artistic biography. The English school is not so remote in its origin as to furnish insufficient materials. The difficulty would rather lie in the selection. There is an abundance of "Lives," but they are unfortunately overburdened with unimportant and uninteresting matter, and, through the perplexity of detail, fail to give clear views of either the artists or their works. When "Lives" are written by or under the eye of immediate relatives, they are invariably imbued with that amiable superstition which worships every scrap as a relic, and registers the commonest sayings as the inspirations of genius. It is the pardonable error of an affection too close; the distance for a true and picturesque effect is not kept. There is but one kind of person qualified to write such a biographical collection as we now contemplate:—the enthusiastic lover of Art, whose love is the result of feeling and judgment—the latter implying an enlarged mind and superior sense. As such a writer will live in art, he will comprehend criticism and anecdote just in that degree which shall most pleasingly characterise his subject. In apparent gossip he will avoid prolixity; he will seem even to dwell with an easy unreserve upon minute circumstances, for the sake of a familiarity, while in reality he is hastening to his end—for he will touch nothing that is not characteristic, and will preserve vitality throughout. We want a *Georgio Vasari*—one who, like that charmingly eloquent and discreet writer, (for discreet he is to his purpose, the true portraiture of the artist and of his works, even in his apparent carelessness and inaccuracies,) shall put you into companionship with the mind and person, clearing both from the confusion of episodic characters, which are yet necessarily introduced. And here it is some satisfaction to say that the long desiderated "Lives" of Vasari are likely to appear in English. We have seen the commencement, in the life of *Beato Angelico*, which is to appear under the auspices of the

Arundel Society—a "Life" that, for its religious sentiment, its sweet purity, and impressive interest, is not surpassed in the whole biography of Art.

But it is not only the plan, but the style, of Vasari that we would recommend, as far as it may be compatible with our times—a style most happily familiar, with a certain quaintness, difficult to describe; a kind of unconsciousness of authorship, an unaffected simplicity—an intimate earnestness, curiously working up thought with fact—by epithet, and by parenthesis, carrying in an uninterrupted current the very life's blood through the narrative. Most modern "Lives" have too much of the common-place writing, or too much of the ambition of the author. We would have the style in agreement with the nature of the biography; and in this it should imitate the art of the painter, whose style is bad if it be not characteristic of his subject.

It still remains for some judicious enthusiastic lover of the art to make our biographical work—culling, from the two and the three volumes of each life which the fashionable demand requires, sufficient materials, or gathering them where they may be yet found, so as greatly to shorten the narrative, and at the same time concentrate the interest.

Autobiographic memoirs are generally entire failures; for how can any one speak truth, however sincere his desire, of himself? Either vanity prompts him to the undue praise of an egotist, or modesty to a cold forbearance. It is therefore that autobiographies, in any degree amusing, tell more about other persons, and the times in which the writers live, than of the autobiographers themselves. There are, however, some very few happy exceptions, wherein we find a genius for self-narrative that is not a selfishness. But this is a rare talent. There is also a second-hand kind of autobiography, the worst of all, where, with a Ciceronian vanity, the subject of the memoir not only prepares the materials during life, but,

like the Roman orator, dictates the omissions, and praises without limiting the measure.

In one respect, biography is disagreeable reading. The novelist, if he makes his characters uncomfortable, and even strips them of the very rags of human pleasures, exposing them to naked misery through two volumes and a half, is sure to give them ample compensation at the end of the third; and the sympathetic reader rejoices in the prospect of a permanent living delight. Far other is the beginning, the middle, and the end, in biography. The beginning is generally poverty—*aspirations without hope*; the middle too often a continuation of a fruitless struggle, but, where successful, is short, and is succeeded by that end which shows the nothingness, the emptiness of the whole pursuit and struggle of the life. If it be of an artist, whose toil, whose business, unlike that of other professions, is his entire pleasure, and if the reader be an enthusiastic lover of the craft, he rises from the biographical memoir with his affections chilled; and he sees the vision, not of the rapid fingers of flesh moving over the canvass, and bringing into new life the earthly materials of the creative art, but a death's hand protruded, obliterating all, to write the "*Cui Bono?*" of genius, its enthusiasm, and its success. It is not for us to determine whether or not this is an absolutely necessary essential defect in the very nature of biography, that it should entertain no idea of a pursuit, either of an art or science, beyond this life; but we do continually feel that, for lack of the expression of some such aspiration or hope, however faint, biographical reading, of the kind we are treating of, is melancholy, is distrustful of life, and paralysing to the ardour of a generous, healthy, and naturally hopeful and loving mind. With this, as it may be termed, prejudice, we are not unfrequently at a loss as to which end of a memoir to begin our reading; for both are alike gloomy, and it is difficult, with any profit, to plunge in *medias res*. We cannot, however, but believe, that the writers of such memoirs might put their readers in a better position, by dwelling less upon those disagreeables which are incident

to all life, and those diseases which terminate all lives: not, indeed, avoiding the mention of these things, but passing more lightly over them, as the known common lot of humanity, and therefore a commonplace not to be too strongly marked; and, instead, taking a pleasure, with the subject of the memoir, in all that interested him, and imparting a similar pleasure and interest in the reader, creating a belief that enthusiasm, even for art, is a never-dying thing—that a pursuit, if good, honourable, and worthy a mind given by the Creator of all good, is a pleasure, in some way or other unknown to us, without end. We do, however, think, that modern biography is more especially guilty of this wet-blanketing the enjoyments of the views of life. Old writers in this way, if it would be wrong to say that they were more hopeful, kept at least alive the one idea—the importance of the pursuits of him of whom they write, their pleasures and their advantages. We rise from Vasari, if not with the ability of the painters of the good time, at least with something of their ardour. The "*Anch'io son Pittore*" is on our lips—the dead are not dead; their works, too, live; their art lives—is immortal, and through it all nature has an undecaying freshness: we feel it in ourselves, and become invigorated, ready, active, energetic. Let us then, in future biographies, have as little of the sick-room as possible—no extracts from the nurse's or the apothecary's diary—no scrutiny of the undertaker's bill, nor programme of his procession; we want no displays of the family mourning: all these things do not belong to the artist, be he painter, architect, sculptor, or musician. The undertakers may think that man only dies for these things, not we who remain to carry on and through, to a greater perfection, the arts or sciences which were the real "*Life*" of the defunct; and of these, and their progress, and their pleasures, and of their effects upon the whole moral man, should professional "*Lives*" be redolent. And thus, by curtailing unnecessary volumes, "*reading*" might be rendered "*more easy*," and far more agreeable; for biography should not be a history of disease, but of life.

Our object, however, not being to lay down rules for biographers, but to see something more of art through the life of one of its professors—a man generally esteemed, and an honoured influential member of our Royal Academy—we shall at once proceed to notice what strikes us as memorable in the two volumes containing the *Memoir of William Collins, R.A.*

He was born in Great Titchfield Street, London, in 1788; and died February 1847, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. His father, an Irishman by birth, was a man of very considerable talent as an author by profession, to which he added that of picture-dealing, to him not much more profitable than literature. He wrote *Memoirs of a Picture*, a satire upon the trickeries of the trade; the *Life of George Morland*; a *Poem on the Slave Trade*, illustrated by Morland; and largely contributed to the miscellaneous literature of his day. William Collins, the subject of the Memoir, was initiated into the mysteries of his profession under the direction of his father, and the eccentric, dissipated Morland. It does not, perhaps, speak much for his father's judgment in the art, that Morland was admitted into the council of education: in other respects the amiable father did not neglect to have his two sons, William and Francis, as well cultivated as his straitened means would allow. Whatever the son may have gained from the instruction of Morland, it was scarcely perceptible in his after practice. Nothing can be more opposite than the styles of the two painters. In Morland an excess of slovenly freedom, not without some power—a freedom which, in those days, when accompanied by low habits and vulgar dissipation, was thought to constitute the man of genius; in Collins the extreme of care, of labour, and artistic finish, were the characteristics.

Perhaps it was to this early connexion with Morland that our Academician owed, in no small degree, the cast of his subjects. Disgusted, as he improved, with the representations of his master, his mind took refuge in the simple and innocent scenes of rural life. He took no high flight; nor was it altogether an ori-

ginal walk. He gave, however, a new charm to it, by superior delicacy of handling, a more exact attention in detail to actual nature, and by a pervading sweetness and freshness, scarcely before attained in small pieces. Gainsborough, and others of less fame, had pretty well established this school, with more or less success. It had, unaccountably, fascinated the public taste, nor has it yet quite disappeared. In the hands of Collins, at least, it was raised from vulgarity; but we must, as sticklers for the dignity of Art, protest against the assumption that this school represents especially English scenery and English manners.

We have elsewhere noticed this mistake of our English painters, and this misnomer of a school; and think still, that it never was good taste, when the highest of our land, and even royalty itself—the great, the beautiful, and the graceful—were painted as rustics, and juvenile princes were pictured making their mud pies before very slovenly, and therefore the only picturesque, cottages. Take the scenery of England: if asked what is its characteristic, who would not very readily answer—Our parks, our domains with their lordly mansions, our forests with their village skirts, protected, fostered, and made comfortable homes, by a kind of feudal power of wealth or of birth, seen tenderly, delicately, not assumingly, yet surely felt. Nor is this all of English scenery, though perhaps the most characteristic of our country; for we have our mountains and our lakes, and our rivers, how beautiful! Yet we find painters, whose artistic sight is dead to these, fix their easel, in preference, before a ditch and old broken shed, and attempt to dignify the abomination under the plea of their love for English scenery. We lay somewhat of this perversion to the charge of *Price on the Picturesque*, who too determinately favours the notion that nothing smooth or very orderly can be picturesque—that it is constituted by the rough and rugged; whilst we have ever maintained, that there is no such thing as picturesque in this sense—that a well-dressed coach-horse is as picturesque as a rough donkey; and the picturesque only requires that all

the parts shall be appropriate to each other. Take an example from the Dutch and Flemish schools,—a richly dressed lady, with pages holding her train, walking amidst her courtly visitors in her terraced garden, with its artificial beds of flowers, and marble balustrades and fountains—is such a scene, we ask, less picturesque, less paintable, than that of a set of half-drunken boars playing before an ale-house door, or a set of butchers preparing for the shambles? Both are picturesque to those who like the subjects; but the picturesque would, in both cases, be destroyed, if the lady's graceful Italian greyhounds were transferred to the canvass with the boars, and the butcher's bull-dogs took their place by the satin train. For ourselves, we are not admirers of the "ragged school" of Art; nor would we have things painted from which, in nature, we should turn away in disgust.

In reading the "lives" of painters, we are always called to notice the early indications of genius—a very fine word, and a finer gift, by courtesy bestowed upon talent of no very high grade. We have often wondered what this impulse towards Art can be. We have heard men of very moderate ability declare that, so powerful was the influence upon them, that they could not take to any other employment, and would prefer not living, to living without Art. Yet for the most part there was nothing of mind in any of their doings—nothing that could engage our attention for a moment. Is it simply a love of imitation—which in hands that cannot rest becomes a practice, and the child is the maker of his own idol, and worships it all his life? We do not ask it disparagingly—for we might ask some such question with regard to artists of very high aspirations—what made the boy Collins look with a kind of awe and respect upon the pigs of Morland? There was absolutely nothing in him, in his nature, akin to his master; nor, we should think, could the mind of the poet and picture-dealer have any very great relish for the feeling of that artist's works. Was it that the truth of imitation, imperfect as it was, satisfied? Well, if it was so—and if it be so still with the many—all we can say

is, that we are sadly wanting in education for Art—mistake its means for its end—prefer the husks to the grain, because they are the first outward visible coat, and indolently acquiesce in admiring and encouraging an art from which no one can learn anything. Collins's first introduction to Morland was fortunate for his future taste.

"At length one evening, while he was hard at work over a copy, his father entered the room, and informed him, with a face of unusual gravity, that Morland was below, but that his introduction to his future master had better be delayed. His impatience, however, to gain a sight of the great man, overcame his discretion. He stole softly down stairs, opened the kitchen door, by a sort of instinct, and looked cautiously in. On two old chairs placed by the smouldering fire, sat or rather lolled two men, both sunk in the heavy sleep of intoxication. The only light in the room was a small rush candle, which imperfectly displayed the forms of the visitors. One, in spite of the ravages of dissipation, was still a remarkably handsome man, both in face and figure. The other was of immense stature and strength, coarse, and almost brutal in appearance. The first was George Morland; the second a celebrated prize-fighter of the day, who was the painter's chosen companion at that particular time. As soon as his astonishment would allow him, Mr Collins quietly quitted the room, without disturbing the congenial pair. The remembrance of this strange introduction never deserted his memory; it opened to him a new view of those moral debasements which in some instances are but too watchful to clog the steps of genius on its heavenward path."

This little bit of "fine writing" in the concluding sentence is very much out of place. With our bias for proper words for proper things, we dare not connect the name of Morland at all with "genius;" but even if it were his due, the giving it a heavenward direction, at any time, is worse than a perversion of words, when the fact really was, that such genius as he had could never wing itself above the paling that surrounded a pigsty. His very paint partook of the sweepings of the road-mud, which with a lavish hand and full brush he splashed over his canvass, which always looked contaminated with the manners and morals of a sot. The picture-dealer had per-

haps found fascination in the technicalities of the Dutch school, and overlooked the moral, or not thought it necessary to art, or he would hardly have given his son as pupil to such a master. Somehow or other, however, Collins had a kind of regard for this man, who was not without good qualities; for when he saw him buried, he thrust his stick into the earth of his grave, and varnished and preserved it as a relic. "To the pure all things are pure," and our R. A. had a pure mind, and his liking for Morland was a habit of love, which never does discredit.

Emanipated from such tuition, in 1807 we find Mr Collins an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and an attendant upon its schools. Speaking of himself, he says, after attributing all the good he knew in art to his father's instruction, "In the year 1807, I was admitted a student of the Royal Academy, where I was regular in my attendance on the different schools. In 1809 and 1810, I became honoured with some share of public notice through the medium of the British Institution." Although at this period our artist's regular professional career may be considered as having commenced, he still continued to assist his father in the art of restoring pictures. A letter from the father, written on the occasion of a "restoring" tour in the country, is amusing, as well as characteristic of the man's integrity.

"At all events, I have had some kind of satisfaction in refusing to undertake the recovery of some vilely-injured pictures, under a remunerating price. The first intimation I gave of my incapacity to restore, or even line the pictures, without the aid of my son William, was on last Wednesday. There was a beautiful large landscape by Ostade, the figures by A. Teniers. I pointed out the necessary repairs in the sky, which were wanted to make the picture complete, and, of course, mentioned Bill as superior to every other artist in that department! The squire listened very attentively until I had done, and then inquired what the expense of such repairs might be. I answered, about two or three guineas. 'Oh, d—n the sky! Clean it and stick it up without any repairs, then.'"

Such is the vanity of collecting; neither lands nor pictures find them-

selves an inheritance of care and protection. We remember hearing Sidney Smith bantering a connoisseur, whose collection he was provokingly assuming to admire. "I have been making," said he, "a collection myself; but then I never give more than two pound ten for a picture. A friend pointed out a defect in one the other day—it was in a moonlight. The moon and shadows did not agree. I saw it at once, and answered, 'Don't say a word about it, I'll have a new moon put in for three-and-sixpence.' Another great judge assured me I greatly undervalued my pictures, for he really thought there were some among them worth three pounds!" The reverend wit only put the fact of the picture-cleaner and the possessor in a new light—it was one truth.

In 1811, Collins found himself sufficiently advanced in the art, and in estimation, to assume a little, and a very little, considering the frailty of the "irritable genus" of professional pride, and to remonstrate with the officials of the Academy on account of the indignity of the position given to one of his pictures. He requests permission "to order a sort of case, to be put round the bottom part of the frame, to protect it, as well as the picture, from the kicks of the crowd." The apprehended kicks were from "the people who are continually looking at Mr Bird's picture." We believe Mr Collins to have ever been too good and too amiable a man to have encouraged a jealousy; but we have reason to think that some men, at that time in possession of the public estimation as painters, did feel a little uncomfortable at the sudden appearance of admirable pictures, in a line which they had fancied they had exclusively appropriated to themselves.

Poor Bird! a more amiable man never lived; thoroughly natural, simple, generous. His rise was rapid, and he owed it to his talents alone. He was elected R.A. Leaving the line of art best suited to his mind for the ambition of pageantry-painting, which suited him not—which yet, we well know, he took up from no low motive of court flattery or undue patronage—he met with only disappointment in his new career; found the expenditure of time, money, and

mind, too great to promise a fair return, either in fame or money—both equally requisite—lost his health, and probably his power to return to his former subjects, and died, not having secured that competence to his family which might fairly have been expected from his talents and his character.

In 1812, Collins lost his father. The extracts from his journal on this occasion, given perhaps at too much length, and irrelevant to the Memoir, show the goodness and affection of the son. He finds a desolate family now looking up to him for support, and to his firmness for direction. Nor, however arduous the struggle, was he unequal to the occasion. He fairly buckled himself to the task, and, with a religious trust in Providence, took to his work with a willing and obedient heart. The call was made, and he answered it. We find him continually, in his journal, questioning himself severely, complaining of a besetting indolence, which, nevertheless, we suspect to have been a virtue, mistaken by his anxious and overwrought mind for a vice, and praying to be aided in his endeavours to make greater exertion. The fact is, the style he had chosen was a laborious style—one of sheer hard work; and now, looking back upon his career, and numbering the works his hands executed, and reckoning the sums they obtained, the public will entirely acquit the painter of indolence, or bestow upon his memory the higher praise of having overcome it, through that aid which he virtuously and religiously sought. Indeed, we here speak once for all of this happy state of mind, which never deserted the painter to his dying hour, resting upon the conviction that he had a duty to perform, and a religious trust, that by *doing*, and by prayer, he should perform it. We take, at random, an extract from his journal.

"Johnson says, 'When indolence once enters upon the mind, it can scarcely be dispossessed, but by such efforts as very few are willing to exert.' Perhaps I may be one of the few. By a close examination of everything I see and hear, I hope to improve as a painter and as a man. 2d. Went to — in the evening. My hours were most foolishly, or rather, as affording a lasting lesson to me, most profitably spent. 3d. Rose ill; talked

with visitors till three o'clock; also upon religion with Allston, whom I much like. Deduced the necessity of three resolutions from my follies of last evening, all to be rightly enforced; read at night. 5th. If I am indolent during the progress of a picture, that picture, at every sight of it, will make me so uncomfortable, that I either risk putting it by unfinished, or getting it out of my hand in a hasty manner."

"Tell Frank, that although I have no (what is termed) certainty of becoming rich in the world, yet I never lose hope; and that it is my decided opinion, that if the Almighty was to give us everything for which we should feel desirous, we should as often find it as necessary to pray to Him to take away as to grant new favours. Whatever happens, as nothing can possibly happen without His permission, must be, and is good."

We are here reminded of this thought, strongly put by a modern poet and divine,—

"Thankful for all He takes away,
Resigned to all He gives."

We are not quite sure that we quote correctly.

On a partial recovery from sickness, we find him saying—"But as it has pleased the Almighty, in his mercy, that I should so far recover from my late attack, I trust I may have strength given me to fulfil the duties of my stewardship; and having so much to be thankful for during the past year, as well as every year of my successful life, I look humbly and cheerfully forward." Another extract on this subject and we have done. "Dear Charley's birthday. God be praised for having brought him to this his eighteenth birthday. I have only one thing to pray for respecting him—that the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ will give him the true riches, preserving in him, and daily renewing to him, that Holy Spirit bestowed upon him in his regeneration at his baptism. Lord remember us when thou comest in thy glory!" We know not if the object of this parental prayer be living, to receive with grateful heart the comfort and hope it is so well able to convey. A young man once hesitated to kneel down and receive the Pope's blessing, as not being of his religion. "Kneel down, young man," said his holiness mildly; "an old man's blessing will not hurt you." How much more may a young man

rejoice in cherishing as a living inheritance, a perpetual keepsake, such a father's blessing as that we have quoted from the journal of William Collins.

In one of the above extracts, mention is made of a religious conversation with Washington Allston. Elsewhere a more detailed account of this very superior man and painter is given; and it is stated that, under Providence, to him was Mr Collins indebted for the firm settlement of his religious principles. Speaking of him, the author of the Memoir thus writes:—"To a profound and reflective intellect, he united an almost feminine delicacy of taste and tenderness of heart, which gave a peculiar charm to his conversation, and an unusual eloquence to his opinions." The truth of this portraiture we happen to know, and have not unfrequently felt the force of the charm. But we add to it, that all this tenderness and delicacy of taste was shown by him as a poet—not that poetry, the poetry of versification, was the means through which his genius developed itself. There was in him the making of the greatest painter of modern times. By what fatality that genius was debarred from putting out its whole strength, we stay not to inquire. It may have felt the leaden weight of a bodily infirmity irremovable; certain it is, his last days were passed in the dreams rather than the performances of his Art, and he left perhaps his greatest work unfinished. His manner of working was peculiar to himself; it rendered his pictures beautifully luminous. We never saw any work of his, whether landscape or historical, that had not such a power of fascination, that the mind's eye is on it still, though years—many indeed—have passed since one has been before us. He was truly a poetical painter—we fear too much so for the unpoetic age in which he came amongst us—though, to the credit of our Academy, he was elected an Academician after his return to America. We remember him well, when, though not in strong health, he was in the prime of life, and have his resemblance now before us in a small medallion, a plaster cast, sent to us by a valued friend from Boston. In the attenuated features

we yet recognise the Washington Allston we knew; and this portrait is still true to the descriptive one presented in the Memoir. We remember an occasion in which Mr Allston showed his good sense, and good temper, in a manner not considered as very common in his countrymen. Be it remembered we are speaking of so many years ago that prejudices of those days may be more excusable than if such were exhibited in ours. The anecdote includes two very eminent men. We mention not the name of the one who committed the error; suffice it to say, it is one of the highest, and of European celebrity as a physician and philosopher.

At a dinner-party our friend, for so we were proud to call him, incautiously said, when something was said of America, "I never knew but one American that was a gentleman, and he was a savage." Allston, who was quietly sitting by the fire, with his legs crossed, leisurely unfolded them, and slowly rose, almost meekly saying, "Sir, I am an American." We need not add the confusion of our really kind-hearted philosophic friend. Every apology was gracefully made, as gracefully accepted; nor was the enjoyment of the evening interrupted beyond the moment. But it is time to return to the Life.

We left our artist with the arduous duty before him of providing for the "desolate family" bequeathed to him by his father, who died in January 1812. What was the condition of William Collins, when this great thing was left him to do, we may judge from the extract from his journal dated 1st March. We shall, however, make the quotation a line or two above. 17th. "The sale of the furniture took place. Frank attended, and purchased my dear father's ring, spectacles, and snuff-box.

March 1st.—At home in the morning—went to visit my father's grave! 3d. The sale of the stock took place to-day, at which the pictures I gave in for the benefit of the creditors produced £57." Our painter had previously refused the offer of prepayment for a picture, made him, as he says, "most nobly" by Mr Heathcote, ever after his kind friend; but promised, if in actual distress, he would apply for

a loan of £20. He refused the payment because the picture was not "a quarter finished." At this time he was rewarded for his honest forbearance, by the sale of his picture in the gallery, *The Trumpeter*, for which he received fifty guineas. It puts one in good humour with the world, troublesome as it too often is, and gloomy too, and desolate, as in this case of the Collins family, to know that the unseen guiding hand of the Angel of Charity is leading towards the home of the distressed, the appointed good and virtuous agent of a higher beneficence. The house was completely emptied, to pay the debts of necessity. In it were yet the widowed parent, and the two brothers, whom their kind friend, Mrs Hand, found taking their scanty meal on an old box. She presented them with such furniture as they required, and gave comfort, and perhaps something more—for such kindness loves not stint to the bereaved, in every sense, and afflicted family. Mrs Hand, as it appears, continued to be the kind patroness, for many of our painter's pictures were painted for her. In 1814, Collins was elected Associate. He had worked his way steadily; and, though encumbered by pecuniary embarrassments, found himself improving in his art, and his talents appreciated. He had removed from his inconvenient house in Great Portland Street, to a better one in New Cavendish Street; after which he paid a visit to the coast of Norfolk, which led him to that change of style and subject which he nearly, for the rest of his life, almost exclusively pursued. Yet was it long ere he could free himself from his embarrassments. They were so pressing that, in 1816, he applied to that kind-hearted friend, Sir T. F. Heathcote, for a loan, 'to prevent the seizure of his goods for taxes. A second time was he obliged to apply to the same friend, who watched over his interests, and did not forget that a first offer had been declined by the conscientious artist. His new style, his pictures of coast scenery, however, told so well upon the public, that he was elected Royal Academician in 1820, and cleared himself from his difficulties, which, during the remainder of his life, never returned.

In 1822, he went with Wilkie—with whom, till death separated them, he maintained the strictest intimacy—to Edinburgh, on the occasion of the visit of George IV. to Scotland. He did not, however, return with his friend, having been detained by matrimonial views. His marriage—after some uncomfortable objections from his mother, whom he revered as well as loved with a filial obedience—to Miss Geddes, took place at the Episcopal Church, Edinburgh. The remainder of his life is that of entire professional success. The mother, and his brother Frank, were spared to his affectionate regards for about ten years after his marriage. It was in 1842 he first discovered the disease which eventually terminated his life.

We do not mean to dwell upon this subject; our review is of the history of his Art, as seen through the artist—with which disease, and even death, have nothing more to do, than as they exhibit the mind hopeful and vivid through the languor of the one, and the calm and religious resignation with which he submitted to the other, not doubting the immortality of himself, and, in some form or other, of the Art which he loved, and for which he lived.

We shall, for the rest of this our notice, refer to such passages in the Memoir as may serve to elucidate modern art, with such other matters as may be interesting to the general reader.

The correspondence between the two Academicians, Sir David Wilkie and Collins, is not the least interesting portion of these volumes. There was a great similarity in their tastes and opinions. There was, certainly, with these two modern painters, no bigotry in favour of the works of their own times. It was not a fashion with them to decry the old masters. They considered that our English school, in abandoning the old principles of art, had gone entirely wrong. We have been bold ourselves to protest against these errors of modern practice, with regard to the notions of colouring which have poisoned the public taste. In his journal of 1814, Mr Collins makes a memorandum to avoid red, blue, and yellow, remembering the advice given him by Calcott, who

said "he gave credit to the man who never reminded you of his palette." He notes down, that the negative tints are the most valuable. "They are the trumpeters to Rembrandt, Ostade, Ruysdale, Vandervelde, Van-dyke, and all the great colourists." He instances some of the pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and thus of Titian: "Titian is, perhaps, the finest example. His picture of Venus and Adonis has not one positive colour in it. The drapery of Adonis, although, to a superficial observer, a red one, placed by the side of any of our modern painters' red curtains, would sink into nothing; notwithstanding which, it is really as much richer, as the painter was intellectually, compared with any of the present day." A reviewer who should write thus would have the host of artists upon his back: we rejoice to see wholesome truth administered from one of their own body. Wilkie writes from Geneva in 1827: "We affect at home to despise the old masters; but by the same people, and the same rules, must we hereafter be judged; and our gilt frames and central situations will avail us nothing." He speaks of the impression made abroad by his picture of "The Will."

"And here let me assure you, that if the qualities of the picture of 'The Will' had any share in its advantageous destination, those of colour were quite the opposite to what would have fitted it for our exhibition. The whites, and some of the flesh tints, were too bright, and it was the rich and low tones only that kept it in harmony with the choice Dutch pictures by which it was surrounded. After seeing all the fine pictures in France, Italy, and Germany, one must come to this conclusion, that colour, if not the first, is at least an essential quality in painting; it is richness and depth alone that can do justice to the material. Upon this subject, every prejudice with which I left home is, if anything, not only confirmed, but increased. What Sir Joshua Reynolds wrote, and what our friend, Sir George Beaumont, so often supported, was right; and after seeing what I have seen, I am not now to be talked out of it. With us, as you know, every young exhibitor with pink, white, and blue, thinks himself a colourist like Titian; than whom, perhaps, no

painter is more misrepresented and misunderstood. I saw in Florence his famous Venus, upon an easel with Kirkup and Wallis by me. This picture, so often copied, and every copy a fresh mistake, is, what I expected it to be, deep, yet brilliant, indescribable in its hues, yet simple beyond example in its execution and colouring. Its flesh, (oh how our friends at home would stare!) was a simple, sober, mixed-up tint, and apparently, like your skies, completed while wet. No scratchings, no hatchings, no scumblings, no multiplicity of repetitions, no ultramarine, lakes, nor vermilions, and not even a mark of the brush visible; all seems melted into the fat and glowing mass; solid, yet transparent—giving the nearest approach to life that the painter's art has yet reached. This picture is, perhaps, defective in its arrangement, but, in painting, quite admirable. Now, can nothing like this ever be done again? Is such toning really not to be reproduced? I wish to believe the *talent* exists, and am sure the *material* exists. But we have now got another system—our criterion of judging is changed; we prefer something else, or, what is still more blinding, there is a something else that we mistake for it."

Again,—

"Sir George Beaumont used to say that water-coloured drawings had tainted our exhibitions. I have observed, throughout my travels, this difference between the pictures of the present day and the old masters, that they are never found in the same room, and seldom in the same gallery; collectors never place them together, and artists are contented with the exclusion," &c.

Again,—

"You are sure now to get full employment; but, for the future, compete with the old masters; beside whom Modern Art is generally poor in the lights, and opaque in the shadows. From what I have seen of letters, and heard from eye-witnesses, I can form in my own mind the whole of the exhibition,—it remains unchanged. You mention some friends who *have not fallen off*. This is so far good for themselves, but what must it be for the exhibition!"

In a letter to Sir David Wilkie, April 1828, Collins thus complains that his opinions were overborne at Somerset House:—"What a wretched thing it is to find that, the more fit one may become for the society of the old masters, the more one suffers in the

company of the new." Again : " Were it not now for the support afforded by a reference to the National Gallery, and the occasional exhibition of old pictures in this country, the manufacture of any colour deeper than *crome* must have been abandoned."

Sir David Wilkie takes up the lament again, in a letter from Spain in 1828 :—

" With some of my kindest friends, indeed, much of what I have seen would produce between us an influence like the apple of discord ; and if some of our youths, with less matured minds than they—while I write this with one hand, fancy me covering my face with the other—should venture across the *Bidasoa*, what a conflict in testimony there would be ! The spiritual *Velasquez*, whose principle and practice Sir Thomas Lawrence so justly calls the true philosophy of art, would be rendered with all the dash and splash that tongue, pen, or pencil, is capable of ; while the simple *Murillo*, perhaps despised like *Goldsmith* for his very excellence, would have his *Correggio*-like tones transposed into the flowery gaudiness of a coloured print. Even the glorious *Titian*, in this last stronghold, where his virgin surface will probably remain the longest untouched, might have his *Apotheosis* and his *Last Supper* dressed up according to the newest version of blues, pinks, and yellows, adapted to the supposed taste of the picture-seeing public.

" But the system that we deprecate is, after all, not confined to our own school. *Lucca Giordano* and *Tiepolo* have tried it with sufficient talent and *éclat*, to prove that neither one nor the other (the principle being wrong) can be a warrant for its success."

Again,—

" I shall have to refresh my memory, however, in the extraordinary styles of the English school, and to know what disposition of *crome*, lake, and ultramarine colour is the *go* for the next season among the exhibitors."

We have made these extracts, it may be thought by some maliciously, and may be taxed with a wish to decry British art. We would decry bad taste—corrupting as well as corrupted taste—and cannot do the work better than by bringing the evidence of British painters of eminence to bear against their innovating brethren.

The fact is, gaudy colouring is a sheer vulgarity. Vulgar people display it in their dress ; persons of sense avoid it.

If it be the criterion of the gentle class of well-dressed persons, that you shall never remember what they wore, there should be equally such a criterion in good pictures. The impression of good colouring should be all : to particularise glaring raw colours is to condemn, and to stamp the production with the indelible " mark of the beast"—vulgarity.

It happened to ourselves, some short time since, to come disgusted from an exhibition. Our eyes sought relief. It will scarcely be imagined where we found it—in looking into all the cloth shops on both sides Regent Street. The sober colours, all negative, not one that we could call positively blue, or red, or yellow, together with the unassuming woollen texture, set off occasionally with rich velvet, was a true gratification—and we really believe the modern artist, who has gone into the absurd extreme, may, by following our example, recover his eyesight and improve his palette.

Great distinctions have been made between the talent for colour and that for form. We are sceptical as to their entire separability. We do not remember ever to have seen a bad colourist, whose design and whose knowledge of form did much for him. Genius is not blind ; it sees accurately and appropriately, and is sure in some way to give the hue of the mind within. We are struck with a passage wherein Sir David Wilkie seems to state this view, at least with regard to one great man, whose colouring we are not in the habit of hearing extolled. The sublime of his form may have overpowered it. Speaking of Michael Angelo, he says—" As a colourist, people seem to apologise for him, but I assure you quite unnecessarily ; he is always appropriate, never offends, and, in many parts, is as fine as *Titian* or *Correggio*. Broken tints, with most agreeable arrangement and harmony, with all the suavity of richness and tone that we are accustomed to exact from the Venetians, seem quite familiar with him ; and, high as his other qualities are for composition and mental intelligence, his colouring rather adds than detracts from them." Wilkie's clear good sense always finds fit expression. How simply and unaffectedly he always wrote ! His

letters are admirable, and would gain him a reputation, had he not obtained so high a one as a painter. And in this place, we nevertheless venture to notice a mistaken view of art, in one respect, which it is surprising so reflecting and intelligent a man should have fallen into. We find it exhibited in these volumes, as we remember to have seen it in a letter, we think addressed to Sir Robert Peel. We allude to his notion that, to paint Scripture subjects duly, it would be necessary to visit the Holy Land, and to make studies on the spot. Certainly, should we judge from the sketches made, the theory was condemned in the first practice. We remember he discussed the point of Eastern manners, if figures should sit or stand; and other matters, which a sound view of the nature of sacred subjects would have prevented his entertaining. Time, distance, the very dispersion of the people, and the universality that had enveloped the sacred history, had taken from it its peculiarity, its too prominent portraiture; and had assimilated to it all nations, all mankind—their feelings, manners, and even prejudices. For the painter's art, it was an ideal truth—the greatest of all truths, as of the wider embrace. Wilkie seems to have influenced the opinions of Collins in this respect; for we find him encouraging the idea of the improvement he would derive from this Eastern journey, from his sketches on the spot; and he refers in a note to a curious passage, in which Sir David Wilkie makes a singular remark upon Rembrandt. We give here the note. This refers to the following observation in Sir D. Wilkie's letter:—"The painter who has most truly given us an Eastern people is Rembrandt. The Scripture subjects of Rembrandt are recalled to us at every turn by what we see before us; and this anticipating power of rendering what he never could have seen, raises the great painter of Amsterdam even higher than we had thought him." We suspect it is because Rembrandt had not seen that he was most sure; and that it was the feeling of pervading mystery that Rembrandt painted, and which Wilkie felt, that conveyed the truth, which, in a moment of such

feeling, Sir David fancied to arise from actual resemblances, perhaps scarcely existing.

The diaries of the two friends show a resemblance in their manner of working, at least before Sir David imitated the Spanish and Italian masters. Even then, the breadth and power of colour which he so much admired, and in part so successfully achieved, was not without a mixture of his previous minute and laborious manner. This was very remarkable in the faces—we would instance his picture of Columbus, so rich in the general tone, and so broad, and of such free execution, excepting in the heads. They required the broad simplicity of a Sebastian del Piombo; on the contrary, they are worked up into a multitude of pinched parts, and some of the tints are laid in in a streaky manner not agreeable. The diaries of both tell the hours of toil bestowed upon parts of pictures which would have been better had they been, not less carefully, but more freely executed. It is here we would lay some stress on the importance of execution, its vast superiority over finish. It is so much more true to nature, whose great characteristic, whether in landscape or figures, is the entire absence of labour; which, in fact, is painful to the mind, as showing an effort that the great original never exhibits. On one occasion, Sir William Beechey expressed his astonishment at the time spent by Collins upon his pictures, and remarked that Vanderfelde must have painted with ease a fine picture in two days. It has been said of that great master of his art in landscape, Gaspar Poussin, that he frequently painted a good-sized picture, figures and all, in a day. Collins himself says—"Although I do not agree with him in this opinion, I think Vandervelde, as well as many finished painters of the Dutch school, preserved the spirit of their work by painting much faster than most people seem aware of; and I am persuaded that my own pictures would be better were they done with less timidity and anxiety, as nothing can replace the want of that vigour and freshness which things being done quickly (with a constant reference to nature) necessarily produces." Let any painter who would

seek conviction on this point, look carefully at the execution of the Velasquez, *The Boar Hunt*, in the National Gallery. The man mounting the dun horse seems to have been painted in ere he could have reached the saddle; and how wondrously life-like are the dogs! There is no flippant display of hair-handling—but we want nothing; they are as if “done to the life” at the moment of their breathing. Sir David Wilkie knew and estimated this power of Velasquez, but his earlier practice impeded him in his attempt to attain it. There was no more rapid painter in the history of art than Tintoretto. Collins bears witness to the power of his hand. When at Venice he visited the great room in the *Scuola de San Rocco*, and “beheld the light from without falling soft and sober upon the wall, along which Tintoretto’s immense composition (the *Crucifixion*) extended. Thus seen, this outline illustration of the *Divine Tragedy of Calvary* assumed its grandest and highest aspect; it appeared to strike the painter speechless as he looked at it. For some time he and his companion believed themselves to be the only occupants of the room; but a half-suppressed sob, suddenly audible from its lower and darker extremity, informed them that they were not alone. It proceeded from an old man, dressed in the worn rusty cassock of the lower order of Italian country curates, who was standing before the picture with his wan hands clasped over his breast, the tears rolling down his cheeks, and his eyes fixed immovably on the majestic composition before him. He appeared to be perfectly unconscious that any one was looking at the picture but himself; and Mr Collins and his companion, on quitting the room, left him in the same position in which they had discovered him.” That Collins’ mind was alive to the great broad style, we clearly see in many passages of his letters. The English school of portrait has been in most of our works an art lauded as superior to any other of any age; but our estimable painter passes by its dexterity, its flashiness, and its many-coloured lights, to fasten upon the broad, distinct, forcible manner of Seb. del Piombo. “Surely,”

says he, in a letter to his friend Sir David, “portrait-painting may become more like what it was two hundred years ago, and yet be more original than it now is. Do you recollect that magnificent picture by Sebastian del Piombo, in the *Doria palace*? It is the portrait of an admiral—a distinguished person at that time. I can never forget it. Perhaps I may have mentioned it to you before; but I am so impressed with it, that were I ten years younger I would turn portrait-painter, and ride in my one-horse carriage.” We have only to add, that painters of portrait would do well to study a picture in the *Lansdowne collection*, by the same master.

We should be great in portrait-painting, perhaps, if we would somewhat lower our scale of colouring. We are too light, too white, to be brilliant and simple—a scale which forces upon the painter a minute search for innumerable tints and subdivisions, which the passing observer never sees in nature but in their effects when blended in in one free luminous breadth. Who can forget, who has once seen, the *Ignatius Loyola* in the gallery at *Hampton Court*? We do not think, however, that successful portrait-painting would have been within the reach of Collins. To catch character as well as features requires a sure and rapid hand. The whole process of Collins was a tedious one. Every faculty of body and mind was absorbed in his task, the narrator tells us, from the moment he sat down before his easel. He seldom spoke, nor could he attend to others; even the presence of one of his own family disturbed him. We learn that he finished so highly that parts were “laboured and relaboured.” This defect (for defect we believe it to be) arose probably from the habit of stippling, in mending pictures for his father. It is not the method of working of a certain and powerful genius. A great love of art, correct observation, and nice taste, without the more potent stimulus of an impetuous genius, will make a very pleasing artist—but he must not attempt high things. Our amiable, sensible Collins adopted a class of subjects which suited his talents, and with which his whole mind was in

sympathy. He will, therefore, ever be esteemed as an ornament of the British school. It may have been that there was a slowness natural to him—we have noticed it to a great degree in many very able men of all professions. They will take twice the time more common people would require to do every-day and simplest things. Their dressing, their undressing—whatever they set about—even their telling a story, all is a long process. Whence is this? It is certainly of importance to check this habit in early life, but in no one more than the artist, for *ars longa, vita brevis est*. By acquiring rapidity with certainty, more is not only done, but is better done. It may not be out of place to remark upon the erroneous mode commonly adopted of teaching the art. The learner is put to draw minutely, and with a cramped hand; whereas the first thing to acquire should be a power of hand, the eye directing it, not to particulars, but to generals, to draw the whole form before the parts, which should always be done on as large a scale as possible, that the greater freedom may accompany the greater truth. We would recommend parents, therefore, who wish their children to learn to draw, to put before them (and make them stand to the work) a large board, and a piece of charcoal, at the end of a long stick, and let them thus first outline freely any object they please—if from nature, the better. They will thus learn to see as well as to execute. And be this observed—that no one beginning minutely will ever acquire freedom; but the one whose beginning is large and free, will be able to draw very minutely if he pleases. Many a painter will tell you that he has had as much to unlearn as to learn.

"Mr Collins," says his biographer, "animated by the example of the great painters who had gone before him—of Rembrandt and Hogarth especially—turned his attention to that all-powerful engine of pictorial fame—the graver. The branch of engraving he selected was 'etching.' It is a very fascinating art, and, giving always the precise touch of the artist, is a kind of autograph of his genius." His biographer is wrong in speaking of etching as a branch of *engraving*. Rembrandt

was the prince of etchers—Hogarth an engraver. The graver is only partially used to mend etching, but good etchers do not touch it.

As there is now going on a little warfare with our Royal Academy, with regard to the appointment of its members to the care of the national collection, the injury to the pictures, &c. &c., it is proper to notice the part taken by Mr Collins upon the first establishment of the National Gallery. In 1825 he wrote a letter to Lord Liverpool, strenuously urging upon the government, (after descanting upon the advantages of a national collection of the old masters,) that the guardianship of this public property should be intrusted to members of the Academy. It was not very becoming to speak disparagingly of picture-dealers, considering his own early doings; but we doubt if his assumption be well founded—that the artist must be the best judge, either of the merit or of the genuineness of old pictures. And if it be true that our artists have generally, as it has been shown was the opinion of Collins and of Wilkie, deserted the principles established by the old masters, and gone altogether in a contrary direction, it may not be surprising if the world demur to their decisions; and certainly persons out of the profession, most conversant with art, have no very high opinion of the judgment of those who labour in it, in their own peculiar way—a way often so much at variance with the practice of the old masters. "It is an acknowledged fact," says Mr Collins, in his letter to Lord Liverpool, "that artists of the lowest rank have always been found most ready and eager to disparage the works of the old masters." Much as we venerate the name of Sir Joshua Reynolds, we do not think it quite honest to praise him at the expense of the elder schools.

"In our own times," says the letter, "no better instance of the success of a patient investigation of the works of the old masters can be adduced than that of our countryman, Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, with the most glorious success, added to their technical excellencies a sentiment, character, and grace, not always to be found in their works." We extremely dislike

this mode of tickling and flattering our English school, and our own times—"Amicus Plato—magis amica Veritas." Sir Joshua did not add what the earlier painters had not; and Wilkie and Collins, at least, had felt the power of "sentiment, character, and grace," in their works. The value of an avoidance of all that commonly goes under the name of humbug, in speaking of works of art, is shown in the following passages of Mr Collins's diary. "Some time since I praised, from charitable and opposition motives, a certain picture, certainly much more than it deserved. I was told the other day, by an inferior artist, that he did not much value the opinion of one who had so much deceived him."

We know not if the *charitable motive* were benevolence to the painter, or if the work was a charitable contribution to some Vanity Fair for prizes or other purposes, where magnifying falsehoods pass for infinitely more than they are worth; and poor artists' pockets are picked, through the unpaid-for works of their hands, to the glorification of irresistible and exacting benefactresses, though small givers, which reminds us of a passage somewhere in one of Sydney Smith's sermons—"Benevolence is common to mankind. A never sees B in distress, but he wishes C to relieve him."

To revert, however, to this subject of the National Gallery, and the supposed injury done to the pictures. The attack upon Mr Eastlake is quite unwarrantable. He has now no official situation in the Gallery. We are well acquainted with the pictures, and those supposed to have been injured by cleaning, and are utterly incredulous as to the charge. The Velasquez, about the purchase of which a curious story is told, had been injured before it came into the gallery. "Peace and War," not being all original, and not a very good picture, although some portions are well painted, it is not easy to say if it has or has not been injured; nor is it of very much consequence. Cuypp did not glaze much, and painted with a full pencil, and it is therefore less likely to suffer in the cleaning. Before it underwent this process, we always thought the sky weak, and showing some pink tints not usual with the

master: those tints are now more conspicuous, and we are still inclined to think the sky out of harmony with the rest of the picture; but it by no means follows that it has been injured. We know that many who like this kind of subjects, and are well versed in the schools, think it improved.

But if the writer of these attacks be so consummate a connoisseur, why has he not, with a due severity, spoken of the injuries inflicted before the time of Mr Eastlake—injuries which are doing now a continuous mischief? We see it progressing; and the worst of it is, cleaning, as it will become absolutely necessary, will daily become also more difficult. We mean the injury inflicted upon these pictures, and upon other collections intrusted to the same hands, by the deteriorating process of varnishing with a mixture of boiled oil and varnish. It matters not how small a quantity of this boiled oil be used with the mastic—a varnish made with turpentine, never quite hard, and liable to be affected by every change of atmosphere: the two materials are as poison to each other, and a deadly poison to the pictures on which they are laid. The pictures, once brilliant, become horny, opaque, with a dirty stain over the whole surface. We remember, many years ago, when this vile practice first became a fashion, a picture painted by Bird, R.A., was varnished over with mastic, having a portion of boiled oil in it. The picture, when returned from the exhibition, was in a lamentable state: there was quite a coat of brown discolouring stuff, which it was found necessary to remove with great labour, risk, and not without damage. We have entertained a suspicion that this vile practice has been resumed since Mr Eastlake has left the Gallery; for, within the last year or two, the pictures are greatly deteriorated and browned. If any one doubts the fact, and thinks these stained pictures pure, let him examine the Salvator Rosa, the Mercury and the Woodman, and he cannot fail seeing what we mean. We do not assert that this staining process had not been applied to that picture before it came into the Gallery; it certainly had, and the picture is getting worse and worse every day.

For our own part, we regret that Mr Eastlake has relinquished the superintendence of the Gallery, because he has with so much pains accumulated facts in his works on art regarding the preservation of pictures, that we believe his advice would be most sound. To the reader careful in this matter, we would refer to the notices respecting the "Olio d'Abezzo" in Mr Eastlake's *Materials for a History of Oil Painting*.

There is a portion of the attack on the Academy to which we entirely subscribe:—the kind of "beggar's petition" favour and interest-hunting, which it is too notorious the Academicians require of their candidates. This is unworthy both the candidates and the electors; and, not without reason, in more than one instance, the elections have given little satisfaction. But it is not easy to see how this is to be mended. If the Royal Academicians will look rightly to the dignity of their own position, to their efficiency, and the real advancement of British Art, over which the trust placed in them naturally gives them so great an influence, they will let it clearly be understood that henceforth there is to be no petitioning whatever, and that a candidate known to attempt undue seeking would be considered disqualified.

The difficulties of the Hanging Committee are put forth in the Memoir in a forcible, although ridiculous and amusing way, by the introduction of a protest from an offended amateur, the grounds of whose better expectations are not of the purest kind, considering that he admits that he is "fully sensible how little there is of real value in my feeble attempts;" though, in the moment of a vain fancy, he had recounted that "Mr—, Mr—, Mr—, &c., have all of them, in the strongest terms, been pleased to express to me their approbation, nay, even their praise, and they are not men to flatter,"—which latter portion of the sentence reminds the reader of the inferior artist, who said he could not value much the opinion of one who had so deceived him, and which we repeat for the lesson of honest dealing and honest speaking which it inculcates. But the amusing part of the claim of this offended amateur is,

that, although he knew his works to be "feeble attempts," he had actually purchased pictures of the Academicians, and given them commissions; and naively, if not quite generously, he reminds them of his charity to one of their members. "Mr—, if I mistake not, will not be found backward in making you acquainted, if required, with the terms on which, some years ago, I gave him a commission, at a time when, as I was informed, his finances were low, his spirits depressed, and family afflictions pressed heavily on his mind. Mr—, too, has shared of my purse." If Mr So-and-so should chance to have been under even very severe affliction at the time of his first seeing this letter, there could be no medicine more likely to give him temporary relief, and even the pleasure of a good laugh, than this very original amateur.

We love dogs, as we love art—who does not? To connect the two loves into one full sensation of happiness, we have named one of our own Brush, that we may look upon him with the more brotherly feeling. A delightful anecdote is told in the Memoir, of a dog belonging to our painter, called Prinny: he used to sit in any attitude it pleased his master to place him in. The painter had not a better sitter. He is in many of his pictures. He never moved from his position until ordered. "On one occasion his extraordinary integrity in the performance of his duties was thus pleasantly exemplified. My father had placed him on the backs of two chairs—his fore-legs on the rails of one, and his hind-legs on the rails of the other—and in this rather arduous position had painted from him for a considerable time, when a friend was announced as waiting for him in another apartment. Particularly desirous of seeing this visitor immediately, the painter hurried from the room, entirely forgetting to tell 'Prinny' to get down; and remained in conversation with his friend for full half-an-hour. On returning to his study, the first object that greeted him was poor 'Prinny' standing on his 'bad eminence,' exactly in the position in which he had been left, trembling with fatigue, and occasionally venting his anguish and distress in a low piteous moan, but not

moving a limb, or venturing even to turn his head. Not having received the usual signal, he had never once attempted to get down, but had remained 'sitting' hard, with nobody to paint him, during the long half-hour that had delayed his master's return." We hope and believe that this good creature somehow or other thought he was himself doing some of the work of the picture, and great, therefore, was his merit; for to think he was doing a portion of one of Collins's pictures was enough "to turn" any dog's head—yet it seems nothing turned his. We would recommend breeders to perpetuate the race, and thus, among a certain class of "sportsmen in the field," sitters will be as much sought for as setters.

The Memoirs are not very full of anecdote. We have treated so largely of the artistic portion, that we will endeavour to make up for the professional detail, by closing this paper with two extracts—characteristic of a very great man—now not unknown, and of a very little one, not very much worth knowing. When Wilkie and Collins were in Edinburgh, at the time of the king's visit, their letters of recommendation obtained for them all they could desire of society.

"Wilkie forgot his discretion in a 'new sky-blue coat,' and caroused innocently with the rest, when the mirthful dinner closed, in gastronomic triumph, the bustling day. At one of these parties at Sir Walter Scott's, Wilkie and Collins beheld the appearance of the author of *Waverley* in a new character. When the table was cleared after dinner, Sir Walter, in the exuberance of his loyalty and hospitality, volunteered to sing his own song, 'Carle now the King's come.' The whole company gave the chorus; and their host, regardless alike of his lameness and his dignity, sprang up, and calling upon every body to join hands, made his guests dance with him round the table to the measure of the tune. The effect of this latter exercise, indulged in by a set of performers, all more or less illustrious in the world's eye—and all, with few exceptions, of intensely anti-saltatory habits—would defy the pen of a Rabelais, or the pencil of a Hogarth. It was enough, considering the nature and locality of the ceremony, to have brought back to earth the apparition of John Knox himself."

Thus having the fear of John Knox before our eyes, and not having any

fancy to detain the apparition, we hasten to the other anecdote, to introduce a personage most likely to give the ghost perfect satisfaction, and to lay him. Mr Collins, during his tour in Scotland, visited Shetland, where he met with strange and not unconvivial society.

"Three Scotch gentlemen, wondrously successful in extracting amusement from all that passed around them; a pedestrian traveller who had walked half over Europe, and whose manners and conversation were by no means of the sanest order; two ministers of the Kirk, both intelligent, gentleman-like men, and two French officers, whose vessel was anchored for a short time in the harbour, who spoke no English, and who smoked all day, were among the more regular attendants in the 'general assembly' room. The great centre of the hilarity was the eccentric pedestrian; who one day insisted on settling off-hand the ultimate chances of salvation of all his fellow-travellers, by 'physiognomic analysis;' and who produced roars of laughter on a Sunday afternoon, by seriously rebuking the minister, who had preached in the morning, for not 'throwing a little more damnation into his sermon, to open the eyes of the miserable sinners around him.'"

Which anecdote reminds us of the reply of the sceptical King of Prussia, to whom the people of Neufchatel had petitioned for the removal of a minister who did not sufficiently strongly preach the damatory doctrine, that he would, in his clemency and mercy, send them one that should do that business for them "to their heart's content."

If any reader wishes to learn the worldly success of an artist of repute, he will find the amount of money received by Collins, as far as it is contained in his own list, which includes not the value of sketches, pictures left unsold, and many not set down, to be upwards of £23,000. As in our review of a life, we mean to avoid dwelling on the melancholy conclusion of biography in general, we shall close with the words of the painter himself, who well knew the pains and penalties of his profession, as he experienced its pleasures: "The study of the Art was in itself so delightful, that it balanced almost all the evils of life that could be conceived; and that an artist, with tolerable success, had no right to complain of anything."

THE GREEN HAND.

A "SHORT" YARN.

PART VIII.

"WELL, ma'am," resumed the commander, "I came to myself again at last, but when, how, or where, I really did not know, nor even what had been the matter with me; except that I lay on my back upon something or other softer than the planks, my head aching like to split, and so stupid, I couldn't take the trouble to choose amongst the strange notions that came creeping over me. 'Twas pitch-dark, too, and choking hot. The sole wish I had was for a drop of water; but there I stuck in the same helpless plight, more like a nightmare than aught else; and as for *time*, if it went by what I felt, why, I might have lain, then and before, long enough for one of the Seven Sleepers. First one fancy, and then another, came looming up from over my brain, like a sail on the horizon, till my head was full of it. That ugly rascal's story got hold of me, and I thought I was stowed away below in some abominable slaver; then I was the sick captain lying in my cot dreaming, with all as still and dark as death. As my wits cleared, however, I began to hear plenty of sounds, as it were, buzzing and rustling and booming in my very ears, then far away again. Confused though I was, a horrid idea struck me as I tried to listen—that Finch and his understrappers had put me ashore in the woods, or handed me over to some of these villainous blacks with the filed teeth; and the Seringapatam must be gone, heaven knew how long! Suddenly, as if to clinch my notion, I started for a moment at the loud cry of a bell-bird, as I thought at first; but, the next instant, a sort of a thick crust seemed to clear off my hearing, and I knew it was 'two bells' going on deck, so that I was still on board: after which a regular bustle got up of a sudden overhead. I heard people running up the nearest ladder from below: cadets shouting and clattering, apparently with muskets and cutlasses; the creak of the davit-blocks letting down the boats, and the chief officer's voice alongside.

What with my broken head, though, and the want of air and water, I felt too sick to give them a thought. It wasn't long, either, before the whole Indiaman seemed to be as quiet as a church, except one heavy pair of feet on the quarterdeck above; then that stopped as well, and I heard nothing but the dull sound of the tide through her thick outer-timbers, gurgling up and popping along, like to make me mad for thirst. I put up my hand to my head, and found my hair on one side all sticky, and covered with cockroaches; but though the very touch of their bristly feelers made my blood creep, and the wretches began to dig with their pincers into the wound, I was too weak to keep brushing them away as fast as they swarmed about it. It must have been rather some sort of swoon than a doze that I woke out of again, when I heard a man's voice not far off, through the stillness of the 'tween-decks, reading aloud, which I soon made out to be Mr Knowles' the missionary's; and, from the key of it, 'twas evidently the Bible he was reading. In a little while he gave up, and another voice came in, that I knew still better. It was Violet Hyde's,—low enough, but so clear at times, that it seemed to come into the dark where I lay half senseless, and afterwards I could even call back some of the very words; then it came to a stand, and I heard her two or three times apparently answering some one I couldn't hear. All at once, the missionary struck up the first note of a psalm tune, and her lovely voice slid into it, till there was nothing in the whole ship, as it were, but *that*—singing the old Evening Hymn—alone. Such music, I thought, never was on sea or land—when down from some opening above, out of heaven, you might have fancied, fell a chorus like the sounds of angels and cherubs joining in at the end, once and again: catching up the air out of her sweet tongue, and drowning it in a way to ravish one's soul, till it sank into a hush in which you could

hear the missionary's voice rise, as he prayed aloud, over the whispers of the ladies and children stealing away from round the skylight—with the slight creak of the rudder, now and then, in its case abaft, and the tide bumping and tapping outside, from the deadwood at her counter to the hollow planking amid-ships.

As for me, at first blush I thought it all part of my queer visions, till somehow or other I began to revive a bit, and felt for the door of the place they had boxed me up into. However, it was fast enough, and as soon as I tried to stand upright, something over my head gave me a shove down again—it being evidently one of the steward's store-rooms abaft of the cuddy, full of bags and suchlike lumber, where the best I could do was to stretch myself on the heap of old canvass again, groaning from sheer weakness and desperation. Just then I heard a light step coming close past the door, out of the large cabin, and I gave another groan. A dress rustled, and the foot started to the other side of the passage. "For God's sake, open the door!" said I, in a faint voice. "What—who—is there?" exclaimed Miss Hyde, anxiously; but my mouth was so dry I couldn't answer her. Next moment she was trying the handle, though to no purpose; for a little after I caught the sound of her footsteps hastening off, and once more my senses left me. It couldn't have been more than a minute or two, however, for I heard the missionary's voice still praying beside Captain Williamson's cot, when a gush of air suddenly revived me, and I sat up winking at a glare of light, in which Violet Hyde's face seemed to be hovering brighter than the lamp she had in her two hands, as she stood and gazed at me between wonder and dismay; while the steward held the door only half open behind her, peeping in at me with one eye like a fellow watching a hyena in a cage. "Miss!—miss!" said he, trying to shove the door to again, "take care—he's a pirate, ma'am, he is! The chief officer 'll blow me up for it, your ladyship!" "Mr Westwood!" exclaimed she, pushing it wide in spite of him, "what—what is this!—you are all over blood, Mr Westwood! Oh, are you wounded?—what can be—run,

run for something," said she to the steward—"where is the surgeon?" "The doctor's gone with the rest of'em, miss," said he. With this I took hold of something to scramble up, bringing down a bag of cabin-biscuit over me, and got on my legs in the midst of the dust; but grim enough I must have looked, with my face like a North American Indian's, and the cockroaches sticking in my hair, as I stumbled out of the corner. The little Cockney of a steward seemed to think me dangerous, for all I saw of him next moment was his striped gingham jacket vanishing round a bulkhead aft. "Oh," stammered I, leaning against the door-post, "it's—it's nothing, after all—only—a little water!" The truth was, my brain felt so confused still, that I really was not quite sure how the case stood—whether I hadn't in fact bowed up my jib too tant that night, and tumbled on my head, or kicked up some row or other—so I suppose I must have looked rather ashamed, which the young lady appeared to notice, by the expression of her face as she moved toward the cuddy, and slipped quietly through one of the folding-doors. "Hush!" said she gravely, holding up her finger, as she came out again and closed it, carrying a couple of decanters and a glass; "poor Captain Williamson seems asleep—he was removed there this evening for air." As I drank one tumbler of water after another, I fancied the young lady watched me curiously; however, I had scarce quenched my thirst, when my own ideas got clear enough, as well as my tongue, to give an off-hand account of what had happened. Violet Hyde started, and her voice faltered as she said, "Then—then you must have been shut up here all day—oh, how cruel of them! so hot, too! Oh, what a wonder you were not actually—" "All day?" said I—"what day is it, then, Miss Hyde?" "It is Sunday evening!" answered she, the tears rushing somehow or other in her eyes. "Oh, how glad I am that I happened to pass! But your head—what a dreadful wound you must have got, Mr Westwood!" continued she; "something must be done to it, indeed!"

What the sweet young creature hesitated and blushed about, for the first time, I never guessed; but I

can't help thinking that anything short of an angel would have laughed at the ridiculous figure I must have cut, with powdered biscuit added to the blood, the hair, and the cockroaches—although my worthy friend's handspike from behind the foremast had laid the bone bare, so that the bleeding saved it from a lump. I hardly know how it came about, but, five minutes after, there I was sitting on the planks of the 'tween-decks, while the charming girl herself stooped over me with a basin in one hand and a sponge in the other—the muslin sleeves tucked half up off her two round white arms, as she began to wash the blood carefully off the place. I couldn't stand it a minute, however. To feel her fairy fingers soiling themselves in such dirty work, for such a fellow as me, Ned Collins, made me shiver all over; so bolt upright I started, carrying away the sponge in the neck of my coat, and squeezing a tea-cupful of water down my back at every wriggle—while my lovely sick-nurse stood with one pretty little wrist out, betwixt alarm lest she had hurt me, and surprise at my life-like condition. After giving my face a wipe, however, and swallowing a glass or two of wine, with some of the biscuit I had knocked down, I felt wonderfully well, except for an ache at the top of my head. The next thing that occurred to me, of course, was to have my friend the mate made aware of his mistake; but as for the curious quietness of the Indianaman at that hour, even of a Sunday evening, I couldn't understand it, and I looked for a cap to go on deck with immediately.

The young lady seemed to be looking up the after-hatchway, and listening, I thought, and the lady passengers could be heard talking about the poop; but when Violet Hyde turned round, and our eyes met again, I caught an anxious expression in them that puzzled me. "Do you think it will be long before we shall hear them?" said she, next moment. "Who?—whom?" asked I hastily. "Oh!" said she, starting, "you could not have known they had gone, Mr Westwood! Tell me, Mr Westwood," said she, coming nearer to me, putting her hand lightly on my arm, and glancing into my face—"tell me, did

you not know that *that* vessel was in the river?" "Vessel, Miss Hyde?" I said, looking at her steadily in turn; "it's all one riddle to me—what vessel do you mean, madam?" "The—the pirate!" exclaimed she breathlessly, and turning towards the hatchway again, while I stood eyeing her stupidly, all abroad, so to speak. "For heaven's sake, tell me what you mean, Miss Hyde!" said I, putting my hand to my head. "Ah, but you look so white—you are not well yet, sir!" said she, softly. "To think how all the passengers were amused, and even papa too, when they heard this morning of your being arrested as a — a — but nobody could know you were so hurt, Mr Westwood! Then when some of the sailors came back, and said they had seen the French ship in disguise—" "By Jupiter! the *brig* they meant?" I broke out. "Then, good heavens! they must have painted her lead-colour, and turned her back into a schooner! *That* was she, for a thousand!" "And you know, yesterday morning, sir," continued the young lady, "you told me you knew our friends were there, instead of being lost as we thought!" "Yes, yes!" said I, "there must be some bad scheme at the bottom—but by morning we'll have a slap at them, for certain. For my part I feel—" "Why," said Miss Hyde, turning anxiously to me, "almost everybody in the ship has gone *already*. Whenever the truth was discovered, there was such a confusion amongst the gentlemen and the officers that they could not think of anything else; and, as soon as the sun had set, they all crowded into the boats and went away together, to surprise the pirates in the dark." "Good God!" exclaimed I, in sheer amazement, and making toward the hatchway. "Miss Hyde! *do* you say so!—How many were there, then, ma'am?" I asked. "Oh," said she quickly, "I am so glad there was such a number—five boats quite full, I believe. Not a single gentleman would stay, except little Tommy's father, who is up stairs,—and papa was one of the first to get down into a boat, with his rifle. But do you not think," added she, with somewhat of a tremble in her voice—"do you not think the people in the French

ship will yield, or at least give our friends up?"

"I hope to goodness they may!" said I, turning away from the eagerness those soft eyes of hers glittered with, as she leant out before the faint glimmer through the cuddy door, the light of the lamp in her hand shining bright over her hair and her shoulders; while the gloomy stillness of the whole ship, below, made me think of the voice that had hailed us through the lagoon, and the same man's face—as I had no doubt now it was—when I saw it aboard the brig at sea, before the thunder-squall came on. I almost fancied I saw Finch and *him* meeting at the present moment, with the mate's awkward look as the Frenchman's sword flashed across him—my fingers gripped together for the handle of a cutlass, to go tumbling up amongst the men over the schooner's bulwarks in the creek—when all at once another notion darted into my head, to remind me where we were in the mean time; I ran to the companion and sprang up the stair on to the quarterdeck.

It was a hot, still night; but the change from the closeness below to the deck seemed to make quite a new man of one in an instant. I jumped on the nearest carronade slide, and looked round to see how the land lay, which at first was difficult enough to do. They had got the Indiaman fair afloat again, I found, a little more off the shore, and further down—the starboard gun I stood upon being, as I guessed by the shape of the trees, about opposite the mud fort, which Finch had probably been peppering at as he threatened, since the port was open, and two or three shot lying in the scuppers beside it. 'Twas somewhere nigh-hand eight o'clock of the evening, I think, and quite black on the nearest bank—you couldn't even make out the top of the woods against the sky; but another cable-length would have served to open the lower reach of the river, where it came brimming up full round the point with the night flow, sending a floating sort of a glimmer along in the dusk over against us. One could even pitch upon a line where it ran side by side with the heavy shadow that took in the ship, going across to the swampy-looking shore off our larboard side, and blackening away up-stream, while

the dim bubbles and eddies swept out of the one into the other. I could just catch the low deep roar of the sea more than a mile off, muffled by the trees and mangroves on both sides between it and us; and, the tide having come almost to a stand-still, you heard the ripple against her bows get gentler and gentler, with a weak plash here and there in the dark amongst the grass and sedge along-shore, which seemed to wake up a chirping mutter in the bushes—and at times you'd have thought something came wading out from the edge; till in a few minutes both river and forest had sunk, as it were, into a sleep. The quieter they got, however, the more uneasy I began to feel at the state I saw things in, upon deck; absolutely not a soul to be seen from wheel to bowsprit, except one man walking back and forward by himself on the forecastle, and giving a look now and then carefully enough over at the cable: Mr Brown being on the poop with his family and the knot of ladies, talking under their breath; while the old Scotch mate could be seen through the cabin skylight, leaning his bald crown over his two hands, under the lamp near the captain's cot, to listen to the missionary, as he sat gravely whispering and looking at him through his spectacles.

For my part, I hadn't a doubt but the ship had been watched from shore all along; and there was no saying at present *who* might be keeping an eye upon her, even if this affair of the French brig weren't to catch us in some deep trick or other. If it were really she, and lying where we caught a glimpse of her the day before, 'twould take three or four hours, at night, even to pull there and back again; but as for her being an ordinary pirate, I had a strong notion she was no such thing, and the stranger I thought the whole matter throughout. As I peered over the bulwarks into the thick of the tall jungle, the showers of fire-flies came here and there flickering out from under the big leaves, lighting up the green of them for a moment, and dancing across a black mouth in the bank nearest us, like emerald sparks. By this time, too, the starlight was growing large out over the dusk, till the whole height of the sky had heaved itself

above our upper spars, clear as crystal, and sprinkled full of soft silver points, that gathered and got brighter as you looked. One could see the whole breadth of the river floating slowly between, with lazy brown swirls of current twisting and curling round the point, and the eddies rising in the middle, to where the water glistened among the dark wet mangrove stems, or some oily swell near the edge went lipping in with the gleam of a star lengthened upon it. Hot and close though the night still was, while the rank smell of the mud came at times into your nostrils from one side, and of growing leaves from the other, yet it was pleasant enough after being shut up for ever so many hours in a dark hole below. Neither did I think there was any fear of trouble from the natives, while this lasted; but the haze that seemed to be oozing out over the mass of woods, with now and then a cool breath of air from up-river, showed what a fog we might expect as soon as the land-wind began to blow strong from inland. Sometimes I fancied I heard cries in the distance among the woods, over the croaking of the frogs which seemed to get up as one listened; then again I could make out the hollow booming of the African tree-drum, with a chorus of horns and savage-like shouts, apparently filling up every break in the hum that rose off the ground—far enough away, however, to satisfy me the blacks were only making merry before turning in. As for Tom Westwood, he had plainly gone with the boats, clerical though he was, which didn't go to set my mind greatly at rest, knowing him to be one of your slap-dash fellows when roused; and, either way, it couldn't do much good to a man hailing for a parson, to be particularly active on boat-service. But you may easily conceive what a pitch one's anxiety for the upshot rose to, at every whisper and hush of the woods, and every glimmer of the water far astern, where the upper reach could just be seen brimming pale out of the shadow, against a thick fringe of misty cane-clumps, topped with tall palms and cocoas—their stems wavering in the thin haze, and their dark crowns seemingly floating off above it like heads coming away from the bodies,

as the heavy blue land-fog began to gather like smoke away behind.

The flow of tide having of course set the Indianaman's stern up stream, the ladies on the poop could be seen clustered across the taffrail, with the careful married gentleman in the middle of them more dignified than ordinary, as they one and all strained their eyes into the dusk before them; when one of the men came down the poop-stairs behind me, and, on turning, I saw to my surprise that it was Jacobs, he being still more astonished to see me on deck. I soon found, to my great relief too, that, what with the anchor-watch and some lads, there were still seven or eight of the crew aboard, whom I advised him to get on deck and make them keep a bright look-out—more especially as he was one of the boatswain's mates, and had charge of the watch at the moment: for, to tell the truth, seriously speaking, I had more real fear, all along, of some attack from the negroes and Don José, than of the French craft they *would* fancy a pirate, whatever might be her reason for stowing away Rollock and his companions—although I told Jacobs I had no doubt now but it *was* actually she. "Ay, ay, sir," said Jacobs in a low voice, giving his trousers an uneasy hitch up, "not a doubt on it, Mr Collins. Black Harry and his mates clapped eyes on her this forenoon, when they went up for water—so they said, anyway!" "What, Bob?" said I, starting—"was it *that* scoundrel? Did they *not* see her then?" "Well, sir," replied Jacobs, "as I gather, 'twas rather one of her boats they fell ath'art of. You'll mind Harry was in the cutter that time you boarded the brig at sea, Mr Collins, a week or two gone—so, you see, he knowed one or two o' the crew at once; and in course, sir, comin' across one another hereaway, they'd make shift to have a talk, but none on 'em ever guessed about our passengers bein' aboard of her, till—" "Did the fellow himself think they were pirates, then?" asked I, more anxiously than before—a shivering dread of I didn't know what beginning to creep on me, as I turned suddenly round to eye the river glooming away up from the starlight, through into the blue heaps of hazy forest. "Why, sir," answered Jacobs hastily,

"he's a desperate sort, is that 'ere Foster, if it was owly what I've heard him say, swinging sound asleep in's hammock. I wouldn't tell as much otherways; but I tell ye what it is, sir, my mind misgived me o' this here overnight boat-business! It's my sober notion, Leftenant Collins," gravely added he, seeing I still looked anxiously to him—"it's my notion, if that craft's aught of a pirate, Harry Foster and more nor half of his watch 'ud think no more o' joining her, on a chance, than *one* on 'em did o' taking you that clip with a handspike this morning, sir! As for this here brig, Master Ned, your honour," continued he—"what did she do, but, to my fancy, she's keep'd a eye on us ever since we first fell foul of her?"

"Jacobs! Jacobs!" I broke out directly, "get every hand up on the fo'k'sle at once, with everything like arms you can find—for god-sake look sharp, and then bear a hand here to have the carronades fore and aft run in, and stuffed full of some old iron or other, as we can't have grape!" Hurried as it was, I saw the whole thing—a regular deep-laid plot it seemed, too—and the first time I had seen light as to what the strange brig could be after. Here had she dodged us, no doubt, for weeks; got hold of our friends by accident, which would give her a clue how to find us anywhere during the rest of our voyage, as we were too strong-handed for her *then*. 'Twas very likely they thought we should suspect something, and follow wherever they could manage to lure the Indiaman—or else possibly they had run into the river the very same day we did, and perhaps seen us out of the haze which hid the land from us that morning; and *now*, if they had studied it for years, they couldn't have contrived a cleverer trap than this that Finch and the passengers had run their heads into, with more than a dozen mutinous dogs, at least, in their company. A prize like an East Indiaman was worth taking some trouble about, of course; while such villains as Foster and his mess-mates, I knew, would fancy a Bengal nabob carried untold treasures with him, and it was plain to me they had something like an understanding with the stranger's crew. "Ay, ay, sir," said Jacobs in answer to me; "how's'ever,

the first mate left word with Mr Macleod he'd send up a rocket and a blue-light in case o' good success, or else come back with the boats." "Heaven help them, Jacobs!" said I, taking a hasty turn or two, "for we can't. But there *is* something more horrid in the matter than I fancied—only all we can do is to look to ourselves and the ship! Harkye, though, Bob," added I, following him—"bring up the beef-kid, will ye? I feel terribly sharp-set, notwithstanding."

I came back and looked from the quarterdeck down the skylight, where the second mate still sat with his elbows on the table, apparently listening to the missionary; when the good man suddenly took off his spectacles and peered under Macleod's broad fists, as an undeniable snore broke out between them: then he glanced toward the captain, who seemed dozing in his cot—raised his mild eyes for a moment through the opening up to the blue starry sky swimming out above, put on his spectacles again, and, taking up the Bible, he leant back in his chair to read, as if there were neither pirates, savages, nor aught a man need dread, in the world. "Strange!" I thought. "Yet, after all, isn't there a soul below there, ere a few hours, will go higher aloft than the smallest star that twinkles over the maintruck yonder? And who knows how many of us may—" However, I saw Jacobs hurrying aft again, and the rest coming up out of the fore-peak; so hard to work we set for the best part of an hour, which it took us to get the guns on deck made serviceable, and to find powder enough. Not a cutlass or pistol was left on board, so we had only two or three axes and pikes, with a rusty musket or two, and handspikes, certainly, to spare.

As soon as we had taken breath, "Now, Jacobs, my man," said I, "send out the boys to loose the jibs and fore-topsail—let's hoist the yard, too, with the sail clued up—all ready for slipping her cable at five minutes' warning! It can't do any harm—and I've no more doubt," said I, "than if I saw it, we shall have that schooner coming down with the ebb upon us!" "Tide 'll turn in little better nor an hour, sir," said Jacobs, when we had got this quietly done. "And by that

time the breeze will be blowing with it," said I, "bringing down the fog too, however—but keep a bright look out aloft for the signal, Jacobs! If you see it, or the boats, good and well. But I tell you what it is, Jacobs," added I firmly—"should it be the schooner instead, that instant we must cut and run for it! I shall carry the ship out to sea, if I can, as I brought her in—where we may have a better chance with her in the morning, or get clear off, perhaps!"

There being no more we could do, and having instructed Jacobs to go down and rouse Mr Macleod himself if he saw the signal, I kept stealing back and forward on one side of the quarterdeck, alone. The river was still as a mill-pond, except where it trembled in long streaky gleams from the sky, else I should at once have slipped cable and begun to go down, leaving the boats to come after us, if they did come, as they best could. There wasn't a breath of air yet, either, save what seemed now and then to waft out of the thick woods, and to bring the whole whispering buzz of them stifled together along the face of the water, with the heavy scent of the aloes and trailers on the bank, meeting the warm steam that crept across from the mangroves on the opposite shore. A hundred notions ran through my head, as I walked, of what might happen: whether the boats would miss the schooner altogether, and she drop down upon us in the mean time, either by the creek or the river,—or whether Foster and his crew of Wapping blackguards would carry out what I'd no doubt they had at heart. But at any rate, as for a set of passengers and merchant sailors catching an armed schooner asleep, with one like that Frenchman in her, I had his fierce dark face too much before me whenever I thought of him to fancy the thing for a moment. That *that* man was in command of the strange craft, and had some scheme in hand he would stir heaven and earth to carry out, unless you ground his head to powder, was an idea that came shivering sharp into me as I kept watching the dark mouth of the creek astern, and the glimmering reach beyond—looking almost to see the schooner's bowsprit shoot out of one of them, tide or wind though there

was none. Frigate to frigate in a breeze, in fact, I should have minded my weather-gage pretty cautiously with *him*, if a seaman he was; but if he were bent on having the old Serin-gapatam at present, by heaven! what I feared was worse than either plunder or walking the plank—seeing there was a prize the Judge had left on board, for which I felt a free-cruising captain would give all the treasures that fellows like Foster might think an Indian nabob had in his port-manteau.

In fact, I saw Violet Hyde moving restlessly, two or three times, near the break of the poop, as she watched the dim opening astern, while her lady's-maid kept close behind her, afraid to stay below; and waiting idle as I was, I almost began for the time to forget everything else that might be going on, at thought of *her* being only a few feet off, with no one by but the servant-maid. The touch of her soft hand about my head an hour ago came back on me, and the drowsy creeping kind of hush of the tropical night seemed to bewilder my senses at every rustle of her dress,—I shan't even deny that the notion seized me for half a minute, were the schooner to make prisoners of the boat's crews, how I might carry the Indianman out to sea, and go Lord knows where with her. Then the idea of defending her, and saving her, made one wild with excitement—I felt as if I had the strength of twenty in me, almost longing to see the pirates' faces, especially the dark Frenchman's, and to wait till they came close on, when we could let drive into them, expecting to find us helpless. I made up my mind that Mr Brown there, and the missionary too, should work at a gun as soon as they were wanted—when, trip, trip, I heard her footstep coming down the poop-stair behind me, and stood trembling and tingling to my very finger ends.

"Mr Westwood," said her low sweet voice, and I turned round. "Yes, madam," I answered, gulping down my breath. "Have you heard—do you see anything?" "They've scarce had time yet," said I; "of course the more cautious they are, the better!" "Oh," continued she, her hands clasping together, and the shawl falling half off her head to one shoulder,

—“oh, if there should really be bloodshed at this moment—the river looks so fearfully gloomy and silent! How is it possible to bear this suspense any longer, sir? If we could *only* think they were not pirates after all!”

“Miss Hyde,” replied I seriously, as she seemed to wish me to speak, “I can’t have any doubt in my own mind what they are!” “How! *what?* for mercy’s sake?” exclaimed she, gazing earnestly at me. “You musn’t suppose all pirates to be bloody murdering ruffians, Miss Hyde,” said I hastily. “There’s one man belonging to that craft yonder, I’m sure, if he saw—if he stood where I stand just now, so near an angel!”—The young lady shrunk back with a startled look; but I wasn’t master of myself longer, and out I broke, “For God’s sake forgive me, but I—I’d serve you like a slave—*dearest* Miss Hyde, I’ll stand up to the last drop of my blood before!”—“Mr—West—wood!” was the answer, hanging betwixt surprise and terror. But I burst out with “Confound that name!—my name is *not* Westwood, madam, and I’m no relation at all to the gentleman in India.—I never said so, but your father mistook—” “Who then—what are you—what design have you?” was her broken question; and she put one hand on the bulwarks as if for support, looking round from me to the woods, the river, and back to the ship and me again, so pale and terrified-like that I could have cursed myself for my stupidity. “Good heaven, Miss Hyde!” said I, lowering my voice, “I do believe you take *me* for one of the stranger’s crew?” “No—no!” faltered Violet. “I—I—but the suspicions I heard to-day—you—you frightened me, sir!” “Surely,” said I, ready to kneel at her feet, “*you* must have known the truth of the matter, Miss Hyde. Why, here have I come afloat at a day’s warning, bound for the East Indies—and all because I saw *you* that evening at the garden door! Oh, for kindness sake, Miss Hyde, pardon my boldness—but I couldn’t let slip the only chance of telling you—it took me unawares, in fact! I’m not such a fool as to fancy that such a fellow as I can have the least hope in the world; but—but—” She stood quite still, not uttering a word, with her face turned from me; but I could

notice the colour was all come back to her cheek, and more—and saw the shining falls of her loose hair heaving on the bosom of her white muslin dress, as it rose and fell gently. I leant over the bulwarks and ventured to look half-round; when, oh heavens! how did my heart quicken in me to see the least bit of a smile come over her lips, though her eyes were dropped toward the gun close by. I can’t say what I might have been bold enough to do, in the whirl of the moment—when suddenly she started, drew the shawl up from her shoulders again, and seemed to recollect the whole case of the boats with a shudder, as she glanced wildly again up the reach astern of us, bringing me to myself, too, at the same time; and I stood looking with her, intent to mark the first turn of the tide.

The night was warm enough, however, in all conscience; and, if one had been fit to eye it calmly, a glorious scene to see was the sky that rose above our heads, glowing dark as indigo-blue through the rigging aloft, as the ship’s tall spars stood up into it, from one rope-ladder to another; her main-truck like a white button against the midmost depth, with every line running distinct to its place across knots of stars, and single bright ones piercing sharp through the black squares of the shrouds; while all round from her it widened away, glittering and seething with lights, that brought the woods looming out bigger and blacker along the nearest shore, making the dirty brown river look dirtier and drearier than before, as the steam spread over the close mangrove bank on the other side, and began to creep low out upon the water like fleeces of wool; with the stars here and there sparkling from the far horizon through the straggling fringe of cocoas beyond, and the huge bloated baobabs that twisted up out of the tall guinea-grass, as if their roots were in the air. The next glance I caught from Violet Hyde showed nothing but the distress she was in; and I walked forward to hail Jacobs on the fore-to-gallant-yard, asking if he saw the signal yet. “No, no, sir!” answered he—“not a sign on it up to this time.” So back again I went, gloomy enough myself, but trying to keep up my countenance, and

saying I was sure we should see the boats come down with the tide when it turned. "Have you noticed the stars aloft, Miss Hyde?" said I, in a cheerful way, to take off her thoughts till the upshot came; "they never saw these in Europe, nor a night like this!" She looked up, and for a moment or two the soft-blue dark of the hollow seemed to sweep round both of us, catching you up into it; the Milky Way falling over to westward, like a track astern of the great star-ship down in the south; and Orion's figure to be made out overhead, with the belt about him, stretching off west out of the Milky Way—the Serpent streaming far up to his foot; then Magellan's two shining bits of cloud, and the dim one, seaward. There were patches to be seen blacker than ink, too, where you seemed to look *through* the sky,—while every now and then a meteor shot far across it and fell, leaving a trail like a silver thread. 'Twas terrible, though, to see up into it, far away as they stood, and as steady as if we weren't there, when heaven only knew *what* might come down river next half-hour. I felt her shoulder touch me as she leant back—the starlight glistening in her blue eyes, and nothing but *it* between her lovely young face and the stars; and I don't know how, but it appears to me I thought during that half minute as I never thought before, and as if I looked off the other side of the world for the first time,—yet you couldn't expect a fellow's brain to breed such notions in a merchantman's fore-castle, or a frigate's steerage or gun-room, as it did beside an Indian's bulwarks, entering for a moment or two into the very feelings of a creature like the Judge's daughter, when her warm breath almost lighted on his cheek!

Next minute I noticed over my shoulder, low down in the deep-blue swell of the south, where the five bright stars of the Southern Cross were gleaming nearly upright over the top of a cocoa-clump on the opposite bank, for all the world like some diamond ornament; and I pointed it out to her, though I knew by the bearings of it how far the night was gone toward the middle. Its top and bottom stars flashed out of the pure face of heaven like jewels, each fit to buy the Great Mogul ten times over. The

dark fringes of her two eyes showed brown over the light in them, while it looked like the hearts in violet-flowers, as she turned. "At sea," said I, "we mids used to know by it when eight bells would come, to let us go below and turn in. Soon after you lose sight of the Pole-star you rise the Southern Cross—and the men had a notion it was a brooch the Virgin Mary lost from her breast, in the daylight, when she went up to heaven! 'Twas her son gave it her, they fancied, but 'twas always to be *found* in the dark—though meanwhile 'tis a sign to the Flying Dutchman, as he tries to weather the Cape, that he'll be forgiven at the day of judgment: so that's the reason it has the power of showing what's o'clock until *then*, and why the Cape is the Cape of Good Hope!"—"Yes—yes!" said she; "in Paul and Virginia, I remember, when they were so unwilling to part, *it*"—But she stopped with a blush, as her eye met mine; and we were both so confused that, before I knew, I found myself beginning to stammer out all manner of tender words, I daresay, and to whisper her first name near her ear, she scarce seeming to mark the difference—in fact, *one* bewildered sort of look was all she gave me at the moment, as if she were listening more to the hum rising out of the woods than to me. Once or twice the still shine of the lamp up through the open skylight-frame drew my eye to it in spite of me—it was the only light burning in the ship, and you saw the gleam of it from the starboard port-window of the cuddy, drawn in as it was for air, thrown on the dusky water, not many fathoms, apparently, off the jungly bank nearest the ship. I can't tell you how, but somehow or other the appearance of it there, like a yellow break in the misty shadow, letting one see the very froth floating over it, and the muddy tint of the river on its edges—with the hush below us in the cabin—awed me more than aught besides; and whether it was from mixing the thing with what happened afterwards, or how—perhaps the missionary moved inside—but when I noticed the gleam on the water quiver and darken for a moment, then shine out again, I felt I *knew* it was then the captain's spirit passed away. I slip-

ped with a thrill of my blood to the skylight, and saw Macleod still asleep, the missionary settling his spectacles on his nose to read again, as if he had looked up too when I did; while the cot and bed-clothes were hanging white in the shade as before, except that the knees were drawn up, and the head turned away. He might be dozing, though it came into my head I had heard the captain say he should last till the *turn of the tide*; and in fact all the sick men I ever knew die, unless there was something uncommon, died as the ebb came on. As I stepped back to the young lady's side, I could mark the Southern Cross by the after edge of the main-mast, sparkling fairly upright above the cocoa-nut trees, and Orion high up nor'westward seemed farther away—it was midnight. The thought flashed through me how something in the sky could draw up a man's soul, as the shot at his hammock-foot would sink his body down deep through blue water at sea—but the first light plash of the ebb alongside brought me back to the case in hand, and I gave Jacobs a quiet sign to look out sharp aloft.

"Hark!" whispered Violet Hyde, suddenly, glancing sideways to me with her ear eagerly toward the shore, and putting back her hair with one hand to listen—"what is *that*?" I thought at first I could see a stir along the thick aloe bushes, and make out the rustle of leaves; but the land-breeze was sighing in puffs through them already, and the fog beginning to creep out from over the bank, as if to meet the muddy steam from the other side: till next minute I heard what she meant, like wild cries from human creatures, half-choked or out of breath, sounding along deep in the woods; then free out it rose in a clear chorus of savage screams and yells, and then seemed smothered up again. 'Twas only a pack of jackals hunting from thick bush to opening, but Violet pressed closer to me as the devilish noise drew nearer the river; and suddenly my hand met hers—to say what I felt, passes me—but the very next moment I had it fast clasped in my own, though I hadn't time enough to say what the thing was, before the entire pack of throats seemed to break out

right upon the bank a little higher up than the ship, barking and yelping like the very hounds of Satan. "'Tis only the chase has taken to the water!" continued I, in a low voice, as the infernal uproar stopped at once. However, *then*, the sweet girl was trembling like a leaf; and by Jove, madam! take it as you will, the man who wouldn't have had one arm round her before that, could have been no sailor—that's all. "For God-sake, dear, dear Miss Hyde," whispered I—"dearest Violet, let me take you under shelter—we may have dangerous work before long!" I started up from the bulwarks, in fact, for the river by this time was all a-plash along-shore in the haze, and under the ship's bends, beginning to run past her side seaward, as the branches and loose stuff came floating out with the current off a point; the sedge and bulrushes opposite us moaning and clattering, as the breeze rushed through them, bringing the fog rolling down-stream. The mist was closing overhead from both sides, already, though the stars sparkled through the middle yet; and I knew the moon must be rising, fit to show us anything that came out of the upper reach. "No—no," faltered out Violet, in tears, as she slid herself quickly out of my hold, drawing the shawl over her with a shudder, "I cannot go inside till we see them come back—my dear, dear father, I must see that he is safe!" "By heaven! though," exclaimed I, jumping upon the carronade to look out, "those brutes are swimming after the deer, and the stream is bringing them down on our stern!" The Indianman was swinging her stern down to the ebb, and through the dusk I fancied I just saw their black heads tipping here and there out of the water, amongst the drift-wood and froth, where the light from the cabin port swung slowly into the mist, with the ship. However, they went past; and she hadn't got her bow fair to the current, when a man from the bows sung out, "Hurrah! here's the boats now!"

"Where, where?" said I, springing forward to the fore-chains, while the young lady stood as if her life hung on the next word. "There, ~~she~~ right ahead almost as she swings

said the sailor; and thick as the blue fog was, close to us—the cream-coloured haze filling up the reach of the river beyond, was lighting up like white gauze with the moon, in which I saw two or three black objects come dropping out as if from the creek, their oar-blades flashing in it. But I thought they crowded together awkwardly, like maimed craft, and the weight seemed to keep them down, unless, as I hoped, they were waiting for the others. "No, no, Mr Collins!" whispered Jacobs, suddenly sliding down a topmast-backstay to my side; "they're canoes, sir!" "By the Lord, so they are!" said I, seeing a flourish of the paddles that betrayed them. "They're hanging on yet, though, to catch us napping—keep cool, Bob, my man," continued I, for my spirits rose, to find my fears mistaken as yet about our boats. "But the cable—the cable!" added I hastily,— "by George, they'll try to cut it, as sure as fate! Ready there—don't fire a shot till they're close—nothing but stupid nigger heathens after all, my lads! Quick, a couple of you," said I, "bowse up the jib at once, and down fore-topsail sheets—brace the yard sharp up, to cast her head down if they do cut! If we go aground, Jacobs, we're gone!" 'Twas vain to think of hindering them, few as we were, and scarce able to see what they did, for the fog; but the land-breeze already blew pretty fresh, and the ebb rushing on her bows made the Indianman heave to it as her jib rose from the boom. I had no time to stand upon ceremony: to think of the pilotage again, with the savages, the narrow channel in the dusk, and the breakers together, was quite enough.

In the very nick of such a breathless moment, I had just fancied I caught the stroke of their paddles coming on—when all at once, out of the open cabin-skylight aft, rose a sound, the like of which I never heard in my life—between a yell and a cry—but the mouth of the skylight seemed to send it up higher than the masts-heads, loud and long, into the slit of starlight between the fog. For a single second the marrow curdled in my bones, and I lost all thought even of the canoes ahead, 'twas so unearthly; till, catching a glimpse of Violet's

white figure crouching in terror to the round-house door, I rushed aft, and looked down at the cuddy. It was all black as midnight below, the stink of the swinging-lamp coming out; but by the horrible tumbling, staggering, struggling sound inside, you'd have thought it full of some awful thing, doing God-knows what in the place—then a thump and a groan. I scarce believe I could have mustered heart to go down the companion and see—till next moment the Scotch mate's bare head and his shoulders came thrusting up out of the stair, wrestling wildly with three or four pitch-black naked figures—the narrow booby-hatch hindering them from sticking together to him, except one that leapt out almost on his back, aiming a fierce stroke with a club at his skull. Quick as thought, however, my coolness had come back to me, and I just sent the bullet from the ship's musket I had snatched up, fair flash through his lungs, the blood spouting out of his mouth almost over us, as he spun round with his club in the air, and fell back—while smash after smash I brought the stock of my piece down on the crowns of the others, trying to get on deck too thick together; and Macleod was doing the same like a man, at the skylight, where they were catching at the edge of the frame. The shrieks of the ladies came off the poop above; and as for the men, they were dodging under the fore-castle bulwarks as they fired at the canoes ahead, from the spears and arrows that came whistling over, and quivering into the planks near me. What else the cursed wretches might be doing I didn't know, but I had no sooner managed to shove the scuttle over the booby-hatch, the second-mate loading as fast as he could, and blazing away down into the skylight like a perfect devil, lighting up the black faces and sharp teeth of the savages below at every shot, rushing back—than I felt the Indianman was broadside on to the tide and current, sweeping down to open the next reach with her jib and topsail full to the land-breeze. I sprang back to seize the wheel, near which Violet Hyde stood cowering with her two hands over her eyes, when in the midst of it all you may fancy my horror to catch a glimpse of

one hideous black stealing round towards her in the shadow of the round-house, with a hatchet gleaming in one hand and the other stretched out to clutch her. 'Twas the work of a second. I made one leap, and barely caught the blow on my gun-stock, as he took hold of her dress; then over he and I rolled on the deck, first one uppermost, then the other, till I found his strength was too much for me, breathless as I was. The fellow had his huge hand round my throat, choking me, and ready to spring up with the hatchet in his other fist—'twas the mulatto that had been with the Portuguese—when I saw Violet Hyde dart forward between me and the stars, throwing her large shawl round his head and arm from behind him, and holding it tight, her face turned away white as death. The mulatto loosened his grasp and jumped up, throwing her reeling back to the door; but I was on my feet as soon as he, twisting his hatchet from his grip, and sent the edge of it with all my force clean down into his brain, through cashmere and everything. Ere he had time to pull it off, he was stretched, breast and knees up, over the carronade-slide at my feet.

The dear girl had fainted; I lifted her, and hurried with her to the sofa in the round-house, my heart swelling toward her in a way no man can tell; though there was not a moment to stay—for when I reached the wheel again, a sight broke upon me that showed the fearful danger we were in. The savages in the cuddy could be heard plunging out of the port to swim ashore; and though the ebb-tide was taking the ship apparently clear round the woody turn, she had no sooner opened the wide reach, where the fog was scattering before the breeze, than we began to see a stretch of the nearest bank, off our starboard bow, glimmering out to a huge fire on the edge, that lighted up the thick white haze like sulphur—throwing a bloody red glow on the eddies in-shore, with two or three black canoes dipping up and down in them; a crowd of dark naked negroes rushing round the fire, bringing logs and branches to throw in, till up it blazed again; the sparks flying into the smoke, the feathery black jungle

sinking back behind, and the banyan branches shooting out into it, as if they were alive, licking the crimson gleams with their sharp leaves; while a horrible noise of tree-drums beating, and buffalo-horns blowing, floated off to us. The wretches seemed to expect we were coming straight in to them, while they waited for us. And no wonder; for it wasn't till Jacobs came running aft, to tell the mate and me, that, to our horror, we found the canoes had got the rest of the cable fastened somehow or other low down to her cutwater, and were coolly towing us in by it. We could neither cut it nor dispose of them, as at every shot there were plenty more to fill places; while the helm was only enough to steer her, had she been free.

"Jacobs," said I, "for heaven's sake bear a hand with two or three of these heavy shot in a hammock—let's sling it out to the flying-jib-boom end, and I'll stand by to drop it fair over them—quick!" Three of us ran out from the bowsprit, with the end of the line, swinging out the weight and hauling it up, till we were nearly over their heads in the foggy gleam from the blaze ashore. The cable tautened fair under us as the blacks gave a stroke ahead together with their paddles, and "Watch!" I sung out above them, in a voice that made them huddle all three canoes in a lump, peering up at us. "Let go, my lads," whispered I, and down went the weight of shot full slap upon them, crash through their gunwales, leaving no more than the bits, with the woolly heads bobbing about in the stream. The second mate whirled round the spokes of the wheel, on deck, and her jib and topsail drawing the breeze right again, she began to stand out toward the middle once more. I watched the glare of the fire sinking back into the blue fog, while the hubbub of wild cries showed they had taken the alarm, and were pushing off as fast as possible in their canoes from the bank in chase.

The next thing I saw, two or three minutes after, was the flash of a large gun away on our starboard quarter, flaring out in the mist round the strange schooner herself, as she came swiftly down astern of us, under her two boomsails and flying-jib, the froth whitening up from her forefoot, and the

crushing through amongst the canoes, letting drive at them right and left, flash after flash, and roar after roar—her deck crowded with men, too, amongst whom I thought I could make out the dark Frenchman's broad-leaved Manilla hat. However, the wreaths of thick smoke blew curling from her towards us; and directly after nothing was to be heard but the ripple under our bows, as we went surging toward the river's mouth, with the clear plash upon her copper coming nearer.

Jacobs and I, as well as the other hand, hung over the boom together for a little to loose the flying-jib, then out of pure weariness, till I sent Jacobs in to take the wheel and steer by my signals—for the Indiaman had the full force of current and breeze astern of her, carrying her fast toward the bar, as I guessed; while the second mate let her yaw dreadfully, from fear of going wrong. As for the schooner, we could make out her lights through the fog, the wind bringing us the sound of her cutwater—though probably they couldn't know whereabouts we were; so I hoped she might perhaps go past us in the dark, if she were actually in chase of the Indiaman, as I feared. However, the moment the cheep of our flying-jib hanks on the stay was heard, as the sail was hoisted, a sharp hail came along the water. "Hola!" sung out the creaking voice of the little French skipper, who had bamboozled me so at sea. None of us answered, and I ran down the spar to be ready for what might happen, when "*Hola! où êtes-vous?*" shouted he again. "Hullo! the Seringapatam, ahoy!" roared our chief officer himself; to which no sooner had Macleod replied, than we caught three hearty English cheers, and next minute the schooner's canvass was looming up from the yellow glimmer of her lanterns a few fathoms on our starboard quarter—the foam hissing off her sharp bright bows, while she raced up with us. Every one of us started at the jovial sound of old Rollock the planter's voice, shouting "All's right, my boys!" as if he had risen from the dead out of the sea—the schooner slipping easily by, abreast of our high bulwarks; and the crowd of heads from stem to stern, English, French, and

Kroomen, gliding past below, for all the world like a dream to most of us, with the light from the lanterns flaring up red under hats, caps, and tarpaulins, and the black shadow of their figures and small-arms thrown high in two clusters on the broad glare over her fore and main boom-sails. "Have ye actually *taken* the blackguards, sir?" hailed the Scotch mate, at which a shout of laughter ran from one end of her to the other; while one of the cadets, seemingly half drunk, could be seen staggering aft to the stern as she forged swiftly ahead, just in order to call out, "Macleod, my old cock, *comment vous portez-vous?*" The little French master jumped up on the schooner's taffrail, waving his hand politely: "*J'aurai l'honneur pour vous conduire, en debouchant, Messieurs!*" shouted he; "follow de light een my starn!"

In fact, by this time we were already in the suck of the channel, so that longer speaking was out of the question, as the boom of the surf could be heard wide ahead of the ship. Suddenly a broad gleam of light off the sea struck over our starboard bow, beyond the tumbling water upon the bar, and to starboard the rocky headland broke through the fog rolling out with the breeze: the schooner's stern lifted glimmering before our figure-head, and we lost sight of her again, till we had swept safe round the point. Five minutes more, and both Indiaman and schooner were heaving on the waves from the shadow of the high land, the dark-blue swells cresting up all round against a bank of cloud on the horizon, and the long *send* of the sea to be felt once more under you—the moon rising out of the river, while a fresh breeze blew in the offing, and promised to get a good deal stronger.

The schooner soon hove to, and before we could have beaten up to her, being to leeward, we saw one boat after another dropped astern or off the side, till the whole five could be made out pulling for the ship: but the minute after they were alongside, she filled away again, standing almost right before the breeze up to north-westward.

Well, you can fancy the confusion on board of us for a short time, what with questions and explainings, and what

with seeing worthy old Rollock again, Ford, Winterton, the Brigadier and Mrs Brady, after being parted for a number of days in such a way. The young lady Miss Fortescue's meeting with her mother was touching enough to witness, though of course the gentlemen had got it all over before; and in fact they seemed to have made pretty merry aboard the French craft, while we were fighting for fair life with those infernal Congo savages. The dead blacks on deck and below had been thrown overboard already, and the Indiaman crowding sail on her course; but I saw the Judge for a minute before the round-house door was shut, with his daughtersobbing on his neck; and as soon as the rest met below in the cuddy, a scene was to be found there which one doesn't easily forget: the steward lying in one doorway, dead, with his head smashed by a club; the missionary under the table, still bleeding, though he was alive, and not very much hurt after all. Neither he nor Macleod could tell very well how the thing happened, plain as it was now, to me; but the strangest part of it to see, horrid as it seemed at first, was the body of Captain Williamson. His cot had been knocked to the deck, some of the devilish wretches had given his forehead one gash, and his breast another, each fit to kill a man. There was little or no blood, however: his face had a peaceful look on it, almost smiling, you'd have said, by comparison with the poor steward's; and as soon as his eyelids were down, the old seaman appeared to be sleeping yet. For my part, I felt as sure as if I'd seen it, that when the savages struck *that* body, they might as well have struck at the stars we had seen over the deck.

Still, when all was cleared away, and the passengers gone tired out to their berths, I couldn't turn in without a walk on the poop beside the planter, to hear something from him—the ship all the time rising on the brisk seas, every stitch of canvass spread, the African coast beginning to drop in the moonshine, and the schooner a dim speck to north-west through the long gleam on the horizon.

I found, to my great surprise, there was no reason he could think of for the French craft's detaining them, except that the Brigadier had damned Buonaparte in the brig's cabin, or else Mrs Brady's having said she would give the world to see him just now at St Helena; in fact, she would go through fire and water only to kiss the hand of such a great hero—such an enemy to all Saxons and tyrants, she vowed. But in fact they had been sitting below at the time our boat came aboard, and knew nothing about it; the French master swore to Rollock, and to the chief officer afterwards, he had mistaken *my* meaning—because I spoke bad French, no doubt; after which the gale came on, and they never saw the Indiaman again till to-night. As for their going into the river, and changing her rig, the little Frenchman said he found a brig's rig didn't suit a schooner's hull. For my part, however, I didn't see how their course for the Isle of France could be *north-west*. "By the bye, though," added Rollock, "Mrs Brady made some mystery about the whole affair. She seemed to have a few private discourses with that strange dark-faced passenger of theirs, who I suspect had more to do with the vessel than he pretended. "But I daresay, Collins my boy," said he, laughing, "she wanted to make us think the foreigner had taken a fancy to her."

As we were both going below, I said, "By the way, where is Mr Daniel Snout—I haven't seen *him* yet?" "Ah!" said the planter, turning round, "where *is* Daniel, after all! I haven't seen him either, since we left the schooner's deck—no, by Jove, sir! he really hasn't come on board, now I think of it! I recollect we were the last boat, and he wasn't in it, although he was behind me just before I got down." "What can the man mean!" said I; and we both stood at the top of the hatchway ladder, looking toward the horizon, at the speck of a schooner. "By jingo, Collins!" exclaimed the planter, chuckling, "the Yankee is gone to be a pirate!"

BRITISH AGRICULTURE AND FOREIGN COMPETITION. NO. II.

BEFORE resuming the consideration of this most momentous subject, we ought perhaps to advert to one or two matters arising from the criticism which has been so freely lavished on our last article. We feel very proud indeed that our humble efforts in the cause of native industry have attracted such general attention, and it is no slight compliment to find, that day after day, and week after week, the leading journals which advocate the principles of free trade have selected our statements as the mark for their artillery. Howbeit, so far as we can discover, no practicable breach is as yet apparent on wall or bastion. What mining operations may be going on underground, we do not know; but, with regard to open warfare, we still defy all comers. We invited and challenged that criticism which, in most instances, though not in all, has been brought against us in a gentlemanly and courteous spirit; and, in order that the public may have the means of judging how far our position is impregnable, we print, in addition to the usual contents of this Number, the greater portion of the commentaries of the press up to a certain date. To these we have appended a few notes, less by way of answer, than for the purpose of explanation, where any explanation may be necessary.

But we consider it our duty to our correspondents, and ourselves, to advert specially to some points. By referring to the reprint in question, our readers will observe that the *Times* has undertaken the task of analysing, or rather characterising, Mr Watson's statement. We confess that, when the opening sentences of this redoubtable leader met our eye—when we found it stated that "*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* for January contains a more thorough exposure of agricultural protection than any that either Villiers or Cobden could have devised"—we felt considerably nervous as to the nature of the argument which was to follow

upon so pithy a text. But our apprehensions were speedily relieved. On perusing the article, we found that the writer in the *Times* did not attempt to question the accuracy of the results, or insinuate anything like exaggeration. On the contrary, it was admitted that any suspicion of the kind was obviated by the method which we had adopted, of subjecting the statements in question "to a numerous selection of the most eminent agriculturists of Scotland." Their corroborative testimony was held conclusive as to facts: and the facts were assumed to bear this construction—that, under protection, a high-class farmer in Scotland, renting land to the extent of 500 acres, could make nothing more "than the starvation income of a half-pay lieutenant, or a common excise-man."

Even if the fact had been such as the *Times* assumed it, it would still remain to be shown in what way a man who is losing money annually can be better off than a half-pay lieutenant who is pocketing £100 a-year. This point the *Times* does not touch; though the writer gives a kind of oracular hint that something far better than protection is yet in store for the farmer. "Admitting," he says, "the facts of the Magazine, as to the disastrous working of protection, we do not admit that they afford any certain cue to the working of an altogether different order of things, such as that we are now on the point of entering." Are we then to have high prices, after all? If not, what else is coming?

But the truth is, that the critic utterly misunderstood the nature of the statement submitted. Probably he had neither leisure nor inclination to examine the details, but passed judgment upon them, as men will often do, on the strength of a glance at the amount of balance exhibited. We do not regret this hasty procedure, as it has elicited from Mr Watson the following letter, which we have great pleasure in laying before our readers:—

"KEILLOR, 16th January 1850.

"SIR,—Since the publication of the January number of your valuable Magazine, I have observed, in several newspapers, remarks on the statement furnished by me, and embodied in your able article on 'British Agriculture and Foreign Competition.'

"I am glad to find that the writers of these remarks admit, generally, the correctness of the result and conclusions at which I had arrived, in calculating the returns of a farm of 500 acres, situated in Strathmore, Forfarshire; although some of them suggest alterations on the mode of exhibiting the facts in such a statement, so as to render it intelligible to those not practically engaged in agriculture. Of the propriety of this suggestion, the newspapers have given me one or two notable illustrations.

"The first newspaper notice of my statement, which I observed, was the leader in the *Times*. You may well believe I was not a little surprised to find my name appear so conspicuously in the columns of the 'leading journal of Europe,' and in an article got up in so dashing a style. With regard to the general object of the writer, which is to show that, by the article in your Magazine, you have disproved what you meant to prove, I have nothing to say; but I desire to make a few observations upon his criticism of my tabular statement. I am moved to this, by considering the influential and powerful quarter whence the article has emanated, and the peculiarly benevolent and friendly concern which its author seems to take in my personal comfort and welfare.

"The writer in the *Times* objects to my statement, that 'it does not give the exact term of years on which the average is taken,' and thinks the average price fixed too high by me. Had he taken the trouble—which, perhaps, was too much to expect from him—of looking into the Forfarshire flars prices, for the last five, or eight, or ten years, he would have found I had not fixed the average too high. Indeed, he is not very confident that he is correct on this certainly very important element in my calculations, and virtually abandons the ground he wished to occupy; for he goes on to say—'It (the average) is sufficiently explicit for its purpose, which is to prove, that under protection, with the market high—with a quality of crops so good as to command a more than average price—with capital amply sufficient—with extraordinary skill, enterprise, and experience—from 500 acres of fertile land, Mr Watson could not scrape more than just two pounds a-week, in the shape of profits, for the maintenance of himself and his family.' In this sentence there are many assumptions which the writer had not proved, nor attempted to prove, nor can prove, and which it is unnecessary, therefore, to notice. The pith of the paragraph is in its close, as can be gathered from the next sentence: "The result of this unfortunate speculation is expressed in the following significant words—Leaving annually to the farmer for his skill and industry, over interest of capital employed, £106.' And then the writer starts off in a canter, thus: 'Mr Watson has positively had no more income from a very good farm, paying a rent of £800 a-year, than £106. The stipend of a draper's assistant, the foreman of a whitesmith in a country town, a junior clerk in the bank, a curate, a gentleman's gentleman,' &c., &c. The writer notes only the £106 which I put against the farmer's skill and industry. 'The interest of capital' he takes no notice of. I might have charged 30 per cent on capital, for all that the writer in the *Times* allows his readers to gather from his review. Was it fair to keep back the truth—to mis-state and garble my statement as he has done?

"I am sure so kind a gentleman did not really mean to do this. I had put down—	
£3000 of sunk capital, at 10 per cent,	£300 0 0
£2000 of floating capital, at 5 per cent,	100 0 0
For skill and industry,	106 0 0

£506 0 0

There being thus, from capital invested and skill and industry, an annual income of £506. Of course, the farmer dare not spend all this sum; but, with a due regard to the ultimate realisation of his capital, and to a suitable provision for his family, he could safely spend three times the sum the writer in the *Times* unintentionally or ignorantly allows him. The income might have been differently allocated, and a larger sum put against the skill and industry of the farmer. With any criticism of this kind I am not prepared to quarrel; what I object to is, not giving my statement in full, or at least a fair synopsis of it. It seems necessary, farther, to explain to the *Times*, that a farmer, with even an income of £106, is not precisely in the same situation with a draper's assistant, who has to pay rent for his house out of the £106. The farmer has a house and suitable accommodations, with a garden—included, no doubt, in his rent—and therefore included in my statement. He has, moreover, other advantages. He has milk, butter, cheese, meal, &c., at prime cost, just as the grocer and clothier have the commodities in which they respectively deal at prime cost, for themselves and families. I confess, in my statement of profit I did not estimate this item; and I do not believe that a grocer or clothier would have noticed it, in reckoning up his income from his capital and industry. Until I read the article in the *Times* I had not have believed these explanations called for.

"With regard to the other parts of my statement, touching the grievous change that has overtaken the farmer's circumstances, from the fall of prices, consequent on free trade, the writer in the *Times* shies the subject altogether. On this subject he does not speak out. If prices rise to their former level, of course the latter part of my calculation falls to the ground. The writer in the *Times* does not say they will rise to their former level; with his views, he dare not say this—and, admitting my premises, he knows that the conclusion come to is irresistible. Therefore, perhaps, it is that he has considered it his safest course to attempt to burlesque my statement. In my estimation, however, the matter is of too grave moment, and the authority of the *Times* of too much consequence, to allow his article to pass without commentary.

"My statement, in its vital features, the *Times* has not attempted to touch; and, verified as that statement was, by so many respectable and intelligent testimonies, I cannot, after again going carefully over all the data and calculations on which it was founded, consent to make a single alteration on it.

"The experience of the last few weeks, I am sorry to say, does not improve the prospects of the farmers, but places them in a materially worse position than when the statement was drawn up.

"I certainly did not mean to represent, by my statement, that farming under protection was a very profitable employment. For a long time it has been very much the reverse. But, nevertheless, such is the love of a country life, and the passion for agriculture, (for it seems nothing else,) that hundreds of thousands have been willing to devote their capital and industry to that occupation.

"The *Times*, however, with true kindness and generosity, proposes something better for me. He tells me to go to Australia. This, I understand, is a favourite remedy with the *Times* for farmers. The kind gentleman forgets, or does not know, that, 'lured by protection,' I am tied down in Scotland with farms to nearly three times the extent of land specified in my statement—that I have been a farmer for more than forty years—that during that period, 'by my capital, skill, and industry,' I have reclaimed more than 200 acres of land from a state of comparative sterility to one of fair productiveness—that I have a family looking to me for support, and important engagements which I desire honourably to fulfil. I am not conscious of having committed any crime, and am vain enough even to fancy that, in my own sphere, I may have done some good to my country, by contributing towards its agricultural improvement and internal resources; and I therefore cannot see why a sentence of banishment should be passed upon me."

[Were the ground cut from under the feet of the *Times*, by a competitor paying no Paper, Stamp, and Advertisement Duty, how would the owners like to transport Printing-House Square to the Bush?]

"If I must go to Australia, the *Times* must go with me. Upon no other terms will I consent. Let him pack up his types and machinery, and sail with me. We shall both be farmers 'for ages of glory in Antipodean history.' It is barely possible that, in the Bush, the clodpole may cut a better figure than the Thunderer. With regard to the writer's suggestion of railway debentures, I cannot look at that; but when he offers me a land agency in England, with an income of £500 or £1000 a-year, I confess that tender is well worth my consideration. I have a sort of suspicion, indeed, that in these times a land-agent would be better off than a landowner. However, that is not my concern. And if my considerate and generous friend of the *Times* will do me the honour to pay me a visit at Keillor, we will talk over this matter. I have considered his bill of fare, and, after business, hope to show him some improvements on it, both as regards economy and victuals. If he will give me a day's notice, I will get him up as dainty a dish as ever was set before a king—a Scotch haggis, namely; or if vegetables are in season, I may abstract as much from the profits on live stock, and on green crop, as will furnish hotch-potch or cocky-leekie. And then, as in these parts, 'a ride in a buss or a river steamer,' and ticket to the pit of a minor theatre, are quite out of the question, I may, by saving these outlays of the draper's assistant, 'scrape' together as much as will allow something stronger than 'smallest beer.' Indeed, after having participated in the contents of 'the chieftain of the pudding race,' I am persuaded that a London stomach would require some firmer cordial than beer. I am prepared, therefore, to go the length of promising him some of the purest mountain dew. If we cannot come to terms about the land agency, I hope to be able, after my friend has sipped a competency of our native cordial, to discover what he is made of, and whether he is a suitable man to accompany me to 'the Bush.'—I am, yours faithfully,

"HUGH WATSON."

We have next a word or two to say to the *Morning Chronicle*. We acknowledge the high compliment which has been paid us by the Peel journal, in attributing our article to the pen of Mr Alison. The pages of this Magazine are very frequently enriched by contributions from that brilliant writer and accomplished man, but the *Chronicle* may be relieved to know that, in this instance, "the well-earned reputation" of the historian of Europe runs no risk of being impaired by the "rash statements" of a far less elevated author. The critic of the *Chronicle* is probably as good a judge of style as he is of political economy; still, while we are on this topic, we shall fairly put the question to him, whether he has not, in making this unwarrantable assumption, violated that courtesy which ought to be observed by every gentleman connected with the press? We shall not retort in similar terms, by hazarding any conjecture as to the authorship of that paragraph, though we might have no great difficulty in bringing it home to one of that small knot of politicians who have been engaged, for some time, in the pleasing task of refuting every proposition which they uttered pre-

vios to the miraculous conversion of 1846, and denouncing every one who adheres to the principles which they so abandoned. We simply note the breach of good manners, and we leave it without further comment.

The *Chronicle* accuses us of having wilfully stated that manufactures are still protected; and reference is made to a letter from Mr Cobden, which some time ago went the round of the newspapers, the purport of which is, that there are no duties on foreign manufactures, with the exception of a small one upon silks. This is a pure question of fact, not opinion; and we think the best way to set it at rest is to make an extract from Mr Beedell's *British Tariff for 1849-50*, of all the articles which are rated at or about £10 for every £100 of value. Our object is simply to show that the present system, which is called free trade, does not fulfil its primary condition; our argument being that the agriculturist, if exposed to unlimited competition (for we hold the shilling duty to be merely nominal) in the produce of raw material, is entitled to demand that the same measure shall be dealt to every man engaged in mechanical occupations.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL ARTICLES UPON WHICH IMPORT DUTIES ARE LEVIED UNDER THE EXISTING TARIFF.

Amber Manufactures, (per £100 value,)	£10 0	Feathers,	£10 0
Bandstring Twist,	10 0	Flowers, Artificial,	25 0
Baskets,	10 0	Frames,	10 0
Bast Ropes,	10 0	Gauze of thread,	10 0
Beads,	10 0	Hair Manufactures,	10 0
Beer, (per barrel,)	1 0	Iron, Wrought,	10 0
Blacking, (per £100 value,)	10 0	Japaned Ware,	10 0
Boots and Shoes, (per dozen pairs,)	0 7	Lace,	10 0
Boxes, (per £100 value,)	10 0	Lead Manufactures,	10 0
Brass, Manufactures and Wire,	10 0	Leather,	10 0
Bricks (per 1000,)	0 15	Lawns and Cambrics,	10 0
Brocade, (per £100 value,)	10 0	Linens, wholly or in part made up,	10 0
Bronze, Manufactures,	10 0	Matting,	5 0
Buttons, Metal,	10 0	Painters' Colours, manufactured,	10 0
Cables,	10 0	Pencils,	10 0
Candles, (per cwt.)	0 5	Perfumery,	10 0
Carrriages, (per £100 value,)	10 0	Pewter Manufactures,	10 0
Casks,	10 0	Plate,	10 0
Chalk, Manufactured,	10 0	Platting, Willow Squares,	10 0
China,	10 0	Pots of Stone,	10 0
Clocks,	10 0	Seeds,	various
Copper, Manufactures and Wire,	10 0	Silks and Satins,	15 0
Cordage,	10 0	Velvets, Silk, Gauze and Crape, and all other similar articles, and Manufactures of Silk,	15 0
Cotton goods, wholly or in part made up,	10 0	Skins, Manufactures of,	10 0
Crayons,	10 0	Spa Ware,	10 0
Crystal,	10 0	Spelter, Manufactures of,	10 0
Earthenware,	10 0	Steel Manufactures,	
Embroidery and Needle-work,	15 0	Thread Lace,	
Essences and Extracts,	20 0		

Tiles,	£10 0
Tin Manufactures,	10 0
Tobacco Pipes,	10 0
Toys,	10 0
Twine,	10 0
Varnish,	10 0
Wafers,	10 0
Watches,	10 0

Wax, Sealing,	£10 0
Whip-cord,	10 0
Wire, Plated,	10 0
Woollens, wholly or in part made up,	10 0
Woollen Shawls,	10 0
— Blankets in the piece,	10 0
— Turkey Carpets,	10 0

There are a great many other articles of general consumption, such as gloves, hats, soap, &c., which are not included in the above list, owing to their being rated in a different manner, but which nevertheless are charged with duty at our ports. It is perfectly true that plain cotton, linen, and woollen goods, upon which no manual labour has been bestowed, after they issue from the factory, are admitted duty free. But whenever any further process has taken place—whenever an article has been made up, however slightly—and in every case when silk enters into the fabric, a protective duty is charged. Nay, more than this—linen damasks pay duty, and so do woollen shawls, carpets, and other goods. In point of fact, therefore, *manufactures*, in the proper sense of the term, are protected: what is left open to foreign competition might, more correctly, be denominated *machinafacture*.

We beg it to be distinctly understood, that we do not complain of the existence of any of these duties. At the same time, those who are engaged in the silk or metal manufactures, in the boot, shoe, and glove trade, and others—and all of that numerous class, whose manual labour is required for shaping out articles from the mere plain fabric—need not be surprised if the agriculturist should feel bitterly that his labour is deemed so worthless by the legislature that no similar boon is accorded to him. The labour of the non-agricultural portion of the labouring classes is protected, with the exception of that which is principally confined to the superintendence of machinery employed for the construction of three kinds of textile fabrics. The agricultural labourer is taxed for his tea, his coffee, his sugar, his tobacco, and every other luxury of life; and yet he is desired, with all these disadvantages, and with a worse climate, to enter the lists with the foreigner, who has no such burdens to bear. What we demand is fair play—protection to none, or reasonable protection to all.

The former, we are aware, cannot be granted, unless we are prepared to repudiate; the latter must be granted, else a greater injustice than even repudiation is to be committed.

One other point we ought to notice here. It has been said, with reference to our agricultural statistics in last Number, that rents in Scotland appear exorbitantly high, and that the burdens entered in the different balance-sheets are singularly low. This certainly calls for an explanation, which is quite simple, and it arises from the difference of the customs which prevail in England and in Scotland. In England, as we understand the matter—though we speak with great diffidence, and shall be happy to be corrected if we are in error—the whole public burdens and rates are directly paid by the tenant. Upon the latter, therefore, the brunt of the battle falls, and he is the party most directly interested in the imposition of any new rate by Parliament. The landlord receives his rent with few or no deductions. But in Scotland the case is altogether different. A few years ago the tenant paid nothing more than statute-labour money, which was a simple commutation of labour for the maintenance of the parish roads. Recent legislation has added to this a poor's rate, of which half is paid by the tenant and half by the landlord, and an income-tax; the latter impost being shamefully leviable without any reference to profits. But, beyond these, he has nothing more to pay. The Scottish landlord is the party who pays the land tax, half of the poor's rate, the county cess, bridge money, rogue money, stipend, schoolmaster's salary, and every other burden which affects the land. Such is the usual arrangement. There may be cases in Scotland in which the tenant pays some of the burdens, such as stipend and schoolmaster's salary; but if so, it is matter of convenience and bargain, and the payments are deducted from the rent. This peculiar method of arrangement fully accounts for the

discrepancy of rents in the two countries; but far too little pains have been taken to explain it. The consequence has been, that the Free-traders have lost no opportunity of taunting the English farmer with paying less rent for better ground than is occupied by his Scottish neighbour, and yet farming worse. The truth is, that the Scottish farmer stands in the better position, inasmuch as he knows what he has to pay every half year, and provides accordingly. The English farmer does not know what his annual assessment may be, since his rent does not include all these extra payments, and some of the rates fluctuate annually according to circumstances. It is therefore fair to him that some margin should be left to meet such fluctuations. Were the system altered, and were the English landlords to undertake the direct payment of all general and local burdens, we believe the result would be most salutary. New imposts would be watched with far keener vigilance, and the terms of adjustment with the tenant would depend solely upon the productive capability of the land.

We have considered it necessary to make these preliminary remarks before commencing to discuss anew the great question of the day. We shall now resume our argument at the point where we formerly closed.

The publication of the agricultural statistics in the last number of this Magazine, has, we are glad to observe, completely disturbed the minds even of our adversaries, as to the notion that high farming can be made an adequate substitute for protection. We shall hear no more of Messrs Huxtable and Caird—of recipes for growing turnips upon deal boards, or of enormous profits derived from potato cultivation upon isolated patches of peat-moss. Mr Mechi has frankly admitted that the tempering of razors, and the construction of magic strops, is a better and more profitable business than that of attempting to force wheat in the clay lands of Essex, at the present depreciated prices; and Dr Buckland, we are given to understand, has considerably altered his estimate of the stupidity of the practical farmers. Indeed, in the face of such testimony as we adduced, it

would have been singular had we found any man bold enough to persist in so palpable a delusion. High farming is no novelty in this country. Every method of economy, and every suggestion of science, have been tried over and over again, by our first-class tenant farmers, and with excellent results, as is manifest from the high state of agriculture, and augmented yield of the land, in our most fertile and favoured counties. It is also highly probable that, by an extensive outlay of capital, the produce of inferior soils may be made considerably larger, and that land, which at present is returned as uncultivated, might be brought under regular tillage. But the question still remains, whether such operations can be undertaken at a profit, whilst an unrestrained importation from abroad is forcing down the prices of every kind of produce; and to that question, we apprehend, the details of our correspondents furnish a conclusive answer. Even high farming cannot be conducted at a profit with present prices, and under present burdens. It is, therefore, altogether preposterous to suppose, that new land will be reclaimed, or inferior soils unnaturally stimulated to production.

When we calmly reflect upon the matter, it does seem absolutely incredible that such a theory should have found supporters among men of intelligence and judgment. To suppose that nothing beyond what was called the "superfluity" of foreign crops would be imported to Britain, under the proclaimed operation of free trade, was tantamount to an assertion that no other nation in the world, besides our own, understood even the rudiments of commercial traffic and exchange. So long as protective duties were maintained, the Continental landowner could not reckon, with anything like certainty, on a demand. Seasons might occur, and constantly were occurring, in which the cereal yield of Britain was sufficient for the support of its inhabitants; and at such times, even the superfluity of the Continental crops had no chance of finding its way into the British market. During five successive years, from 1832 to 1836, we did not import altogether more than *half a million* of quarters —

wheat; and the arrivals during one week in the beginning of December last, in the London market alone, were nearly equal to our whole annual imports in 1835 and 1836 respectively. But, the instant that it was announced to the world that protection was in future to be withdrawn, the foreign landowner saw the enormous prospective advantage which was open to him. There was no fear now of the want of consumers; for, whether the season were good or bad, he knew that he possessed, through climatic superiority, the power of offering, in the British market, an article of better quality than could be raised from the fields of Britain. And thus, having been assured of demand, which is the sole stimulus of supply, he put under cultivation a greater breadth of land than formerly, and commenced that system of agricultural improvement, which has been carried further here than in any other country of the world. It is pitiable to find statesmen, in whose sagacity we were accustomed to believe, expressing their astonishment at the influx of foreign grain which, during the last year, has arrived at almost every port of the kingdom. They cannot question the fact, for the returns stare them in the face; so they treat it as if it were a casualty—the product of some unexpected and overlooked hoard, which must necessarily be exhausted in the course of a single season! And, by way of fortifying themselves in this singular position, they refer us to Mr Tooke, and divers other political prophets, who assured us, years ago, that under no circumstances was an exorbitant importation possible. Therefore, in spite of facts which have clearly and undeniably emerged, we are still to believe in Tooke: we presume also in M'Gregor, who promised us an additional increase to our wealth at the rate of a couple of millions per week! There is nothing at all extraordinary in the influx; on the contrary, it would have been marvellous had it not occurred. Great portions of central Europe, far larger than the culturable area of Great Britain, were waiting for tillage, and the owners waited only until a steady market for the produce could be obtained. They have had three years' intimation given them, and they have

not been idle in the meanwhile. The soil is richer than ours, the climate better, and the rent of land, on an average, not more than six or seven shillings per acre—being just about the amount of higher price which a quarter of fine foreign wheat will fetch, at Mark Lane, above that of a quarter of British. This average of rent is, we believe, higher than the reality; for in parts of Poland, as we stated in last article, rents are unknown, there being no division of profit betwixt landlord and farmer. Labourers' wages are not more, on the average, than sixpence per day; and local taxation, where it exists at all, is extremely light. In short, with a clear market before them, they have had every possible stimulus to enterprise which can be given to mankind; and they have been exceedingly alert in availing themselves of the opportunity. It is great folly to suppose that, because the peasantry abroad are kept barely on the limits of civilisation, all other classes are equally backward in shrewdness, intelligence, and sagacity. Still more foolish is it to undervalue the agriculture of many of these countries. It is quite true, that in the accessories, the splendid farm-steadings of our richer counties, and the gardenlike cultivation of the fields, we have no rivals: but science belongs to no country—it is the property of the whole world; and what we have learned from experience has been freely communicated to the foreigner. It is a fact within our own knowledge, that of late years many young men, of superior general education, have been sent from different parts of the Continent, to study agriculture as practised in the Lothians and the south of Scotland. The knowledge which they have gained here, they have gone to put in exercise at home; and, with such enormous advantages in their favour, can it be wondered at if the pupils should undersell their masters? Did it never strike Mr Huxtable or Dr Buckland, that high farming can be practised elsewhere than in Great Britain? It may possibly be said, that capital is wanting for any such experiments elsewhere. To this we reply, that many of the Continental magnates are known to be the richest men in Europe; and that, wherever

profit can be shown as the inevitable result of any improvement, capital is never wanting. Besides, in countries where labour is so cheap, capital is not requisite in the same degree as with us. Nor will these countries be long without capital, if our present ruinous system is to be continued. It is passing from us to them daily, and we can measure its ebb by the extent of the depreciation of our markets at home.

We have still a word or two to say about the prospect of future prices. Our refutation of Mr Gladstone's ill-considered and inaccurate speech at Fettercairn was so complete, that not one of our numerous critics has even ventured a reply. His theory was, that the enormous importations of last year were caused solely by the poor harvest of 1848, and that they had little or no effect upon prices. And he further seemed to indicate that the importations must fall off in future, pointing triumphantly to the fact, that the import of wheat for October 1849 was considerably less than that of the corresponding month of the previous year. When our last Number was sent to press, the official returns for the month of November had not been issued. Being very desirous, if possible, to ascertain what quantity had been imported for that month, we instituted a private inquiry, and stated the ascertained result at 513,615 quarters of all kinds of grain. We were wrong. The official returns show that the quantities imported into the United Kingdom, in the month ending December 5, 1849, amounted to no less than 808,886 quarters of grain, and 200,930 cwt. of flour and meal! So far, past experience holds out to us no shadow of a hope that the importations can be at all affected by the result of a home harvest, however plentiful that may be.

With respect to these importations, we have been asked by several friends, whether they have displaced a corresponding amount of home-grown wheat in the market. The question is a very important one, and we have directed our attention specially to that point, using every means within our power to procure the necessary information.

It is an undoubted fact that the harvest of 1848 was a poor one, both

in this country and abroad. Under the operation of the sliding scale, corn would have been admitted at a very low rate of duty, and the quantity imported would, beyond question, have been considerable. Judging from former years of scarcity, we may assume that a million and a half quarters of wheat would have been brought in to supplement the deficient crop. This, however, is far short of the importations of 1849, which, for the first nine months only, gave us very nearly five millions of wheat alone. Independent of what may be in the granaries—a thing difficult to ascertain—we must look to increased consumption for the disposal of a great deal of this importation. But still, even allowing for this, the importations have been so great, that an unusually large proportion of the yield of last season is still in the straw. We find that, in the south of Scotland at least, the farmers who could afford to do so have held back from forcing their grain on the market in consequence of the low price, and the millers have been equally unwilling to increase their stock on hand. We apprehend that the same rule prevails in England, otherwise it would be difficult to account for the fact that, in the earlier part of December, from three to four fifths of the wheat offered in the London market was of foreign growth. If our information, therefore, is correct, it will follow that there had been a large displacement—a circumstance very ominous indeed, when we attempt to calculate the probability of future prices.

The harvest of 1849 was a good one, perhaps above the average. It certainly was not so good as Mr Gladstone represented it to be, when he talked of some sixty-eight bushels as the product of a single acre of land of ordinary description—an assertion which, if intended to be generally applied, was as preposterous as if he had told us that each ear was larger than a head of Indian corn: still, following on a bad year, it may fairly be characterised as bountiful. At the same time it was rather a late crop not being gathered, in Scotland at least, until September; and, as we have already said, little of it has as yet been brought into market. The unusual severity of the winter having

blockaded the Baltic ports, we shall not be in the least surprised if, for a month or two, the prices of grain should rise. This will probably depend upon the amount of foreign wheat in this country as yet unconsumed; and, though speculation on such a point is hazardous, we are of opinion that prices, for a short time, will rather advance than recede. If such a rise should take place, we are fully prepared to hear, both in Parliament and beyond it, an *Io Pæan* on the improving prospects of agriculture; and we can safely say that, were such prospects to be actually realised and made permanent, we should submit with perfect fortitude and resignation to be branded, in all time coming, as the utterers of as many false prophecies as have already issued from the lips of that unlucky vaticinator, Mr Cobden. But, as we have striven all along to found our calculations upon accurate ascertained data, we cannot discover any grounds for believing that such a rise, supposing it to take place, can be otherwise than merely temporary. Our reasons are as follows:—

The fluctuation of the last two seasons was not peculiar to Britain, but extended to the continent of Europe. We do not mean to aver that the fluctuation was the same in England, Denmark, Germany, Russia, and Poland. No doubt it was experienced in different countries in widely different degrees. But, if a valuation of cereal produce had been taken all over Europe, in 1848 and 1849 respectively, and if an average had been struck, we have good grounds for believing that the yield of the former year would have been pronounced indifferent, and certainly greatly inferior to that of the latter. Now this at least we know, that from the foreign harvests of 1848 we have received many millions of quarters of grain, whereby the price of wheat has been reduced below 40s. per quarter. The fall commenced long before harvest time, and therefore no calculations as to the amount of the crop of 1849 could have contributed towards it. The bulk of our last harvest has not yet come into the market; and that bulk, unless Mr Gladstone has committed the most egregious exaggeration, is sufficient of itself to supply our whole population

for a twelvemonth. If we got even eight or nine millions of quarters from abroad in a bad or indifferent year, what may we expect in a good one? Is it likely that the supplies will be lessened? It would puzzle the whole race of political economists to suggest a reason why. We anticipate that, so soon as the navigation shall be opened, the produce of 1849 will be poured into this country; that our farmers will then be compelled to bring forward their crop at any sacrifice, and that the result will be lower prices than we have seen for upwards of a century. Two thunder-clouds meeting together must necessarily dissolve in rain. Two harvests of such magnitude, competing in a limited market, must necessarily bring down prices.

The more thoroughgoing section of the Free-traders, who hold that cheapness is all in all, will doubtless rejoice in such a result. We cannot quarrel with them for doing so. They are, we believe, honest men in their opinions, though we hold these opinions to be not only erroneous, but suicidal; still, in regard to their honesty, they are fairly entitled to respect. But the bulk of the free-trading party—among whom we are compelled to include the names of many men whom we once respected, and whom, even yet, we cannot regard but with feelings of latent kindness—dare not chime in with their more unscrupulous and determined auxiliaries, because they are painfully conscious, that, in supporting the tortuous policy of one deceitful and over-rated man, they have played a false game for themselves and for their country, and they have not the manhood to acknowledge it. Therefore we may expect to hear—as we have heard—false reasoning, unfair deductions, and perverted argument, from many who, were they taking their proper place, and speaking their proper sentiments, would be foremost, *as they were before 1846*, in opposition to doctrines which, carried into effect, are sapping the prosperity of Britain—not only in point of wealth, but fundamentally as regards the constitution.

We entered, as fully as our information would enable us to do, into the perplexed question of foreign

prices, in our former article. Upon this subject we can only hope to arrive at an approximation to the truth; but any facts tending to throw light on past prices must be considered as valuable in calculating the chances for the future. We observe that one writer in an Edinburgh journal, who designates himself a corn-merchant, demurs to a statement which we had from the first authority, that an eminent dealer in Leith had, "in former years, purchased fine wheat, free on board, at Dantzic, for 18s." The writer confines himself to a simple denial—which we interpret to mean, that no similar instance has come within his knowledge, and that he does not believe the statement. In a late number of *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, we find a letter addressed by Mr E. J. Jackson to the Duke of Richmond, dated Malines, 5th January 1850, in which the following passage occurs,—“During the summer of 1822, I resided for some time in Mecklenburg and Pomerania, and can testify positively that grain of all kinds, and more especially wheat, was then quite a drug. *I recollect that I was offered the very best wheat at 18s. per quarter*, with the bonus of having the same quantity consigned for sale as I would consent to purchase. There was no foreign market open to send it to, and no home consumption of any extent. The grower was in despair, but, instead of consuming his wheat himself, he only economised his food the more, and rarely tasted anything better than black rye bread and potatoes.” Mr Jackson adds, that the late harvest was equally abundant with that to which he refers. In 1835, a year when we did not import 27,000 quarters of wheat, the following prices were quoted at different foreign ports:—

	Lowest Price.	Highest Price.
Dantzic, . . .	20s. 1d.	24s. 11d.
Hamburg, . .	20s. 9d.	22s. 3d.
Amsterdam, .	21s. 10d.	26s. 0d.
Rotterdam, .	26s. 0d.	31s. 6d.
Mamel, . . .	19s. 4d.	26s. 0d.
Odessa, . . .	16s. 2d.	23s. 0d.

It will be admitted that these quotations go far to show the natural price of grain on the Continent in such a year as 1835, and they exhibit the kind of competition which

we must be prepared to meet. Let us take the case of Dantzic. The highest price, as we have just stated, was 24s. 11d. per quarter of wheat. The freight, as reported to Parliament, is 3s. 6d. per quarter: we believe it has fallen to 1s. 6d., but we shall adhere to the higher figure. Add the shilling duty, and we have that wheat delivered at London for 29s. 5d. Had we struck the average selecting the highest, the result would be between the two prices, instead of have been 27s. This is not all—for Dantzic wheat, as we have already said, is better than our own, in respect of quality, by 6s. per quarter on the average.

From every part of Europe we are threatened with fresh competition. No notice hitherto has been taken of the large and fertile agricultural provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, which annually export a large amount of grain, and which at this moment, as we learn from the most authentic sources, are preparing for the English market. We have before us the last circular from Galatz, issued by Messrs Agassiz, Millezi, & Co., dated 31st December last, and from it we find that the total quantity of grain exported last year, from the two ports of Galatz and Ibraila, was 1,005,240 quarters; whereas, in 1837, they sent out no more than 229,984. Let us see what account these gentlemen give of their market:—“It is now a fortnight since the navigation of the Danube might fairly be looked on as closed, though an occasional thaw has prevented the river from being entirely frozen over. We take this opportunity to subjoin a table of the exports in the principal articles of produce of Moldavia and Wallachia, by the ports of Galatz and Ibraila, which will clearly show that, in spite of the partial failure of crops and political disturbances, the produce of bread stuffs has been steadily increasing. We may add that the quality of the same has greatly improved; and we trust that the satisfaction which the growers must derive from the success, so far, of their exertions in that respect, will encourage them to introduce still farther improvements into the cultivation, as well as in the threshing, cleaning, &c. of their crops.

The results obtained in that respect this year in Upper Moldavia have surpassed all expectations; and the Romano wheat will, we hope, in future, maintain the high standing it must have acquired this year in the leading consuming markets."

The following are given as the present prices of wheat: At Galatz—1st quality, 26s. to 26s. 9d.; 2d, 22s. 6d. to 24s. 2d.; 3d and inferior, 18s. 8d. to 21s. per imperial quarter, free on board. The stock in hand at the time the circular was issued was small. At Ibraila the stock was larger, and the prices quoted were, for the better qualities of wheat, 19s. 9d. to 21s., and inferior, 18s. to 18s. 9d. The circular further informs us that "it is calculated that there are between Galatz, Ibraila, and the other usual winter-quarters in the Danube, about 200 disposable vessels, in consequence of which it is not expected that freights will be dear for the opening of the navigation in the spring; on the contrary, there will be more vessels than stuff to load them. The ordinary freight, some years ago, from Odessa (which is about the same distance as Galatz) to London was 10s. per quarter. We believe it is now reduced; but taking it at the old rate, the best wheat of Ibraila may be delivered, with the duty paid, in London at 32s. It may be said that the available supply in hand is but small. That is true: but we do not legislate simply for a single year. If we regard the enormous increment of the exports from these places, we cannot deny the fact that this is a new and a formidable source of competition.

If further corroboration of this point is necessary, we beg to draw the attention of our readers to the statements of Professor Low, the present distinguished occupant of the Chair of Agriculture in the University of Edinburgh. In his valuable pamphlet entitled *Appeal to the Common Sense of the Country*, we find the following passage in reference to the corn-growing districts which are traversed by the Vistula:—"What they require, to call forth increased supplies, is an enlargement of their market. This we are about to give them; and we may accordingly expect that the prices

of wheat at Dantzic, and the other Baltic ports, will be reduced. It is impossible as yet to say to what extent this diminution of price may take place; but it is the opinion of corn-merchants that it may fall to 20s. the quarter, or less; and, even now, we know that it can be shipped at Dantzic at prices at which it is not possible for the farmers of this country to raise wheat in ordinary seasons, much less in years of plenty. The corn-trade, too, of this part of Poland, has already begun to change its character. The corn is no longer shipped to orders sent from this country, but is very generally brought direct by the foreign merchants in their own vessels, and on their own account. They send it to us when it suits their interests to do so, and not when we require it to be sent. The quantity now arriving in this way is enormous, and filling our warehouses at every shipping port. Prussian vessels in increasing numbers are continually arriving during all the months of summer and autumn. They bring corn, and take in return ballast; or, what is better for them, coals for the use of their rising manufactures. They do not take anything else at the shipping ports in whose harbours they are sometimes detained—not even a biscuit or a pound of animal food for the use of their crews."

The *Economist*, who accuses us, in its leading article of 19th January, of having stated that, in 1845, a million quarters of foreign grain were imported to this country, when the general averages of wheat were from 46s. to 47s. a quarter, and the duty in consequence 20s., will find our answer in the Appendix. We regret most sincerely, for the credit of British journalism, that we are compelled to demand a distinct explanation with regard to averments imputed to us, but which nowhere appeared in our columns.

Such are the agricultural prospects of continental Europe: let us now look to America, and see if the case be different there. Mr Mackay, in his travels in the United States in 1846-7, gives us the following picture:—

"Nothing can better serve to convey to the reader's mind an adequate idea of the exuberance of the Mississippi valley,

than the ease with which, the little expense at which, and the abundance in which wheat can be produced in its upper and grain-growing section. Throughout its entire length and breadth, Indian corn seems to be almost a spontaneous production—the difficulty seemingly being, not to produce it, but to prevent it from growing in too great abundance. The farmer in the valley is remunerated if he gets ten cents, or about 6d. sterling a bushel for it on his farm. For want of a greater domestic and foreign demand, a great portion of the enormous quantity annually raised off it rots upon the ground. Wheat, of course, requires more attention to be bestowed upon it, and more outlay to produce it. But it is astonishing how little labour and cost it requires to draw exuberant crops from the rich prairie lands. The following estimate of the cost of raising wheat, for the first time, from prairie land, I procured from a gentleman in Washington, himself a practical farmer in the West, and, at the time, a member of Congress for a western constituency :—

	Dollars.
For ploughing an acre of sod, . . .	2 0
Seed, . . .	1 0
Sowing seed, . . .	1 0
Harvesting, . . .	1 25
Threshing, . . .	1 75
Total expense, . . .	7 0

Here, then, we have seven dollars, or about 29s. 3d., covering the whole expense of producing an acre of wheat in portions of the valley; and this is the cost at which the prairie can be cultivated for the first time. In subsequent years it is diminished; as, after the sod is once turned up, the land can be ploughed for one dollar per acre. This reduces the aggregate cost to 25s. per acre. But it may be supposed that, as the husbandry is rude, the yield will not be very abundant. The average yield of good prairie land, when properly tilled, is about thirty-five bushels per acre; but as it is generally farmed, it yields an average of thirty bushels. This gives the cost of production at very nearly 1s. the first year, and at 10d. in subsequent years. The American is somewhat smaller than the English bushel; but, making ample allowance for this difference, 10s. sterling may be assumed as the cost of producing a quarter of wheat in most portions of the Mississippi valley, where the land is prairie land. Of course, when it is forest land, the cost of clearing will enhance that of production. It therefore follows, that all the farmer can get over 10s. sterling per quarter for his wheat on his farm is clear profit to him."

These are facts, whereof one pound, according to our vernacular proverb, is worth a ton of arguments; and, as such, we leave them to the digestion of all who are concerned. No one can venture to dispute them; and yet, within the last two months, we have heard men asserting that prices at home have no connexion whatever with prices abroad! If so, what was the object of repealing the corn duties?

Those men who strive, from whatever motive, be it personal or political, to maintain a rank delusion upon so vital a point as this, are the direct enemies of their country. It may be for the interests of Great Britain that agriculture should be abandoned, and the greater part of the home market annihilated. That is matter of opinion, and every man is free to entertain it; but to argue in the teeth of such facts as we have stated, here and elsewhere, that the present depression is nothing more than a mere temporary one, and that prices will rise again under the operation of the present law, is little short of a fraud upon the farmer, since it has the tendency to make him blind to the real danger of his position.

We do not, however, anticipate that we shall hear much more of this kind of argument. Sir Robert Peel, in his notable letter to his Drayton tenantry, has stated his opinion in tolerably intelligible terms :—"There can, I think, be no question that the effect of the recent changes of the law in respect to the free import of the main articles of subsistence, will be to maintain a range of low prices in average seasons, and to prevent very high prices in seasons of dearth. In other words, their effect will be to insure, as far as legislation can insure it, cheapness and abundance of food as the ordinary rule, to diminish the risk of scarcity, and to mitigate the suffering from it, should it unfortunately occur." The latter sentence seems to us tautological, with the additional disadvantage of obscurity; but the former is plain enough. We only regret that Sir Robert did not feel himself entitled at this time "to consider in what degree the free import of provisions affects the relation in which" he and his tenantry

stood to each other. The result of his deliberations on that topic would undoubtedly have been most valuable.

Sir Robert Peel is no especial favourite of ours, for reasons which we need hardly recapitulate. Notwithstanding, we are bound to give him full credit for his candour in opposing a delusion, which more than one of his immediate followers have taken the utmost pains to propagate. Sir Robert looks forward to nothing but low prices under the operation of the present system. We entirely agree with him, and we hope that the farmers will not fail to give all due weight to this testimony. The question, therefore, narrows itself to this—can agriculture be carried on profitably in Great Britain? All the practical men deny the possibility of it, at least under the burden of the present rents, and the present load of taxation. The statistics given in our last Number show what is the situation of the leading Scottish farmers; and the position and prospects of farmers of the secondary class, with poorer soils to cultivate, and less capital to support them, is far more pitiable. Mr Cobden has taken a solemn oath, that not one farthing of the taxation now exigible from the land shall be shifted to the shoulders of the community; Lord Kinnaird thinks that, on the whole, a slight augmentation of rents, (at all events, their maintenance on the present level,) will act upon the farmer as a gentle stimulus towards further exertion; and, what is most curious of all, Sir Robert Peel, even while admitting depreciation, calmly proposes to mulct his tenantry at former rates, and delicately urges his claim for the payment of all bygone arrears!

Many a manifesto has Sir Robert Peel written, but this is by far the most idiosyncratic of all his literary performances. There is no mistaking the author. The phraseology, though peculiarly his own, is less recognisable than the substance. Let us try to analyse its contents. He commences, as we have already said, with a frank admission, that in future nothing but low prices can be expected. He next proceeds to assign a reason why he does not at once enter into a fair reckoning with his tenantry, take into

account the depreciation of price which he was the means of causing, by playing into the hands of the League, and grant a corresponding reduction of rent. The reason is a very odd one—let us hear it.

"I would at once act upon that persuasion, and proceed to consider in what degree the free import of provisions affects the relation in which we stand to each other, if I did not believe that other causes, less permanent in their operation, have had a material influence upon the present value of agricultural produce. I allude, in particular, to the general scarcity and high prices which recently prevailed for two or three successive years, not merely in this country, but throughout great part of Europe; to the extraordinary stimulus thus given to production, and the natural consequence of that stimulus—a temporary and undue depression of price.

"I propose, *therefore*, to defer for a time that general review of the relation in which we stand to each other, which, but for the circumstances to which I have referred. I would at once have undertaken."

It is no laughing matter for the poor fellows at Drayton; but they must pardon us if we acknowledge that the perusal of these sentences fairly upset our gravity. We had no idea that Sir Robert Peel was so deeply versed in the arcanæ of the art of rhetoric. "There are some kinds of oratory," says Archbishop Whately, "if they are to be so named, in which some different end from that of conviction or persuasion is proposed. One of these ends is (when the cause is such that it cannot be sufficiently supported even by specious fallacies) *to appear to say something, when there is in fact nothing to be said*; so as at least to avoid the ignominy of being silenced. To this end, the more confused and unintelligible the language the better; *provided it carry with it the appearance of profound wisdom*, and of being something to the purpose."

If we apply the test here given to the foregoing extract from Sir Robert Peel's epistle, we shall at once perceive its aptness. No human ingenuity can extricate a meaning from that apparently profound plea of special

circumstances in bar of an immediate lowering of his rents. We have read it over and over again; and our deliberate opinion is, that it neither conveys an idea, nor was intended to convey any. To use a common, and perhaps a vulgar expression, it is as pure a piece of humbug as ever emanated from a quill. The long and short of the whole matter is, that Sir Robert does not intend to give any deduction at all to his tenantry, at least until some future time, which may be the Greek Kalends or any other indefinite period. In the mean time, however, they may have the benefit of the following munificent concessions.

If the Drayton tenants shall pay up the whole of their Michaelmas rents, *as also all previous arrears*, Sir Robert undertakes to set apart 20 per cent of the last half-year's rent, and to apply it for the draining of the farm! "On this expenditure no return will be required from the tenant!" We feel almost inclined to remonstrate against such prodigality. What! no return, considering that the tenants have no leases beyond a year's endurance? This is surely too much indulgence. Again: "The same course shall be taken with regard to the half-year's rent which will be due at Lady-day next." One-fifth of a year's rent to be laid out on a landlord's improvement, provided the tenant pays up his arrears! But there is more still. "If upon any of your farms additional draining should be still requisite, I will execute the work upon the same terms as heretofore—the *tenant drawing the materials and paying four per cent upon the outlay*. As to other permanent improvements, requiring an expenditure which the tenant cannot conveniently meet, *but on which he may be willing to pay a reasonable rate of interest*, (such, for instance, as additional shedding for the feeding of cattle), I will consider favourably any proposals that may be made to me on that head."

Such are the salient points of the Drayton manifesto; and we should ill perform our public duty if we refrained from expressing our entire sympathy with that storm of disapprobation which it has elicited from almost every quarter. It is perhaps, without

any exception, the shabbiest document upon record. The writer of it, some seven years ago, at an advanced period of life, expressed his deliberate and matured opinion that, on an average of years, the lowest remunerative price to the farmer was 54s. per quarter of wheat. We pass over former views as of comparatively little consequence. Four years later, in the teeth of his former pledges, he alters the law in such a manner that prices at the close of 1849 are below 40s. a quarter, and he admits that low prices must henceforward be the rule. In the same breath he refuses to abate one jot of his pound. The tenant must pay up every farthing, irrespective of the depreciation which the landlord has occasioned; and if he does not pay up his arrears, the landlord will not drain land which, in another twelvemonth, he may let to a new tenant! History has its cycles. The Norman baron who practised dental surgery upon the Hebrew for the purpose of extorting his zecchins, was only more rude in his method of extraction than the late Premier of Great Britain. The baron, no doubt, was a savage fellow; but no chronicle accuses him of having tried the experiment on the jaws of his own vassals, or indeed on those of any Christian believer.

It would be unfair to the tenantry of Drayton Manor, if, in an article such as this, we omitted to insert their views of their landlord's liberality. We accordingly reprint the following letter, which appeared in the *Standard*, that able and unflinching advocate of the cause of British industry.

"Sir—I must entreat your indulgence while I request you to give insertion to the following letter. I am a plain working farmer—a tenant of Sir Robert Peel's. I see that Sir Robert's letter to us has been praised very highly by one of your contemporaries. I should like your readers to know the feelings with which it has been read by one, at least, of those to whom it was addressed.

"I am one of the late comers whom Sir Robert terms strangers, and whom he seems to take so little pleasure in assisting. Until 1841, I farmed in one of the counties where Cobden was meeting with the greatest success in his agitation. I fought with great zeal against doctrines, and, in common with r

others, looked on Sir R. Peel as the great hope of the agriculturists. So great was my enthusiasm for this farmer's friend, that, in order to accept a farm of his that was offered to me, I parted with my landlord, a good, straightforward country gentleman of the old school, but whom I looked upon with horror because he was a Whig. I have since learned to consider a Peel-Conservative landlord as the worst evil of the two. Well, after some negotiation, I took the farm. The terms were fair enough. To be sure I paid a full rent; the conditions were strict, and the clauses about game a little alarmed me; still I did not complain, and asked very few questions. The answers to them were rather ambiguous, but I thought nothing of that at the time; I interpreted them to mean what I wished them to mean. Soon after this, I heard that the corn laws, on the faith of which I had acted, were to be altered—that instead of 64s. we were only to have 56s. the quarter for wheat. No reduction of rent, however, was offered. As my landlord was the author of the alteration, I thought this rather queer, but I said nothing. I was told that Sir Robert Peel was making the best bargain for us. Next, provisions and cattle were let in free of duty. I remonstrated, but I was told that mine was not a breeding farm, that no fat stock would come in. I had only to use wood-ashes and guano, and my turnips would set foreign competition at defiance. I still might have left my farm with advantage, but good times followed. The first sod of the Trent Valley railway was turned up; my landlord made a magnificent speech on the abundant prosperity that was in store for us; and I went home full of sanguine hope for the future, and of confidence in him. But not many months passed before there was a rumour that the farmers were to be sacrificed to the Cobden agitation, and by the hands whom we had put forward to defend us. Well, in spite of our remonstrances and petitions, the corn laws were repealed, and I began to repent heartily of the bargain I had made. My neighbours, who had laughed at me for my enthusiasm in favour of Sir Robert, laughed still more at my disappointments. I remember about this time meeting my old landlord, and I had hardly courage to look him in the face, when he asked me what I thought now of the friend to agriculture! Still I did not look upon matters as so hopeless. I knew that we should have to bear a great deal of loss, but I did not think our landlord would suffer us to bear it alone. I had heard much of his 'want of candour,' but I took these for

expressions which applied merely to his public life, and were dropped in the heat of speaking. It is only lately that I have been undeceived. I struggled on with difficulty and loss to the present year, and then, when the distress that has been felt everywhere commenced, and when the landlords all over the country, even those who had opposed free trade the most vigorously, were reducing their rents, I, in common with many others, applied to our landlord for relief. His answer was the letter which has been printed. And what does it offer us in the way of relief? Sir Robert gives us plenty of good advice about competing with our own countrymen, but altogether avoids speaking of the foreigner, of whose competition we are really afraid. He will defer the 'consideration of our relative positions' till a more convenient season, and, mean time, the only sort of aid he promises is the application of one-fifth of our year's rent to the improvement of our farms. This is merely laughing at our misery. He knows that it will be at least two years before these improvements come into operation, and long before that time arrives distress will drive nine-tenths of us into the workhouse. New tenants will take our farms, and all that generous aid so boastfully offered will return into his own pocket. Why, sir, this is now the second year that I have paid rent out of capital, not out of income; and unless some protection is granted by Parliament, or some real relief is offered by my landlord, in another year I must be ruined. And of real relief this letter holds out—to us who know, alas! how to interpret Sir Robert's ambiguous expressions—no hope whatever. 'He will make no indiscriminate abatement of rent.' God knows, the abatement of income, caused by his measures, is indiscriminate enough. 'He will consider the circumstances under which each farm was entered upon'—that is to say, without incurring the odium of a general refusal to reduce, he will pick to pieces and reject each individual claim; and by exacting, now when wheat is at 36s., the terms which were stipulated when it was at 64s., he will, for the present, keep his rent-roll, though at the expense of ruining his tenants. I know that it is easy enough for him to say to us, 'You are not compelled to stay; if my terms do not suit you, you may quit my farm.' But, in these hard times, where am I to go? All that I have has been invested on this farm—I cannot draw it from the ground again. If free trade drives me from it, there is nothing left for me and my children but the workhouse. Assuredly, when I took the farm in 1841, shortly

after the election, on the faith of protection, I little thought I should live to see the 'farmer's friend' use the power to which we had raised him to ruin the farmers and enrich himself, or that in our distress he would insult us with so cruel a mockery of relief. Certainly I never expected to furnish, in my own person, so striking a commentary on the text, 'Put not your trust in princes.'

"I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

"A STAFFORDSHIRE AGRICULTURIST."

We observe among the criticisms lavished on our article one of rather an original nature. The writer, not questioning the accuracy of our facts, blames our farmers for attempting, under any circumstances, to grow wheat in Scotland, a country whose climate, he thinks, is decidedly unpropitious to the ripening of that plant. He opines that we should do well enough with barley and oats, and that we ought to turn the greater part of our attention to the rearing of cattle. This might be all very well if we had a remunerative market. But, unfortunately, Sir Robert Peel has had his hand at extinguishing this branch of agriculture also. Not only the right, but the left arm has been paralysed. Lowered wages, the consequence of cheap bread, have anything but increased the consumpt of animal food in this country; and even had the consumption been considerable, it would have been more than met by the import of foreign provisions, which is increasing every day, and proportionably bearing down our prices. It is somewhat remarkable, that in no instance has an attempt been made to meet our statements with regard to the enormous depreciation of stock caused by these unlimited foreign importations. Mr Huxtable, in his recent pamphlet denominated *Present Prices*, makes no reference whatever to the influx of cured meats. He simply looks to the number of *live animals* imported, and argues, fairly enough, that it is not possible to attribute the depreciation to that cause alone. That is precisely what we said in our last article. We think the importation of live-stock did little harm beyond the introduction of two virulent epidemics formerly unknown, which killed off a larger number of our own stock than

was replaced by the foreign animals. But if it be true, as our Dundee correspondent assured us, that the greater part of the provision trade has passed into the hands of the Americans and the Germans—that American beef is cheaper by £2 the tierce, and Hamburg beef by 10s. the cwt., than the Scottish article when cured—and that all our great contracts are given to the foreigner, and not the home producer, the cause of the depreciation becomes at once evident. No possible kind of farming can stand against this. On the one hand, you bring down, by foreign importation, the price of grain, which is the produce of the manure; on the other hand, by the same means, you beat down the value of the animal which gives the manure. In the question of cattle, Scotland is most deeply interested. The Highlands and Islands have in reality little else to depend upon; and if the population of these districts are to be permanently undersold by the foreigner, which the rapidly augmenting import of provisions must effect ere long, they will find that civilisation, under the rule of political economy, is a far greater curse than the patriarchal system of their ancestors, which was eradicated with so much difficulty. On this branch of the subject, we are indebted to an extensive proprietor in the Lochfene district of Argyleshire for information drawn up by his factor. We may mention, that the following statement has reference to the *best* breeding districts of the West of Scotland: with regard to the remoter parts the case is different, as we presently shall have occasion to show.

"The county of Argyle, like the other Highland counties, being almost wholly pastoral, the breeding of cattle and sheep is the principal source from which the tenants realise their rents; consequently the late fall in the value of live stock has to them proved very ruinous.

"The rent of grass lands in these counties is usually calculated at £3 for the *keep* of a cow and her calf for twelve months. The calf, when a year old, is the only profit derived from the cow for the year, and, on an average of the ten years preceding 1849, would have been worth at that age from £3 to £5, according to qua-

lity. The following remarks, however, having reference to stocks of full average quality, we shall take the *stirk* or *year-old* of the higher price above mentioned, which, as has been shown, has left the tenant £2 more than the grass rent paid by him. Out of this surplus, however, is to be deducted the expense of making winter provender for the cow and *stirk*, together with a certain diminution in the value of the cow from age, and also a proportion of the wages and maintenance of the herd and dairy-maid in charge of the fold. Yet, after making these deductions, there remained a profit to the breeder, supposing he brings his *year-old* to market. But in general he prefers keeping on his young stock on other pastures allotted for that purpose, until they are two years old, and frequently a year longer. At the first of these last-mentioned ages, they were, on an average of the years above referred to, worth from £7 to £8, and at three years old from £9 to £10; and at these prices, the cost of keep per annum being about 30s. per head, the tenant was enabled, though barely, to meet the demands of his landlord. At Whitsunday 1849, circumstances began to change, and the price of cattle has since been rapidly diminishing; and in November 1849, when the last principal markets for the year took place, the prices were at a figure lower than at any period, with few exceptions, since the peace in 1815. For example, good West Highland *draft* or *cast* cows, from seven to eight years old, and which, for the ten years already referred to, were worth £8, would not, in November last, have brought more than £6; and two and three year old stots and heifers sustained a greater diminution in value; whilst the inferior descriptions of cattle were scarce saleable at any price; and the *stirk* mentioned as formerly worth £5, and which left the tenant a profit of £2, subject to the deductions referred to, will not, at the present rate of markets, be worth more than £3, 15s., leaving to the tenant, for the year's keep of cow and *stirk*, a surplus over the rent of only 15s., which will not more than cover the deductions for haymaking, &c. &c., formerly mentioned, and leave

nothing to the tenant for interest of capital, or maintenance of his family.

"In sheep there has been an equal downfall in price. Black-faced wethers, three-year-olds, which, for the last ten years already quoted, would have fetched 26s., would not bring, at the Falkirk Tryst of October 1849, more than 20s.; and *draft* ewes were down in the same proportion. Thus on black cattle the diminution has been 25 per cent, and on black-faced sheep 30 per cent. It is true, that the wool-clip of 1849 brought generally 2s. above the price of the preceding year; and it is believed that the same price, at least, will be obtained for the present year's clip; but as four fleeces of tarred wool go in general to a stone, the small increase in the price of the article goes but a short way in compensation to the breeder for the diminished value of the carcase.

"In the agricultural districts of Scotland there is equal cause of complaint; so that, in reference to land in general, it seems difficult to conceive how such a state of matters can long exist, without ruin to the tenant in the first instance, and ultimately to the landlord."

This statement was accompanied by the following note from the gentleman to whom we have referred:—"I inclose you a few notes of the state of markets at the close of 1849. Having been confined to bed for the last two days, I was unable to be with Mr — when drawing them up, or I would have got him to draw up a statement of the sales from each of the principal stocks in this part of the county for several years. He has not done so, fearing that, as he had not time to communicate with the owners, it might give offence. You will observe, that these remarks of his apply to the best markets of the season. Even the Falkirk prices were very considerably better than those which could be obtained at any of the later markets.

"You will observe that Mr — speaks of the inferior descriptions of cattle as being scarce saleable. It was so to such an extent, that another such season will reduce a great proportion of the small tenants to the

condition of common labourers. Many of them, being unable to keep their cattle during the winter, were obliged to sell at prices that enabled the shopkeepers in the villages to eat good beef at from 2d. to 2½d. per lb.; but it was only the best conditioned that could be sold at any price."

If the Free-traders see any ground for exultation in cheapness so produced, which is just equivalent to the reduction consequent on the sale of a bankrupt stock, we ask them to reflect how long the means of furnishing such a supply can endure, and what will be the situation of the shopkeepers when the greater number of their customers are entirely ruined? We shall now pass to the other districts of Argyleshire, where the depreciation was earlier felt, and very considerably greater than in Lochfane. Our informant is a well-known proprietor in the Appin district, Mr Cheyne of Kilcheran, Lismore, who has kindly given us permission to use his name. He writes as follows:—

"According to request, I shall give you my opinion as to the prices of West Highland cattle. As I mentioned already, I am diffident of trusting to my own views, hastily elicited on the matter; and would have preferred to have made the communication desired after consulting others.

"I am of opinion that the value of cattle in the West Highlands has been regularly drooping since the spring of 1848, and that, at the markets in the autumn of that year, prices were ten, fifteen, and twenty per cent lower than at the same markets in 1847; the principal depression being on the inferior descriptions of stock. Again, during 1849, prices continued to fall, the lowest being exhibited at the markets in October and November, when a *further* reduction of at least ten, fifteen, and twenty per cent, according to quality, was established, compared with the same period in 1848; making a difference of no less than twenty, thirty, and forty per cent, in about eighteen months.

"I may observe, that this loss has not been entirely sustained by the farmers; but, as may be supposed, a large proportion of it fell upon the cattle-dealers, or drovers, as they are

termed, who are in the habit of going through the country and islands, picking up the young cattle from the farmers in small lots to form their droves; and, in particular, the loss fell very heavily on this active and intelligent class of men during the latter months of the past autumn. They must have been taken aback in their calculations at that period, by the unlooked-for appearance of a number of heavy English young cattle in the market, particularly at Hallow-fair, (the great annual cattle market at Edinburgh,) along with increased numbers of Irish. This influx, beyond question, arose from the steady importation of foreign beasts into England, and the interference of foreign supplies with the provision trade in Ireland and elsewhere.

"The effect of the rapid change in prices will, no doubt, be severely felt by the small farmers on the mainland, and even more by the same class in the islands, who rear the inferior kinds of cattle, which latterly have been almost unsaleable at a reduction of forty or fifty per cent. But of course the pressure is heavily felt by what may be termed the first-class farmers in those districts.

"In fact, this is demonstrated by the tide of emigration setting in among the respectable class of farmers, who can take some capital with them. Free-trade prices and poor-rates will soon, in the Highlands and Islands, as in Ireland, compel the most substantial and industrious of the farmers to fly to other lands, if they would avoid the final evaporation of their substance, and their ultimate degradation to the pauper list. The yeomen of merry England are hovering over the same gulf, and must soon take the leap, if present measures are persevered in, unless they rise in their might to demand relief from the monstrous tyranny which coolly consigns them—the small farmers—to 'annihilation.'

"But I am forgetting that I ought to confine myself to the matter in point—the price of the beast. Now, whether the country will ultimately be a gainer by prices disproportioned to the taxation, and the state of other things, remains to be proved. Seeing that the price at which a six-quarter-old beast can be sold, will not pay for the trouble and expense of rearing it,

I have advised my own tenants to abandon their prejudice, or their partiality, as you may please to term it, for the pure West Highlander, and to adopt the Ayrshire, or a cross from it, according to circumstances; and to kill their produce, as calves, at whatever price they may get for them, and turn their attention to make the most of the dairy produce. How far this may be widely adopted I do not know, for increasing foreign importation is also to be encountered in that description of produce; but that, in one way or other, the production of cattle, both in Scotland and Ireland, will be seriously checked, cannot be doubted; and how far this will be consistent with cheap beef, remains to be seen." Since Mr Cheyne favoured us with the above information, we have received through that gentleman the following letter, addressed to him by Mr John M'Millan, tenant at Airds in the Appin district, who, from constant residence, can speak minutely as to the state of the country, and who has authorised the use of his name.

"The first legislative enactment which we felt to prove prejudicial to the interest of the rearers of West Highland cattle was Sir Robert Peel's tariff. It is true that the price of live-stock recovered the depression immediately consequent on the introduction of that measure; which we attributed to the want of animals in the possession of foreigners to enable them to take instant advantage of this boon unexpectedly conferred upon them. But from whatever cause this improvement took place, we were not allowed to enjoy it long, for other measures have affected the price of Highland cattle, to the extent of leaving a stock of that breed at this moment only worth half the money it would have realised in 1846. The depression on the value of that part of our Highland produce has been making rapid progress since 1847, and I am sorry to say that the last year did not only keep pace with its predecessors, but outran them; so that I fear much we have not arrived at the worst. If this be the case, and if those who brought us to this position continue to deny the necessary relief, the consequences will be alarmingly serious, not only to

those whose all is invested in this kind of live-stock, but to the country at large. For it is an undoubted fact that one half of the peasantry of the Highlands owe their existence to the remunerative labour they get from farmers; and if the latter class are forced to emigrate, whilst they have a little money to enable them to begin the world anew in one of the colonies, what is to become of their present dependants? This is a problem, the solving of which will cost the nation more than is calculated on just now.

"The gloomy aspect of matters at home has already caused some of our Highland farmers, in different parts of the country, to bid adieu to their native land; and that, too, in most instances, with very great reluctance. Several families left this same parish, some of whom had to solicit the favour of being relieved from the obligations to which their leases bound them; declaring that, from being dependent on the produce of their cattle and stackyards, to meet their rent and the taxes they were recently subjected to, they dreaded that, by remaining longer, they would not have wherewithal to bring them comfortably across the brook. A number of these took money with them, and have now bought lands in Canada; but they are not by any means over-satisfied with their lot, and consequently they do not entertain much respect for those measures which forced them to seek an asylum in which they cannot enjoy the same comforts they had at home. No one need expect that they will actively oppose any move made in that country to substitute the laws of another nation for ours.

"I may remark that, from the terms in which those who emigrated from this district speak of the soil of that part of Canada in which they are located, in any communications I have seen from them to their friends at home, I am led to conclude that the land here is fully more suitable for agricultural purposes than that to which they have migrated. If this be the case, I by no means consider, nor am I willing to believe, that the rulers of our great nation are adopting a wise course, by the efforts

which they are making (though probably unintentionally) to put an extinguisher upon the healthy and steady progress that agricultural improvements were making over the country at large."

This letter affords matter of meditation of the gravest kind. We entreat—and we hope we shall not be deemed presumptuous in so entreating—the attention of the Duke of Buccleuch and other Scottish noblemen, whose hearts have ever beat warmly for their country, but who have not hitherto deemed it their duty to pronounce openly against the course of our late legislation, to the statements contained in the above document. We would ask them to consider whether it is—whether it can be—a wholesome system for the community, which is driving the farmers, so long as they have any capital left, from the Highlands, and adding the only class which has been of real utility to these extensive districts, to the shoal of pauper emigration? We wish to speak most respectfully of the sheep-farmers of Sutherland and other large tracts of country, but we cannot forget that, in many of these parts, the sheep has supplanted the man.

That the rents must finally be reduced, if the present system continues, is clear enough. If a sacrifice of 20 per cent on the whole rental of Great Britain and Ireland, amounting to £11,750,723 annually, could place the tenant in the same position as formerly, we would not hesitate to recommend it. But, unfortunately, no such reduction is adequate for the purpose. We learn that one of the richest proprietors in East Lothian, whose rents depend upon the price of grain, has last year suffered a diminution of a third of the whole rental. Even this very favourable arrangement for the farmer does not operate as a full relief. He has still to pay his income-tax and other burdens, irrespective altogether of profits, not in kind, but in hard money; for the legislature, while it depreciated produce, never thought of commutating burdens. So that, for all fiscal purposes, the farmer must now pay two bushels of wheat instead of one—he must not only fight the foreigner, but he must rear double crops in order to satisfy

the inexorable demands of taxation. We have been so desirous to keep the agricultural question as little complicated as possible, that we have hitherto purposely abstained from mention of the monetary laws, a topic which we propose to treat of in a future paper. But we would simply draw the attention of the agriculturist to this fact, that free trade, while it has diminished his profits, has enormously increased his burdens. The amount of direct and local taxation paid by the landed interest, is £14,320,013, which, with wheat at 56s., could be met by the production of about 5,114,290 qrs. With wheat at 40s., the required amount is 7,160,000 qrs. So that the soil must be stimulated, not only to produce an augmentation of crop, equal to the extent of the depreciation caused by the influx of foreign corn, but to meet the demands of the treasury on the part of the empire, exigible in the precious metals. It is clear that if this system is to prevail, there must be a general and sweeping reduction in all public salaries, from those of the Lord Chancellor and the Prime Minister downwards. We do not wish to contemplate the effects of such a change on society. We do not by any means believe that reduction would stop there. We think that the national fundholder is at this moment in a position of extreme peril. More than three-fourths of the whole direct and local taxation of the empire is paid by the landed interest and those dependent on it; and it is folly to suppose that, if that interest is beggared, the burdens will be longer paid, or that the public creditor will receive the same dividends as formerly. These are harsh and stern truths: but they must be spoken; and they ought to be considered most seriously, and without reference to party politics, by every man in these kingdoms. The agricultural interest, as we shall hereafter have occasion to show, is immeasurably the greatest in Britain. Its annual production of wealth has been estimated at two hundred and fifty millions, *being more than three times the amount of the whole capital invested in all our manufactures*, and it is at that amount of production that free trade has struck the deadliest

blow.* What is it we are doing at this moment? If, as we have already shown, the remunerative price of wheat on the Continent is something like 20s., and if it is delivered on board at Dantzic or elsewhere at 36s., is it not clear beyond all doubt that we are absolutely giving 16s. additional to the foreigner? And yet, unless we give him even more, the soil of Britain must go out of cultivation, and the whole capital hitherto sunk in that soil be as utterly lost as though it were heaved into the German ocean.

"What," asks Mr Jackson, "is the condition of the Continental grower now? He has had an equally abundant harvest, and there is a steady demand for his wheat, not at the price of 18s. per quarter, but at the price of 36s. per quarter, and upwards!

"Now let us turn to the British grower. I have no doubt that, in 1822 and 1835, where a farmer was obliged to sell, he lost money, but if he could hold there was hope—he knew that he was protected from the foreigner, and could calculate almost to a certainty that prices would come round, and also that the chances were against his future crops being sold at such ruinous rates. What are his present prospects? Why, the chances are, that every year things will get worse; and your Grace will agree with me in thinking that nothing but the occurrence of a general scarcity will repay the risk and loss of holding over wheat for another season; and without a general scarcity, which no one should desire to see, I hold it to be quite impossible that an English farmer can continue long to grow corn against all the world. But supposing the Free-traders to have their own way for a few years, rents, taxes, poor-rates, farmers' profits, and labourers' wages, will all have to be paid out of the grass of the field, for nothing else will be grown to a profit—unless, indeed, the other alternative is adopted, of wiping off half the national debt, reducing the army and navy, abandoning the colonies, and settling the salaries of Lord John Russell and the Archbishop of Canterbury at £840 a-year, which, as I stated in my letter of the 19th April last, is the salary of the prime-minister and cardinal archbishop in Belgium. Without some such sweeping measures, Sir Robert Peel may get his land drained and improved at his own or his tenants' expense, as the case

may be, but the pockets of both will be drained before the land can be scientifically and chemically made to produce wheat for profitable sale at 30s. to 35s. per quarter, for that is the price that another abundant year will in all probability bring it to."

That the rents must be reduced, we hold to be a matter of course. Neither Lord Kinnaird nor Sir Robert Peel can expect to have the benefit of cheapness, with precisely the same annual money in their pockets. If the farmer is taxed at the rate of two bushels for one, or even a great deal less, he cannot long continue to fulfil the terms of the bargain entered into under circumstances wholly different. We observe that the *Times* is using its great influence directly against the farmers, and virtually supporting that section of the landlords who blindly and obstinately refuse a claim which is based on justice. We perfectly understand the meaning of these tactics. Their object, which indeed is now almost the sole chance of the Free-traders, is to separate from each other the great sections of the agricultural classes: to make division between the landlord and tenant, and between the tenant and labourer. The landlord is told that the tenant has no claim for reduction at all: the tenant is told to hold his tongue, mind his business, and manage matters as cheaply as he can; if reduction cannot be obtained in one quarter, it must be forced in another; and the consequence is to be, what already has taken place in many parts of the country, a lowering of the wages of the labourer. Read the following extract from a leader of the *Times* of 18th January, and the nature of the scheme becomes palpable in a moment:—

"The demand for a remission of rent is a very natural consequence from this sort of agitation; for if men like the Marquis of Granby go about telling farmers they cannot possibly pay their way, they will of course think rent an impossible affair. Now, we have no wish to raise rents too high for the proper cultivation of the land, or the comfort of the tenant and his labourers. It is because we wish to see the tenant in an honourable and indepen-

* Vide SPACKMAN'S *Analysis of the Occupations of the People*.

dent position that we protest against this practice of begging for something back at the very first pinch of low prices. That something given back is very often taken from the permanent improvement of the land. If a landlord entitled to £1000 a-year from his tenantry gives back £100 out of it, he is all the less able to improve his farm buildings, his cottages, his drainage, or to do anything else usually expected from a generous landlord. It is the tenant's own fault if he has undertaken to pay a rent which throws him on his knees the moment he proves a little out in his reckoning. What do we think of a contractor who underbids honest tradesmen for a job, scamps it, embarrasses himself, and then sets up a claim to the indulgence of his employers? If a farmer cannot get a farm on reasonable terms, let him transfer his capital and himself to some other trade, or some other country. So also, if he finds his farm a losing affair, and cannot get a permanent reduction of rent. But if he promises too high a rent and then asks for something back, he is no longer a man of business; he is a beggar. Business is business, and alms are alms; but there is nothing more disgusting than to see a clear business transaction between man and man smuggled over with a nasty dab of extorted benevolence. Constancy is the very principle of rent. A man who pays only what his landlord cannot afford to remit is not a tenant; he is not even a bailiff; he is only an almsman under another name. By thrusting himself into a position which he cannot maintain, he lowers the standing, the dignity, and even the fair profits of his class, and encourages mean-spirited applicants to bid above their means, in the hope that, if the worst comes to the worst, they may sneak out of the scrape by getting something back from the landlord."

So then, "it is the tenant's own fault," that Sir Robert Peel—after having desired him to lay out his capital and continue his improvements, under the solemn assurance that so long as wheat was under 5s., he should not be exposed to foreign competition—suddenly changed his opinion, and threw open our ports to the unlimited produce of the world! This is certainly a new application of the doctrine of moral responsibility. Supposing that, on the faith of this distinct annunciation of principles, a tenant took a farm of 500 acres on lease for nineteen years, sinking in it a capital of £2500, (and in Scotland there are hundreds of men who are precisely in

this position,) is it his fault if the legislature, instigated by the same Sir Robert, passes measures which in a year or two bring down the value of his whole stock and produce to such a point that he can no longer meet his engagements? "Let him transfer his capital and himself to some other trade or some other country!" says the *Times*. Patriotic advice this truly! But, apart from its patriotism, how is it possible? The tenant may indeed go in person, *but he cannot get back his capital*. It is in the land, and on the land; and if the produce does not remunerate him, it is thoroughly and permanently lost. If the *Times*—forced to contest the leadership of the daily press with some untaxed and unstamped competitor, and beat down so much in point of profits, that, in spite of all its advertisements, it could barely defray the necessary expenses of Printing-house Square—were desired to transfer its capital and itself to the other side of the Atlantic, we apprehend that some little difficulty would be felt in the necessary process of realisation. Is a man to be styled an almsman or a beggar, because, struck down by a heinous act of the legislature, he asks a fair consideration from his landlord of the circumstances in which he has been placed by no fault of his own? Are the landlords meditating no such appeal in other quarters? Let us look to the letter of Lord Drumlanrig addressed to his Tinwald tenantry—a letter which we refer to solely on account of the singular views which it contains, regarding the injustice of making the landlord the ultimate sufferer, whilst the heritable creditor on the estate receives his interest in full as before. With regard to his tenantry, Lord Drumlanrig takes a most honourable and praise-worthy position. He expresses his conviction that "everything should be settled between landlord and tenant on the strictest principles of justice;" and, in conclusion, he assures them that "all the cases complained of in your petition shall immediately be investigated." Such conduct contrasts nobly with the line pursued by the millionaire of Tamworth towards his tenantry. But let us hear Lord Drumlanrig upon mortgages:—

"But now comes the great question—How are landlords and tenants—their interests and fate are inseparable—how are they to fare in the struggle? There can be no doubt that, after all, the whole question is one entirely of rent. If, after a fair trial, it be obvious that tenants cannot, with present or with future prices, compete with the foreigner, *then*, most assuredly, they will not be enabled either to pay the same amount of rent; and the proprietor whose income used to be £5000 or £500 a-year, may very possibly be obliged to content himself with, say £4000 or £400 a-year. I do not think this a desirable, nor do I think it a very likely state of things to come to pass, but I wish to be prepared for the worst; and supposing such a thing really to happen—and happen it must, unless some people are very bad prophets—then it seems that the most important question to be solved would be more especially in the case of entailed estates—who is the proprietor? It appears to me but fair and just—in fact the first law of nature—that a poor man should be allowed, in a free and in a Christian country, to buy his bread, and, if he can afford it, his meat, as cheaply as he can. I can conceive no argument, no claim strong enough to refute this principle. The consequences are—away with protection! But the farmer says, my produce is depreciated 25 per cent! I cannot bear the whole burden of such a change! Let free trade be the law of the land; *but if so*, let my rent be adjusted on equitable terms. Now, so far all seems just and reasonable, if it be really for the public good that proprietors and tenants should submit to some reduction of income. I see no hardship in this; only let such reductions be made throughout in an equitable spirit. A proprietor may be the nominal possessor only of his estate; it has come into his possession mortgaged one-third, or perhaps one-half of its real value. The proprietor of an estate of £5000 a-year may have had, even in the palmy days of protection, only £3000, or perhaps not so much, to spend himself. The capitalist, the manufacturer, may be the person who in reality possesses the largest share of this same property. In the days of corn laws and of high prices, the money made in trade was invested in such a security. Now free trade is made the law of the land, sacrifices are insisted upon; lower your rents, cries Mr Bright. If this be *necessary*, it *must* be done. The only question I would ask, and I would do so, as is sometimes allowable, by way of an answer,—Is this reduction, *asked* for ostensibly as a boon to the country at large, to be carried out on the broad

principles of justice, or is it only the petty spite of one class against another? Are the annuitants, are the mortgagees who possess a large share of every estate, to be included among those who are to lower their rents? or is the nominal proprietor to pay them in full, and, having done so, then to reduce the pittance which remains to him for income, and thus bear the whole burden of the altered state of the law! Mr Bright has never explained himself on this point. It appears to me that those landlords who are vainly deluding themselves, and attempting to delude others into the *idea* that protection will ever again be restored, would be more profitably employed, and would have surer ground to work upon, were they busy in preparing for the worst, and in *arranging whose duty it was to share the reduction of income, which we are told must be our fate!*"

Here is the first symptom of the approaching struggle between that section of the landlords who assented to free trade, and the capitalists, which every man, who has deeply studied the question, has foreseen as the inevitable consequence of the permanent repeal of the corn laws. Lord Drumlanrig is not a protectionist, and it is possible that he has not directed his attention rigidly to the subject. But he sees and acknowledges the injustice that the tenant, bound for a certain term of years to the landlord, should be made the sufferer by the violent change of values effected by the act of legislature. And he further sees, though not quite so clearly, if we may judge from the dubiety of his language, that the landlord stands in the same relation to the mortgagee as the tenant does to the landlord. His lordship errs in one point; for he has not taken into consideration the preliminary link in the chain of social connexion. If he will but consider that, he must become a protectionist to-morrow. The labourer has the same equitable demand on the tenant that the tenant has on the landlord. The soil is nothing without produce, and produce means nothing more than labour. "A cargo of cheap foreign produce," says the author of an able pamphlet entitled *A Glance at the Proposed Abolition of the Navigation Laws*, "is in reality a cargo of cheap foreign labour, if it can be produced or manufactured by the industry of

man in this country." But, putting that error aside, Lord Drumlanrig has arrived at a conclusion in which the law certainly will not support him, but which will stand a rigorous discussion in equity. It is for a section of the moneyed interest, as well as for the manufacturers, that these enormous sacrifices have been made, and that present labour is ground down to satisfy the demands of the holders of its former accumulation.

It is interesting to observe how correctly our present position has been foreshadowed years ago; and how precisely Lord Drumlanrig arrives at the same conclusions which forced themselves irresistibly on the minds of thinking men, so soon as our present scheme of commercial policy was adopted. Mr Doubleday, a gentleman whose political opinions are in some respects different from ours, wrote thus in 1847, immediately after the passing of the fatal measure:—

"In the recent repeal of the corn law will, however, be found the most imminent peril to existing institutions and the system under which we live. We cannot apply machinery to the tillage of land as to the making of cloth. It must be done by the labour of man; and upon the land must fall all the taxes, direct or indirect, of all connected with it. With this load upon it, vain it is to expect the soil of England to stand against the competition of richer soils, tilled by men who hardly know what a tax means. To stand against this, with wheat on the average of 4s. or 4s. 6d. the bushel, is impossible, whilst taxes remain as they are. In 1790, when these taxes were under twenty millions per annum, rents could be paid with wheat at this price; but with taxes and rates amounting to sixty millions per annum, this is not possible, except in a few cases of the finest lands near large towns. From this position of affairs must at length arise that open war between the Land and the Funds, which has been so often threatened, and which the corn laws alone postponed. These laws destroyed, the owners of the soil have only two ways left to avert almost total ruin. They must either repeal the taxes down to five-and-twenty millions at most; or they must alter the bill of 1819, and reduce the value of money to half its present value. But the grand difficulty will be to effect either of these measures without

a revolution. The minister who does either must have the great majority of the people of England to defend and support him. But this he cannot have, unless by admitting them within the pale of the suffrage, and that is itself equivalent to revolution."*

We recommend this passage to the serious consideration of Lord Drumlanrig, along with the following observations. We entirely dissent from his opinion, that the landlords "would be more profitably employed" in furthering the work of revolution, than in urging their distinct claim upon the state for that consideration which is due to them from the burdens which they bear. The violation of the rights of one class is no excuse for violating the rights of another. Had this view been resolutely taken at the commencement of the free-trade measures, and had all the interests which since have been separately assailed, stood together in one united phalanx, neither sophistry, nor fraud, nor force, could have had any power to harm us. But, unfortunately, the very men in whom we reposed the greatest faith were secretly leagued against us; and by dealing with each interest separately, the work of demolition became comparatively easy. First, the colonies were beggared; then the small craftsmen suffered by diminished tariffs; next, the great agricultural interest was sacrificed; and, last of all, the system which had secured our maritime supremacy was overthrown. What we now wish for, and are striving to obtain, is a reviewal of the whole of this legislation, which we believe to have proceeded upon principles as false as they are dangerous; and we think that, in attempting to obtain that object, we are doing our duty better to the constitution, than if we were hatching schemes to pull down the capitalist, and abetting the revolutionary leaders in their open crusade against taxation. We consider the public credit of this country as a thing which ought to be maintained by every possible means; we believe that it cannot be long maintained if the agricultural interest is to remain trodden down as at present;

* DOUBLEDAY'S *Financial History of England*. London: 1847.

but, notwithstanding that belief, we shall not be parties to any agitation for a change which would make further havoc of vested rights and of vested interests. Lord Drumlanrig, however, has done no harm in speaking his mind; for the capitalists, whose whole income depends upon the revenue of this country, directly drawn from its labour, may be sure that matters are approaching to a crisis, when a high-minded and intelligent nobleman of this rank states broadly his opinion, that all private claims and burdens on the land should fall at a rate commensurate with the diminished value of its produce.

Whilst, therefore, we admit that the rents must be reduced, if an unlimited importation of foreign produce is to be allowed permanently to beat down the price of our own, we strongly suspect that most of the sapient persons who call this a mere landlords' question, have taken no pains to consider the inevitable consequences of such reduction. Let us suppose, what indeed is simple fact, that the value of agricultural produce has fallen 25 per cent; and further, that the landlords have reduced their rents accordingly: what is to be done with the poor? Is it proposed that their claims are to be cut down in a similar proportion? Will diminished rentals give labour to those who can find no employment now,—or rather, will it not increase enormously the numbers and the cost of pauperism? "Wages," says a correspondent of the *Dumfriesshire Herald*, "must correspond with the price of produce. There is a labour market as well as a grain market, and a labour price as well as a grain price. The connexion of wages with the price of food is pretended to be denied; but we have one corroborative instance under the very nose of Mr Cobden. Thousands of able-bodied Irish are entering our island, turned from their work at home in consequence of the emigration of Irish tenants, under free trade, in thousands, and are outbidding our native labourers already. I had, last week, a request from a strong Irishman, who has a house and his family in this country, to give him any

work at 9d. a day; and had this day (Jan. 11) offers from stout Irishmen to drain and scour ditches to me for their meat. And is not the farmer forced to have recourse to their cheap services, however unwilling? Our country labourers are a quiet, honest, industrious, but a powerful and reasoning body; and many of them are even now (I speak from experience) shrugging their shoulders in complaint at the change of matters, and for themselves anticipating the future." We quote this passage, which is but one testimony out of a hundred available to us, to show that pauperism is on the increase in Great Britain; and we wish to know how this burden, even if stationary, is to be borne? Is the property and income tax still to be levied as before? These questions have been already well put by the writer of a most able pamphlet, "*The State of the Nation*,"* published in the course of last year, and we have never yet heard them answered. His conclusion is to the following effect:—

"If these things cannot be accomplished by the introduction of foreign produce, the burden of British taxation must every year increase in weight. There is no shrinking from this result. The rental of a country is the value of its annual produce. Reduce that, and you diminish the source whence all public and private revenues are derived, while you cannot abate one tittle of your taxation.

"The wisacres who exclaim, 'reduce the rents,' do not consider that rent is the sequence of profitable labour. The reduction of wages is the first step taken in consequence of the reduced value of production. The reduction of rents succeeds the reduction of wages, as cause and effect. The power of capitalists is sufficient for a time to prevent this result; but, nevertheless, the final termination of reduced wages is to diminish the rent-roll of a nation, while it pauperises the labouring classes. A more striking illustration of this principle cannot be given than in the present condition of Ireland. When the cultivators of Irish lands can double the Irishman's wages, they may anticipate prosperity amongst its inhabitants; but while they are maintained by millions at the cost of little more than one shilling per head per week, we should be glad to know on what basis their pros-

* *The State of the Nation*, or an Inquiry into the effect of Free-trade Principles upon British Industry and Taxation, &c. By AMELIAUS. HEARNE: London.

perity is to be founded. The whole secret lies in the *balance* between *income* and *expenditure*. Wages have fallen in Ireland to the lowest scale upon which life can subsist, and what are the terrible consequences? Landlords, tenants, and labourers are all sinking into one common gulf of misery and ruin; the landlord and the tax-gatherer contending each for the produce of the soil, while the tenant struggles in vain for the means of subsistence."

What is wholesale pauperism but a general want of labour? It needs no deep reflection to convince us of that: a child may see it at a glance. What is free trade doing if not displacing British labour? Every ship-load of foreign corn brought into this country beyond our actual wants, is equivalent to so much foreign labour brought in untaxed to supersede our own—every tierce of American beef sent in to undersell our own produce, has its effect in lowering wages. Even the most desperate Free-trader will hardly deny this. Well, then, what is to be done with the labour so displaced? Are all the idle hands to flock to the towns, and spin cotton for the benefit of the universe? Alas for our prospects in that quarter! The *Economist*, of 1st December last, closed a long, dreary, and doleful article upon Cobden's raw material with the following summary:—

"Let us now sum up the conclusions which our tables have solved.

"1. Our supply of cotton has naturally fallen off during the last few years, and will not increase except under the stimulus of much higher prices than have (till the few last months) obtained.

"2. That under such range of prices our consumption will not maintain its present apparent rate (or say 32,000 bales a-week) whatever be the increase or improvement of machinery.

"3. That, except under the stimulus of low prices, our existing markets cannot take off as much as our machinery can produce.

"4. That the practical deductions pointed to by these facts are two—*first*, a permanent tendency towards the production of finer fabrics; and *secondly*, a CHECK TO THE INCREASE OF MILLS AND MACHINERY—of our producing power, that is—till the increased supply of the raw material on the one hand, and an increased consumption of the manufactured product on the other, shall once more have restored the balance."

In plain English, this amounts to a confession that the cotton manufacturing trade is going down-hill with as rapid strides as possible. We have always anticipated the time when this result would arrive, and we are glad to be saved the trouble of proving it by the sage of Westbury. The article is worth wading through, for the singular light it throws on the gross inconsistency of the Free-traders. It now appears that the *production of negro slaves* in America cannot be stimulated to a higher rate of increase than 3 per cent per annum, and that such increment does not suffice to pick for our manufacturers sufficient cotton for their mills, considering the increased demand of the raw material for the manufactories of the United States and those of the Continent. Be it remarked that this was the principal trade, and almost the only one, for the sake of which the lamentable experiment was made. Wool and flax we can produce at home; but not cotton. That depended upon the maintenance of slavery in America, and the breeding of human beings liable to be bought and sold. Amazing are the different aspects of philanthropy, according to the interest of the philanthropists. The Quakers and Free-traders were the very first who clamoured for the abolition of slavery in our colonies. That was done, and righteously in principle, though wrongfully in detail. No sooner was it done than they shouted for the lowering of the sugar duties; carried that point; and then transferred their custom, without hesitation, to the foreign Slave States! They had adopted a new doctrine better suited to the convenience of their pockets. "No slavery!" was silenced by the maxim of "Buy in the cheapest market." The same rule was applicable at home. "Why protect the British labourer when you can get corn cheaper from the Polish or the Russian serf?" and Hodge is straightway dismissed to the workhouse. But now the shoe begins to pinch in a different quarter. For many years our cotton-mills have been fed with raw material, the product of slave labour. Our excellent philanthropists never thought it worth their while to make any remonstrance

against *that*, so long as the supply was plentiful. So they went on spinning and multiplying chimney-stalks, until Sambo's master began to think that it would be wise for him to spin Sambo's raw material himself. Instantly, upon that, the whole case is changed. Our readers cannot fail to recollect that, within the last six months, the Free-traders, one and all of them, represented our colonies as useless and expensive encumbrances, which we ought to get rid of as fast as possible, or at all events which we should not retain if they wanted to get rid of us. We are gratified *now* to learn from the *Economist* that, since these provoking slaves will not propagate fast enough, there is a fair chance of some of the despised colonies being taken under the protecting wing of Manchester.

"Our hopes," says the writer, "lie in a very different direction; (from India) we look to our West Indian, African, and Australian colonies, as the quarters from which, would Government afford every *possible* facility—(we ask and wish for no more)—we might, ere long, draw such a supply of cotton, as would, to say the least, make the fluctuations of the American crop, and the varying proportion of it which falls to our share, of far less consequence to our prosperity than they now are!"

This is a precious fellow! Six months ago he would have handed over our West Indian colonies to any one who would have taken them, and expressed himself thankful for the deliverance. *Now*, when his ordinary supplies of cotton begin to fail, he is ready to urge Government to look to their social condition!

The message of the American president, and the letter of Mr Meredith, have since fallen like a thunder-clap on the appalled ear of Manchester. The only market in which the cotton men hoped to gain a large increase of consumption, must henceforth dwindle. America, more wise than Britain, sees the plain advantage of protection.

And now, for the present month, we shall bring our remarks to a close. The subject is by no means exhausted.

So much sophistry and so much falsehood has been uttered and promulgated by the Free-traders, that it will require both time and labour to expose it; but we pledge ourselves that no effort of ours shall be wanting for that purpose. We place great reliance in the good sense of the nation; and we are firmly convinced that, however long may be the endurance of the intermediate struggle, the ultimate result must be a return to those principles under the guidance of which Britain attained her greatness, and without which she must necessarily forfeit her rank in the scale of the nations. In so far as the agricultural condition and prospects of Scotland are concerned, we look upon the case as nearly complete; and, were it our last word, we affirm that we have stated it, to the best of our belief, without exaggeration of any kind. What errors we may have committed may be set down freely to ignorance, presumption, or any other frailty of the human mind, except what can hardly be termed a frailty—a sincere desire to bring forward and elicit the truth. Better champions than we are, for the interests of our country, might unquestionably be found elsewhere; but, as no soldier, however mean may be his rank, is unimportant in the day of battle, we have held it our duty to state what we know to be the truth, and we abide by what we have stated. If any man supposes—as has been asserted—that we are acting as the organ or expositor of any distinct class in the community, he utterly misinterprets the principles to which we believe this Magazine owes the whole of its celebrity and its power. What we advocate now, as we have always advocated, are the true interests of the nation—of Great Britain as incorporated by the Act of Union—of Scotland as our especial field. If in anything we have used hard words, we plead the same apology as was made for Fletcher of Saltoun—"SED QUID VETAT FILIUM IN FUNERE MATRIS COMMOVERI, AUT CIVEM FORTEM IN EFFERENDAM FUNERE PATRIAM, DOLORE GRAVITER INURI?"

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CIVIL REVOLUTION IN THE CANADAS.

WE had intended changing the title of our papers on the Canadas, and throwing together for the Magazine the results of many years' experience, and many opportunities of observing the lights and shades of colonial life. Not that we had a new system of settlement to propound, or a new art of colonisation to illustrate. Our purpose was simply to have conducted the reader along the high road of colonial life, and to have pointed out to him, on the way, houses evidencing comfort, respectability, and plenty, farms proving wealth and independence, and barn-yards filled with stock and with grain, belonging to men, who, but a comparatively short time before, had been labouring in Europe without a hope beyond their daily bread, or a prospect beyond that of constantly toiling for others. We had purposed, too, telling the story of how these men rose; and pointing out, in the same great country, thousands upon thousands of openings for others to go and do likewise. Nor did we intend stopping here. There is a large class of men in Great Britain, who, feeling as men, and wishing to discharge the duties of men, cannot look very comfortably around them, and see those who owe their existence to them likely to be left worse off in the world than they were left themselves; yet who cannot, from the peculiar organisation of society in Britain, help themselves; and who are often prevented—through family connexions that bring

them no good, and family pride that often sickens much more than it elevates the heart—even from using those exertions and efforts that might better their condition. We purposed pointing out the adaptation of the colonies to such men, and their adaptation to the colonies. But this to us agreeable undertaking—for we believe it might be attended with good—we are obliged for the present to abandon, to consider the state of the colonies with respect to their government and the institutions of England; and to see if we cannot suggest a plan whereby those we might induce to settle in them might not lose the protection, the glory, and the fostering care of their mother country.

The legislation of Great Britain, for the last ten years, is marked by some peculiar and distinctive features over that of perhaps any other portion of her legislative history. These are eminently, a studied and intentional disregard of the teachings and the experience of the past, in an overweening confidence in the wisdom of present measures, and their being proof against all future disasters; a sort of supercilious spurning, in sailing under the new canvass of free trade, of all the old landmarks which saved England's power from many a shipwreck, and her glory from many a stain. It will hardly be denied, that that portion of Great Britain's national worth which is made up of her achievements, of her glory, ever well-earned, and of her fame, ever

dearly bought, has been and is regarded, by the philosophy of the Manchester school of politicians, as a possession by no means worth its cost, and little worth the keeping. May it not, in truth, be fairly presumed, from the movements that have followed the portentous measure of *free trade*, and from the recent agitations and speeches of its principal promoters, that they are seeking to establish a new description of glory for Great Britain; that they are endeavouring to change her whole national character; that they are, in short, seeking to raze all the former monuments, sacred to *her* greatness, in order to construct, in their stead, monuments sacred to their own? Clearly the spirit of the age, in so far as they have evoked it, is destructive alike of reverence for the wisdom, and pride in the achievements, of the past. Neither is it unnatural, with the views of this school of politicians, that it should be so. The free-trade movement has ever advanced, in proportion as it succeeded in converting Great Britain to the belief, that the whole mind of the past was shrouded in darkness and error. It could not, therefore, be expected to inspire admiration or reverence, for what it thus practically taught men to condemn and repudiate. And it may well indeed seek to establish a new and a great glory for Britain; for assuredly great is the glory, and great is the national possession of which it is fast bereaving her. The essential spirit of national patriotism—that chivalrous feeling of disinterestedness, which once made Britons proud of forgetting the world for their country, and themselves in its defence—where is it?—what is now swiftly becoming its doom? Is it not palpably withering beneath the cold shadow of free-trade philosophy? Are not the cosmopolitan doctrines of free trade rapidly making Britons forget their country? Are these doctrines not absorbing all the energies of the nation in the struggles of avarice? Are they not sinking every patriotic, every noble national feeling, in the love of gain? Speak now of a measure involving the glory, the shame, and the interests of England, or of even a single class in England, and what will be its probable treatment? The glori-

ous part may have a few advocates, who will be laughed at for their antiquated notions; or it may serve to evoke a few bright ideas in a debate—the modern surplusage of great men's speeches. The shame part may occasion a feeling of effervescent indignation for the moment. But the interest portion will instantly call forth all the energies of the economic mind of Britain, and will soon accumulate such an avalanche of figures and calculations, as will bear down and crush every other consideration before it. It was once thought wise that men should be taught, through the achievements of their forefathers, the value of their institutions. Free-trade philosophy calls it wiser to teach them to forget forefathers, achievements, and all, in a gigantic struggle for pounds, shillings, and pence. "Confound your acquiring a manly pride by learning your hereditary right to it!" is the language of this school of politicians, and the language they are rapidly teaching England. "Give us the pride of money." "Britain against the world, as long as Britain pays; but the world against Britain, the moment she doesn't," are the popular and practical lessons of the Manchester school,—though a nation's glory, all the world's experience teaches us, is the very vitality of its patriotism. A throne or a republic, without such flowers blooming around it, is a poor, unsightly, unlovable thing, having nothing for a people's affections to cling to; yet are not these flowers fast withering round the throne of England? Are not the memories of the nation, which nourish and keep them alive, being obliterated by the all-powerful tendencies of a political philosophy which recognises no greatness but that of money, and no pursuit worth following but that of material interests? Are not the ties, too, which bind subjects together, and the duties which men owe to each other in a state, of harmonising their interests for the common good, and of making mutual sacrifices for national unity and great national destiny, being fast relaxed and forgotten in Great Britain?

The parties ruling the United States of America are at this moment making sacrifices of the vastest magni-

tude to each other—sacrifices of great principles as well as of great interests. And why? Because, did they not do so, the republic could not hold together perhaps for a twelvemonth; and, once severed, they know full well what would be the magnitude of their disaster. Mutual sacrifices and concessions are, in truth, the ties that bind them together. Let their common glory and their common destiny, let the knowledge of what they have achieved united, and what they would become if severed, once fail to produce a patriotism, or national virtue, powerful enough to cause them to yield sectional interests for the common good, and to forego great party principles and objects, for the preservation of their institutions and the integrity of their government, and glory would soon take leave of their Israel.

Now in Great Britain, where the operation of free institutions occasions similar necessities for sacrifices and concessions being made by each great class in the state to the other, or others, in order to secure that harmony and unity necessary to all national permanency, and to the perpetuation of national power, what does the legislation of the last ten years exhibit? Does it not exhibit one great class struggling for the giant's power over another, and, having gained it, using it like a giant? In the great co-partnery in national property and national destiny, men owe it to each other to balance their books fairly as to national advantages. What ruins one large class, though it may temporarily benefit another, must eventually ruin the nation. A nation cannot, more than an individual, bear a constantly mortifying limb. Now it is impossible for an intelligent mind not to see, not to have the conviction forced upon it, that free trade in Britain is destroying the great agricultural limb of the state; and that, if the giant's power is much longer wielded by the giant, fearful consequences must ensue.

But whether the philosophy of free trade has produced, or is producing, such great changes as these upon English national character—whether it is un-Anglicizing England to the extent that we have indicated or not, we can answer,

at least, for its training to forgetfulness of Britain the North American colonies. We can answer for its causing the sinking of the subject in the avacious struggler for "material interests" in America. We can answer for its obliterating all national memories, obligations, and ties on the part of the colonists, in following the selfish lessons that have been sent to them from England, "to take care of themselves, for England no longer cares for them." Perhaps the seeds that have been thrown upon the winds by free-trade discussions in England, have first taken root in the colonies. Perhaps it was designed that they should. Be this as it may, let England learn from the result of these on the colonies what it may soon be with herself. Let her learn, by their example, the effect of the doctrines, that allegiance may be made wholly subservient to interest, and that love of country must give way to love of gain.

Twelve years ago, in the month in which we write, the city of Montreal presented an appearance that no similarly situated city in the world perhaps ever presented before. Its whole British population, educated to business, little accustomed to ordinary exercises, least of all to those of war, were in the short space of a few days literally converted into an army; for, though they knew not the use of arms, and were incapable of systematic movements, yet each had the heart to grapple, hand to hand, with his foe: and in this they were soldiers. Old men of sixty and seventy years of age, accustomed to ease and luxuries, might have been seen, at this period, doing duty in the streets of Montreal, in the middle of a Canadian winter's night, as common sentinels. Boys, taken away from their schools, might have been seen doing the same. A regiment of regulars at the time marched through the city; they struck up, as they halted, an air as familiar as the rhymes of children. The strains of the music were drowned in the spontaneous cheers of the people. Women shed tears of gladness. The air the soldiers played was *God save the Queen!* But why this enthusiasm? and why this military display? Two-thirds of

the people of Lower Canada—its French inhabitants—had taken up arms against the institutions of England. The people of Montreal were British.

Now this city of Montreal was little, if at all, capable of military defence. It was so constructed as to have been peculiarly liable to destruction by fire; and, at the time that the spectacle we have faintly sketched might have been witnessed, the chances of war were at least two to one against its determined British inhabitants. Nor should it be forgotten, that nearly the whole of the property in this city was owned by these British inhabitants; was the fruits of many years of their honest toil; and as it is well known that policies of insurance do not cover losses occasioned by the Queen's enemies, the loss to them might have been total had it been burned.

These British inhabitants of Montreal, therefore, without a moment's hesitation, in an indefensible city, and with the chances of war as two to one against them, willingly and even cheerfully perilled their lives, their families, their hearths, their property, their all, to uphold the flag of England.

In the month of October last, upwards of twelve hundred persons, in the space of a few days—one-half of whom were the very men who acted in 1838 as we have described—openly and deliberately called upon their fellow colonists to haul down the flag of Britain upon the continent of America; and coupled that request with another, that the flag of a rival power should be put up in its stead.

Now what are the causes of this most extraordinary change? What is it which has exerted so powerful an influence, as to have caused men capable of making the noblest sacrifices to uphold the institutions of their forefathers at one time, capable of making such attempts to destroy them at another? We answer, emphatically, it was free trade and its attendant philosophy. It was the injuries it inflicted upon the colonies—not in the spirit of national compromise or mutual sacrifices, but in the spirit of the giant using the giant's power. It was the lessons, too, that

accompanied the injuries. It was the obliterating the love of country in the pursuits of avarice. It was the ruinous latitude that free-trade philosophy had to allow to others, in claiming the same for its own disciples.

To those who have closely observed the opinions expressed regarding the colonies, in the debates upon free trade, little need besald to prove that the Manchester school of politicians not only considered their connexion with Britain as of no importance, but as actually undesirable in itself. There was no attempt made at harmonising interests with them. There was no intention expressed of making sacrifices for them, and incidentally, as we shall show, for England. There was no respect paid to their love of Britain; for loyalty is not a word in the free-trade catalogue. But there was a studious and intentional under-rating and disparaging of them and their country, to subserve the free-trade cause, and to destroy the force that the argument of their ruin might possibly have upon the people of England. They were made the subject too of cold, mercenary calculations, which were enough to insult them into sedition, and to disgust them out of their connexion with the mother country. When the disastrous effect that the loss of a protection, to the benefits of which they had been educated by England for fifty years, and to which the whole business arrangements of their country were as much adapted and which they as much required as the very crops in their ground required sunshine and rain—when these were pointed out in England, how were they met by the free-trade leaders? Was it not by cold calculations of how much they consumed per head of this, and how much they consumed, in comparison with the rest of the world, of that; and how much they cost for this, and how little they required of that; until, by some strange mystification of arithmetic, they were made out to be an actual injury to England. And had the colonies the satisfaction, if they must needs be injured and crippled, of knowing that one single individual connected with the free-trade movement had the justice to regret the injury that was being perpetrated against them, and to say, that England would endeavour

to retrieve it in some other way? We believe we are justified in saying there was not one. The vilification of the colonies was an argument in favour of free trade, and they were vilified. And when the consequences of free trade upon the colonies have been alluded to; when the shops which had been built, in expectation of the agricultural interests of the country being stimulated as they had formerly been, and large quantities of land being taken up and cleared, as was formerly the case—when these shops became unrequired and useless; when store-houses, and wharves, and vessels, and steamers, which, before free trade came into operation, were full of activity, life, and business, became as so much dead property on the hands of their owners, and the people connected with them had to seek a livelihood by other means, and in other places than the colonies: when these disastrous consequences of free trade were experienced and pointed out, how were they also met? how were they regarded, and were the colonists sympathised with on account of them? They were spoken of and accounted for, by the free-trade leaders, in a spirit similar to the following paragraph—in a spirit of exaggerated detraction, instead of national sympathy and management. And we put it to the candour of the English public, if the succeeding remarks of the *Daily News* are not a fair sample of the manner in which the party that paper represents are in the habit of speaking of the colonies:—

“The argument of the Montreal traders is: ‘The Americans are more prosperous than we. If our territory was incorporated into the Union, we would be as prosperous as the Americans.’ The fallacy of this argument is obvious to dispassionate lookers-on. The superior prosperity of the Americans was as marked when the late Mr Stuart visited Canada and the United States as it is now. It has not originated in the change of British mercantile policy. It has all along been owing to the superior energy and enterprise of the Americans. The Canadians were listless, relying upon protection in the British market; the Americans were active, because they had only their own enterprise to rely upon. The Americans, in the position of the Canadians, are not afraid of free competition. The stronghold of the protectionist party in America is in the sea-board

manufacturing states. If the Canadians would be as prosperous as the Americans, they must become as active and enterprising as the Americans. The self-government of the people of the United States promoted the spirit of enterprise; but, for all essential purposes, Canadians now enjoy that spring of energy. Canada annexed to the United States would advance more rapidly than Canada under its former close government and protective system did; but the advance would be the work of, and its profits would be reaped by, the hardy emigrants from the United States. The dreamers who think that their prosperity depends upon their being subject to this or the other government, not upon their own exertions, would be driven to the wall before the new-comers. Their individual plight, be that of the province what it might, would be worse than ever.”

Now, that the deductions and statements in this paragraph—if they are intended to apply to the state of Canada before as well as after free trade, and they certainly seem so intended—are as untrue, ungenerous, and unjust, towards the colonists—towards the hardy, persevering, and hard-working people of Great Britain in them—as they are grossly misrepresentative and unfair with respect to the prosperity of the country—we here undertake and pledge ourselves to the reader satisfactorily to prove.

We are no enemies to the American States; and in the incidental references we have had occasion to make to them, in the course of our papers upon the colonies, we have candidly and fully admitted their extraordinary advancement; we have conceded to the fullest the great impetus their peculiar working of the institutions of Britain—for this is in reality the true state of the case—has imparted to human progress. But we are practically and well acquainted with their agricultural interests, and with much of their great country, and with the comforts and prosperity enjoyed and gained by its farmers; and we are also well and practically acquainted with the whole of Upper Canada, and we assert without fear of question by any man in America who understands the matter, that, in period of settlement, and prosperity to show for it; in crops raised from the land, and evidences of good management

and good farming; in stock proving comfort and plenty; in houses, carriages, dress; in all that establishes that an agricultural people are easy in their circumstances, and are enjoying comfort and plenty—the farmers of Upper Canada are behind none in any part of the United States, and are before them in many.

Now, London, as all the world knows, is a great leviathan city; but its being so does not prove that individual comfort, happiness, and prosperity are greater in it than they are in many a small town in England. The United States, too, have vastly more territory than Upper Canada has; have many larger and more bustling cities, and have finer and more gorgeous steamers; but this does not prove, more than London does as respects England, that this larger territory brings greater prosperity, health, and comfort, to the farmers in it, than Canada does; that the business in the larger and bustling cities is more healthy, or more profitable, than that which is the legitimate offspring of the people's wants in Canada; or that the gorgeous steamers pay better, or are better, than those which are adapted to the purposes, and are admirably suited to the conveniences and comforts, of the agricultural population of the Canadas. The question therefore, to any man who has settled in either country, or who wishes to do so, is not how much larger one's territory is over that of the other, but which secures, and has secured, the greater amount of benefits and prosperity for the same amount of labour and capital invested in it; and which has by experience been proved to be the most desirable place for man to live in? Now, that the only interest which Great Britain has ever fostered or encouraged in America, and indeed the only interest which, with her policy of manufacturing for the colonies, she has allowed to grow up in them—namely, their agricultural interest—was not in Canada, before free trade withered it, behind its state in any part of America; and that the Canadas as a country were before any portion of it, we adduce the conclusive and unquestionable proof, that, distributed over the last thirty years, twenty-five thousand shrewd and sagacious Ameri-

can citizens have left the institutions that they so much prized, have foregone the temptations of their magnificent prairies and valleys that the world has heard so much of, and have taken leave of all their fine and prosperous cities, to take up their abode in Upper Canada. As equally conclusive evidence that the legitimate business of the province was, in proportion to the requirements of the country, always in a healthy and prosperous state, we adduce the fact of the invariable success in every branch of business that they ever engaged in, in Upper Canada, of these same American citizens. And we here state it as a fact that will not be denied by a single American farmer in the province, that, before free trade prostrated its agricultural interests, there was not a single farmer, American or of other country—with the exception of the time of the rebellion in 1837-8—who would have been willing to exchange his property for similar property in any part of the whole United States. And does not, in truth, the fact that these Americans came and settled in the province, under their circumstances, and with their feelings of regard for their own institutions, prove that this must have been the case? And does not the fact of these men carrying with them the same energy and industry into Canada that their friends were possessed of in the States, prove, that in everything that marked the success of labour in a generous land, Canada could not have been behind the rest of America? But it is a well-known fact, as the Americans quaintly observe of themselves, "that they do not love to work as well as the English, Irish, and Scotch do." They are, as a nation, given to speculating; and an American farmer or mechanic would rather at any time make a dollar by a "trade," than he would two by hard work. So that, in the march of improvement in agriculture in the Canadas, and in the growth of wealth, these American settlers are by no means before their Canadian neighbours; and, excepting where they have combined some business with their farming, they have not wherewithal to show that they have equally prospered with them. Now, these are facts—facts

whose force and justice will not be questioned by a single individual in America who understands the matter; and we state them, not only with the view of vindicating our own countrymen against the injustice of those who willfully or ignorantly underrate their exertions and the success that has attended their labours, but we state them to save the Americans themselves from unjust and unfair comparisons, and in defence of one of the finest countries that a beneficent Creator ever spread out before needy humanity—a country teeming with unappropriated wealth; with a climate pure, bracing, and adapted to the largest development of the best energies of man, and with millions of openings for poverty to raise itself out of the ashes of its degradation; and for capital to reproduce itself to an extent unheard of in Europe.

Now the people living adjacent to Lake Windermere might just as well be supposed to be an inert, unprosperous race, because their beautiful little lake has fewer steamers, and sailing craft, and bustle upon it, than the Thames exhibits near London, as the people of the Canadas, in comfort and prosperity, can be said to be behind those of the States, because their towns have less bustle, and their waters fewer steamers and less trade upon them. The Canadas have been, and are, a purely agricultural country; and it is in this respect only they can be compared with the rest of America. Their trade and business is, and could only have been, such as naturally grew out of their other interests. If that trade and business was, though less bustling than that of the States, as it naturally would be from its character, healthy and paying, no man could expect more of it. Have we not fairly proved that it must have been so? But if any traveller wishes to judge truly and justly of Upper Canada and the States, he must not skim over their borders, and be deceived by the superficial glare. He must learn the intrinsic value of the thing itself, by going into the interior of the country. He must see men plough. He must see how deep they plough, and what sort of cattle they plough with, and how hard they work. He must examine the farmers' houses,

and learn how they are finished, furnished, and provisioned. He must hover round their barn-yards, and linger along their fences. He must witness their harvests, and be fortunate enough occasionally to be their guests. He must make his observations on their children; and we would excuse him even coming a little closer to their young women, although it would be hardly fair to expect him to judge impartially under such circumstances. But let any man of intelligence do this with regard to the farmers of Upper Canada, and of any portion of the American States—we care not which—and if he does not find that industry has secured as large rewards, and the farmers have as many comforts, in the British possessions as the American, he is at liberty to say that our upwards of seventeen years' practical experience in them has been of no use to us; or, to use the words of an American friend of ours upon the subject, "we might be inclined to recommend his friends not to trust him very far away from home again."

But now we would put it to the proverbial sense of justice and fairness of the people of England, if the calling such men "listless, relying upon protection in the British market," is a fair way of treating them, after educating them to the benefits of that protection; and after checking the manufacturing interests that might have grown up in the colonies, and placed them on a par with the States, for the express benefit of the manufacturing interests of Britain? Men who built vessels, and store-houses, and purchased property in the colonies, upon the faith that England, having established the system of manufacturing for them, would continue that of discriminating in their favour in her markets, have now not only their property in ruin on their hands, but they are abused because it is in ruins. Farmers who, as we have shown, and as no man in America will deny, have worked hard, and have wherewithal to show for it—have achieved that which is no less a credit to themselves than it is to the country they came from—are vilified because they complain that England's policy, in destroying manufacturing interests

in the colonies, has deprived them of a home market such as the farmers of the United States have got; and England's free-trade system, in destroying so much, and injuring so much more property, in the colonies, has involved them in the general depression and retrogression. The plain English, and the plain truth of the whole matter, is this—that the free-trade leaders of England, having sacrificed the colonies, are desirous of making their former history harmonise with the picture of the injury and ruin they have brought upon them. But we trust that we have established, to the satisfaction of every honest man, what we promised we should—namely, that the attempt is no less unjust and unfair to the colonists, to their industry, and to their perseverance, than it is to the country they came from—its institutions, and its patient, cheerful, and successful labour.

We have dwelt somewhat at length upon this matter; and for two reasons. The first is, because the reiteration of the same, or similar remarks and reflections as those contained in the extract we have made from the *Daily News*, has given a false impression, both in England and America, of the true state of the Canadas. People, forgetting that they were settled—at least the great province of Upper Canada was—by the very same people who have settled the greater portion of the States, and by whose labour these States have become what they are—people in England, unknowingly or unthinkingly, have been led to associate the inhabitants of the colonies with ideas of listlessness, inertness, and poverty, when, in truth, on the whole continent of America, there is not a hardier or a steadier working people, or a people whose success, independence, and comfort would afford a better example to the poor of Europe. The locomotives by which the farmers of Canada should be judged of, after all, are their waggons and their teams. The bustle which best shows their prosperity, is the bustle of their harvest fields. The business which gives the best proof of success to the world, is that which can show good balance-sheets, and few bankruptcies. Now, before free trade over-

took the prosperity of these colonies, we can, with the most perfect safety, challenge any and all America to show a better state of things in all these several branches of their business and interests, than the province of Upper Canada did and could exhibit. We have felt that we owed it to this great province, to this province which might, and we trust will, be made a great right arm of Britain's power and empire, to say thus much in its defence. We owed it to the manly and hard-working people of England, Ireland, and Scotland, who have settled in it, and whose industry and skill have made many parts of it the very gardens of America, to shield them against the unjust representations that have been sent abroad to the world concerning them, and that have been the more galling, because they have emanated from home and friends. Our other reason for going into this matter so fully, is to ask, at this important juncture, how it is possible to expect that these colonists will or can continue loyal to Britain long, with vilification and detraction thus added to the injuries that they have so unquestionably and undeniably suffered? They point to their vessels lying unused, and rotting in their harbours; and they point to the lands of the province not being taken up as they used to be, and those that are cleared not paying for the labour of tilling them: and they ask themselves, and they ask America, and they ask England,—Why is it so? And all answer—Free trade will not make it pay to clear the lands; free trade will not make it pay to till the lands; free trade has knocked Canadian farming on the head. Yet free trade, upon hearing this, turns round and asserts it to be all false, and says that the vessels are decaying because the Canadians are too indolent to use them, although they have nothing to carry. Free trade says, that the stagnation of the country, and the indisposition of people to settle in it, are owing to the country's own backwardness, are the result of its inertness; whereas we have shown that its people, of all others on earth, least deserve such injustice and insults at the hands of England. Free trade, when driven—for it sometimes

is—to admit that it must inevitably separate Great Britain from her colonies, then turns round, and charges the colonies with being an expense and an injury to England. Yet, after all this, free trade expects the colonies to continue loyal to England. Free trade affects to be shocked at the effects of the storm which itself palpably, and in a thousand ways, sowed. Free trade having sickened, weakened, and struck down the colonies, now literally stands over them, taunting them with the effects of its own medicines, and, at the same time, affects to wonder that they should be sick or depressed.

That these effects of free trade upon the colonies have been foreseen and accurately judged of by the shrewd and far-seeing mind of America, we may show, by quoting the opinions in point of the great leading journal of the New England States. This journal, the *Boston Atlas*, like many of the leading papers in Britain, is occasionally contributed to by the leading statesmen of the great Whig party in America; and as we happen to know that the article from which we quote was written by a gentleman who commands a wide and powerful influence as a statesman and political economist in the States, his views may be considered entitled to the greater attention in England:—

“We have said that Canada has been deliberately sacrificed; and we have too high an opinion of the intelligence of the British ministry not to suppose that, when they made the sacrifice, they foresaw the probable ultimate result. We do not believe that they will be surprised at the movements which are now taking place, or that they will think of making serious resistance to any step which the Provinces may decide to take—whether it be for annexation or independence—though we have no doubt the latter would best suit their views, for grave reasons upon which we do not now think it necessary to expatiate.

“As matters now stand, Canada is an agricultural State, paying for all the manufactures she consumes in the raw productions of the earth. She has been but a very short time in this position, and yet she already groans under the free-trade experiment. Her wants are the same; but the more timber and corn she exports, the less she gets for them. Instead of growing rich under this beneficent free-trade

system, she is every day getting poorer. She has had enough of free trade, and is anxiously seeking some way of escape from it. Such is ever the inevitable result, when the attempt is made to pay for manufactures with raw productions; and the longer it is continued, the worse will be the situation of the agricultural state.

“Can she mend her position by adopting the proposed ‘Remedy!’ If her representatives in parliament happen to be the true representatives of her interests—which is very far from certain—and if they can persuade the government to restore the bounty upon her timber and corn—the answer is, yes. But we see little chance of that, for the situation of Canada is perfectly well known now by that same government; her case has been examined in all its bearings, and she has been deliberately sacrificed to ‘free trade,’—in other words, to the manufacturing interest of Great Britain; and it will take something more than the eloquence of a few Canadian orators, admitted to seats in parliament, to induce that interest to reconsider her case, or to yield a hair’s-breadth to her claims. She has not been sacrificed through ignorance, but because she stood in the way of a great theory. She will look in vain to this source for relief. But if the proposed consolidation should cause British capital to cross the water and set up manufacturing establishments, would not the end be gained! Perhaps so. Of this, however, the chance is small, unless labour is as cheap in Canada as it is in England, which it never can be until the United States, ceasing to afford any protection to labour, become parties to the Free Trade League, and so bring all the labour of North America down to the level of the labour of Europe. Such a suicidal system can never be permanently established here, and, therefore, we look upon this second source of relief as equally visionary with the first.”—*Boston Atlas*.

We had purposed showing that, in addition to the free trade party in England’s having literally endeavoured to injure and insult the colonies out of their allegiance to their mother country, they have also been educating them, by their speeches in parliament and otherwise, to the same end. But we trust that we have already proved enough to satisfy any man, not unwilling to believe the truth, that if some men in the colonies have fallen from their high estate, they have but taken the course that the free-trade policy of England left

open to them; the course that that policy, if not intentionally, at least inevitably, must sooner or later compel them to take. If, therefore, England thinks that those men in the colonies who have looked towards another government have acted unworthily of themselves and of her, let her lay the blame at once on those who compelled them to take to the boats by making the ship no longer a home for them. If their love for their great and glorious mother country has diminished, it is only, and it is solely, because the nutriment which supported the affection has been poisoned by men who have ruled the councils of England. Yet, injured though they were, and galled and insulted though they unquestionably have been, to palliate and to justify that injury, still, we believe that the loyalists would have looked beyond the sway of the free-trade party over England; would have been willing to trust to England's justice eventually doing justice to them, had it not been for the lessons which we have already referred to as having been diffused by free-trade philosophy with free trade itself. It is the colonists being practically told, that those who ruled the councils of the empire would do the best they could for themselves, and that they must and might do likewise, that made the inroads upon their loyalty. It is the utter absence of the spirit of compromise—of a disposition to make a single sacrifice, or to harmonise a single interest, either to preserve the empire or to save it from humiliation, by the free-trade party of England, that has taught the colonists selfishness sufficient to make them say that they would leave Britain behind for "material interests;" that they too had allowed all memories of the past to be obliterated in the struggles and aspirations of avarice. Let England contrast the conduct of these colonies twelve years ago with what it is now. Let her ask those who have been willing to forego their connexion with her destiny, and the glory and the safety of her protection, what it is that causes them to do so; and they will answer, to a man, it is the teachings and the effects of free trade. These lessons have been falling upon the colonial mind for years,

like water upon a rock, and they have worn seams and made impressions upon it, that the swords of many enemies in many years could not have effected.

But we have now arrived at a point when that plain and straightforward question, common to Englishmen to ask, may be put to us—and that is, What is to be done with the colonies, situated as they are? Connected with this, too, is another question, equally necessary to be answered, which is—What is Great Britain likely to lose, in possessions, people, and character, with the Canadas, if she loses them?

With regard to the latter question, which, as it is suggestive of the consequences to be provided against, it may be better to consider before that which is suggestive of a remedy—it seems clear enough to us, that the loss of all the North American colonies would inevitably follow that of the Canadas. The situation of all of them is the same. Free trade has affected them nearly equally; and it is a significant fact, that the agitation upon the subject of "annexation," without concert, common interests, or agreement, commenced in all the provinces simultaneously, though not to the same extent in some as in others. But, apart from this, if the great province of Upper Canada should take leave of Britain, the following of the others would be as natural as the limbs following the dictates of the head. It is indeed useless to waste words upon a matter that is perfectly self-evident; for if the Canadas separate from Britain, it must and will go forth to the world, that they had to do so in order to prosper; and all the colonies being dissatisfied, and chafing under the same mortifications, and suffering the same injuries from England's free-trade policy, would claim, upon the same grounds, to be relieved of the withering shadow of her power in America. However uncomplimentary or unjust this may or might be, such will be the opinion of the world, and Great Britain must prepare to meet it, or to counteract what will occasion it. As misfortunes, too, do not come single with a nation more than with an individual, the West Indian possessions would assuredly follow the North

American; and would certainly not give any more complimentary reasons for doing so. Great Britain would therefore stand forth before the rest of her colonies and the world, as having utterly and humbly failed to govern those she lost with that success which ought to result from her free institutions, and the freedom of her people. Now this momentous consideration is clearly bound up with that of what she is to do with the Canadas. Now, will Great Britain—by whatsoever cause or policy they may justify their claim for separation, or by whatsoever party in England it may be or may have been favoured—permit the Canadas to shake off her power, with these consequences palpably before her eyes? Will she not the rather prefer coming back to that best of all systems—mutual sacrifices for common good, and mutual concessions for national integrity and destiny? Will she not rather endeavour to impart to them that capital and those people, which would benefit her much, and make them rich indeed? We think so; and we think she will, because we know she can devise a plan for doing so, and for governing them in a manner that will not be attended with the mortifications that have accrued to both the colonists and the mother country, from all former patchings and props to a constitutionally bad colonial system. Thinking this, we shall now proceed briefly to consider—for in the space we have at our command, it would be impossible fully to show—what great Britain would lose, in possessions, by losing the Canadas. In this we shall be obliged to lay under tribute a short but interesting sketch of the Canadas, their value and extent, by the late Charles Fothergill. He spent many years in the colonies; knew them well; and his opinions are those of an intelligent English gentleman, who saw, and made himself practically and thoroughly acquainted with what he wrote concerning

"THE CANADAS.

"The geographical position of this vast country may be thus generally stated:—It is bounded on the east by the Gulf of St Lawrence and Labrador; on the north by the territories of Hudson's

Bay; on the west by the Pacific Ocean; on the south by Indian countries, which extend to Mexico, and part of the United States of America—viz., Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, the district of Maine, and by the British province of New Brunswick. These boundaries describe a large and magnificent portion of the globe we inhabit, large enough for the foundation of an empire, which may become hereafter the arbitress of the destinies of the new world, embracing with her mighty arms the whole width of the great continent of America. Secured in her rear by the frozen regions of the north, and with such a front as she possesses towards the south, it is impossible but that, with the adoption of wise and decisive measures, she must be able, hereafter, to hold a far more potential influence over the countries of the south, than was ever held by the Tartars, (in their best days,) over Asia; or by the northern hordes of Europe over the empire of Rome, at the period of her overthrow. The foundation stone of this empire has been laid by England, and it depends on the wisdom of her councils, and on the loyalty, ambition, temper, skill, industry, bravery, high qualities, and perseverance of the Canadians, no matter of what origin, how far the fairy vision which is kindled up in fancy may be realised.

"We have only to cast our eyes slightly over a map of North America, to be immediately assured of the singularly advantageous situation of the settled parts of Upper Canada. Seated like a gem in the bosom of a country that is neither scorched by the sultry summers of the south, nor blasted by the tardy, bitter, winters of the north; surrounded by the most magnificent lakes, and possessing the most extensive internal navigation in the known world, it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to find in any other region of the globe a tract of country of the same magnitude with so many natural advantages, as that part of Upper Canada which lies between the Lakes Ontario, Erie, and Huron, and the Ottawa, or Grand River, nine-tenths of the wheels extent of which are calculated for the exercise of almost every description of agricultural labour, and with such a prospect of success as, perhaps, no other part of this continent could realise. A part of this tract of country, commencing in the neighbourhood of Kingston, and running westward nearly 500 miles to the Sandwich frontier, by a depth, northward, of from 40 to 100 miles, is, alone, capable of supplying all Europe with

grain ; besides being rich in cattle, and producing silver, lead, copper, iron, lime, marl, gypsum, marble, freestone, coal, salt, wool, hemp and flax, of the best quality, tobacco and timber of every description, besides furs, game, fish, and many other valuable productions.

Much has been said, at a distance, against the climate of this fine country. Those, however, who have removed to it from Great Britain are agreeably disappointed in finding it more pleasant, (all things considered,) than that which they have left, because it is neither so moist nor so unsettled. It might be said, with no great impropriety, that the present inhabitants of Canada have but two seasons—summer and winter—for winter has no sooner disappeared, which generally happens by the middle of April, than the whole animal and vegetable creation starts into renewed life, with a rapidity and vigour that leaves the season of spring with such doubtful limits as to be scarcely perceptible, or deserving a specific character. Again, in the fall of the year, the months of September and October are generally so fine and summer-like, and these being succeeded by what is aptly termed the Indian summer, in November, (that month which is so gloomy in England, and said to be so fatal to Englishmen,) that we should have great difficulty, were it not for an artificial calendar, in saying when it was autumn. As a proof of the general nature of our climate, and to show that we have other sources of wealth, by the exercise of domestic industry, in store, it must not be here forgotten that the culture of both cotton and indigo has been attempted, on a small scale, in the western district, with success; that the various species of Mulberry, necessary for the growth of silk, flourish under the care of those who have made the experiment in the London and western districts; that vineyards may be advantageously laid out; and the hop is found in perfection almost everywhere. It may be readily supposed that, in such a vast extent of country, every description of soil, and every variety of surface, as to mountains, hills, valleys, and plains, must occur. Speaking of the inhabited parts of Canada, the Lower Province is the most mountainous, and the Upper the most level and champagne; indeed, from the division line on Lake St Francis to Sandwich, a distance of nearly six hundred miles, nothing like a mountain occurs, although the greater part of the country which is passed through, between those places, is gently undulated into pleasing hills, fine slopes, and fertile valleys. There is, however, a ridge of rocky

and generally barren country, running south-easterly from Lake Huron, through the Newcastle district, towards the Ottawa, or Grand River, at the distance of from 50 to 100 miles from the northern shore of Lake Ontario, and the course of the River St Lawrence; a ridge which divides and directs the course of innumerable streams, those on one side running to the northward or north-east, whilst those on the other run to the southward, and empty themselves into Lake Ontario or the River St Lawrence. The base of this ridge has an elevation of not much less than 200 feet above the level of Ontario, and it is rich in silver, lead, copper, and iron, and near the Lake Marmora, in white marble. In the neighbourhood of Gananoque, a beautifully variegated marble of green and yellow is found; and, in the vicinity of Kingston, there is an immense bed of black and also gray marble.

“Farther to the north, beyond the French River, which falls into Lake Huron, are immense mountains, some of them of great elevation. Many of the mountains which describe the great valley of the St Lawrence, are from 2000 to 3000 feet above the level of the river; and that part of the chain which approaches the city of Quebec, on the northern side of the river, is worthy the attention of the geologist; and, in a particular manner, of the mineralogist, from the hope there is every reason to entertain that these mountains yield several rare and valuable kinds of earth for pigments, which may hereafter become articles of commerce. When in Quebec, some years ago, the writer of this sketch was shown several fine specimens, in the seminary of that city, which had been procured in those mountains at no great distance from Quebec; amongst which may be mentioned a rich brown resembling the Vandyke brown of artists; a yellow, equal to that of Naples, and an extraordinary fine blue, of a tint between that of indigo and the costly ultramarine. The subject is mentioned in this place with a view of exciting further inquiry and experiment; because, at present, the artists and colourmen of London are principally supplied with their most valuable pigments from Italy. A scientific gentleman who has lately explored the coast of Labrador, and the Gulf of St Lawrence, was very successful in his mineralogical pursuits, particularly in the neighbourhood of Gaspé, from whence he obtained some new, and many valuable and beautiful specimens of the quartz family—including a great variety of cornellans, agates, opals, and jaspers; several of which have been

out into useful or ornamental articles at Quebec. From Labrador the same gentleman brought several large and beautiful specimens of the spar so peculiar to that coast, and which is commonly known by the name of Labrador spar, of a brilliant cornelian or ultramarine tint, with others of a green, yellow, red, and one or two of a singularly fine pearl-gray colour. These specimens were found at Mingan, imbedded in a rock of granite.

"It may give a just idea of the general richness of the soil to state, that we have frequently heard of instances where 50 bushels of wheat per acre have been produced on a farm, even where the stumps (which would probably occupy one eighth of the surface of the field) have not been eradicated; and, in the district of Newcastle, many examples may be found wherein wheat has been raised on the same ground for 16 or 18 years successively, without the application of manure! The general average of the returns of wheat crops, however, throughout Upper Canada, is probably not more than 25 bushels per acre, owing to the space occupied by stumps, and the indifferent skill of some of the farmers. The winter wheats are found to be the most productive, and they weigh the heaviest: the best seldom exceeds 64 lb. or 65 lb., to the Winchester bushel, although we have known several instances of higher weights.

"Of Indian corn or maize, from 60 to 80 bushels per acre is not an uncommon return; and of pumpkins, of the largest kinds, we have instances of more than a cwt. being produced from a single seed. But there cannot be a more certain indication of the depth and richness of the soil than the fine growth of the timber which it produces; and we have not unfrequently measured particular trees of that species of white oak, which grows in low moist places, and which is usually called swamp oak, that gave circumferences of sixteen to seventeen and eighteen feet, and an altitude of from thirty to forty, and even fifty feet to the first bough. And we have more than once, on the rich lands to the northward of Rice Lake, found white pine trees, that give a diameter of five feet, and altitude of two hundred! These are facts that determine at once the depth, richness, and vegetative power of the soil, since those giants of the forest are not nourished solely by the heavens which they pierce, but also by the earth from whence they spring.

"Vegetation is so rapid in this country, that barley sown in July has been reaped in the second week of September, for

several years successively, and on land that was deemed poor and exhausted; and a more abundant crop has been seldom witnessed.

"From every observation and experiment that has been made, no doubt can be entertained of the great fertility of the soil of this fine country. Not only does every vegetable production which thrives in similar latitudes in Europe prosper here, but others, which require either greater heat or greater care, are found to succeed in Canada, without any particular attention. The finest melons and cucumbers are brought to perfection in the open fields, and tobacco is cultivated with success. Even the wild grapes become ripe by the first or second week in September; so that there is every reason to believe, if vineyards were cultivated, the inhabitants of this country might add a variety of choice wines to their list of articles of home consumption, and of foreign trade. We have drunk of wine very nearly resembling, and but little inferior to, that of Oporto, which was made from the common wild grape of the country."

Now, we have already shown the prosperity that has attended labour in these provinces, and the comfort and independence that is enjoyed by their farmers. Few readers in England—at least it is to be hoped there are few—have not read something of the life and prosperity of the thousands who are annually taking possession of the vast prairies of the western states and the valley of the Mississippi. We have shown that, by the most adventurous and the shrewdest people in the world, the Canadas have been preferred to them. If England had the world to select from, she could not desire a finer country for her poor to prosper in, or for her poor gentlemen to strike out for themselves in, and to work where labour is honoured, and where its rewards are the only titles that the people lay claim to. We have, after some pains and calculation, arrived at the conclusion, that at least five millions of additional inhabitants can, by agricultural pursuits alone, prosper, in a manner unknown in Europe, in the province of Upper Canada; not by the hundreds perpetually toiling for the tens, but by the hundreds having an opportunity, from the prodigious extent of the country, of becoming, by industry and management, the lords of their own, and that an abundant, share

of the soil. Now, will Great Britain let it go forth to the world, that she cannot keep her flag floating over this great country in prosperity and peace? We think not. But will she do what may be necessary to make it to her what it ought to be? and make herself to it what she might, and should be? We think she will; and we shall now, in so far as our short space will admit of, point out what the country has suffered from, and what it requires to make it a credit to England, and a support to her power, instead of being a source of mortification to her, and an inglorious field for the employment of her troops.

The country's whole wants may be comprised in few words. It wants population—not paupers, without industry, or anything left to engraft a manly pride upon; but people that the country is by nature adapted to benefit, and who are by nature adapted to benefit it. It wants capital, nationality, stability in its institutions, and peace.

Now, will the people of England, under the present colonial system, which has from the very first been marked by broils, misunderstandings, and commotions—which have always undermined the credit of the colonies, which are now worse than ever, and which must soon lead to something worse still, (for paroxysms such as they have must change for the better, or the state of the patient will become hopeless.)—will the people of England, then, who have anything to lose, and who wish to live in peace, settle in the Canadas in this state of things; and in this state of hopes, too? We think not.

The same reasons which would prevent people settling in the colonies, would likewise prevent capital being invested in them; so that, under the present system, there can be no rational hope entertained of the colonies having much, if any, capital invested in them.

This brings us to the consideration, then, of this other great and principal want, upon which, in fact, all the others are mainly founded—namely, a nationality and stability in their institutions. We have already, in the October number of the Magazine, pointed out at some length,

that these can only be properly and effectually acquired by the colonists being represented in the Imperial Legislature, and raised to the standard, in fact, of British subjects. We have shown—and every event and circumstance that has transpired since has confirmed us in the opinion—that it is only by this that the colonies can be, or, indeed, ought to be, connected with Great Britain. They can never otherwise have the stamp of permanency put upon their institutions. They can never otherwise command that credit in the world which they are justly entitled to. But, above all, they can never otherwise make their property and worth known to England, or to the world, in such a way as to secure that attention to it which is absolutely indispensable to the legitimate prosperity of the country.

We have left ourselves comparatively little space to say much, in addition to what we said in October, upon this great question. It may in the end, however, be mainly resolved into this—Would it be better to have intelligent colonists representing and making known their own interests in Great Britain, than to have incompetent governors sent out to the colonies, to keep them in constant broils among themselves, and in constant collision with the colonial office in England? We are but too well assured that it would be better. And in forming these great colonies into an empire, which Great Britain must do if she does them justice, and which indeed will be done with or without Britain,—the race that inhabits them must, in the very nature of things, be and become what they ought to be. But if Great Britain will but undertake to do so, can any man say that no questions could arise in that empire's growth and maturity, upon which her wisdom, experience, and mind might not exert a salutary influence? Or can any person, willing to take a broad view of this great question and country, continue in the belief that it should be, or ought to be crippled, or have its growth longer stunted?

Probably one of the most galling circumstances connected with colonial residence and birth, is the constantly

seeing and feeling that colonial mind is underrated by England; for no other reason, it would seem, than because it is colonial; or, if there be another reason, it is the no less humiliating one, that England deems the mind of the colonies beneath her attention. Not less injurious, though less disagreeable, is the indifference constantly displayed by England towards the colonies, and the almost universal ignorance that prevails there as to their importance and worth. It was the same with the old colonies. The idea was ridiculed of "clod-hopping colonists" entering the House of Commons, and holding up their heads among the collected wisdom of Great Britain. The unpretending but profound wisdom of Franklin was sneered at and underrated by men as much higher than him in power as they were lower in understanding. The powerful and convincing eloquence of Patrick Henry fell dead upon the English nation; and what has since commanded the admiration of the world for its originality and boldness, was then regarded with cold contempt.

Speaking of what should be the treatment of American mind by England, Adam Smith used the following language; and its complete applicability to the present state of things, shows that great truths lose nothing by long keeping. He said—

"By this representation, a new method of acquiring importance, a new and more dazzling object of ambition, would be presented to the leading men of each colony. Instead of piddling for the little prizes which are to be found in what may be called the paltry raffle of a colony faction, they might then hope, from the presumption which men naturally have in their own ability and good fortune, to draw some of the great prizes which sometimes come from the whole of the great state lottery of British politics. Unless this, or some other method is fallen upon—and there seems to be none more obvious than this—of preserving the importance and gratifying the ambition of the leading men in America, it is not very probable they will ever voluntarily submit to us; and we ought to consider that the blood we shed in forcing them to do so, is every drop of it, the blood of either those who are, or of those whom we wish to have, for our fellow citizens."

Before concluding this part of our subject, we cannot avoid comparing the conduct of the American States towards their distant possessions, and the feeling of these distant possessions towards them, with that of Britain towards her colonies, and of her colonies towards Britain. We could perhaps adduce no better argument in favour of what we are contending for; and the example of America is well worthy the attention of a power like Britain, which owes so much of its greatness to its distant possessions, and so many of its troubles and embarrassments to their bad management.

California is between five and six months' passage from New York round Cape Horn. It is about thirty-five days by way of Panama. It is several months—and the journey is only at certain seasons accomplishable at all—by the south pass of the Rocky Mountains; and it is about forty days by way of the Mexican territory, with many dangers and uncertainties attending it to even well-protected parties—and somewhat of the most hazardous to those who are not protected. Now, these distant possessions of the United States—which are, measuring distance by the time and difficulties attending the journey, at least four times as far as Halifax is from Liverpool—these distant possessions, how are they treated by America? Has their intended application to be received into the Union, and to bear their share of its burthens, and receive their share of its benefits and protection, been regarded as dreamy and utopian? Have the States regarded it as impossible to extend to them their stability, and the conservative elements of their legislation and federal government? Have the States had their misgivings, as to California's representatives having too much influence in their government? or have the Californians thought the United States' government would exercise too much power over them? Whatever they have, or have not, thought in this respect, the great consideration of their becoming an integral portion of the United States, of their being identified with their destiny, and borne along with their prosperity, has utterly obliterated all

others; and there is no doubt but that in a few years they will bear the same relation to the American Union that Louisiana and Texas do.

Now, what good reason is there why Great Britain should not regard her North American colonies and her West Indian possessions in the same way as the States do California? And why should these colonies and possessions not look to England as the Californians do to the States—and seek, in the same way, to identify themselves with her destiny—to share in her stability—to participate in her glory and greatness—and to enjoy, as far as they merit it, her vast credit?

But it is not alone in the mutual appreciation of each other's value, by the States and their distant possessions, and their mutual willingness to share in each other's burthens, and to have an identity of destiny, that these States and their possessions differ from Great Britain and her colonies. The two nations, apart from the views of their respective colonists, differ widely from each other in the most essential point necessary to the beneficial governmental connexion of any country with another, be it empire or colony, or distant far or near. And that difference consists in the people of the United States always becoming thoroughly acquainted with what they are connected with, and thoroughly understanding how that connexion may be rendered advantageous; and in the people of England's desiring to retain their sway over what they will not take the trouble to understand, and wishing to combine and harmonise their interests with those which they seem, and ever have seemed, determined to be in ignorance regarding. Almost every intelligent inhabitant of the States, at this present moment, has nearly as definite and particular a knowledge of the portions of California that have been explored, as those who live in or have traversed California for themselves. The value of town lots, their situation and eligibility in San Francisco are as well understood in New York and Boston as they are by the man who occupies the next lot to them. There is not a spot where a village might grow up—there is not a place where a mill might

be advantageously built—that is not known, marked, and considered, with all its relative bearings and benefits, by thousands in the States, with just as much intention of taking advantage of it, and, from the extraordinary enterprise of the people, with just as much likelihood of being able to do so, as those that are on the spot. The whole country—its towns, its situations for towns, its valleys, its hills, its woods, and its want of woods, its crops, and its climate, are, for all purposes of business, for present and for future advantage to the States, well and universally understood by the mass of the people. Its newspapers, published at the immense distance that San Francisco is from New York and Boston, are largely supported by subscribers in these cities, and by the people in every direction over the vast surface of the United States. The advertisements in them of village lots for sale, are matters of nearly as much interest to Americans as an auction sale of a bankrupt's furniture and plate would be to a Jew in London.

Now, can it be accounted as other than natural, that the legislation of America should partake of the universality of its mind, and the largeness of its activity and enterprise?—that, California's interests, situation, extent, and value, being well understood by America, America might wisely legislate for it?—that America might beneficially extend the mantle of her wisdom and experience over it, and infuse the conservative elements of her federal government into it, and raise it as much in the estimation of the world as it benefited it within itself? Hence the desire of the Californians that the flag of the United States should not only represent their protection of California, but their government over it, and their legislation in it, which the world has associated with success and advancement.

Now, for upwards of half a century, there has been an extensive commercial intercourse carried on between Great Britain and her North American colonies. The province of Upper Canada is all that we have described it to be—open to five millions of people to settle and become independent in

—open to many more millions of capital being profitably invested in it. The other colonies ever have been, and are, full of opportunities for the successful employment of money and enterprise, and the profitable application of labour. But we would here ask, with such opportunities on the part of Great Britain of knowing the value of these magnificent possessions, has she shown anything of the activity of mind and the universality of enterprise of America? Has she literally done anything where the Americans have done everything, to render these possessions valuable to her—to render them a vast boon to her people, instead of being a perpetual source of confusion and embarrassment to her government? Who has there been in England, with capital ready to invest and enterprise ready to undertake, looking out for valuable mill sites on the magnificent rivers of the Canadas? How many of her capitalists have been looking over the map of the colonies, and inquiring into the richness and value of particular lands, adjacent to a stream, where a village or a town might be formed and grow up? Who in England have been learning the wealth of her colonies in timber, in fisheries, in minerals, and in scores of other things, with the view of profitably employing their capital in them, and making the colonies while they enriched themselves? Few, very few, indeed. Is it not a fact, that thousands in Great Britain, whose capital might be of the vastest use to the colonies, and the colonies the best field in the world for reproducing it, hardly know whether they lie on the north or the south side of the St Lawrence; hardly know whether the cities of Hamilton and Toronto are on lake Ontario or lake Erie; hardly know whether Upper Canada is a cold, inhospitable region, or possesses the bracing, genial, and healthy climate it really has? And though it is now but a ten days' trip from these colonies to Great Britain, and they possess so many objects of interest and value to her, we believe we might with safety offer a reward to any person who would find in England, apart from government officials, news-rooms, and colonial traders, twelve men who take a Canadian

newspaper. Now, is it any wonder that the colonists would like to get rid of a system of colonial government which has been productive of no better knowledge or understanding, for this period of time, of their interests and prosperity than this? Is it any wonder that they feel that they never can, and never will, be appreciated, valued, or benefited as they should, and might, and ought to be, as long as the present system is kept up? Is it any wonder that, knowing their great country—knowing what it is capable of—and knowing what they as colonists should be thought of in connexion with it, they should seek in the parliament of Great Britain to place themselves and their country before the world in the position that they both should occupy?

As pertinent to this view of the question, we may here mention that the facilities of communication between Great Britain and the colonies have now become so great and so perfect, that all the commercial houses of importance in the colonies send home their agents twice a-year to purchase goods. Thus these agents go home in January to lay in their spring and summer stocks. They return to Canada again in the latter end of March, and make their observations of the trade, and help to sell the goods they purchased in England. In July, they go home again to buy their fall and winter stocks, and in October they return to help to assort and to sell them. The agent for the large importing house of Buchanan, Harris, & Co., in Hamilton, at the head of Lake Ontario, has done this for years; and between Hamilton (which is five hundred and ninety-five miles above Quebec) and Liverpool, since the Cunard steamers have been running, the time occupied on the journey has not varied two days, the time of performing it averaging but eighteen days. We may add, too, as a singular fact, that we have seen, in a country village six hundred and twenty-five miles above Quebec, fashions worn within the same month in which they first appeared in London!

Now, should these extraordinary evidences of the triumphs of science over matter not teach legislation to move from its old and crippling

paths, and to keep pace with the spirit and the advancement of the age? Is it not a fact, pregnant with powerful reasons why the colonies should represent their own interests in the Legislature of Great Britain, that commercial houses find it indispensable to their success to be represented twice a-year in the British markets? Yet the vast property and interests of the colonies are without any representation in that legislature, where alone they can be fostered or withered. We have pointed out the consequences.

Before concluding this paper, it may be expected by the English public, (and indeed by the Americans,) that we should not pass unnoticed a movement in the colonies, which, though it might well have been looked for, from what we have already proved and shown, has still struck the great body of the people of England with surprise, if not with alarm. We mean the movement in favour of the "annexation" of the colonies to the States. It may be proper, in the first place, to say, that though its name would seem to imply that the consent of the government and people of the United States had been solicited and obtained, before the "banns" were published to the world, yet that consent has never been asked, nor was it either promised or given without the asking. The people of the United States are quietly and calmly looking on at the dispute between Great Britain and her colonies, and they are determined to continue so to do until that dispute is settled. The days of their bitterness and hostility to England are over. What they may, or what they would do, if the colonies should be separated from Britain, they reserve to themselves the right of deciding when the colonies are in a position to ask for themselves, and to act for themselves. In this we believe we express the feelings and opinions of the great body of the intelligent people of the American States—certainly we do of the distinguished individual at the head of their government, and of the whole of the respectable portion of the American press. A report may reach England, that a portion of the money which was collected in the States, to

aid the late unhappy insurrection in Ireland, has been contributed to establish and support "annexation" newspapers in the Canadas. This report requires confirmation; and if it were even partially true, it would only amount to this, that the "Irish Directory" in New York, who are said to have the money, have been regularly sold; for if they wished to dismember England, there is nothing they could possibly do that would more effectually tend to defeat their intentions. The "annexation" movement rests, in truth, upon the merits or demerits of its own treason, for treason it assuredly is. Authorised by whomsoever it may be—justified, occasioned, or palliated by whatever men or measures, in England or elsewhere—it is clearly a case of attempting to dissolve her Majesty's empire in the name of "material interests," being moved and instigated thereto by a certain individual called *free trade*.

But can this movement go on and prosper, seditious as it palpably is, without establishing a most dangerous precedent for England? And can it be stopped without a waste of life and money, that would bring Great Britain but little credit, and less advantage?

Whatever may be the danger of the precedent, and whatever may be its effects upon other colonies, or upon England herself, it seems clear that a large expenditure of blood and money, to suppress this movement in the Canadas, is neither desirable, nor, in the present temper of the British public, might it be possible. And this movement never could be physically or forcibly put down, without a large expenditure of both these. The men who have deliberately entered into it are not such as could be easily driven out of the land, or frightened out of their convictions in it. They would fight for their opinions, and, considering all things—loyalists disgusted, and Frenchmen in power—they are dangerously numerous.

This brings us, then, to consider what is being done in a conciliatory point of view, by the free-trade party in England—who are answerable for the difficulty—to take the wind out of this "annexation movement's" sails. This is, according to Lord John Rus-

sell's speech—at the dinner given some months since, for the purpose, it would seem, of discussing colonial subjects—to give them more liberty. Heaven help us! If Lord John Russell saw, as we have seen, liberty recently running clean mad in these colonies; if he saw responsible government playing its "fantastic tricks before high heaven," with England's "dignified neutrality" looking on, he would hardly be disposed to give them any more rope. But what is the character of the liberty and privileges they ask? and, being asked, he would give them? The last small instalment they require is, to elect their legislative council; and, thinking that the phantom of Great Britain's power, called "dignified neutrality," may be had at a cheaper rate at home, they propose to elect that also—feeling, too, not without justice, that they might thereby *neutralise* the loss to the colonies of some four thousand pounds annually. But suppose England should waive the privilege of sending out a phantom, and the legislative lords would have, like David Crocket, to go about the country electioneering with a pocket full of *quids*, pray what, after all this, would be left in the colonies to recognise England by? An Englishman coming to them, like the man in the farce who had been asleep for a century, would find it rather difficult to recognise his relations. But, seriously, what is all this but annexation? And is this the only way the great authors of the colonial difficulties have of keeping the colonies British?—of making them a home for men who seek and who claim to live under the institutions of

Britain? Better—ininitely better—would it be to tell men straightforwardly, and at once, that they must feel the iron enter their souls of seeing the flag of their forefathers hauled down on the American continent for ever, than compel them to endure its being thus slowly and gradually disgraced out of it. And this would and must be the inevitable result of Lord John Russell's giving the colonies more rope.

But what other cause or question is there now before the colonies to put against this "annexation movement?" Of purely colonial questions there are none. Beyond the true and honest hearts which love Britain, despite of all her faults; who would, and will, cling to her, although she has sadly requited their attachment,—she has nothing now to bind her to or to represent her in America. Her institutions are gone; her government has ceased to be respected; Lord Elgin has made her power as "the baseless fabric of a vision." There is nothing Britain can do; there is nothing Britain ought to do, but to say, emphatically and at once, to her North American colonies—We have not understood you—we have not appreciated you—we have not known your great country as we should have known it—we have not respected your mind or your interests; but we will now make you partners in our great legislature—we will impart to you our credit, our greatness, and our stability—and we will bind you up with our destiny.

Great Britain has a glorious part to play in America; and she has a disastrous one. *She has but a short time to decide upon which she will play.*

HAMILTON, CANADA WEST, Jan. 17, 1850.

(POSTSCRIPT.)

The very day on which I last wrote you, we received a London morning paper, containing an announcement that the Whig ministry were prepared to give up these colonies, and to take upon themselves, before parliament, the responsibility of the act. Though it seemed unlike that party—whatever they might privately think, or whatever they might plainly see must be the inevitable result of their present free-trade policy—to take so bold, or rather, so frank a step, yet the articles which have appeared from time to time in the *Times*; and which bore on the face of them an air of authority, had prepared me to attach some credence to the statement. These, after all, may be put from the cabinet as feelers upon the country. They may be but a disin-

genous *ruse* of men who do not seek to regulate their conduct by what they ought to do from the dictates of enlightened principle and great national consideration, but are anxious only to float along with the current of popular delusion, regardless of the nation's humiliation and dismemberment. It is my belief, however, that if the present ministry, backed by Mr Cobden and the Manchester party, play into the hands of those here who are struggling to dismember the empire, it will produce a civil or social war in the colonies. There is a large body of their British and loyal inhabitants who will cling to Britain, and keep her flag floating here; and who will, if necessary, part with their lives ere they part with it. It is possible—nay, is it not certain?—that Sir Robert Peel, and other statesmen, who have plainly and undeniably placed the colonies in a situation incompatible with imperial connexion,—may throw out such hints and suggestions in the approaching session of parliament, as will agitate and move the colonies to their very heart's core,—one party to secure a majority in favour of their “annexation” to the States, the other to prevent the dismemberment of their mother country? Sir Robert Peel and others have thrown out such suggestions before; but, under existing circumstances, if they are again put forth, they will be regarded by the “annexation movement” party as an invitation to test the opinions of the colonies—to proselytise them, as in fact they are now doing, into insurrection, and away from allegiance to Britain. Meetings will follow; *the stars and stripes* will be hoisted by one party; the flag of their forefathers by the other; and, take my word for it, you will hear of struggles of which God only can tell the end, and what they may lead to here and elsewhere. Certainly the world will never have witnessed such a scene. The statesmen, the cabinet even of Britain playing into the hands of those who would tear down her flag in America; and her loyal children supporting it against the influence of many who are, and have been, surrounding the throne.

A long residence in the colonies, and a habit of observing, unbiassed by colonial party considerations, the character and tendencies of men and measures, have enabled me to judge, with some accuracy, of the effects of causes not generally supposed to be pregnant with important results. At this moment there are, in my judgment, the slumbering elements of a deadly strife in the colonies. There is but a small remove between a civil revolution and a physical struggle. The seeds of the national and revolutionary hurricane are often sown in the peaceful closet, and by men who could weep over the thought of what they would produce. The seeds of a wild and fearful hurricane in the colonies, and which must and will reach England, may be now sowing in many a peaceful closet in England. Mr Cobden may talk of peace, and denuding Britain of her national defences, and convincing men against all humanity's experience; but he must be, he should be, made aware, that he has not made Britain, and may not be allowed to unmake her. He has not added these colonies to her crown; and while he may be in words *tavaddling* about universal peace, his very speeches may be sowing the seeds here of a deadly struggle. Let him beware; let others beware of the vanity of free-trade success. The wisdom of the Manchester school has not been that which has made Great Britain. Let its vanity and its arrogance not ruin her. If it arms treason here—if it wings a storm, from which England may learn much, it may be taught to feel what it has done. The demagogues of Athens succeeded in banishing the great and the just, but they did not succeed in destroying greatness or justice—these are immortal. The free-trade party may denude Britain of her glorious possessions in America, but these possessions may be the rising, growing, unending shame of those who caused their loss, and the generation of Britons who permitted it.

HAMILTON, 30th January 1850.

A LATE CASE OF COURT-MARTIAL.

"SURELY never was so slight a fault visited by so severe a punishment!" Such is the exclamation which will fall from the lips, or pass through the mind, we believe, of every one who shall peruse Mr Warren's *Letter to the Queen on a Late Court-Martial*. The reader of that letter will also rise from its perusal with the painful conviction, that, in the awarding of this heavy punishment, a gross violation of one of the most ordinary and fundamental laws of jurisprudence has been committed; and he will probably conclude with Mr Warren, that if this be a fair specimen of the lax manner in which justice is administered in courts-martial, some reform is necessary in their structure, or, at all events, some higher court of appeal ought to be instituted for the revision of their proceedings.

We have read this admirable letter of Mr Warren's with unusual interest. As a literary performance it well comports with, and sustains the established reputation of its author; but it reflects a high honour upon him of another and loftier description than that which springs from literary excellence. It shows him in the light of a warm-hearted, zealous champion of one whom he believes, and with every appearance of reason, to be an oppressed and injured man. He had assisted Captain Douglas at his trial before the court-martial, on which he now comments, as his legal adviser; he had done his duty as counsel for the defendant, so far as such a court admits of the aid or interference of counsel; he had no interest to promote, and no obligation to fulfil, by any further advocacy of his cause. Captain Douglas had been condemned; the great authorities of the Horse Guards had sanctioned and confirmed the sentence: a cautious man, and a lover of his ease, would here have parted company. He would have shaken his mournful client by the hand, and, with some cold unmeaning words of condolence, have

left him with that troop of summer friends, who have, no doubt, by this time, found him a most uncompanionable man. The world was now against him; to volunteer his defence was to oppose constituted authorities; it was to side with weakness against power—with defeat against triumph. It was to stand side by side with one in adversity—stricken, and condemned. But caution and love of ease are evidently motives that have very little influence on the mind of Mr Warren. As the counsel of Captain Douglas, he had grown warm in his defence; he could not suddenly cool when he saw him prostrate, defeated, and dishonoured. He was convinced of the innocence of his client; he felt persuaded that it was in his power to show to all mankind that that client had been cruelly dealt with—treated with a degree of harshness amounting to injustice. His position of counsel had also given him insight into the whole legal proceedings of this court-martial, which betrayed to his practised eye a palpable infraction of one at least of those essential rules by which every tribunal of justice ought to be governed, or cease to be considered a tribunal of justice. He knew all this, and the truth *burnt within him*; he could not sit down in silence; he could not at once dismiss his sympathy and indignation—his sympathy for an injured man, his indignation for the rules of justice violated. He had ceased to be the advocate of Captain Douglas, but he still clung to his cause, for it was the cause, he was persuaded, of truth and justice.

"Only a great and pressing exigency," he thus explains himself in the eloquent exordium of his letter, "could have induced one of the humblest of your Majesty's subjects to step forth from his obscurity, and thus publicly and directly address your Majesty. Even had he not known, however, the benignant and equitable temper of his sovereign, a case like the present would have forced him to bring it forward; for the voice of justice

A Letter to the Queen on a Late Court-Martial. By SAMUEL WARREN, F.R.S. Barrister-at-Law. "I was constrained to appeal unto Cæsar."

is a sublime one, strengthening the feeblest, and elevating the humblest, who, hearing, endeavours to obey it.

"He who has thus ventured to beseech the ear of his sovereign, believes in his conscience that the cause of justice in this country has recently sustained, through a defective system of military jurisprudence, a calamitous defeat.

"An officer, an accomplished gentleman, of ancient and honourable family, in the very flower of his age," after having devoted thirteen years to the faithful and zealous service of your Majesty in almost every quarter of your world-wide dominions, has been ignominiously expelled from that service, branded as a LIAR. He stood on trial before his brother officers with as high vouchers for character, as could have been presented, had it unfortunately been rendered necessary by such a casualty as has befallen him, by any one of themselves. He was, moreover, the eldest son of a general officer who lately descended to his grave with honour, after half a century spent in the service of three of your Majesty's predecessors; leaving behind him, as his eldest son, the unhappy gentleman to whose case I earnestly implore the attention of your Majesty.

"That gentleman I believe to be, at this moment, one of the most deeply-injured men in your Majesty's dominions. He has been convicted of misconduct of which he is utterly incapable; and I consider that conviction to be altogether contrary to law and justice, and to have proceeded upon an unconscious violation of cardinal and characteristic rules of British jurisprudence, essential to the safety as well as to the liberties of your Majesty's subjects. And what has thus happened to Captain Douglas may happen to any other gentleman who is now, or may be hereafter, honoured by bearing the commission of your Majesty. I think myself able to bring forward facts which are incontrovertible, and reasonings which appear, if I may be permitted to say it, conclusive—and that not to myself alone, but to others whose judgment, were it publicly pronounced, would be deemed entitled to the utmost deference—to establish the innocence of one, upon whose brow, nevertheless, stands at this moment, and has stood for eight miserable months, the brand of 'infamous and scandalous conduct.'"

He then proceeds to say that her Majesty alone has the power to re-

dress the wrong of which he comes forward to complain.

"In the present case, the blighting sentence passed upon Captain Douglas cannot be reviewed in any court of law. It was solemnly decided, in your Majesty's Court of Queen's Bench, on a late occasion, that it had no power to issue a prohibition to restrain the execution of the sentence of a court-martial, after that sentence had been ratified by the king, and carried into execution. And yet, in the existing state of the law, the unfortunate accused has no means of knowing the sentence which has crushed him, until it has been so ratified, carried into execution, and thus declared *therefore* irrevocable! And that sentence, too, pronounced by a *court of law*, bound to proceed according to the law of the land—which law it may have violated in every particular!"

It is hardly necessary to say, that the military law under which our army has been governed, ever since the Revolution, is as completely founded upon the statutes of parliament as any other branch of our jurisprudence. A less technical mode of procedure is recognised as prevailing in courts-martial, than that which regulates our civil or criminal courts. But there is nothing of an *arbitrary* nature in the sentences they pass. These are determined, so far as this is possible, by the act of parliament. A judge of the bankruptcy court is not more bound by the statute, when he grants or withholds the bankrupt's certificate, than are the judges of a court-martial when they sentence a fellow-officer to be cashiered. Let it be granted, therefore, that Captain Douglas had so far committed himself, in the course of the events we shall have to record, that it was expedient to bring him before a court-martial. Let this be granted—an opinion, however, from which many will dissent—when there, he claims justice! He is under the protection of the law. He is not to be punished with undue severity; he is not to be punished illegally.

It is probable that Mr Warren will be thought to have been carried a little too far, in his vindication of Captain Douglas's conduct, by his

* "Captain Douglas delivered his defence, before the court-martial which cashiered him, on his thirtieth birth-day."

generous zeal and by the ardour of advocacy. It would be asking too much to require that he should suddenly assume towards his late client the coolness of a quite impartial observer. But whilst his argument is that of an advocate, and is something too much tainted with the logic of the courts of Westminster, his statement of facts is full and impartial. He may be a too zealous advocate, but he is a candid historian. It is hardly necessary to add, that, whenever occasion legitimately permits, he is a very pleasant and graphic historian.

We do not intend that our account of this case should be a substitute for the perusal of Mr Warren's pamphlet; we desire rather to prompt to such a perusal. It is far, therefore, from our design to enter upon all the topics it discusses. But the case is one to which, on public grounds, we would cheerfully assist in calling public attention. In doing so we shall endeavour, in the first place, to state, with perfect impartiality, the real and sole offence, or fault, or error, of which it seems to us Captain Douglas can be justly accused; and, in the second place, to show with what *illegal severity* this offence has been visited. On the first of these topics, we shall, perhaps, be in some slight degree at variance with our author; on the second, we shall fully accord with him in his main and leading argument: for we think there cannot be a doubt that the judgment of this court-martial is vitiated—not by any merely technical error, but by an error affecting the very justice of the sentence—by no less an error than the finding a man guilty of an offence of a certain degree of guilt, and condemning him to a punishment expressly and solely awarded to an offence of a far greater degree of criminality—finding him, in short, guilty of the crime A, and inflicting the penalty decreed only to the crime B.

—The life of military men in time of peace presents, as we catch a glimpse of it here, no very attractive picture. Captain Douglas in barracks at Longy, in the island of Alderney, with one subaltern, Ensign Parker, is commanding his detachment. Lieutenant-Colonel Le Mesurier is commanding

at Alderney, under the title of Town Major. Between these rival potentates disputes arise as to their respective jurisdictions. Instead of companionship, assistance, co-operation, there is only mutual repulsion, mutual hostility.

In this cheerless position of affairs, Captain Douglas "went one day—on Friday the 5th January—about twelve o'clock, for a little amusement, to practise pistol firing, at a spot near the Frying-Pan Battery, as it is called, which was at a distance of two or three hundred yards from the barracks where he resided. This happened to be the first and only time of his using firearms during his stay in the island. No one but himself, indeed, knew even the fact of his possessing firearms. He ordered his servant Riley to procure some potatoes, and to follow him with them, and the pistol-case, (which, however, Riley did not know to be such, nor for what purpose the potatoes were required,) to the Frying-Pan Battery."

These circumstances are mentioned to account for the scanty testimony which Riley afterwards gave; it being supposed that he had withheld evidence to serve the interest of his master. And certainly it is a little difficult to believe that Patrick Riley, who was a soldier as well as the servant of Captain Douglas, did not know what the pistol-case contained, or for what purpose he carried it and the two potatoes to the battery. We continue the narrative in the words of Mr Warren, which we should be very unwise not to adopt, wherever it is in our power to do so.

"Captain Douglas proceeded to make a target in the wall opposite, which faced the sea—by putting a potato into the centre of an open piece of newspaper, and then thrusting it into a crevice in the wall. This he did to make the mark at which he intended to aim more distinctly visible. He had selected this particular spot for his practice because it was retired and safe. It was entirely hid from the view of the sentry, or any of the men on guard at the barracks. . . . After firing about twenty or thirty shots, every one of them at the target in question—standing all the while with his back to the sea, and against the rampart, and at which stood the pistol-case and potatoes—he saw Mr Parker approaching. It was a few minutes before one o'clock when he got there. Having fired two shots, both at the same target at which

Captain Douglas had been shooting, he went down by a somewhat precipitous descent to the beach, which lay about forty feet immediately below them, accompanied by his dog—intending to amuse himself for a few minutes by throwing stones into the sea, and sending his dog after them; and also desirous of ascertaining whether a hole, which had caught his eye in descending, was that of a rabbit or a rat."

Amusements were scarce at Alderney.

"Neither Captain Douglas nor Mr Parker's attention was called to the circumstance of their harmless pistol practice, on the 5th January, till about three or four o'clock on the ensuing Monday afternoon—the 8th January. During the interval, Captain Henderson had arrived from Guernsey; and he, Mr Parker, and Captain Douglas were walking together towards the town, when they met Mr Bains, (a medical gentleman.) After the ordinary salutations, Captain Douglas asked him, 'What news was going on in the town?' To which Mr Bains answered, laughing, 'Nothing new, *since your sport with the bulls of Bashan at Longy*;' and he proceeded to say, to the surprise of Captain Douglas and Mr Parker, 'that he understood a bullock had been shot at or near Longy.' Captain Douglas replied with a smile, 'You surely don't mean to say that I am charged with having had anything to do with it?'—'Indeed you are,' said Mr Bains—'and you will find the constable at your quarters about it, on your return! But it is true, is it not, that you and Parker were ball firing there?'—'Yes, we were practising,' replied Captain Douglas unhesitatingly; 'but I know nothing about the bullock.' After some other observations, Mr Bains, who knew the position in which Colonel Le Mesurier and Captain Douglas stood towards each other, said with a smile, 'Colonel Le Mesurier has gone up to look at the bullock.' To this observation Captain Douglas made a brief sarcastic answer; and shortly afterwards Mr Bains left them.

"The three officers, after continuing their walk for some time longer, separated, towards five o'clock. Captain Henderson went to Corblets barracks, to dress for dinner, both he and Mr Parker being engaged to dine that evening with Captain Douglas; who, with Mr Parker, walked towards Longy, expecting to meet with the constable spoken of by Mr Bains. As they went, they conversed on the subject of his communication, remarking how

notion that, if a bullock had really been shot, it must have been by them; and they also adverted to the fact of Colonel Le Mesurier having already become acquainted with the matter, and what could have been his object in going to see the carcase of the animal. After some consideration they agreed that it would be better, under the circumstances, *not to admit the fact of their having been firing, but leave it to be proved by those who seemed disposed to charge them with having shot the bullock.*"

Here was the fatal error. In this resolution, and the acting on it, lies the whole moral offence, fault, or delinquency of Captain Douglas. Not to admit a fact, when questioned on it, is so close upon a denial of the fact, that no human ingenuity can keep them long separate. His concealment of an act perfectly innocent was construed into a denial of that act: it could not well be otherwise, for an evasive answer, which serves the purpose of concealment, must be understood by the party who receives it as a denial, or it no longer serves the purpose of concealment. Yet an evasive answer of this description is permitted by men of the strictest honour in a thousand instances, and is only visited with *moral opprobrium* in those cases where there is an imperative claim upon the conscience to tell the whole truth. No such imperative claim can be made out in the present case. We admit, however, that it was an error. The better rule is never to resort to an evasion unless there are very strong reasons for so doing. We admit that the adopting of, and persisting in, this policy, or rather this *impolicy*, of concealment, was here to some extent blameable. But we can detect no base or dishonourable motive leading to it. The worst motive we can divine, is a certain love of a tortuous policy by which some ingenious persons are afflicted. They like finessing, and will introduce into the common affairs of life, much to their own and other people's embarrassment, what they would describe as a diplomatic dexterity.

The constable, Renier, on the same afternoon, made his appearance at the house of Captain Douglas. There is much controversy as to the import of the question which he put to Captain

Douglas; whether, when he asked him, "If he knew anything about it?"—he referred to the shooting of the bullock, or the firing on the battery. It is plain, from the circumstances of the case, that both these matters were inextricably mixed up in the mind of the constable; for he came to inquire of the shooting of the bullock because of the firing on the battery; and into the firing on the battery, because of the supposed shooting of the bullock. There is no wonder, therefore, that a man, not accustomed to analyse his own ideas, should, in giving his evidence before the court, sometimes state one, and sometimes the other, as the object of his inquiry. But it is equally plain, from the very nature of the case, that whatever was stirring in the mind of the constable, his first question to the Captain would be, whether he knew anything about the death of the bullock. He would never have thought of coming to the barracks to ask an officer whether he had been practising with his pistol, without showing in the first place that he had grounds for making what otherwise would be a very impertinent inquiry. We feel ourselves, therefore, quite justified in adopting here the statement of Captain Douglas. According to that statement, Renier asked him "if he knew anything about shooting the bullock?" He answered "No," as he well might. For it is to be understood at once, and distinctly, that Captain Douglas had nothing whatever to do with the death of the bullock, and knew nothing about it. But, unfortunately, the dialogue between them did not stop here. It will be remembered that Captain Douglas had made use of a piece of a newspaper, the *Times*, to form his target. This newspaper bore his own name and address on it. The constable added—"That a *Times* paper had been found near the spot, with Captain Douglas's name upon it." This remark could have reference only to the question—who had been firing on the battery? And to this remark Captain Douglas replied—"Possibly so; there were plenty of his papers about; they went all through the barracks and into the town, and he had five or six a-week." With this answer the constable departed.

The next day a civil court was held, presided over by Judge Gaudion, to inquire into this affair of the death of the bullock. Captain Douglas was summoned to attend. A number of witnesses were examined, whose testimony it is not necessary for our purpose to enter into. Mr Bisset, the owner of the animal, who had connected its death with the firing heard upon the ramparts, produced a number of flattened bullets, broken percussion caps, and pieces of a newspaper addressed to Captain Douglas, which had been found upon the battery. After the judge had asked Captain Douglas whether he had any knowledge who had shot the bullock, and had received the decisive and truthful answer, that "he had not," he proceeded—pointing to some pieces of newspaper lying on the table—to put the following question: "Can you account for the *Times* newspaper to your address having been found in the battery, perforated evidently by ball practice?" To which Captain Douglas answered, "I am not accountable for my papers, as they travel through the barracks and into the town."

This absurd policy (for so we should characterise it) of concealment is adhered to, and with these unfortunate pieces of the *Times* newspaper lying before him! His answer is understood as a denial of having been practising with his pistol on the battery, and there are those tell-tale fragments "evidently perforated with ball." It is inconceivably absurd. He is getting into a scrape, and raising a scandal in the little island of Alderney, for no intelligible motive whatever.

Mr Warren here defends the conduct of his late client on the legal principle or maxim, that no man is bound to criminate himself. He stood there in a court of justice "virtually as an accused party;" the court throws its shield over persons in such a position, cautions them, and would protect them even against their own indiscretion. Captain Douglas was fully justified in availing himself of this well-known privilege—in evading and warding off a question which he could not answer without supplying evidence against himself.

Mr Warren will forgive us if we

smiled, for a moment, at this instance of the inveterate habits of the lawyer, overpowering the natural shrewdness and sagacity of the man. This legal argument is manifestly inapplicable, and for this simple reason: in the circumstances of the case, there is nothing sufficiently grave—no impending charge of sufficient magnitude—to induce or warrant, in any reasonable man, a departure from, or a concealment of the truth, or any tampering with his honour. If the evasive statement of Captain Douglas be considered as tantamount to a denial, and if that virtual denial be considered as in some degree dishonourable, there can be no shelter for him in this maxim of law, because the fear of a false accusation of having accidentally shot a bullock, would not be accepted, by men of honour, as an excuse or justification.

If Captain Douglas had really shot the bullock, he would have been still more completely under the shelter of this legal maxim—and his equivocation would have been a ten times more heinous offence.

As Mr Warren repeats this argument more than once, it may be worth while to state, in general terms, wherein its fallacy lies. A person is tried before a court-martial, which partakes of the nature of a court of honour, for a departure from, or a concealment of truth, considered to be dishonourable to a gentleman. It is no sufficient answer to plead the privilege which courts of law throw around a witness, unless you show at the same time that, in his case, such a privilege could be taken advantage of without any derogation to his character as a member of society. A very little reflection will satisfy us that the permission granted by courts of law to the accused party, or to a witness, to deny or withhold the truth, *may or may not* be a valid excuse in the moral judgment of society—*may or may not* be such a permission as it would be honourable to accept.

A man is tried for his life on the charge of murder, or high treason. He pleads not guilty. Although he is in fact guilty, the most honourable and fastidious portion of society add nothing to their reprobation of the accused on account of this plea. The

code of honour or of moral opinion, and the rule of the court of law, are not at variance.

But nothing is easier than to imagine cases in which they would be at variance, and at variance in all possible degrees, from slight difference to complete opposition. The accused is being tried on a false accusation for murder. Titus is a witness. He can by his evidence establish the innocence of the accused, but in giving that evidence he will reveal his own guilt. The court allows him to be silent where his answer to the question would criminate himself. And here, too, the opinion of society would probably coincide with the rule of the court,—yet not entirely; many would censure the witness, many would excuse, none would cordially approve.

Let us now suppose that Titus is innocent, but, in giving his evidence, he must confess some fact which will excite a strong suspicion against himself. Here the number of those who would justify his silence would greatly diminish. Suppose now that the suspicion which would be raised against him, was of a slight character, one which might be easily removed; suppose that by his evidence alone could the accused be saved from the unjust condemnation that hung over him; add to all this, that the accused and innocent party was the *friend* of Titus, and had been his benefactor—and now this witness, “not bound to criminate himself,” has become the object of execration to all mankind.

This legal maxim is but one of many rules which courts of law, or the legislature, enact for the better administration of justice,—rules which cannot be so framed as to be strictly consentaneous, or identical, with the rules of morality. One who owes a just debt takes advantage of the forbearance of an indulgent creditor, and pleads the statute of limitations. The court admits the plea, puts it in his mouth, justifies him for the use of it. But the use of it has dishonoured him for life.

To return to our case. Mr Bisset, the owner of the bullock, still associating its death, most erroneously, with the firing heard on the battery, published a newspaper paragraph in the *Guernsey Comet*, headed *DISGRACEFUL*.

AFFAIR! in which suspicion was thrown upon Captain Douglas and Ensign Parker, and which terminated with the offer of "A REWARD OF TWENTY POUNDS, to be paid to any one giving information sufficient to convict the party or parties who were shooting at the Frying-pan Battery on Friday the 5th January, between the hours of twelve and three p.m.

Mr Bisset also laid his complaint before Major-General Bell, the commanding officer at Guernsey. That officer wrote to Captain Douglas, requiring his explanation of the affair. A great part of the letter referred distinctly to this pistol-firing on the battery. Now then, the reader is prepared to say, Captain Douglas will surely lay aside this needless and silly piece of diplomacy, this concealment of a perfectly innocent act, which is only strengthening suspicion against him. If he could permit himself to trifle with Judge Gaudion, and the petty civil court at Alderney, he will not trifle with his superior officer; he will not run the risk *here* of being thought to equivocate. Nearly a month had now elapsed since the first visit of Constable Renier. Time had been given him to reflect: and Captain Douglas did reflect. Ensign Parker lets fall in his evidence that he wrote *two* letters in answer to this communication, and pondered some time which he should send. In the one, he frankly avowed having been firing with his pistol on the battery, whilst he utterly denied the accusation of having shot the bullock; in the other, he adhered to his policy of

concealment, confined himself to a denial of the main accusation, and left all that part of the letter relating to the firing on the battery virtually unanswered. He pondered which of the two he should send; but the genius of diplomacy prevailed,—he sent the second!

Major-General Bell, as might be expected, was not satisfied with such a reply. He instituted a military Court of Inquiry, consisting of Colonel Le Mesurier, Captain Cockburn, and Captain Clerk, with instructions "to ascertain whether any person or persons, belonging to the garrison, were engaged in firing with ball, within or immediately adjoining Longy Lines, on the day and within the hours specified in several of the documents laid before them." It was not till the evening of the second day on which this court had sat, that Captain Douglas seems to have had his eyes opened to the perilous manner in which he was compromising himself. On the evening of that day, he wrote a letter to Judge Gaudion, stating the whole and simple truth with regard to this pistol-firing; and the next morning, he repeated the same statement before the military Court of Inquiry. The confession, it seems, came too late to save him from the consequences of his unwise, needless, and pertinacious concealment of an act in itself perfectly innocent. It was thought a case sufficiently grave to bring before a court-martial.*

It will be seen and acknowledged at once, that we have not attempted to screen Captain Douglas from the

* In justice to Captain Douglas, we must here state, that he clearly proved before the court-martial, that he withheld his statement for two days before the Court of Inquiry, still under the impression that it might be used to damage him in the proceedings before the civil court. That he was justified in doing so is shown by an order from the Horse Guards, 3d July 1809, expressly acknowledging the "right" of any party, before a court of inquiry, "of declining to answer any question, or to make any statement, which might, in his opinion, have proved prejudicial to him in the course of any ulterior inquiry into his conduct." On the 28th November last also, we may remark that Sir Charles Napier, in an order to the Indian Army, says, in reference to a Court of Inquiry—"If any person happens to be accused of misconduct, he is called on for his statement of the matter in hand; like any other person: he may either appear or refuse to appear, as he pleases, unless ordered by superior authority; and either answer any questions put to him, or refuse to answer."

If, in the face of these two orders, an officer is to be arraigned before a court-martial for conduct "unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman, in having omitted and neglected to make a statement before a Court of Inquiry" which he thought would injure himself, we must say they are a snare and a delusion for the *snare*, and ought to be expunged forthwith from the Order-books of the army.

degree of blame which an impartial judge would throw upon his conduct. If the court-martial had reprimanded Captain Douglas, we should have thought the penalty sufficiently severe, but neither we, nor perhaps others, would have been disposed to dispute the propriety of the sentence, or, at least, to call public attention to the case. But, for this offence, the court has sentenced Captain Douglas to be *cashiered*!

This sentence—to enter now upon our second topic—is not only cruelly severe, it is illegal, it is unjust. Our readers need not fear that we are about to involve them in the technicalities of jurisprudence. It is no technical matter we have to deal with, but broad principles of justice. Mr Warren has, indeed, raised a class of legal objections against the verdict of the court-martial, grounded on its refusal to admit certain evidence. On these objections we shall not enter. To us it appears that the president of the court exercised his power in this matter, in general, very discreetly. But, on these objections, we wish it to be understood that we give no opinion. We pass at once to what we deem a fatal error in this verdict—an error, not of form, but of substance; an error which constitutes it to be an *unjust judgment*.

Captain Douglas was tried upon the following charge,—“for conduct unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman.” Of such conduct he was found guilty. Now, the article of war under which he was arraigned, and the only one under which his offence, by any fair interpretation, could fall, is the 80th, and runs thus:—“Any officer who shall behave in a *scandalous, infamous manner*, unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman, shall, on conviction thereof before a general court-martial, be *CASHIERED*.”*

The penalty, under this article, is *peremptorily* that of cashiering. A less punishment the court is not competent to pronounce. The article has for its express object the removal from the service of officers who are convicted of scandalous and infamous behaviour.

“There is no provision,” says Mr Warren, “in the Articles of War, for the cognisance of unofficer-like and ungentleman-like conduct, divested of a tendency to prejudice good order and military discipline, (so as to bring it within Article 108,) in any degree less than that involving infamy and scandal. In the year 1801, an officer was charged before a General Court-martial with scandalous and infamous conduct, unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman. The Court acquitted the prisoner of ‘scandalous and infamous behaviour,’ but considering his conduct, nevertheless, as ‘unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman,’ adjudged him to ‘be suspended from rank and pay for six calendar months.’ His Majesty King George III. declared the adjudication irregular, and disapproved the sentence, ‘inasmuch as the Court had acquitted the prisoner of the only imputation which could bring the business as a charge before them—namely, of any scandalous and infamous behaviour in the transaction.’ In another case, which happened in 1814, in India, an officer was tried by General Court-martial, on the charge of ‘scandalous and infamous conduct, unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman,’ in two instances. The Court acquitted him of the first, but found him guilty of the criminal acts charged in the second instance; acquitting him, however, of ‘scandalous and infamous conduct, unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman.’ The Commander-in-Chief, Earl Moira, declared that ‘he regarded the Court as having returned a verdict of acquittal generally, and directed the officer who had been convicted to return to his duty.’ His lordship observed that ‘the Court, in declaring that the criminal act proved

* The only article of war, beside this, which could be supposed, for a moment, to embrace the case, is the 108th, which says, that—“All crimes not capital, and all disorders and neglects which officers and soldiers may be guilty of, to the *prejudice of good order and military discipline*, though not specified in the foregoing cases, or in our Articles of War, shall be taken cognisance of by courts-martial, according to the nature and the degree of the offence.” But it is evident that this article applies to matters of a military nature. If the merely moral delinquency of which Captain Douglas is charged might be described as affecting “good order and military discipline,” there is no act of a man’s life that might not be designated in the same manner.

against the prisoner did not come within the description of 'scandalous, infamous, and unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman,' had divested itself of all power to award punishment, except inasmuch as the acts might be considered to come under the above specific definition.' In the present case, the Court could not have acquitted of scandalous and infamous conduct, because it was not charged."

The charge quotes a portion of the very words of the article. But that this portion can be separated from the rest of the sentence, and made to designate a distinct, substantive offence, would be a monstrous supposition. The whole stress, the whole meaning lies in the words "infamous and scandalous;" but because there may be scandalous and infamous conduct, which does not fall under the cognisance of a court-martial, it is added as a further definition, that it must be such misconduct as affects the character of an officer and a gentleman.* The article of war intends to describe such conduct as would make a man *scandalous and infamous amongst his fellow-officers*.

Suppose it were thought fit to frame similar rules for the medical profession, and one of these declared, "That any one who shall behave in a scandalous and infamous manner unbecoming the character of a physician and a gentleman, shall, on conviction thereof, be expelled from the profession," would any one in his senses think it sufficient to adopt the last qualifying phrase, "unbecoming the character of a physician and a gentleman," as descriptive of an offence which, under this rule, would incur an expulsion from the faculty? Why, it might be thought "unbecoming" a physician to break rude and silly jests upon his patients, (as a late celebrated character is accused of doing,) but not for such offences, we presume, would any one imagine that expulsion from the profession was provided.

But we shall be told that the proceedings of a court-martial are not fettered by the same strict rules which preside over the record in a court of law. This is very true. It is suffi-

cient if the offence is substantially indicated. Perhaps it will be argued that these words, "unbecoming of an officer and a gentleman," must be taken as a part for the whole, and that the charge was essentially for scandalous and infamous behaviour.

If so, the court has placed itself in the following dilemma, from which we do not see any possibility of escape:—*Either* the charge is to be understood as substantially for scandalous and infamous conduct—and, in that case, who will venture to assert that the evidence supports so heinous an accusation?—who will venture to assert that the concealment or equivocation proved against Captain Douglas was that falsehood, that sort of lie, which stamps a man as scandalous and infamous, and drives him from the society of gentlemen? *Or* (which is the plain common-sense view of the case) the charge is what it professes to be—for "unbecoming" conduct—it is this charge which is present to the minds of the members of the court-martial—it is on this he is tried, of this which he is convicted; and *then*, after being found guilty of this all but venial offence, he is visited with the punishment of a far heavier one—for behaviour which would make him scandalous and infamous amongst his brother officers.

We repeat, this is no technical argument—it is gross, palpable injustice—as palpable injustice as if a man were tried for manslaughter, convicted of manslaughter, and hanged for murder!

If we ask why the Court awarded so severe a sentence as cashiering on so trifling an offence, we shall be told that the Court had no power to pass any less sentence than that which is decreed by the article of war. We admit the reason. But surely if the Court was bound to inflict the severe sentence decreed by the article of war, it was bound to convict of the crime specified by that article. The court-martial which tried Captain Douglas was scrupulous in passing the right sentence, was *not* scrupulous in determining whether the crime had been committed for which alone that sentence is by law awarded.

* "In the old articles of war the language used was scandalous and infamous conduct, such as is unbecoming the character of an 'officer and a gentleman.'"

Mr Warren concludes his "Letter" by some suggestions for the reform of our military law. These appear to us to be worthy of consideration. But legal reforms are grave and intricate matters; we would not give a hasty opinion on them; we would recommend them to the consideration of our jurists, and the whole pamphlet to the perusal of our readers. They will also probably find it far more entertaining than, from our meagre abstract of the case of Captain Douglas, they will expect. There is one subject which occupies a considerable space, and which, to the generality of readers, will form the most attractive portion of the "Letter," to which we have made no allusion. We refer to a narrative of facts, which show the hostile attitude in which Colonel Le Mesurier and Captain Douglas stood towards each other. It is a little history we could not possibly abridge, and which did not appear to us as absolutely necessary to an intelligible view of the case. This narrative will be read with interest, affording as it does a glimpse into real life, and showing us what very animated contests and controversies a few officers may contrive to while away their time with, even in the dull quiet island of Alderney. It is well told, with graphic but *subdued* power. Conscious that the author of one of our best and most popular novels would be watched on such an occasion, and readily suspected of employing his art as a consummate narrator, Mr Warren has abstained from producing any startling effects; he has, at least, used no other than that highest art which conceals art. We have left the whole of this portion of the pamphlet fresh and untouched, for the perusal of the reader.

In the account we have given of this really very important case, we have not been able to mention the numerous points on which Mr Warren dwells for the exculpation of his client. We have been compelled to

content ourselves with the impression which the whole narrative, after careful and unbiassed perusal, left upon our own minds. We are utterly unable to imagine, for the conduct of Captain Douglas, any worse motive than what we have described as a somewhat too diplomatic taste, as a want of a perfectly straightforward manner of speech. We see in his conduct a very palpable error in judgment, but we are quite at a loss to fix upon anything which deserves to be characterised as dishonourable—anything like such infamous and palpable falsehood as ought to drive a man with disgrace out of the service.

When we turn from the conduct of Captain Douglas to the sentence passed upon it, we are utterly amazed at its egregious disproportion and flagrant injustice. There is an article of war framed for the express purpose of ridding the service of scandalous and infamous persons. In order to bring the case of Captain Douglas under this article, he is first arraigned for "unbecoming conduct," and by a very severe construction found guilty of this charge; and then these comparatively mild and harmless expressions are found to be equivalent to "scandalous and infamous conduct." Why, if this be law, if this is a precedent, that article of war should henceforth be read thus,—“Whoever is guilty of unbecoming conduct shall be cashiered.” And what a terrible instrument of injustice such an article of war might be converted into, it is quite unnecessary to insist upon. If any officer should have made himself unpopular at the Horse Guards, or amongst his fellow-officers, no matter by what line of conduct, by being worse or better than the general and approved standard—it would be strange if his enemies could not fasten upon some act they could pronounce “unbecoming,” and thereupon expel him from the service with disgrace and infamy.

A FAREWELL TO NAPLES.

I.

A GLORIOUS amphitheatre, whose girth
 Exceeds three-fold th' horizons of the north,
 Mixing our pleasure in a goblet wide,
 With hard, firm rim through clear air far-described;
 Illumined mountains, on whose heavenly slopes,
 Quick, busy shades rehearse, while Phœbus drops,
 Dramatic parts in scenic mysteries;
 Far-shadowing islands, and exulting seas
 With cities girt, that catch, till day is done,
 Successive glances from the circling sun,
 And cast a snowy gleam across the blue:—
 A gulf that, to its lakelike softness true,
 Reverses the stillness of the syren's cell,
 Yet knows the ocean's roll, and loves it well;
 A gulf where Zephyr oft, with noontide heat
 Oppressed, descends to bathe his sacred feet,
 And, at the first cold touch, at once reviving,
 Sinks to the wings in joy, before him driving
 A feathery foam into the lemon groves;—
 Evasive, zone-like sands and secret coves;
 Translucent waves that, heaved with motion slow,
 On fanes submerged a brighter gleam bestow;
 Fair hamlets, streets with odorous myrtles spread,
 Bruised by processions grave with soundless tread,
 That leave (the Duomo entered) on the mind
 A pomp confused, and music on the wind;
 Smooth, mounded banks like inland coasts and capes,
 That take from seas extinct their sinuous shapes,
 And girdle plains whose growths, fire-fed below,
 In bacchanal exuberance burst and blow;
 A light Olympian and an air divine—
 Naples! if these are blessings, they are thine.

II.

Thy sands we paced in sunlight and soft gloom;
 From Tasso's birthplace roamed to Virgil's tomb.
 Baia! thy haunts we trod, and glowing caves
 Whose ambushed ardours pant o'er vine-decked waves.
 Thy cliffs we coasted, loitered in thy creeks,
 O shaggy island* with the five gray peaks!
 Explored thy grotto, scaled thy fortress, where
 Thy dark-eyed maids trip down the rocky stair,
 With glance cast backward, laugh of playful scorn,
 And cheek carnationed with the lights of morn.
 The hills Lactarean lodged us in their breast:
 Shadowy Sorrento to her spicy rest
 Called us from far with gales embalmed, yet pure;
 Her orange brakes we pierced, and ranged her rifts obscure.
 Breathless along Pompeii's streets we strayed
 By songless fount, mosaic undecayed,
 Voluptuous tomb, still forum, painted hall,
 Where wreathed Bacchantes float on every wall;

* Capri.

Where Ariadne, by the purple deep,
Hears not those panting sails, but smiles in sleep ;
Where yet Silenus grasps the woodland cup,
And buried Pleasure from its grave looks up.
Lastly, the great Vesuvian steep we clomb ;
Then, Naples ! made once more with thee our home.
We leave thee now—but first, with just review,
We cast the account, and strike the balance true—
And thus, as forth we move, we take our last adieu.

III.

From her whom genius never yet inspired,
Or virtue raised, or pulse heroic fired ;
From her who, in the grand historic page,
Maintains one barren blank from age to age ;
From her, with insect life and insect buz,
Who, evermore unresting, nothing does ;
From her who, with the future and the past
No commerce holds, no structure rears to last :
From streets where priests and jesters, side by side,
Range the rank markets, and their gains divide ;
Where faith in art, and art in sense is lost,
And toys and gewgaws form a nation's boast ;
Where Passion, from Affection's bond cut loose,
Revels in orgies of its own abuse ;
And appetite, from Passion's portals thrust,
Creeps on its belly to its grave of dust ;
Where Vice her mask disdains, where Fraud is loud,
And naught but Wisdom dumb and Justice cowed ;—
Lastly, from her who planted here unawed,
'Mid heaven-topped hills, and waters bright and broad,
Lacks heart to gather, and lacks strength to bear,
From these, one impulse of the free and fair ;
And, girt not less with ruin, lives to show
That worse than wasted weal is wasted woe,—
We part ; forth issuing through her closing gate,
With unrevolving faces, not ingrate.

BARBARIAN RAMBLES.

THAT great geniuses meet, is a saying almost as ancient as the twin rocks that give a title to Mr David Urquhart's latest literary production. But not often is the same country visited and described, within the short space of two years, by two such distinguished persons as the member for Stafford and the author of *Monte-Christo*. For the honour of their presence, the shores of Barbary and Andalusia are indebted to the chapter of accidents. "I did not visit Morocco or Spain on any settled plan. I was on my way to Italy by sea, and, passing through the straits of Gibraltar, was so fascinated by the beauty and mysteries of the adjoining lands, that I relinquished my proposed excursion for the explorations which are here recorded." Thus far the Celt. Hear the Gaul's reply to the Bey of Tunis, when questioned as to the motive of his African excursion,—"I answered, that I had the honour to be known to the king and princes of France; that I had the misfortune to be on tolerably bad terms with the father, but the happiness to stand pretty well with the sons; that one of these sons, of whom he (the Bey) had doubtless heard speak, and who was dead—M. le Duc d'Orléans—had more than once deigned to call me his friend; that another son, still better known to him than the first,—M. le Duc de Montpensier—had inherited his brother's friendship for me, and had invited me to his wedding, which had just taken place at Madrid; that, being at Madrid, I desired to push on to Algiers, and, once at Algiers, I felt unwilling to quit Africa without saying a prayer upon the tomb of St Louis, who was, as he surely knew, a great *marabout*; that I was on my way to perform this duty, when I heard that he did me the honour to expect me, whereupon I hastened to pay him my respects."

Such trivial causes lead to great results! To the Montpensier marriage is the Bey of Tunis indebted for an interview with the first of French novelists, and the European world for the narrative of his African travels. We hesitated before associating the two books that form the theme of this article. We feared to rouse M. Dumas' indignation, by coupling him with an author whom he, with his usual supercilious disesteem of things British, will probably set down as *un pédant Ecossais*. On the other hand, we thought it possible so grave and erudite a person as Mr Urquhart might consider his labours alighted, when linked with the playful superficialities of *Le Vélce*; and from this apprehension we were relieved, only upon finding him quote his French cotemporary's Spanish tour with an air of greater approval than he usually bestows upon the works of recent writers on Spain. For it is not the most amiable of his peculiarities, that his references to brother travellers are generally censorious. He seems to have vowed opposition and animosity to all who have rambled and written over the same ground as himself. Blanco White, George Borrow, Richard Ford, and various others of less note, in turn come in for correction or a sneer. The last-named is particularly ill-treated. "To Mr Ford's book, however disagreeable the task, I had intended to devote a special chapter; but, understanding that the two volumes are, in the second edition, reduced to one, I must infer that the author has anticipated my conclusion,—that the work might be made valuable by cutting out the slang, ribaldry, opinions, and false quotations." Should *The Pillars of Hercules* reach a second edition, either condensed, or in its present diffuse form, we advise its author to cut out this passage, or at least to cor-

The Pillars of Hercules; or, a Narrative of Travels in Spain and Morocco in 1848. By DAVID URQUHART, Esq. M.P. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1850.

Le Vélce; ou Tanger, Alger, et Tunis. Par ALEXANDRE DUMAS. Vols. I. and II. Paris: 1849.

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rect its discourtesy and exaggeration. So harsh and unjust a verdict drives us to the inference that, owing to some mental idiosyncrasy of Mr Urquhart's, the chief merits of the book he decries altogether escape his perception; and that, whilst dwelling upon an occasional error—pardonable in a work embracing so great a variety of subject, and such a mass of detail—and condemning those opinions that are so unfortunate as to differ from his own, he totally overlooks the racy humour, the happy illustrations, the felicitous exposition of Spanish foibles and characteristics, the intimate knowledge of the country and its customs, which place the author of the *Handbook* and *Gatherings* amongst the very highest authorities respecting modern Spain. But we need not take up the cudgels for Richard Ford, whose works will stand upon their own bottom, and whose acute and pungent pen is quite able to defend his literary offspring, should he think it worth his while, even against his present formidable assailant.

There can be no doubt about the disappointment of those persons who open *The Pillars of Hercules* in expectation of finding what the title promises—a narrative of travel in Spain and Morocco. These countries are certainly mentioned here and there in the two bulky octavos, but quite subordinately to a variety of other matters which had perhaps better been treated elsewhere than in the professed book of travels they cumber and overload. Mr Urquhart, who has published volumes and pamphlets on innumerable subjects, social and political, foreign and domestic, appears to have had by him a heterogeneous mass of essays and dissertations, which he has now strung, pretty much at random, upon the slender thread of his Spanish-African ramble. Wearisomely discursive and desultory, he continually canters off to distant regions, and to subjects foreign to his text. Thus we have a chapter on the invention and antiquity of glass: another concerning the magnetic needle; a third and fourth, in which we are taken to America, Ceylon, China, and other remote places; one about the celebrated drug

hashish, which temporarily transports its votaries into paradise. This is presently succeeded by a dissertation on buttered muffins; and shortly thereafter we arrive at a long essay on the early races of Spain and Mauritania, which we take for granted to be exceedingly learned and important, and which we are quite sure is awfully heavy and uninteresting. Etymology is a hobby of this author's, and the portions of his work devoted to it would, of themselves, make a good-sized volume, by whose separation the book would be greatly lightened and advantaged. On the subject of corporal purification he grows positively eloquent and impassioned; and so minute are his descriptions of the scrubbing and scraping processes, by which alone men become fit to live, that he very rightly deems a prefatory apology essential. On this head more anon. We pause, for a specimen of solemn trifling, at Chapter Nine, Book the First, Volume the First. Nominally an "Excursion round the Straits," it is actually an essay on costume, commencing with Spanish petticoats, giving a passing glance to the history and origin of lace, asserting the identity of the Moorish and Highland garb, and closing with an argument in favour of the importance and moral influence of a national dress. The chapter opens with praises of Cadiz, a city so long accustomed to rhyme with "ladies," that it will hardly feel surprise or annoyance at Mr Urquhart's attributing its charm less to the beauty of its buildings than to the "swarm of women," with "fluttering eyes," and "silk blonde tresses," covering the floor of the cathedral. From tresses to dresses the transition is easy, and he proceeds to discourse upon the mantilla: not a very novel subject certainly, but one upon which he, nevertheless, contrives to cast some new lights—lights that would, we suspect, rather dazzle and astonish the amiable Gaditanas, whose habits and habiliments he professes to describe. Whilst stigmatising as "a bagged hood" the most graceful and elegant description of mantilla—that, namely, composed entirely of lace, and which is in fact the only kind worn by the higher classes of Spanish women—he informs us that "in windy weather the mantilla is

secured against the cheek by the tip of the fan." We laugh horribly as we summon up, at this conjuror's bidding, a procession of mantilla-draped dames and damsels tripping the Alameda on a breezy day, each one of them with the extremity of her fan poked into her dexter jaw. Spanish women know better how to use that active little instrument of flirtation. Passing over these and other slight absurdities, we arrive at the hair-dressing department. Here Mr Urquhart is at first rather puzzled. But he will not be baffled, and goes to the very roots of the capillaries. "The hair is dressed in two styles. One is called *serrano*. The only explanation I could get for this name was, that *sierra* means mountain, and that the mountaineers dress in this way. But neither does it seem to be the style of the *sierra*, nor does the word *serrano* mean mountain: there is, indeed, no such word in Spanish." When ascertaining this last fact by reference to his dictionary, it is strange that our traveller did not stumble upon the word "*Serrano*, subs. mountaineer; adj. pertaining to mountains," and which is, in fact, the very word applied to the style of head-dress in question, his ear having doubtless misled him as to the *e* and *a*. This guides us to two derivations. First, the one furnished him by the natives, that the style in question is or was particularly affected by the dwellers in the Andalusian sierras, as it still is by the mountaineers of Catalonia. A second explanation may be found in the form of the comb that accompanies this mode of head-dress, (but of which Mr Urquhart makes no mention,) and whose turreted or dentated crest, rising full four inches perpendicularly from the crown of the head, may have suggested the term *serrano*, by its elevation and imaginary resemblance to a row of hill-tops. But such interpretations as these are far too simple and vulgar to suit Mr Urquhart, who loves to journey by roundabout roads, and would make, like Monkbarns, a Roman sacrificing vessel out of a kail-supper's ladle. He bores and probes away till he proves, quite to his own satisfaction, that "*serrano* head-dress means neither more nor less than Tyrian head-dress. Such an

etymology is by no means far-fetched." Certainly not, when compared with others scattered through the book, although even this one may be considered rather *tiré par les cheveux*: and, moreover, the whole fabric is overthrown by the word proving to be *serrano*. But the hunting after derivations is a passion with Mr Urquhart, and leads him to the unearthing of affinities which nobody else would suspect. We confess ourselves so overwhelmed by the flux of erudition, by the multiplicity of languages brought to bear, and by the extraordinary etymons assigned to words with which they have nothing visible in common, that we resign ourselves to believe in Urquhart, and are prepared to admit, at his dictation, the old derivation of cucumber from Jeremiah King as perfectly valid, and consonant to all received laws. So fond is the honourable gentleman of this grubbing for roots, that, when once he stumbles on a derivation, he goes on through a whole alphabet of them; like a child who, having begun to run down hill, is unable to stop till it reaches the plain, or falls exhausted by the road-side. We doubt if many of his readers will share the avidity with which he pursues his dry and long-winded investigations, which would be more in place in a dictionary of derivations than in a narrative of travel.

Our intention, in bringing Messrs Dumas and Urquhart into juxtaposition, is by no means to compare them, or to exalt either at the expense of the other. Their books form the strongest possible contrast. In one respect only do they agree—in a propensity to ramble from their subject. We have hinted at the crotchets that lead the Highlander from his track; the Frenchman strays in quest of the dramatic and romantic, and is beguiled by his prodigious vanity into the most divertingly egotistical details. The one is an eccentric dogmatist, full of crotchets, but unobtrusive of his individuality; the other never loses sight of himself, nor will suffer his reader to do so. He is always in the foreground of the picture, the chief character on the canvass, the hero of his own comedy; or, if for a moment he retires from the foot-

lamps, it is that their light may shine upon his son and heir, Alexander the younger, a *grand garçon blond*, and one of the half-score artists and literati who compose the suite of the illustrious Monte-Christo. When the travellers arrived at Cadiz, in November 1846, Mr Dumas junior was suddenly discovered to be missing. Fascinated by the bright eyes of a Cordovan maiden, he had given his friends the slip. Although somewhat uneasy, his father contented himself with detaching one of his staff in quest of the truant, and went on board the war-steamer *Véloce*, which had been placed at his disposal by the Minister of Public Instruction. Some of our readers may remember that, about three years ago, this circumstance gave rise to a discussion in the French Chamber, when some doubt was thrown upon the fact of M. Dumas being intrusted with a government mission. This seems to have annoyed the distinguished dramatist, who repeatedly refers to the subject, gives a copy of his passport and of certain official letters; and upbraids M. Guizot, whom he at last, however, magnanimously forgives, declaring he has forgotten his name. He then protests against the envy of which his eminent position has rendered him the object, and concludes his remarks, made in a tone of dignified and chastened indignation, with the following striking passage:—"The steamer thus placed at my disposal has made me more enemies than *Antony* and *Monte-Christo*, which is saying not a little. It was in 1828 or 1824, I believe, that Sir Walter Scott, being then in bad health, expressed a wish to make a voyage to Italy. The English admiralty placed its finest frigate at the disposal of the author of *Ivanhoe*; and England applauded, and the two houses of parliament applauded, and the very newspapers clapped their hands approvingly. And it was well done; for, for the first time perhaps, the flag with the three leopards was saluted in every port of the Mediterranean by the enthusiastic acclamations of the people. Were those acclamations for the flag, or for the man of genius it sheltered? for the unknown captain of the frigate, whose

name I never heard, or for Sir Walter Scott? True, I may be told that I am not Sir Walter Scott; but to this I reply, that it is the great misfortune of living men in France not to know what they are, so long as they are living."

How very good is this quiet assertion of merit and anticipation of posthumous appreciation by an ungrateful country. "The steamer," continues the possible future rival of Scott, "was granted me—be it as a matter of favour, or as an act of justice; and Government consented to expend for me some sixteen thousand francs' worth of coal. It is right the world should know that this voyage, which caused such an outcry, cost the Government sixteen thousand francs. Just half what it cost me!" A paltry eight hundred napoleons! Can France regret it, when applied to the service of her brightest literary ornament? Let her read the *Véloce*, and take shame for her shabbiness. Astride upon his fiery charger, the giant commenced his cruise. Need we say that all eyes were upon him as he boarded the steamer, and that he took by assault the hearts of the entire ship's company, whom he seized an early opportunity to convince that his skill was as great with the fowling-piece as with the pen. "The *Véloce* was surrounded by a flock of sea-fowl; on approaching the vessel, desirous to give our future companions a specimen of my dexterity, I fired my two barrels at a brace of gulls, both of which fell. The yawl pulled to pick them up; and, after this brilliant feat, we proceeded triumphantly to the steamer." This is the first and least considerable of a series of "brilliant feats" of the same kind, recorded by M. Dumas of himself in the pages of *Le Véloce*. At Tangiers, his first landing-place in Africa, he goes out shooting, and encounters an Arab, the first he has seen. This meeting furnishes a chapter—a sort of parody of scenes in Scott and Cooper, the parts of Robin Hood and Leatherstocking by M. Alexandre Dumas. He has just shot a small bird, when the Arab appears and doubts his having killed it on the wing. A trial of skill ensues between the Parisian and the Bedouin, the

former promising the latter, who is unwilling to waste his powder, six charges for every one he fires away. The Arab fires at a plover and misses. M. Dumas brings down a snipe. The Arab smiles.

" 'The Frenchman shoots well,' he said; 'but a true hunter uses not shot, but a ball.' The janissary translated his words to me.

" ' 'Tis true' I replied; 'tell him I quite agree with him, and that, if he will fix upon a mark, I engage to do what he does.'

" 'The Frenchman owes me six charges of powder,' quoth the Arab.

" 'True again,' I replied; 'let the Arab hold out his hand.' He held it out, and I emptied into it about a third of the contents of my flask. He produced his horn, and poured in the powder to the very last grain. This done, he would evidently have been well-pleased to depart; but that would not answer the purpose of Giraud and Boulanger, who had not yet finished their sketches. Accordingly, at the first movement he made,

" 'Remind your countryman,' said I to El-Arbi-Bernat, 'that we have each of us to send a bullet somewhere, whithersoever he pleases.'

" 'Yes,' said the Arab. He looked about and found a stick, which he picked up, and then again set himself to seek for something. I had in my pocket a letter from one of my nephews, employed on His Majesty's private domain: this letter reposed peaceably in its square envelope, adorned with a red seal; I give it to the Arab, suspecting he was looking for it, or for something like it. The letter was the very thing for a target. The Arab understood at once; he split the end of the stick with his knife, stuck in the letter, planted the stick in the sand, and returned to us, counting twenty-five paces. Then he loaded his gun. I had a double-barrelled rifle, ready loaded; an excellent weapon, made by Devisme: in each of its barrels was one of those pointed bullets with which one kills a man at fifteen hundred metres, (an English mile; well done, M. Dumas!) I took it from Paul, its usual bearer, and I waited.

"The Arab took aim with a care which showed the importance he

attached to not being vanquished a second time. He fired, and his bullet carried off a corner of the envelope. Masters of themselves as Arabs generally are, ours could not restrain a cry of joy as he pointed to the rent in the paper. I made sign that I saw it perfectly well. He addressed to me a few animated words.

" 'He says it is your turn,' interpreted the janissary.

" 'Certainly,' I replied; 'but tell him that in France we do not fire at so short a distance.' I measured fifty paces. He watched me with astonishment. 'Now,' said I, 'tell him that, with the first shot, I will hit the target nearer the centre than he has done; and with the second I will cut the stick that sustains it.'

"In my turn I took a careful aim; I had not come to Africa to leave a wrong prospectus; and, having declared my game, I was bound to play it well. The first ball sped, and broke the seal. The second followed almost immediately, and cut the stick. The Arab threw his gun on his shoulder, and walked away, without claiming the six charges of powder he was entitled to. It was evident he felt crushed under the weight of his inferiority, and that, at that moment, he doubted of everything, even of the Prophet. He followed the circular road along the beach, leading to Tangiers, and reached the town, I am certain, without having once turned his head. Two or three Arabs, who in the meanwhile had crossed the Oued, and who had witnessed the trial of skill, departed as silently, and almost in as great consternation, as their countryman. All Morocco was humiliated in the person of its representative."

Mr Urquhart and Mr Dumas each made some stay at Tangiers, but, as will easily be understood, they employed their time very differently, and have scarcely an idea in common on the subject. The one talks politics, dissects languages and makes anti-quarian investigations; the other, after the shooting match above detailed, and some rather high-flown attempts at description of scenery, goes fishing and boar-hunting, attends a Jewish wedding, and purchases half the stock in trade of David Azencot, an honest

Israelite, and a wealthy dealer in sabres, burnous, scarfs, lamps, chibouks, and a thousand and one other Moorish curiosities. The Scot is didactic and dull; the Frenchman frivolous, but amusing. Of course they both visit Gibraltar, and devote a chapter to that remarkable fortress; and here we must say that M. Dumas carries it hollow, as far as pleasant tone and good taste go. As is customary with him, he is flippant and good-humouredly impertinent; but he shows himself grateful for a hospitable reception, and does not rake up old stories to the disadvantage of the dead. He begins with the notable discovery that Gibraltar has a foggy atmosphere. The English, he says, being used to a fog in their own country, have manufactured one, by the help of sea-coal, upon the coast of Spain. The English, he affirms, strive against and vanquish nature herself. "They have produced dahlias that smell like pinks, cherries without stones, gooseberries without grains, and they are now rearing oxen without legs. Behold, for instance, those of the county of Durham; they have but one joint, and walk almost upon their belly. Soon they will have no joints at all, and will walk quite upon their belly. Thus it is with the fog. There was no fog at Gibraltar before it belonged to the English; but the English were accustomed to fog, they missed it, and they made it. . . . On entering Gibraltar, I felt that I quitted Spain. Tangiers, which we had just left, was much more Spanish than Gibraltar. Hardly had we passed the gate, when we were transported into England. No more pointed pavements, no more latticed houses and green *jalousies*, no more of those charming *patios*, with marble fountains in the midst of the shops: but clothiers, cutlers, armourers, hotels with the arms of Great Britain, flagged footpaths, fair women, red officers, and English horses. Tom Thumb had lent us his boots, and each step we had taken from the deck of the *Vélocé* had carried us seven leagues. We entered a *restaurant*. We ate raw beefsteaks, sandwiches, butter, moistening them with ale and porter; but when, after breakfast, we asked for a glass of Malaga, they were

obliged to send out for it. On the other hand, the tea was irreproachable." This is a very fair skit on the Englishman's habit of carrying his country's usages into climates for which they are totally unadapted. Although feeling, according to his own account, far from at his ease in this British military colony, of whose warlike aspect and regulations he sketches a ludicrous caricature, M. Dumas would not leave it without paying a visit to the governor; and, lest the anonymous lady to whom his African letters are addressed should be unable to comprehend this unusual (?) desire on his part to make the acquaintance of those in high places, he beguiles the time, till the governor returns from his ride, by telling the story of Lavalette. No matter that it has been pretty often told; related *à la Dumas*, that is to say, with a superabundance of detail, it covers a few pages, and explains his wish for an interview with the English general. "Sir Robert Wilson, a magnificent old man, sixty-six or sixty-eight years of age, who still breaks his own horses, and rides ten leagues every day, gave me a charming reception. I was so imprudent as to express my admiration of some Moorish pottery-ware upon his sideboard, and I found them in my cabin on returning to the *Vélocé*. If anything could have induced me to remain another day at Gibraltar, it would have been the pressing invitation Sir Robert Wilson was kind enough to give me. Impressed with a lively sentiment of admiration, I left this noble and loyal-hearted man. May God grant long and happy days to him, to whom another man was indebted for long days of happiness." All his admiration of Lavalette's saviour was insufficient to detain him in Gibraltar, which he declares himself to have quitted with as strong a sensation of relief as Napoleon's ex-*aide-de-camp* can have felt when, thanks to Sir Robert Wilson's chivalry, he safely set foot across France's frontier. French and English are now well used to each other's jocular sarcasm, and are never the worse friends for it, because it is the interest of both to remain in amity. There is no venom in M. Dumas' playful

satire, which one glances over with a smile, quitting it with regret for the croakings of Mr Urquhart. This gentleman has some very peculiar notions respecting Gibraltar, whose restoration to Spain he strongly advocates, and to whose retention by Great Britain he ascribes a frightful catalogue of evils, including sandy European wars, fifty-five millions sterling unprofitably sunk, and the undying hatred of Spain towards this country—bringing no less a witness than Napoleon to the truth of this last assertion. The fifty-five millions are “suggested as a rough guess” at the actual outlay; and besides them, we are assured, hundreds of millions have been spent on wars entailed by our possession of Gibraltar. All this is too vaguely put, seriously to challenge argument or refutation; and as to the “undying hatred,” why, the anti-English party in Spain may occasionally bluster about the hole in the national honour, and so forth; but the great majority of the nation never bestow a thought upon the matter, and the smuggling portion of the community—no uninfluential class—find Gibraltar exceedingly convenient for their contraband traffic. But Mr Urquhart’s statements on this head are very loose, and some of them very fallacious; and he attains the climax of absurdity and misrepresentation when he says, that “the fiscal regulations of Spain, which sustain this (contraband) traffic, would long since have fallen but for its (Gibraltar’s) retention by England. We therefore lose the legitimate trade of all Spain, for the smuggling profits (which go to the Spaniards) at this port.” The sort of jingle of plausibility in these sentences will impose only upon persons profoundly ignorant of the subject. The assertion is made in the teeth of notorious facts, and is opposed alike to truth and to common sense. The more difficult, dangerous, and expensive smuggling could be rendered, the less would be its injurious effect on the Spanish revenue, and the less likely would be a reduction of duties. The smuggling facilities afforded by Gibraltar, by the Portuguese frontier and the Pyrenean line, (Mr Urquhart, it has been seen, wholly ignores the two latter channels, and lays the high-duty system entirely at

the door of Gibraltar,) have, by limiting the custom-house receipts to the merest trifle, contributed, more than any other cause, to fix the attention of the Spanish government on the advantage to be derived from reductions in their monstrous tariff—reductions which the last four months have beheld carried out, although as yet but to an exceedingly limited extent. This subject, however, has of late been so fully discussed in our pages that we shall not here pursue it further, particularly as it is evident that Mr Urquhart has still to become acquainted with its rudiments. It were more amusing, although scarcely more profitable, to dwell upon a subsequent chapter, where, reverting to Gibraltar, the honourable gentleman tilts at its late governor, and raises the Russian bugbear—a goblin which he would doubtless always manage to evoke, in whatsoever part of the world he chanced to find himself. In portentous italics he tells us as how “a Russian steam-vessel of war was admitted to the quay of her Majesty’s vessels to get coal, which was furnished her from the royal stores, while French men-of-war were allowed no such indulgence; on departing she was saluted by the fortress with *twenty-one guns*! This I witnessed with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears. The assembled crowd said, ‘*Es loco*’—‘he is mad.’” Is Mr Urquhart certain to whom the crowd’s exclamation referred? His pet crotchet is by this time pretty generally recognised; and even his best friends, and a few partial admirers, cannot choose but smile at the tenacity of his monomania, and at the moonshine illumination he throws upon Russian designs and their British abettors. Truly he is a dead hand at a mare’s nest. With a skuttle of coals and a blank cartridge, he would build up a powder-plot, and talks darkly and ominously about “the system of government (in England) by secrecy and intrigue.” We do think, however, he would have done more gracefully to let Sir Robert Wilson alone. “Since the above was written,” he says, “Sir Robert Wilson has disappeared from the scene. I do not on that account suppress what I have written, as I have not brought any charge against him.” No new charge; but he has revived and dragged

forth an old one, wellnigh forgotten under the moss of years and the laurels of the departed veteran. It is no generous hand that will approach, otherwise than kindly and with reverence, the memory of the gallant soldier of the Peninsula, the brave defender of Portugal, the stout fighter by Dresden, of whom it has so truly been said, that "he ever was foremost where danger was to be encountered or glory won."*

Totally dissimilar in character as are the two works under examination, the transitions from the one to the other are yet astonishingly easy. Thus Mr Urquhart's Muscovite nightmare leads us, in the most natural manner possible, to a tale of a cotton nightcap, related by his witty contemporary. At Tunis, M. Dumas was quite confounded by the prevalence of this unpoetical but comfortable head-dress, which he constantly met with in the streets and on the quays. Puzzled at its naturalisation in a clime so remote from its native country, (an honour which he claims for France,) and being of an inquisitive turn of mind, he instituted inquiries, and received for explanation an anecdote, which we shall here transcribe, as nearly as possible, in his own phraseology. We feel that we neglect Mr Urquhart, and ought by right to give precedence of extract to his muffin-investigation; but really the nightcap story is much more amusing, and quite as important, although it may possibly owe more to its narrator's imagination.

About twenty years ago, according to M. Dumas, under the reign of a former Bey, a ship bound from Marseilles to Gibraltar, with a cargo of cotton nightcaps, was driven by a gale into Tunis roads. At that period a duty was levied on vessels availing themselves of the port of Tunis; and this duty, depending on the caprice of the Raïamarsa, or captain of the port, was very arbitrary. The Marseilles captain was naturally subjected to this impost; still more naturally the Raïamarsa fixed it at an exorbitant sum. There was, however, no alternative but to pay: the unlucky speculator in nightcaps lay beneath the paw of the lion. With the loss of part of his

skin, he slipped between the beast's claws, and ran to throw himself at the feet of the Bey. The Bey hearkened to the complaint of the Giaour. When he had heard it, and had satisfied himself that the amount of extortion had been rightly stated by its victim, he said:—

"Do you desire Turkish justice or French justice?"

After long reflection, the Marseillaise, with a confidence that did honour to the legislation of his native land, replied:

"French justice."

"Tis good," replied the Bey; "return to thy ship and wait."

The seaman kissed his highness's papooshes, returned to his ship, and waited. He waited one month, two months, three months. At the end of the third month, finding the time rather long, he went ashore, and watched for the Bey to pass by. The Bey appeared: the captain threw himself at his feet.

"Highness," said he, "you have forgotten me?"

"By no means," replied the Bey; "you are the captain of the French ship who complained to me of the Raïa-marsa?"

"And to whom you promised justice!"

"Yes; but French justice."

"Certainly."

"Well, of what do you now complain?"

"Of having waited three months for it."

"Listen," said the Bey. "Three years ago your consul treated me with disrespect; I complained to your king, claiming justice at his hands, and three years have I waited for it: come back in three years, and we will see."

"The dence!" exclaimed the captain, who began to understand; "and is there no means of abridging the delay, your highness?"

"You asked for French justice."

"But if I had asked for Turkish justice?"

"That were different: it had been done you on the instant."

"Is it too late to change my mind?"

"It is never too late to do wisely."

"Turkish justice then, highness—grant me Turkish justice!"

"Tis good. Follow me."

The captain kissed the Bey's papooshes, and followed him to his palace. Arrived there: "How much did the Raia-marsa exact from you?" inquired the Bey.

"Fifteen hundred francs."

"And you consider that sum too large?"

"Highness, such is my humble opinion."

"Too large by how much?"

"By at least two-thirds."

"Tis just; here are fifteen hundred piastres, making exactly a thousand francs."

"Highness," said the captain, "you are the balance of divine justice," and he kissed the papooshes of the Bey, and was about to depart. The Bey stopped him.

"Have you no other claim to prefer?" he said.

"One I certainly have, highness, but I dare not."

"Dare, and speak."

"It seems to me that I deserve compensation for the time I have lost, whilst awaiting the memorable decision your highness has just pronounced."

"Tis just."

"The rather," continued the captain, emboldened by the Bey's approbation, "that I was expected at Gibraltar in the beginning of the winter, which is now over, and the favourable season for the sale of my cargo is past."

"And of what does thy cargo consist?" demanded the Bey.

"Highness, of cotton nightcaps."

"What are cotton nightcaps?"

The captain took from his pocket a specimen of his goods, and presented it to the Bey.

"For what purpose is this utensil?" said the latter.

"To cover the head," replied the captain. And joining example to precept, he put on the nightcap.

"It is very ugly," quoth the Bey.

"But very comfortable," retorted the captain.

"And you say that my delay to do you justice has occasioned you a loss?"

"Of ten thousand francs, at least, highness."

The Bey called his secretary. The secretary entered, crossed his hands upon his breast, and bowed to the

ground. Then he took his pen, and the Bey dictated to him a few lines, which, being in Arabic, were totally unintelligible to the captain. When the secretary had done writing: "Tis good," said the Bey; "let this decree be proclaimed throughout the city." Again the secretary crossed his hands upon his breast, bent himself to the earth, and departed.

"Craving your highness's pardon," said the captain, "may I venture to inquire the substance of that decree?"

"Certainly; it is an order to all the Jews in Tunis to cover their heads, within twenty-four hours from this time, with a cotton nightcap, under penalty of decapitation."

"Ah! *tron de l'air*!" exclaimed the Marseillaise; "I understand."

"Then if you understand, return to your ship, and make the best profit you can of your goods; you will soon have customers." The captain threw himself at the feet of the Bey, kissed his papooshes and returned to his ship. Meanwhile, by sound of trumpet, and in all the streets of Tunis, the following proclamation was made.

"Praises to Allah, the universal, to whom all things return!

"The slave of Allah glorified, who implores his pardon and absolution, the Mouchir Sidi-Hussein-Pacha, Bey of Tunis:

"Forbids every Jew, Israelite, or Nazarene, to appear in the streets of Tunis without a cotton nightcap upon his accursed and infidel head.

"This, under pain of decapitation.

"Giving to the unbelievers twenty-four hours to provide themselves with the said covering.

"To this order all obedience is due.

"Written under date of the 20th April, in the year 1243 of the Hegira.

(Signed,) "SIDI HUSSEIN."

You may fancy the sensation excited in Tunis by such a proclamation as this. The twenty-five thousand Jews who compose the Israelite population of the city looked aghast, and asked each other what was this eighth plague which thus descended upon the people chosen of the Lord. The most learned Rabbis were appealed to, but not one of them had a clear notion of what a cotton nightcap was. *Atlata Gourni*—it is thus the Leghorn Jews are named—remembered to have once seen the crew of a Norman ship enter

that port with the head-dress in question. It was something to know the article required; the next thing to be ascertained was, where it could be procured. Twelve thousand cotton nightcaps are not to be picked up at every street corner. The men wrung their hands, the women tore their hair, the children ate the dust upon the highway. Just when the cries of anguish were most piercing, and the desolation at its climax, a report spread through the multitude. It said that a ship laden with cotton nightcaps was then in the port. Inquiry was made. It was, said rumour, a three-master from Marseilles. The question was, would there be nightcaps enough? Were there twelve thousand of them—a cotton nightcap for everybody? There was a rush to the water side; in an instant a flotilla of boats, crowded almost to sinking, covered the lake, and it was a hot race out to the roads. At the Goulette there was fouling, and four or five boats were capsized; but as there are but four feet of water in the lake of Tunis, nobody was drowned. They cleared the narrow passage, and approached the good ship *Notre Dame de la Garde*, whose captain was upon deck expecting their arrival. Through his telescope he had beheld the embarkation, the race, the accidents—everything in short. In less than ten minutes three hundred boats surrounded his vessel, and twelve thousand throats vociferated, "Cotton nightcaps! cotton nightcaps!" The captain signed with his hand for silence, and the noisy mob were mute as mice.

"You want cotton nightcaps?" said he.

"Yes! yes! yes!" was the reply on every side.

"All very well," said the captain; "but you are aware, gentlemen, that cotton nightcaps are just now in great request. My letters from Europe advise a rise in the article."

"We know that," said the same voices—"we know that, and we will make a sacrifice."

"Listen to me," said the captain; "I am an honest man."

The Jews trembled. The captain's words were their invariable exordium when about to rob a Christian.

"I will not take advantage of your position to impose upon you."

The Jews turned pale.

"The cotton nightcaps cost me two francs apiece, one with the other."

"Vell, it ish not too dear," muttered the Jews in their beards.

"I will be satisfied with a hundred per cent profit," continued the captain.

"Hosannah!" cried the Jews.

"At four francs apiece, cotton nightcaps!" said the captain, and twelve thousand hands were extended. "Order!" he continued; "come up on the larboard side, and go down on the starboard. Every Jew crossed the vessel in turn, carried away a nightcap, and left four francs. The captain's receipts were forty-eight thousand francs, whereof thirty-six thousand were clear profit. The twelve thousand Jews returned to Tunis, every man plus a cotton nightcap, and minus four francs.

The next day the captain presented himself at the palace of the Bey, at whose feet he prostrated himself, and kissed his papooshes.

"Well?" said the Bey.

"Your highness," said the captain, "I come to thank you."

"You are satisfied?"

"Delighted."

"And you prefer Turkish justice to French justice?"

"There is no comparison between them."

"This is not all," said the Bey. And, turning to his secretary, he bade him take his pen and write at his dictation. The writing was a second decree, forbidding the Jews, under pain of death, to appear in the streets of Tunis with cotton nightcaps on their heads, and granting them twenty-four hours to dispose of their recent purchases as advantageously as possible.

"Do you understand?" said the Bey to the captain.

"Oh, highness!" cried the Marseillais in an ecstasy of delight, "you are the greatest of all Beys, past, present, and to come."

"Return to your vessel, and wait."

Half an hour later, the trumpets sounded in the streets of Tunis, and the town's-people thronged to the unusual summons. Amongst the listeners the Jews were easily recognised by their triumphant air, and by their cotton nightcaps cocked over one ear. The decree was read in a loud and

intelligible voice. The Jews' first impulse was to throw their nightcaps into the fire. On reflection, however, the head of the synagogue saw that twenty-four hours were allowed to get rid of the proscribed articles. The Jew is essentially a calculating animal. The Jews of Tunis calculated that it was better to lose one half, or even three quarters, than to lose the whole. Having twenty-four hours to turn in, they began by driving a bargain with the boatmen, who on the previous occasion had abused their haste, and overcharged them. Two hours later, the French ship was again surrounded by boats.

"Captain! captain!" cried twelve thousand voices. "Cotton nightcaps to shell! cotton nightcaps to shell!"

"Pooh!" said the captain.

"Captain, it's a bargain; captain, you shall have them cheap."

"I have received a letter from Europe," said the captain.

"Vell! vell!"

"It advises a great fall in cotton nightcaps."

"Captain, we vill look upon them."

"So be it," said the captain. "I can only give you half price."

"Ve vill take it."

"I bought them at two francs. Let these who will give them for one come on board by the starboard gangway, and depart by the larboard."

"Oh, captain!"

"It's to take or to leave, as you like."

"Captain."

"All hands to make sail!" shouted the captain.

"Vat are you doing, captain? vat are you doing?"

"Lifting my anchor, to be sure."

"Ah now, captain, can't you shay two francs?"

The captain continued to give orders for sailing.

"Vell, captain, we must shay thirty sous."

The mainsail expanded its folds, and the captain began to creak.

"Captain, captain! we vill take your franc!"

"Stop," cried the captain.

One by one the Jews ascended the starboard side and descended to larboard, leaving their cotton nightcaps,

and receiving a franc apiece. For a miserable three francs they had twice saved their heads: it was not dear. As to the captain, he had got back his goods, and made a clear profit of thirty-six thousand francs. As he was a man who knew how to behave, he put eighteen thousand francs in his boat, went ashore, and presented himself before the Bey, at whose feet he again prostrated himself, and whose papooses he once more kissed.

"I come to present my humble thanks to your highness."

"Are you satisfied?"

"Overjoyed."

"Do you consider the indemnity sufficient?"

"Too much. And I come to offer your highness half my net profit of thirty-six thousand francs."

"Nonsense!" said the Bey. "Have you forgotten that I promised you Turkish justice?"

"I perfectly remember."

"Well, Turkish justice is done gratis."

"*Tout de l'air!*" cried the captain: "in France a judge would not have been contented with half; he would have taken at least three quarters."

"You mistake," said the Bey; "he would have taken the whole."

"Aha!" exclaimed the captain, "I see you know France as well as I do."

And once more he went down into the dust to kiss the Bey's papooses, but the Bey gave him his hand. The captain returned to his ship, and a quarter of an hour later he left the African coast under press of sail. He feared lest the Bey might change his mind.

Their brief experience of the nightcap convinced the Tunisian Jews of its superiority to the yellow caps and black turbans with which they were wont to cover their infidel heads; and upon the death of the Bey they obtained permission from his successor to adopt the cotton covering, whose wear previously entailed decapitation. Such, at least, is the explanation given by the ingenious M. Dumas of the naturalisation of Paris nightcaps on the Barbary coast.

Incidentally, and rather as things told him than of his own knowledge, Mr Urquhart gives some brief details of the celebrated French campaign against Morocco, in which Mar-

Bugeaud won his dukedom, and Admiral Joinville immortalised his name. His account of the affair of Isly is contemptuous enough, and will assuredly entail upon him the indignation of France, or at least of that portion of Frenchmen who believe, or affect to believe, that there was a battle and a victory—not a surprise and a scamper, unexpected by the assailed, and bloodless to the assailants. "On the 14th August," says Mr Urquhart, "the son of the sultan is awakened by an alarm, '*The French army is in sight.*' He tells his people the marshal is coming to pay him a visit, before his departure; and after giving orders for a tent to be pitched, and coffee—which he knew the French liked—to be sought for and prepared, he again assumed, to use the phraseology of Antar, 'the attitude of repose.' He is again awakened—'*The French are on us*'—and the French *were* on them—found *the coffee ready*, and, instead of drinking, spilt it. The loss of the Moors was eight hundred men by *suffocation*." Compare this statement with the reflection of Alexander Dumas, on approaching the mountains of Djema-r' Azaouat. "Behind yonder hills," he fervently exclaims, "are two great mementos, equal to Thermopylæ and Marathon—the combat of Sidi-Ibrahim, and the battle of Isly." Funny Mr Dumas! how gravely he says these droll things. How many persons, out of France, remember to have heard of this modern Thermopylæ? We seriously suggest to Mr Dumas, whose indefatigable pen, although more particularly devoted to romance and the drama, occasionally flies at history, to write that of the conquest and colonisation of Algeria, in which would naturally be included the episode of the campaign against the Moors. We are quite sure his account of the battle of Isly will differ widely from that of Mr Urquhart: as widely as, or still more so than that of Admiral Bruat, which was addressed to the inhabitants of the Society Islands, in a proclamation quoted as a note to *The Pillars of Hercules*, and which Mr Urquhart declares, with much truth, to be highly deserving of a place in history. M. Dumas seems to us to be exactly cut out for the historian of his countrymen's African exploits. The razzias and crop-

burnings, the bloody skirmishes of Zouaves and Bedouins, the constant pursuit and many narrow escapes of the Emir, will acquire additionally romantic interest from the picturesque handling of the author of the *Mousquetaires*, who declares, in the pages of *Le Vélôte*, that he is not only a soldier's son, but himself a soldier at heart. With what glowing eloquence will he refute the various charges brought against his countrymen in Africa! "If Abd-el-Kader," says Mr Urquhart, "had not been playing a game, at all events a game was played in his person. He was necessary to the French military system of Algiers. He is known to have been three times in their hands, and to have been suffered to escape." This accusation has frequently been brought against the French generals in Africa. If such collusion existed, it was not subscribed to, according to M. Dumas, by Colonel Montagnac, who commanded, in the year 1845, the garrison of Djema-r' Azaouat, and who had repeatedly sworn to take the Emir or lose his life. One day an Arab presented himself at the colonel's quarters. He came from the chief of the neighbouring tribe of Souhalias, who was, he said, more devoted than ever to the French cause; and who sent word that, if the garrison would make a sortie, and place themselves in ambuscade on the territory of his tribe, he engaged to deliver Abd-el-Kader into their hands. Confiding in the Arab's promise, Montagnac issued forth at the head of four hundred and eight men and twelve officers, including sixty-five cavalry. But on the second day he found he was betrayed, and that the promised capture was but a bait to lure him from his stronghold. The little band retraced their steps, and were within five leagues of Djema-r' Azaouat, when they were menaced by an overwhelming force of Arabs and Kabyles; and in the distance the Emir himself, his banner displayed at the head of his regulars, was seen descending the hills. Two companies of French riflemen remained to guard the baggage; and the others, with the cavalry, advanced against the foe. After a desperate struggle, the main body was cut to pieces, or made prisoners; and a company, advancing from the bivouac to its support, was

surrounded and exterminated. Of these combats, Mr Dumas gives a minute account, introducing dramatic dialogues between the men and officers, and imparting to the whole scene his usual vivid and animated colouring. Thus, when the company from the baggage-guard is marching up, only sixty strong, to the assistance of its comrades, and is suddenly surrounded, we find the following graphic account of its proceedings:—

“The commanding officer had but just time to order formation of square. The manœuvre was executed under the fire of ten thousand Arabs (!) as it would have been in the Champ-de-Mars. Of all these men, only one showed signs of regret—none of fear. This was a young rifleman, twenty years old, named Ismaël.

“‘Oh, *commandant!*’ he exclaimed, ‘we are lost!’

“The commandant smiled upon the poor lad; he understood that at twenty years of age he knew so little of life that he had a right to regret it.

“‘How old are you?’ he asked of the young soldier.

“‘One-and-twenty,’ was the reply.

“‘Well, you will have eighteen years less to suffer than I have had; look at me, and learn how to die with firm heart and head erect.’

“He had scarcely spoken, when a bullet struck his forehead, and he fell as he had promised to fall. Five minutes later, Captain Burgaud had likewise fallen.

“‘Come, my friends,’ said the non-commissioned adjutant Thomas, ‘one step forward: let us die upon the bodies of our officers.’

“These were the last distinct words that were heard; the death-rattle followed them, then the silence of the grave. In its turn, the second company had disappeared. All that now remained was the company under Captain de Géreaux, left in charge of the camp.”

Mr Dumas’ habit of writing melodrama renders him very effective in this sort of romantic military chronicle, which is pretty well received in France, where people are used to the style. It is compounded upon the plan of all his historical romances and romantic histories, with the sole difference that, in these, he frequently audaciously perverts historic truth;

whilst the African business is so recent that he cannot venture to be unfaithful to the outline, and confines himself to filling up and extending with his own fantastic details. Having been on the spot, and one of the first to welcome the few survivors of the prisoners taken in the above bloody affair, when they were ransomed from the Arabs, he doubtless picked up a number of the tales that always circulate in such cases; and these he has very cleverly amalgamated and patched up into a consecutive narrative—perhaps the most amusing section of those two volumes of *Le Véloce* which alone as yet have reached us. His account of the fate of the last company—the one that stopped with the baggage—is the best bit of all, although certainly very French, and strongly impregnated with that peculiar flavour of theatrical fanfaronade which is inseparable from the character of our vain and volatile neighbours, which they cannot see, and consequently are not likely to lose, and which stirs the gall of prejudiced and untravelled Englishmen, and brings a smile to the lip of those who, with greater justice and in a better spirit, will not allow peculiarities of tone and manner to blind them to the good qualities of a gallant and ingenious nation, whose soldiers, although of late years they have more than once been employed in wars and expeditions unworthy of their prowess, have never lost an opportunity of proving that, in valour at least, they are no way degenerate from their fathers who fought under the banners of Napoleon the Great. And although one cannot but be amused at the ambitious comparison with Thermopylæ, the affair of Sidi-Ibrahim was unquestionably most honourable to the handful of brave fellows who defended the Marabout of that name against fifty times their number. The term *Marabout* is applied, in Africa, not only to a saint, but to the small, round-roofed, stone edifice which serves as his mausoleum after death, and, not unfrequently, as his habitation during life. In a building of this description, after driving out the Arabs that occupied it, and when the cessation of the musketry warned them that their comrades were slain or prisoners, the last company of Co-

lonel Montagnac's ill-fated detachment took refuge, under the orders of its captain, de Géréaux, and there withstood the fierce and reiterated attacks of a host of Arabs and Kabyles. Abd-el-Kader himself approached the little fortress, and was wounded in the cheek by a French bullet. He offered quarter on surrender: it was refused. Thrice he summoned the handful of beleaguered warriors, who spurned his proposals, and would not trust themselves to the word of an Arab. Then the combat recommenced and lasted till night, whose arrival found the French still in possession of their post. At daybreak, hostilities were resumed, and continued till ten o'clock in the forenoon, when Abd-el-Kader took his departure, and the Arabs, whose loss was very heavy, converted the siege into a blockade. Night returned, and Captain de Géréaux, who was on the watch, saw an Arab creeping stealthily towards the Marabout. He awoke Dr Rosagutti, the interpreter; they called to the Arab, who came to them; they gave him all the money they had about them, and a letter to take to the camp of Lalla Maghrnia. The Arab was faithful; he delivered the letter; but none knew the signature of Captain de Géréaux; a stratagem was suspected, and no relief was sent. Hope of succour, however, buoyed up the spirits of the besieged of Sidi-Ibrahim, and they waited another day, without bread or water, almost without ammunition, their gaze fixed in the direction of Lalla Maghrnia. But the next morning at six o'clock, despairing of relief, they resolved to sally forth and cut their way to Djema-r'Azaouat. There were four leagues to get over, and thousands of Arabs were echeloned along the route. With desperate courage, the fifty-five or sixty Frenchmen repulsed numerous attacks, forming square when hard pressed, receiving many wounds, marking their track with corpses, but still, by their steadiness and deadly fire, keeping the undisciplined Arabs at bay. Some five-and-twenty succeeded in arriving within half a league of Djema-r'Azaouat, but then their ammunition was expended; the Arabs pressed upon them, and a volley at twenty paces stretched half their number, including the brave de Géréaux,

lifeless in the dust. The remainder dispersed, and sought concealment and safety amongst the copsewood and bushes. Three of them reached the lines of Djema-r'Azaouat, told the sad tale, and died, unwounded, of mere exhaustion. A sortie was made, and five or six men, who had escaped the Kabyle sabres, were brought in. Eight men were all that survived of the gallant eighth battalion of the Chasseurs of Orleans. The disaster, however, was signally revenged. The Arabs who had brought it about, by the false message sent to Colonel Montagnac—the tribe of the Beni-Snanen—were cooped up by General Cavaignac on a narrow projection of the coast, and driven into the sea or put to the sword, to the number of four or five thousand. "The furious soldiers gave no quarter," adds M. Dumas, "and General Cavaignac perilled his popularity with the army by saving a remnant of this unfortunate tribe. The trumpeter, Roland, the only survivor of the massacre of the m'Louia, (when the prisoners taken by Abd-el-Kader were put to death in cold blood,) was in this affair: he had a terrible revenge to take, and he took it, and declared himself satisfied, for he had slain with his own hand more than thirty Arabs."

Great as is the press of more important matter, and prolonged though this paper has been by the extracts to which the diverting Dumas has tempted us, we yet cannot close it without a glance at Mr Urquhart's remarkable chapter, entitled "THE BATH." On this subject his notions and prepossessions are completely Oriental. His residence in the East has given him a distaste for the modes of washing customary in Western Europe, and which he styles "dabbling in dirty water." Nothing less than the running stream can come up to his standard of cleanliness. And as it is not always practicable to have fountains in dwelling-houses, he tells us how he manages without one. "I find the most convenient substitute a vase holding about two gallons of water, with a spout like that of a tea-urn, only three times the length, placed on a stand about four feet high, with a tub below: hot or cold water can be used; the water may be very hot, as the stream that flows is small. It runs for a quarter of an hour or twenty

minutes." This is his plan in the West, we understand; but when the member for Stafford gets amongst Mussulmans, oh, how he revels in the shampoo! The gusto of his descriptions positively makes us shudder. The bathman, we are told, "stands with his feet on the thighs and on the chest, and slips down the ribs; then up again three times; and, lastly, doubling your arms one after the other on the chest, pushes with both hands down, beginning at the elbow, and then putting an arm under the back and applying his chest to your crossed elbows, *rolls on you across till you crack*. You are now turned on your face, and, in addition to the operation above described, he works his elbow round the edges of your shoulder-blade, and with the heel plics hard the angle of the neck; he concludes by hauling the body half up by each arm successively, while he stands with one foot on the opposite thigh. You are then raised for a moment to a sitting posture, and a contortion given to the small of the back, and a jerk to the neck by the two hands holding the temples." This has rather a dislocating, formidable, and certainly a most disgusting sound; but Mr Urquhart assures us the process is delightful, and particularly gentle compared with the mode of operation in a Moorish bath, where, practised bather though he is, he shrieked under the rough usage of his manipulator. The conclusion of this latter bath he describes as follows:—"Thrice taking each leg and lifting it up, he placed his head under the calf, and raising himself, scraped the leg as with a rough brush, *for his shaved head had the grain downwards. The operation concluded by his biting my heel*." We should like to see any human being, whether Turk, Pagan, Jew, or Christian, attempt such revolting liberties with our person. By the bones of Belshazzar! we would brain him with the bath-brush. The member for Stafford should be ashamed of himself. He positively makes us scunner. We have a firm and wholesome faith in the efficacy and cleanliness of a British sponging-bath and rough towel; we repel with abhorrence Mr Urquhart's

manipulatory innovations, and feel intense disgust at the Mahometan kneading, pummelling, trampling, sweating, soaping, and scraping, which he dwells upon with such nauseous minuteness, and whose results he describes as so wonderfully salubrious and delightful. We really hesitate at transferring to our page any more of his nasty details. We venture, however, to present him to our readers in the character of Mar-syas, undergoing the flaying process which, it appears, forms an essential stage of the Turkish bathing operation. With a glove of camel's hair, the bathman "commences from the nape of the neck in long sweeps down the back till he has started the skin; *he coaxes it into rolls*, keeping them in and up, till within his hand they gather volume and length; he then successively strikes and brushes them away, and they fall right and left as if spilt from a dish of macaroni. The dead matter which will accumulate in a week forms, when dry, *a ball of the size of the fist. I once collected it and had it dried—it is like a ball of chalk*." Well may the honourable gentleman declare the human body "a fountain of impurities," when he can back the assertion by such a startling statement of the weekly amount of his own cuticular incrustations. No wonder he commiserates the condition of the unwashed portion of his countrymen, and urges the establishment of public baths on a scale more magnificent than practicable. Cleanliness is so nearly a virtue, that all deserve well of their country who efficaciously promote its spread amongst classes by whom it is too often neglected. But the carrying out of such plans must devolve upon philanthropists of a more practical stamp than this fantastical theorist and crotchety M.P. It were ridiculous to suppose that all the advantages would be realised which he predicts, from the adoption in this country of a universal system of bathing; but so manifold and enormous are they, that, if only a tithe of them were guaranteed, it would suffice to make us sigh for the days when in London there should be "no gin palaces, but a thousand baths!"

GOLDSMITH.

PART II.

FROM the character of the man, we turn to the character of the author—from the life to the works of Goldsmith. What we said of the well-known events of his career would apply equally to his writings; it would be a tedious and superfluous office to pass in formal review performances so familiar, and which appear to be as justly appreciated as they are widely circulated. All that we propose doing, is to add a few miscellaneous observations, hints, and fragments of criticism, which may be interesting to those who like to examine also, as well as to admire. For these we could find no space in our previous Number: we throw them together here in the best order their miscellaneous nature permits.

In the *Citizen of the World*, Goldsmith tells us of a man who earned his livelihood by making wonders—curiosities of nature or of art—and exhibiting them to the world. "His first essay in this way was to exhibit himself as a wax-work figure, behind a glass door at a puppet-show. Thus, keeping the spectators at a proper distance, and having his head adorned with a copper crown, he looked extremely natural, and very like the life itself." This would be no bad illustration of what his critics have often pointed out as Goldsmith's own proceeding, in the manufacture of his literary wonders and curiosities. When he wanted a fictitious character for his novel, or his play, he sate himself down behind the glass door, with some copper crown, or other slight disguise upon his head, and all the world confessed that it "looked extremely natural, and very like the life itself."

His Good-natured Man, in the comedy of that name; Young Marlow in *She Stoops to Conquer*, the Philosopher Vagabond, the Man in Black, and others that could be named, are all Goldsmith sitting behind the glass door. There is a strong personal resemblance in all his characters; they are portraits of himself, drawn with

the features widened into broad humour, or elongated into saturnine wisdom. His Beau Tibbs seems to have been created by looking at, and magnifying, some of his own foibles; his Dr Primrose, by drawing forth those grave and kindly feelings, which, notwithstanding those foibles, lay, he knew, at the bottom of his heart.

The incidents of his life, too, supplied very often the plot or story; and memory took the place of invention. Yet, in this respect, considering the varied and adventurous nature of his life, we are rather surprised that he did not draw more copiously from himself, and from his past history. We should have thought that the curious scenes he must have witnessed in that wild journey of his—footing it through Europe, now as medical student, now as itinerant musician, at one time playing the tutor (he the tutor!) to some junior scapegrace; at another, furnishing up all the Latin and logic he was master of, to dispute at Padua for bed and supper—would have supplied him with many an incident for a novel. We are persuaded, that if he had lived in these days, when the value of an incident is better known, and it is more the fashion than it was formerly to put to literary profit the experience and events of private life, he would have made much greater use than he has done of such materials.

But it is not only thus that we trace the life of Goldsmith in his writings. We trace the influence of his career in the formation of his intellectual character. Travel had stood with him in the place of philosophy. It had enlarged his sphere of thought, had broken up national prejudices, and given him an insight into many a matter which otherwise would never have attracted his attention. But travel is far more effective in dispersing error or prejudice, than in lending assistance to the formation of settled opinions. It confirmed him in a desultory mode of

thinking, uncertain and undecided. His horizon was extended, but his vision was not distinct. Yet as Goldsmith was never devoted to the discipline of philosophy, and would never, perhaps, have pursued any systematic study, he was, upon the whole, a great gainer by his varied vagrant life, and the cosmopolitan temper it had generated. A philosopher he never would have been: it was something to feel as a citizen of the world.

Goldsmith was of a quick apprehensive intellect, open to receive impressions, with ready faculty to give them forth again; but to continuous thought, to close and prolonged examination of any subject, he was by no means addicted. With him the philosophers were more talked of than read. Abstract thinking and severe reasoning were not his vocation. It thus happens that the solitary observation, simply asserted, is often excellent, and carries with it our cordial assent. He only discovers his weakness when he undertakes to convince us by his reasoning. On those occasions when he puts forth a thesis, and solemnly begins to demonstrate it, his thesis may be good, but it will stand none the firmer for his argument.

Let us give an instance of this from the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Nothing could be more just, or more happily expressed, than the opening observation we are about to quote. The reasoning which follows, and is intended to support it, is as weak and fantastical as, on so beaten a subject, it well could be.

"And it were highly to be wished," says the Vicar, "that legislative power would thus direct the law rather to reformation than severity; that it would seem convinced that the work of eradicating crimes is not by making punishment familiar, but formidable. Then instead of our present prisons, which find or make men guilty, which enclose wretches for the commission of one crime, and return them, if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands—we should see, as in other parts of Europe, places of penitence and solitude, where the accused might be attended by such as could give them repentance, if guilty, or new motives to virtue, if innocent. And this, but not the increasing punishment, is the way to mend a state."

Now, if the good Vicar had stopped here, he would have expressed a truth much needed at the time, in a simplicity and elegance of language which could not be improved. But the Vicar enters into abstract reasoning to prove his thesis, grows argumentative, and, at the same time, grows weak.

"Nor can I," he continues, "avoid even questioning the validity of that right which social combinations have assumed of capitally punishing offences of a slight nature. In cases of murder their right is obvious, as it is the duty of us all, from the law of self-defence, to cut off that man who has shown a disregard for the life of another. Against such all nature rises in arms; but it is not so against him who steals my property. Natural law gives me no right to take away his life, as by that the horse he steals is as much his property as mine. If, then, I have any right, it must be from a compact made between us, that he who deprives the other of his horse shall die. *But this is a false compact; because no man has a right to barter his life any more than to take it away, as it is not his own. And, besides, the compact is inadequate, and could be set aside even in a court of modern equity, as there is a great penalty for a trifling inconvenience, since it is far better that two men should live than that one man should ride.* But a compact that is false between two men is equally so between a hundred and a hundred thousand; for as ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood."

Logic such as this, even if set forth in Latin, would hardly have earned him his supper and his bed in the University of Padua.

We are told that at Dublin University Goldsmith manifested great repugnance to the study of mathematics. The conduct towards him of the mathematical tutor did not tend to diminish this aversion. In one of his miscellaneous essays, he thus revenges himself on the science and on its professors:—

"A youth incapable of retaining one rule of grammar, or of acquiring the least knowledge of the classics, may nevertheless make great progress in mathematics; nay, he may have a strong genius for the mathematics without being able to comprehend a demonstration of Euclid; because his mind conceives in a peculiar manner, and is so intent upon contemplating the object in one particular point of view,

that it cannot perceive it in any other. We have known an instance of a boy who, while his master complained that he had not capacity to comprehend the properties of a right-angled triangle, had actually, in private, by the power of his genius, formed a mathematical system of his own; discovered a series of curious theorems, and even applied his deductions to practical machines of surprising construction."

—*Essay on Taste.*

But although Goldsmith could commit the most surprising blunders when he invades the region of abstract or severe reasoning, yet the credit must be given to him of *thinking for himself*. With undisciplined powers, and but slenderly equipped for the task, we still see him engaging in the solution of social and political problems. He does not merely repeat from books the ideas of others; nor is he a thoughtless spectator of the world. One subject especially our homeless wanderer, who had looked up at society from the last round of the ladder, is frequently observed to be canvassing. His opinions on it are far from settled; his conclusions are often diametrically opposed; his reasonings never very clear; but he is, at all events, seen from time to time pondering it with great interest. It is the subject of luxury—the gratifications and pleasures of the wealthy in a state of civilisation. The rule admits of exceptions; but, in general, he condemns luxury in his poetry, and defends it in his prose. In neither case is he very successful in his reasonings. When he assails, he appears to be under the influence of a mere sentiment; when he defends it, he seems to be dealing with a half-learned philosophy, and such as is generally understood to be rather a native of France than of England.

"Examine," says the *Citizen of the World*, "the history of any country remarkable for opulence and wisdom, you will find that they would never have been wise had they not been first luxurious: you will find poets, philosophers, and even patriots, marching in luxury's train. The reason is obvious. *We then only are curious in knowledge, when we find it connected with sensual happiness.* The senses ever point out the way, and reflection comments upon the discovery. Inform a native of the desert of Kobi of the exact measure of the parallax of the

moon, he finds no satisfaction at all in the information; he wonders how any could take such pains, and lay out such treasures, in order to solve so useless a difficulty; but connect it with his happiness by showing that it improves navigation—that by such an investigation he may have a warmer coat, a better gun, or a finer knife, and he is instantly in raptures at so great an improvement. In short, we only desire to know when we desire to possess; and, whatever we may talk against it, luxury adds the spur to curiosity, and gives us a desire of becoming more wise."—Letter XI.

Not true, Dr Goldsmith!—only a mere fragment of the truth; and your astronomical illustration singularly unfortunate. For the science of astronomy has been all along a labour of love—from the time when Chaldean shepherds, quite heedless of navigation, watched the stars, and marked out the planet (the *wanderer*) amongst the fixed and stationary lights, to these our own days, when the profound mathematician, calculating, in the midst of revolutionary Paris, his disturbances on the remote boundaries of our planetary system, writes to the skilful observer, and bids him direct his great tube to a certain spot in the heavens, and he will find a new *wanderer* there, as yet unseen and unsuspected. The observer points his telescope as he is told, and discovers it that very night, in that very spot.

Still less will his reasoning hold together, or prove "refutation-tight," when, as in the *Deserted Village*, he finds that the wealth of our merchants has occasioned the desertion of the country, and the depopulation of the land. "In regretting," he says, in the preface to that poem, "the depopulation of the land, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries." Happily no one, in reading that poem, thinks of the political economy of the *Deserted Village*. Happily, also, there is often a greater truth in the poet's general enunciations, than he himself is able to explain, or accurately to develop. The reader may adopt his language, and apply it to a more correct conception than was present to the author's mind. The very paragraph which might be quoted for its manifest blunder in the rudiments of political science, opens with these admirable lines, which every one, in

a sense of his own, will readily adopt:—

“Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey

The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.”

What follows will not easily bear a wise interpretation. Goldsmith speaks of commerce as if ships came in laden with nothing but gold—with “loads of freighted ore”—and finds that this imported wealth converts the ploughed fields into parks and pleasure-grounds. The writer of a history of England might have called to mind the Forest Laws, and the wide tracts of country kept waste, and, in some cases, *laid waste* by our rude ancestors, for their rude sports.

There is amongst the essays of Goldsmith a tale or allegory, which our readers may remember to have read in their youth, in some Speaker, or collection of *Elegant Extracts*. We are quite sure they have no acquaintance with it of a later date. This tale we will venture to revive. It belongs to so old-fashioned a species of literature, that it must needs be a novelty. We would quote it as an instance illustrative of the remarks we have made on the intellectual character of Goldsmith. It is wrong—argumentatively and logically wrong—yet no man would say that he was a mere repeater of other men's words, who wrote *Asem, an Eastern Tale; or a Vindication of the Wisdom of Providence in the moral government of the World*. No one can read it without being prompted to think, which is good proof that the author thought when he wrote it—though he did not think very accurately.

In the time of Goldsmith, the fashion was not extinct of seeing moral visions, and dreaming sagacious dreams. Wisdom delighted to speak in allegory. There were still to be found in those days, here and there, retired hermits, with long beards, hiding in solitary caves, and living on the simplest herbs—cold water and a salad; and there were still lingering on the earth genii, or other stupendous and supernatural beings, who occasionally visited these favoured mortals, teaching them surpassing wisdom, and illustrating their lessons

in the most marvellous manner. Asem was such a hermit. Yet, all hermit and Mussulman as he was, he bears a strong resemblance to the Goldsmith family. “From the tenderness of his disposition, he exhausted all his fortune in relieving the wants of the distressed.” Having reduced himself to want, he is shocked to find that one who comes to beg, is not so welcome as when he came to give. Accordingly, he turns with wrath from an ungrateful world.

“He began to view mankind in a very different light from that in which he had before beheld them; he perceived a thousand vices he had never before suspected to exist; wherever he turned, ingratitude, dissimulation, and treachery contributed to increase his detestation of them. Resolved, therefore, to continue no longer in a world which he hated, and which repaid his detestation with contempt, he retired to a region of sterility, in order to brood over his resentment in solitude, and converse with the only honest heart he knew—namely, his own.”

But the contemplation of this only honest heart was not sufficient consolation for that prospect of a wicked world which perpetually haunted him, and which filled him with doubts on the wisdom or the beneficence of Allah. He finally resolved on suicide. He was about to plunge into the lake, when—

“He perceived a most majestic being walking on the surface of the water, and approaching the bank on which he stood!

“‘Son of Adam!’ cried the Genius, ‘stop thy rash purpose: the Father of the Faithful has seen thy justice, thy integrity, thy miseries, and hath sent me to afford and administer relief. Give me thine hand, and follow without trembling wherever I shall lead. In me behold the Genius of Conviction, kept by the Great Prophet, to turn from their errors those who go astray, not from curiosity, but a rectitude of intention. Follow me, and be wise!’”

Such an invitation, and from so imposing a personage, was not to be declined. The Genius of Conviction conducts Asem along the surface, and to the centre of the lake: here the waters open, and close on them; they descend into another world, where human foot had never trod before.

"The rational inhabitants of this world," the Genius tells him, "are formed agreeably to your own ideas; they are absolutely without vice. If you find this world more agreeable than that you so lately left, you have free permission to spend the remainder of your days in it."

"A world without vice! Rational beings without immortality!" cried Asem in a rapture. "I thank thee, Allah!—thou hast at length heard my petitions: this—this, indeed, will produce happiness, ecstasy, and ease. Oh for an immortality to spend it among men who are incapable of ingratitude, injustice, fraud, violence, and a thousand other crimes that render society miserable!"

"Cease thine exclamations!" replied the Genius. "Look around thee."

"They soon gained the utmost verge of the forest, and entered the country inhabited by men without vice; and Asem anticipated in idea the rational delight he hoped to experience in such an innocent society. But they had scarcely left the confines of the wood, when they beheld one of the inhabitants flying with hasty steps, and terror in his countenance, from an army of squirrels that closely pursued him. 'Heavens!' cried Asem, 'why does he fly! What can he fear from animals so contemptible!' He had scarcely spoken, when he perceived two dogs pursuing another of the human species, who, with equal terror and haste, attempted to avoid them. 'This,' cried Asem to his guide, 'is truly surprising; nor can I conceive the reason for so strange an action.'—'Every species of animals,' replied the Genius, 'has of late grown very powerful in this country; for the inhabitants, at first, thinking it unjust to use either fraud or force in destroying them, they have insensibly increased, and now frequently ravage their harmless frontiers.' 'But they should have been destroyed!' cried Asem: 'you see the consequence of such neglect.'—'Where is then that tenderness you so lately expressed for subordinate animals?' replied the Genius, smiling; 'you seem to have forgot that branch of justice.' 'I must acknowledge my mistake,' returned Asem. 'I am now convinced that we must be guilty of tyranny and injustice to the brute creation, if we would enjoy the world ourselves. But let us no longer observe the duty of man to these irrational creatures, but survey their connexions with one another.'

"As they walked farther up the country, the more he was surprised to see no vestiges of handsome houses, no cities, nor any mark of elegant design. His conductor, perceiving his surprise, ob-

served, that the inhabitants of this new world were perfectly content with their ancient simplicity; each had a house, which, though homely, was sufficient to lodge his little family; they were too good to build houses, which would only increase their own pride and the envy of the spectator; what they built was for convenience, and not for show. 'At least, then,' said Asem, 'they have neither architects, painters, nor statuary in their society; but these are idle arts, and may be spared. However, before I spend much more time here, you should have my thanks for introducing me into the society of some of their wisest men: there is scarcely any pleasure to me equal to a refined conversation; there is nothing of which I am so much enamoured as wisdom.'—'Wisdom!' replied his instructor; 'how ridiculous! We have no wisdom here, for we have no occasion for it: true wisdom is only a knowledge of our own duty, and the duty of others to us; but of what use is such wisdom here! Each intuitively performs what is right in itself, and expects the same from others. If by wisdom you should mean vain curiosity and empty speculation, as such pleasures have their origin in vanity, luxury, or avarice, we are too good to pursue them.' 'All this may be right,' said Asem, 'but I think I observe a solitary disposition prevail among the people; each family keeps separately within their own precincts, without society, or without intercourse.'—'That, indeed, is true,' replied the other; 'here is no established society, nor should there be any: all societies are made either through fear or friendship; the people we are among are too good to fear each other; and there are no motives to private friendship, where all are equally meritorious.' 'Well, then,' said the sceptic, 'if I am to spend my time here—if I am to have neither the polite arts, nor wisdom, nor friendship in such a world, I should be glad, at least, of an easy companion, who may tell me his thoughts, and to whom I may communicate mine.'—'And to what purpose should either do this?' says the Genius. 'Flattery or curiosity are vicious motives, and never allowed of here; and wisdom is out of the question.'

"Still, however," said Asem, 'the inhabitants must be happy; each is contented with his own possessions, nor avariciously endeavours to heap up more than is necessary for his own subsistence; each has, therefore, leisure for pitying those that stand in need of his compassion.' He had scarcely spoken when his ears were assailed by the lamentations of a wretch who sat by the way-side, and, in

the most deplorable distress, seemed gently to murmur at his own misery. Asem immediately ran to his relief, and found him in the last stage of a consumption. 'Strange,' cried the son of Adam, 'that men who are free from vice should thus suffer so much misery without relief!'—'Be not surprised,' said the wretch who was dying; 'would it not be the utmost injustice for beings who have only just sufficient to support themselves, and are content with a bare subsistence, to take it from their own mouths to put it into mine? They never are possessed of a single meal more than is necessary; and what is barely necessary cannot be dispensed with.' 'They should have been supplied with more than is necessary,' cried Asem. 'And yet I contradict my own opinion but a moment before: all is doubt, perplexity, and confusion.'

After some other attempts to find happiness in this world without vice, Asem exclaims—"Take me, O my Genius! back to that very world I have despised!" And hereupon the triumphant Genius, "assuming an air of terrible complacency, called all his thunders around him, and vanished in a whirlwind." Asem found himself at the very place, and (with such rapidity had these scenes passed in review) almost at the very instant of time, in which the Genius had at first accosted him. "His right foot was still advanced to take the fatal plunge, nor had it been yet withdrawn."

Who would dare to contend with the *Genius of Conviction*?—who venture to prescribe laws of reasoning to so majestic a being,—one who walks upon the waters, calls his thunders about him, and has a whole subterranean world wherewith to demonstrate his theory of morals? Nevertheless, if we were quite sure that the Genius were out of hearing, we should be disposed to question whether he had ever framed an accurate definition of virtue. If, in a virtuous world, men must be chased by squirrels, and devoured by dogs, live in penury, and let their neighbours starve, either we, or the Genius of Conviction, have been in error all this time as to what virtue really is.

As a critic, it is confessed on all hands that Goldsmith lamentably failed. As a politician, he had this honourable peculiarity, that his speculations had very little reference to the

party feuds of the day. He had contracted, probably from his Continental travels, a bias in favour of monarchical power. He seems to have embraced the opinion which Burke combated in his *Thoughts on the Present Discontents*; namely, that the houses of parliament, or the aristocracy through their influence in these houses, were dangerously encroaching on the royal prerogative. At least this is the best explanation we can give of the expressions that he, from time to time, throws out upon this subject.

The only grudge we owe his politics is, that they occasioned the introduction of the weakest and most confused passage in his noble poem of *The Traveller*. When discoursing upon foreign countries—on Holland, France, or Italy—he naturally and wisely restricts himself to certain general characteristics of the people and of their governments—general views which admit of vigorous and poetic enunciation, and are not likely to raise cavil or controversy. But when he lands upon his native country, these home politics beset him, and he gets entangled in a train of thought but half made out, of too controversial a character, and which does not easily lend itself to the harmony of verse, and the simple force of poetic expression.

"Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warns:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom, when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes where savage nations roam,
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart:
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne."

Yet the whole passage must be forgiven for the sake of the two last lines. Of these the second is repeatedly quoted; but there is much significance and extreme felicity of expression in the preceding line—

"—half a patriot, half a coward grown."
It is a pity they should be so often separated.

Having mentioned *The Traveller*, let us turn at once to this and to its

exquisite companion—the two poems which give to Goldsmith his secure and eminent position in the literature of England. Our few detached criticisms on these old favourites shall not, at all events, be wearisome by their length. His comedies we design to leave untouched; they cannot be criticised without some review, however rapid, of the literature of the stage, and for this we have at present neitherspace nor inclination. A glance at *The Citizen of the World* and *The Vicar of Wakefield* will bring our subject to its conclusion.

Every one remembers the anecdote connected with the first line of *The Traveller*—

“Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow.”

Mr Irving shall relate it for us.

“The appearance of *The Traveller* at once altered Goldsmith’s intellectual standing in the estimation of society; but its effect upon the club, if we may judge from the account given by Hawkins, was almost ludicrous. They were lost in astonishment that a ‘newspaper essayist,’ and a ‘bookseller’s drudge,’ should have written such a poem. On the evening of its announcement, Goldsmith had gone away early, after ‘rattling away as usual,’ and they knew not how to reconcile his heedless garrulity with the serene beauty, the easy grace, the sound good sense, and the occasional elevation of his poetry. They could scarcely believe that such magic numbers had flowed from a man to whom in general, says Johnson, ‘it was with difficulty they could give a hearing.’ ‘Well,’ exclaimed Chamier, ‘I do believe he wrote this poem himself; and, let me tell you, that is believing a great deal.’

“At the next meeting of the club, Chamier sounded the author a little about his poem. ‘Mr Goldsmith,’ said he, ‘what do you mean by the last word in the first line of your *Traveller*, “remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow?” Do you mean tardiness of locomotion?’—‘Yes,’ replied Goldsmith inconsiderately, being probably flurried at the moment. ‘No, sir,’ interposed his protecting friend Johnson, ‘you did not mean tardiness of locomotion; you meant that sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude.’—‘Ah!’ exclaimed Goldsmith, ‘that was what I meant.’ Chamier immediately believed that Johnson himself had written the line, and a rumour became prevalent that he was the author of many of the finest passages.”

With due deference to the great

critic, and to the author himself, he *did* mean tardiness of movement; but the epithet, joined as it is with others, tells us also that this slowness of motion was the result of heaviness of heart, and indicative of a sad and pensive spirit. It means all that Dr Johnson said; but it means also, and first of all, the slow pace of the solitary poet. Goldsmith was more probably “flurried at the moment,” when he so readily adopted the interpretation of Dr Johnson, than when he gave his first natural answer. He found the passage explained for him so authoritatively, and so much to the satisfaction of those present, that he could not hesitate in accepting the explanation. But had he taken time and *courage* to reflect a moment, he would have seen that there was no discrepancy between his own answer and what Dr Johnson had added. Take away the image of the slow moving poet, and you take away all *picture* from the passage. The pensive sadness is depicted in what Captain Chamier calls, in seeming imitation of the great man he is conversing with, “tardiness of locomotion.”

“Remote—unfriended—melancholy—slow.”

Every word comes from the heart. Many a time, without a doubt, had our wandering poet, at a distance from his country, walked by the side of some foreign stream—alone—unfriended—with nothing for his portion upon earth but genius and poverty.

We cannot, for our part, see the point of Captain Chamier’s question. He might, with just as much reason, have put the same query to Petrarch, who opens one of his sonnets in a very similar manner.

“Solo e pensoso, i più deserti campi
Vo misurando, a passi tardi e lenti.”

He would have found here also “tardiness of locomotion,” and the languor of the pensive man, united in the same description.

“Where’er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell’d fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother tarna, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.”

The same image is made use of in the *Citizen of the World*. The reader may like to contrast the prose with the poetic version. “The farther I travel,”

says Lien Chi Altangi to his correspondent, "I feel the pain of separation with stronger force; those ties that bind me to my native country and you, are still unbroken. *By every remove I only drag a greater length of chain.*" We prefer the prose. Indeed the metaphor is not so much to our taste as that we should have thought it worth using a second time, and in the greater work. It suited Lien Chi Altangi very well, and with him it might have remained. It is too cumbrous—too material. What are we to do with this "lengthening chain" which he "drags" along the earth? and where, in imagination, are we to fasten it? To his ankle? It would make a felon of him. To his waist? Ridiculous! But, you will say, we are not to see the chain at all—only to hear it clank a little in the verse—only to have some dim idea of lengthening ligature. Very good; and thereupon we honestly respond—if, whilst reading the line you feel no irresistible tendency to look down upon the ground for this chain—if you do not see it at all, then to you the metaphor is quite unobjectionable.

"And find no spot of all the world my own!" The natural feeling of the homeless, unprovided wanderer, looking over a great stretch of country. How finely is it contrasted with the sentiment which follows! No spot his own! It is all his! He has taken sympathetic possession of the whole.

"Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crowned;

Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;

Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains that dress the flowery vale—

For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!"

Having thus wrought himself into proper mood for his philosophic purpose, the poet commences his survey of the several regions of the earth, and nations of mankind. The train of thought is, at starting, somewhat perplexed, from the author being occupied with two separate reflections, which, until they are closely examined, appear contradictory. We have them in close juxtaposition in the following lines:—

"Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;

And oft I wish amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope
at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.
But where to find that happiest below—
Who can direct, when *all pretend to know?*
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own."
&c., &c.

So far, then, from the hoard of happiness being small, every country proclaims itself to be specially and pre-eminently blest. The philosophic poet has no reason for his sorrow: he wanted one happy spot, and he has found every spot is happy—supremely happy.

But the apparent incongruity vanishes on a closer examination. Each nation boasts its pre-eminence over other nations; but man nowhere boasts much of being man. Every people is proud and self-congratulatory whilst it compares itself with other people; but its pride and gratulation are only sustained by this comparison. Every congregation of men who merely contemplate themselves as with the earth beneath them, and the sky above, are heard to fill the air with lamentations and discontent. So that the philosopher, notwithstanding these several vaunts of every nation, civilised and savage, may still search, if he thinks fit, for the spot "to happiness consigned."

Our poet seems to find an equal proportion of good and evil in every clime, people, and government. Sometimes he is guilty of a little overcharge in this or that particular, in order to keep the balance even. Only thus can we account for the very severe language with which he takes leave of Holland. He had found the people of that country so very comfortable that it was absolutely necessary to abuse them as—

"A land of tyrants and a den of slaves,"
or the due proportion of evil would not have been preserved.

It is observable, and characteristic of the age in which Goldsmith wrote, that, beautiful as are his descriptions of the several countries of Europe, there is very little in them which betrays that he himself had ever visited those countries. There are few of those picturesque circumstances which the eye of an observer detects, and which the memory, or the note-book,

preserves. Unfortunately, it was the habit of the day to trust more to the knowledge acquired from books than to the eyesight: *learning* had not lost that undue influence which it naturally acquired at the restoration of letters; poets chose rather to describe what had been described before, and adhere to traditional feelings and classical models, than to consult their own experience. The descriptions of scenery in *The Traveller* are so general, and consist of broad outlines so well known to all educated men, that they might have been written in Green Arbour Court, by one who had lived there all his life. Switzerland itself does not provoke him to quit the beaten track of broad generalities. He even describes what he did *not* see, because it harmonises with the ideas obtained from books. Thus,—

—“The bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No produce *here* the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.”

Switzerland has been long celebrated for the mercenary troops she supplied to foreign courts; but there is no country where less is seen of the soldier and his sword; nor can “scanty bread” be said to be the lot of those who cultivate its soil.

While our eye is on this part of the poem, can we possibly resist quoting the following half-a-dozen lines? They are perfect:—

—“Those hills that round his mansion rise
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;

And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother’s breast—
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind’s roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.”

Perhaps the happiest of all these national portraits is that of France. He sympathised with the French; his pen is often employed in defending them from absurd attacks, and combating the prejudices of the John Bull of his day. The concluding lines are peculiarly happy: there is a refinement of analysis expressed in the most graceful diction.

—“Honour
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic through the land;
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;

They please, are pleased; they give to get
esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.”

His praise of England we must not appear so deficient in patriotism as to quarrel with. But just as one is curious to know where an artist stood who has taken some captivating sketch of an old familiar spot, which never appeared to us so very charming before—so one might feel a little curious to discover where it was, in town or country, that Goldsmith took his stand when he saw—

“The lords of human race pass by;
Intent on high design—a thoughtful band.”

Was it on London Bridge or at Temple Bar that he read the marks of “high design” in the “thoughtful band” that were rushing past him like a mill-stream? Or was he far off in the country, and did the squire and his tenantry sit for the picture?

We already find in *The Traveller* that strange hallucination which seems to have haunted him, and which he more fully expressed in the subsequent poem of *The Deserted Village*—that England was being depopulated! What could have conducted him to a conclusion so utterly at variance with the fact, it is useless to inquire. It was his crotchet. He had probably seen decay in some places, and took no calculation of the more than proportionate increase of others. For Goldsmith did not limit himself to the mistaken notion, which many had expressed, that the towns were growing large at the expense of the country, but entertained—what to us must seem the strangest of paradoxes—entertained the conviction that the population of the whole country was wasting away.

Happily, as we have already remarked, no one thinks of the theory of depopulation, or over-population, or any other theory of political economy, whilst reading *The Deserted Village*. We have all learned to love “Sweet Auburn” long before any idea connected with so crabbéd and distressful a subject entered our minds. Indeed the village, with all its accessories, is brought with such distinctness before us, that even the decay of Auburn itself, is not the most prominent impression which the poem produces. The deserted Auburn is made

to live again so vividly in the imagination, that the desolation in which it lies only occurs occasionally to the mind, throwing a feeling of sadness and melancholy over the picture. For ourselves, we can well remember that when we first became acquainted with the village of Auburn, we always thought of it—notwithstanding the use of the past tense—as somewhere still existing. It existed, at all events, very palpably in the imagination.

The scene is English: it is, in the main, a description of an English village; but because the poet has also drawn materials from the recollections of his early home, some of his critics have been resolved to place Auburn in Ireland, and to identify what is clearly an ideal picture with the definite locality of Lissoy. On this ground they have even proceeded to convict him of an error for introducing the nightingale in one of his descriptions, there being no such bird in Ireland.

This line, in which the nightingale is introduced, we should venture to quarrel with on quite another ground. Here is the passage. No one will object to read it again, though he has read it fifty or twice fifty times.

"Sweet was the sound when oft, at evening's close,

Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below:
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice, that bayed the whispering wind;

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;

*These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made."*

Have not our readers already felt how much better the description would have been if the last couplet had been omitted? This nightingale takes us by surprise. We thought we were listening to the sounds of the distant village, and find that we have been attending to the song of the nightingale, and that these had only filled up the pauses of her song. What had been the chief and prominent subject is suddenly reduced to this subordinate part. But, what is more to the purpose, the description becomes unfaithful, and ceases to reflect a real experi-

ence, when this nightingale is introduced. If that shy bird were heard singing while the milkmaid and the schoolboy were still audible, there would be no pleasing, but a very displeasing effect produced by the mingling of sounds of so very different a nature. They would by no means harmonise. We should listen with pleasure to the milkmaid and to the distant schoolboy, (he must be very distant,) and we should listen with pleasure to the nightingale, but with very little pleasure to all these at once.

Goldsmith was a genuine lover of nature; but nevertheless he had not quite escaped that taste of the day which often led to the sacrifice of the truthfulness of a picture to what was deemed the perfection of the verse. He too can sometimes desert the *sense* for the *sound*. And this word *sound* reminds us of rather an amusing instance where he introduces some geographical names for no earthly reason except the array of sonorous syllables they present. "Farewell," he exclaims to poetry,—

"Farewell, and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,

On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side."

Had we been in Captain Chamier's place at the club, and wished to puzzle our friend Goldsmith, we should have asked him why he sent the muse to Pambamarca? and where, indeed, Pambamarca lay? We suspect that Goldsmith must have answered, that he knew nothing about it, except that it was a great way off, and sounded very majestically.

There is one instance where the poet has introduced a reminiscence from Ireland, which we do not recollect to have seen noticed. In the inimitable description of the village schoolmaster, he says,—

"Lands he could measure, terms and tides
presage,

And e'en the story ran—that he could gauge."

Now the rustics of an English village were not at all likely to select this accomplishment of gauging as one to bestow upon their prodigy of learning. We were tempted to explain this choice in the poet by the necessity of rhyme, which too often has manifestly determined him in the selection of his epithets, till it occurred to us that his mind had been travelling back

Irish village, where the illicit still may have brought even to the ragged urchins of the place some rumours of the science of the exciseman.

In the whole range of English heroic verse, there is nothing more beautiful or more complete than the description of the village pastor,—

——“The man to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year.”
Indeed, of the entire poem, it may be deliberately said, that it has more tenderness and pathos, gives more of picture to the eye, and of feeling to the heart, than any other in the language which is written in the same verse or metre. The polished couplets of Pope are nowhere else seen united with so much of the genuine essence of poetry. How perfect, in every way, are such lines as these,—

“But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he pray’d and felt for all ;

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov’d each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.”

One more remark, one other brief quotation, and we quit this most fascinating poem, which nestles deeper in the English heart than perhaps any other. What a bland, gentle, loving humour it is which occasionally steals over the picture of *The Deserted Village*, giving here and there charming touches, as of gay sunshine breaking out upon the several points of a shaded landscape, yet never disturbing the sweet serenity and sadness of the whole. Never did humour wear so gentle an aspect. We go from the pastor’s house, and the pastor himself, to the village inn, and there is no abruptness in the transition. What a quiet, observant, tolerant humour it is that sees those—“broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show.” What else could they serve for? And they may still do to be looked at.

“Vain transitory splendours ! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall ?
Observe it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour’s importance to the poor man’s heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
No more the farmer’s news, the barber’s tale,
No more the woodman’s ballad shall prevail ;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear.”

But why continue the quotation, when half our readers could complete it from their own memory?

We proposed to ourselves a glance at *The Citizen of the World* and *The Vicar of Wakefield*. It can only be a glance.

Is this really the same—we are tempted to ask ourselves—is this really the same *Citizen of the World* that, on our first introduction to the acquaintance of books, we read, amongst the *British Essayist*, with so grave attention, and so implicit a faith? Yes, it is the same; for here is the Man in Black, and here is the unmistakable Beau Tibbs. Can we possibly forget the invitation to dinner—on the first floor down the chimney—something elegant, a turbot or an ortolan, which finally resolves itself into “a nice little piece of ox-cheek, piping hot, which Mrs Tibbs shall dress herself with that sauce the Duke dotes upon,”—and which dinner, if his hungry guest will but wait, shall be “ready in at least two hours.” Yes, here is Beau Tibbs as full of life as ever. But the Chinese philosopher—he is gone;—there is left of him, or of China, nothing but his name, and the suspicious name of his correspondent, “Fum, the son of Fo.” Instead thereof, we have Oliver Goldsmith writing his series of clever *Idlers* and *Spectators*.

Pity this Chinaman ever made his appearance. All the humour and satire of the piece might have been preserved, if some simple Englishman, some Parson Adams or Dr Primrose, had been the writer of the letters; and we should have been spared the constant incongruity of a Chinese who is not only a palpable European, but a European of the literary class. So completely versed is this Chinese philosopher in the feuds and vexations of critics and authors, that we must suppose him commissioned by the Grub Street of Peking, to inquire into the condition of distressed poets and discontented playwrights amongst the “outer barbarians.” We should have been spared also those episodes, or adventures, which his Eastern correspondents detail to him, and which, indeed, are neither European nor Eastern, but very tedious stories.

In vain does the Chinaman assume the prejudices of his country: he may

amuse us; but he cannot even get a momentary credit for the outlandish taste he affects. He cannot disparage the beauty of Englishwomen, without insinuating his praise of them. There is as much flattery as abuse, when he says:—

“I shall never forget the beauties of my native city of Nanfaw. How very broad their faces! how very short their noses! how very little their eyes! how very thin their lips! how very black their teeth. Here a lady with such perfections would be frightful: Dutch and Chinese beauties, indeed, have some resemblance, but Englishwomen are entirely different; red cheeks, big eyes, and teeth of a most odious whiteness, are not only seen here, but wished for; and then they have such masculine feet, as actually serve some for walking.”

That which constitutes the greatest charm of the work is the subdued and chastened satire one occasionally meets with. Not a rude and boisterous, a cutting or malicious satire, but such as requires to be read with some attention before the full force of its sly invendos, and of alight circumstances mentioned as if in passing, is fully perceived. Take the following instance, and note how the effect is heightened by a number of little details, thrown in as if by accident.

“A few days ago, passing by one of their prisons, I could not avoid stopping in order to listen to a dialogue which I thought might afford me some entertainment. The conversation was carried on between a debtor through the grate of his prison, a porter who had stopped to rest his burden, and a soldier at the window. The subject was upon a threatened invasion from France, and each seemed extremely anxious to rescue his country from the impending danger. ‘For my part,’ cries the prisoner, ‘the greatest of my apprehension is for our freedom: if the French should conquer, what would become of English liberty? My dear friends, liberty is the Englishman’s prerogative; we must preserve that at the expense of our lives: of that the French shall never deprive us; it is not to be expected that men who are slaves themselves, would preserve our freedom should they happen to conquer.’ ‘Ay, slaves,’ cries the porter; ‘they are all slaves, fit only to carry burdens, every one of them. Before I would stoop to slavery, may this be my poison, (and he held the goblet in his hand,) may this be my poison—but I would sooner list for a soldier.’

“The soldier, taking the goblet from his friend, with much awe fervently cried out, ‘It is not so much our liberties as our religion that would suffer by such a change: ay, our religion, my lads. May the devil sink me into flames (such was the solemnity of his adjuration) if the French should come over, but our religion would be utterly undone.’ So saying, instead of a libation, he applied the goblet to his lips, and confirmed his sentiments with a ceremony of the most persevering devotion.”

There are some works so simple in their structure, and so highly popular, that on both grounds they defy criticism. Their faults lie so open and undisguised, that the critic who would pertinaciously insist upon them, would get neither credit nor thanks for his pains. In this category is *The Vicar of Wakefield*. To expose its improbabilities of plot or character would be an easy and most ungracious task. We love the good Vicar, and he shall be allowed to tell his tale to the end of time just as he pleases. To be sure, this odd notion he entertains, that a clergyman ought by all means to marry once, and by no means more than once, is very like a monomania. He is so staunch a *monogamist*, as he calls it, as to be resolved on convincing his old friend and fellow-clergyman, Mr Wilmot, who has been married three times. But this, and all the wonderful things which the Thornhills, nephew and uncle, contrive to do, who cares to cavil at? The genuine feelings of human nature are portrayed in the novel,—kind, homely, unpretending feelings which all can sympathise with—and when the attention is once fixed by this species of truth, a thousand improbabilities may pass without challenge. It is always thus. The writer of fiction, whether it be fable or romance, and whether he deal with man or monster, or spirit of the air, has always found that if he can present a faithful reflexion of the human heart, he may give almost any conceivable license to the imagination.

What most struck us on a late perusal of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, was the very low level, in point of refinement, on which all the female characters are placed. The love and the courtship are of the rudest sort, without the least trace of sentiment or the poetry of the passion.

Primrose, notwithstanding the excellence of her gooseberry wine, and the liberality with which she dispenses it, is, we are sorry to say, decidedly a vulgar personage. That her learning and accomplishments were those which we should now assign to the housekeeper, rather than to the wife of a wealthy vicar, (for such is Dr Primrose when we are first introduced to him,) is no part of our objection; this the difference of times and systems of education may sufficiently explain. Mrs Primrose is vulgar *at the heart*. She lacks those feelings of refinement which sometimes grow up spontaneously even in the peasant's hut.

Recall to mind the manner in which she receives back her unfortunate daughter Olivia. Let it be remembered that she had been practising her petty blundering artifices, her most visible palpable manœuvres, to catch the rich young squire. It was her plot, her scheme for elevating the family; in which scheme her daughter was of course to co-operate. Yet this is her speech upon the occasion. It is true human nature, but it is human nature of a very vulgar description. "Ah, Madam," cried her mother, "this is but a poor place you are come to after so much finery. My daughter Sophy and I can afford but little entertainment to persons who have kept company only with people of distinction. Yes, Miss Livy, your poor father and I have suffered very much of late; but I hope Heaven will forgive you."

This Olivia herself is not made interesting to us by any one trait in her character. Her beauty, and the cruel treatment she meets with from her coarse and brazen seducer, is all she has to depend upon for any claim to our sympathy. Affliction has its worst effect upon her, the effect it has on the selfish and unrefined. "Every tender epithet bestowed on her sister brought a pang to her heart, and a tear to her eye; and as one vice, when cured, ever plants others where it has been, so her former guilt, though driven out by repentance, left jealousy and envy behind." It is just as well we do not

get more intimate with the female part of the family, for it is evident that in proportion as we knew them better, we should like them less.

Had the life of Goldsmith brought him acquainted with no higher specimens of the sex? Had his fair cousin Jane, the daughter of good Uncle Contarine, with whom he used to practise music, and talk poetry, left with him no more refined impression of female society than we see reflected in *The Vicar of Wakefield*? Or, must we understand his portraits as fair specimens of the women of his time? Or, shall we seek a third explanation in the want of refinement in the literature of that period? We suspect the last has much to do with it.

Here we must bring to a conclusion our necessarily detached and desultory criticisms on the works of Goldsmith. As a *prose* writer, it would be in vain for any too partial biographer or critic to elevate him to the rank of those who guide or confirm opinion, and teach us to reason and to judge. But how many a familiar truth has he clothed in clear and graceful diction! How often, too, the isolated observation, thrown out as if by happy chance, stimulates the mind to reflection! What a master he is of *form*—of the pleasing art which moulds the style! But his two principal *poems* are the works which raise him to the rank of *the immortals*. We can easily understand that many ardent admirers of our contemporaneous poetry—replete as it is with the philosophic speculations of the age, its subtle and ambitious thinking—may be disposed to look down with an air of condescension, and a sort of gentle disdain, upon the poetry of Goldsmith. But time passes on, and brings new modes of philosophising; the subtleties of one age do not always charm the next; and it may happen that much which is now held in highest repute, as the most *poetical* of poetry, shall have grown dim and obsolete, whilst mothers shall be still teaching to their children, and old men still repeating to themselves, the descriptions of *The Traveller* and of *The Deserted Village*.

ding his heels into Sancho's side before he was well in his seat, and started off at a trot, his legs dangling, and the stirrups too. As he mounted and rode away, I noticed a hard, droll sort of leer, on the weather-beaten countenances of his comrades. Jones, it soon became apparent, was both the wag and the butt of the whole escort.

The corporal, meanwhile, was receiving his instructions from Captain Rattier. "Fraser of the 42d?" said the captain. "Oh, very well. You will see to the whole party. We haven't another corporal in the escort. Turn them out to-morrow in good time; and be sure to have them here by eight o'clock, when we load the mules."

While the captain and I were seated at our tea, Jones entered without knocking, twitched his forelock, and with a savage look made a plunge at my boots, and walked away with them. Jones, it was clear, had made up his mind to be my personal attendant, as long as I and he marched in company. That being the case, I here beg leave to give you his character,—though I fear it would not gain him admittance into your service.

Jones went among his comrades by the name of Taffy, and certainly was not wronged by the legend, which says "Taffy was a thief." Take a trait. On the march, he stole a Dutch cheese, sold it me for a dollar, and ate it himself. He was conversable, and couldn't keep his own counsel: *e. g.* not satisfied with realising both dollar and cheese, he ostentatiously pleaded guilty to the original theft, walking by the side of my pony. Jones was no raw recruit:—had served in the Peninsula, if his word was to be trusted, through five successive campaigns; got his wound at Pampeluna, and was now returning from hospital to join his regiment. In active service, he had acquired all the good and bad qualities of an old campaigner; united with which were some of both sorts, that were properly his own. His oddities he did not attempt to hide, though they constantly exposed him to the jeers of his comrades. He was susceptible, touchy, testy—not quarrelsome. Felt ridicule very acutely; if laughed at, complained bitterly—expostulated—but

was not to be laughed out of his own ways. He was somewhat undersized; a smart, wiry, hard-featured light-infantry man: had, to an excess, that wriggle in his gait, which was imparted to our foot-soldiers by the awkward set of their accoutrements—straightening their back, stretching their neck, fixing their head, projecting their chin, and throwing all the action, in walking, into their loins, thighs, and shoulders. His first appearance was by no means a letter of recommendation. He carried the gallows in his countenance,—in short, had that sort of look which helps to get "oudacious" boys a "larrupping;" desperate, dogged, abject, and impudent at the same time. He was capable of any sort of atrocity:—you might turn him by a word. Had a perpetual wolf—yet didn't care much for eating, when he could get drink. Never refused a tumbler of wine—but preferred something short. His tact was considerable. He soon found out just what I disliked, and what I liked—accommodated his likings to mine. With a constant eye to self, was my intensely devoted humble servant. Never resisted—always gave up a point at once, when he couldn't carry it—yet often contrived to have his own way. Much preferred riding to walking: seldom suffered a day to pass, without finding more than one opportunity to "get across" Sancho in the course of the march. If I was off, he was on. Took an amazing liking to "the pony,"—and sold his corn. Hated the French, but not so much as he hated our own horse-soldiers. Jones, often offended, was never sancy. Took a jobation as a matter of course. Looked savage at the moment; the next, was larking with the muleteers. The muleteers took to him amazingly. For endless neglects and trespasses, he had one plea, always ready—"Got a bullet in my leg, sir."

Next morning, just as we had done breakfast, Corporal Fraser entered to announce the men ready, the mules arrived, and all prepared for loading. The captain and I proceeded to the spot, and the loading commenced. Corporal Fraser made himself universally useful; I soon discovered that, in him, we had an acquisition. Leav-

ing the superintendence, for a moment, to the captain and him, I stepped back to the billet, for the purpose of stowing, in my already overcharged portmanteau, a lot of loose dollars, part of my own ready cash, which I found a drag. Just as I had piled them on the table, to the number of forty, and was forcing them in amongst shirts, shaving materials, and portable dictionaries, who should enter but the captain? "Ah!" said he, "don't trouble yourself; you haven't room. You'll ruin your things. Here; my portmanteau is open." So saying, he laid hands on the dollars, counted thirty, and whipped them into his box. "Thirty," said he—"there, they'll go safe. Remember. Thirty." It was done in the twinkling of an eye. "Rather cool," thought I; "but of course it's all right."

We returned together. A few of the soldiers were placed as sentries. The rest had piled their arms, and stood waiting about, ready to fall in and march when the mules were loaded. Something out of the usual course was evidently going on: the men were all on a broad grin. I walked into a sort of court-yard, and at once discovered the cause of the general mirth. On a money-box sat Jones, and before him stood a goat. "Purty creatur!" said Jones. "Purty thing—isn't she, sir?" He held out a bit of biscuit. She playfully made a show of butting, advanced, and took it—"It's mine, sir," said he: "follows me about like a dog, sir."

"No wonder," said I, "so long as the biscuit lasts."

"No, sir; 'tisn't that, sir," replied Jones. "It's 'cause I speaks to her as goats understands, sir; same as we speaks to 'em in the Principality, sir. Only see, sir."

Jones then knelt down, put his nose close to nanny's, and, with a coaxing voice and a most affectionate look, gave utterance to a few low guttural sounds, in a language to me unknown. Nanny rose on her hind legs, and again made play with her head; then, just as I expected to see Jones punched and prostrate, arched her neck gracefully on one side, descended on her fore-feet, stepped back, cut a caper, ran up to Jones again in a butting attitude, and, instead of knocking him over, put her

nose close to his, and uttered a short bleat. "There, sir," said Jones; "see that, sir?—understands me every word, sir." It certainly did look very much as if nanny understood Welch.

"Well, what did you say to her?"

"Why, I said this, sir. 'Nanny,' says I, 'we're off directly instant,' says I; 'and you must come along with us,' says I; 'and I'll milk you morning and evening,' says I. 'And then the cappn, and this here hommerble jeddleham what's present,' says I, 'won't never not want milk for their tea,' says I, 'nor yet for their breakfast nayther,' says I."

"Well, and what does nanny say?" asked I, almost laughing at this stroke of generalship.

"Please, sir," replied Jones, "she says she's quite agreeable, sir; that is, if you are, sir. That's what she says, sir."

"Oh, very well." Had Jones and I been better acquainted, I might have felt it needful to ask first, how nanny had passed into his possession.

"Thank yer honour," said Jones, springing on his feet. "That's jest the very thing as I was a-going to aast yer honour. Much obleeged to yer honour. Purty creatur! Nothing to her, a day's march, sir. Won't mind it the least in the world, sir. Come in quite fresh, sir." As I was walking out of the yard, Jones ran after me,—“Please, sir, if the cappn makes any objections, when he sees nanny coming on along with us, sir, please just tell him she's a nanny, sir; that is, I means to say, a femmel, sir, and giz milk, sir. Then he won't have nothing to say against her, sir."

Nanny did actually accompany our march to headquarters; and not only gave us milk, regularly twice a-day, but on one occasion rendered us a far more important service. She became the pet of the men, and soon knocked up an acquaintance with the pony. Sancho and nanny travelled side by side; except that nanny's line of march was now and then excursive; on which occasions the pony expressed his uneasiness by turning his head to look, with an impatient snort. Nanny was certainly not undeserving of Jones's commendations of her beauty. Not one of that homebred race, of vul-

gar aspect, ungainly form, and short, coarse coat, so common both in this country and abroad—a race that lose all their sprightliness when they cease to be kids, and become full-grown goats;—in form she resembled the antelope; her step was that of goats that haunt the precipice, the pinnacle, and the glacier; elegance was in all her movements; and her hair, fine, flowing, and luxuriant—in colour a beautiful light orange-tawny, softening into an amber yellow, pale and delicate—with its snow-white fringe almost sweeping the ground. A dainty hussey, too, was Miss Nanny. She had her luxuries, and scorned to browse on common grass: culled her tidbits by the road-side, as she trotted along—a nibble here, and a nibble there; was partial to biscuit broken small, and wouldn't refuse a crumb of cheese. Didn't care for bread, except when she could steal it—her only vice—off the table before dinner; an object which she easily effected, by raising herself on her hind-legs. At the end of the march, as Jones had predicted, she always came in as fresh as she started; and proved it, wherever we were, by commencing an immediate perambulation of the house and premises, in search of anything she could pick up. This sometimes brought her into odd positions, and gave us trouble.

Where are we? Oh, loading the money for our start from Oyarzun. Just as I was coming out of the courtyard, a soldier entered it, with a look of execration, muttering. Didn't at all like appearances, when I got into the road. All the men looked sulky; the muleteers, perfectly vicious. The loading was going on, but without method, and not by any means with despatch. Of all the party, the only man that didn't show ill blood was Corporal Fraser. He was doing his best, but looked serious, and somewhat nonplussed. The cause of all was soon apparent. The captain, for some reason or other, had worked himself into a perfect fury, to which he was giving expression in a regular stream of abuse and imprecations; discharging it indiscriminately on the muleteers and the escort, in Portuguese, Spanish, and English, as though he had rifled and ransacked the vocabularies for

every bullying and blasphemous expression in the three languages. He had already got matters into a little bit of a mess—was ordering, counter-ordering—bothering the whole party out of their wits—in short, obstructing everything, and thereby indefinitely delaying our departure. This particularly enraged the muleteers: for you must know, first, they take the packing upon themselves, understand their business, and like to be let alone at it; secondly, they have a notion that nothing ruins their mules like keeping a beast standing, when once he has got his load on his back; and some of the first loaded were a couple of hours in this predicament, before we got off. We started at last, and passed through Oyarzun in no very military order: soldiers, mules, and muleteers, all jumbled together, like beef, pork, onions, and mutton-chops, in a Saturday's pie. Fraser's smartness saved us more than once from a jam, as we threaded the narrow street; and at length we emerged on the high road to St Jean de Luz.

Although, in our transition to French from Spanish ground, we mounted not to the regions of perpetual snows, we did certainly pass over some very high ground, both before and after crossing the Bidasoa; and our second elevation gave us a splendid prospect of the fertile plains of France. "Shan't want for nothing to eat, sir," said Jones, "when we gits down there, sir. Shocking bad country, Spain, for poor soldiers, sir. Starvation country, I calls it, sir. Nothing but lean ration beef, as tough as hides, sir; and couldn't always get that, sir. Dreadful hard work up these hills, sir. Got a bullet in my leg, sir."

Beyond Irun, we passed over an irregular eminence, which had been the scene of a sharp conflict with the enemy. Nothing, however, now indicated the field of combat, save a few dead horses, that lay scattered on the bare side of a hill. "What are those smaller animals," said I to Jones, "lying about there, among the horses? Can't be goats, can they?"

"Thim's dogs, sir," said Jones. "They goes and gits a good blow-out off the horses, sir; then they crawls a little way off, and lies down

a bit, jest to choe the quid, sir; and then they goes back again, and takes another pull, sir. That's jest how three or four on us did at Vittoria, sir, when we come upon the Frinch Ginneral's dinner, sir, which he hadn't time to stop and eat sir. Please sir, it's not correct, what the men jeers me about the goats where I comes from, sir. Niver see'd nobody a-riding of a goat in the Principality, sir; nayther man, nor yet woman, sir; no, nor a babby nayther, sir; let alone a clargyman, sir."

Perhaps, my dear reader, as this is our first day on the road, I may as well give you here a description of our regular order of march; that is, so far as we marched in any order at all. We had eighty mules, then, in twenty strings, of four mules each. The muzzle of the second mule was connected with the *albarda* (or pack-saddle) of the first, by a thong of leather. The third mule was attached to the second in like manner, and the fourth to the third. Each of these strings of mules had its own muleteer—twenty muleteers in all. The twenty were divided into two parties of ten; and over each of these ten was a sort of master-muleteer, called a *Capataz*. Of the four mules in each string, three carried money, and the fourth carried nothing but his *albarda*. We had thus twenty unloaded mules, and sixty charged with treasure: that is, fifty-eight with dollars, and two with doubloons. Now, as each mule carried two boxes, and each box contained two bags of a thousand, I think you will find, reckoning the dollar at only 4s. 6d. (the value at which it was issued to the troops,) and reckoning sixteen dollars to the doubloon, that we were marching to headquarters to the tune of eighty-one thousand pounds sterling. If, however, you prefer calculating the dollar at what it was then and there worth in buying bills on England—say from 6s. 6d. to 7s. 6d.—why then, of course, the value of our load comes to so much the more. What a catch for a Frenchman—one of our mules!

Supposing us, then, to march in due order, the mules proceed in single file, each string of four attended by its own muleteer. Of the soldiers, some precede the line of march, others

follow it, and others, again, march at intervals on the flanks: and so we walk on at mules' pace, which is steady and uniform, convenient for marching, and gets over the ground at a very satisfactory rate; so that we cover our sixteen or twenty miles a-day with tolerable facility, going straight on from end to end. But we don't always get on so pleasantly. If, not keeping the single file, one string of mules comes up abreast of that next in advance, then there is a thronging, which soon leads to confusion. Or if the load of one of your mules gets wrong, then there is a stoppage. Those in the rear come crowding up, and are brought to a halt; those in advance walk on. Thus a division takes place, your line is broken, and your cavalcade of mules ("bad English!"—It's good Portuguese,) no longer kept well together as it ought to be, becomes extended over an undue length of road, and cannot be looked after and kept regular. Should you ever march with such a convoy, you will soon make the discovery that order, though excellent in theory, is not always reducible to practice. It won't at all mend the matter, if you happen to have such a commander as ours was: a battered dandy of forty, a military *romá*, who carried in his countenance the marks of rough weather and hard drinking—for his face was not only bronzed by the elements, but pimpled with brandy—and whose continual language, all through the march from starting to halting, was just nothing but one stream of oaths, vituperations, and contradictory orders. And yet this same officer, I make no doubt, had we been placed in a position of real danger, would have conducted himself with coolness, energy, and judgment. As it was, he started us in confusion, and kept us in it all day. The muleteers, who set out in ill-temper, hadn't one chance given them of recovering their amiability. The soldiers first walked along in dogged silence—then, finding what sort of a gentleman they had to deal with, began to take things easy, joked among themselves, talked loud, and, when he commanded them with an oath to hold their tongues, all but laughed in his face. Discipline was gone. One fellow, a York-

shire lad, almost amused me with his provoking insolence. He was a red-faced chap with flaxen hair, white eyebrows, and a merry but malevolent eye;—could look, in a moment, either impudent or sedate—just kept himself steady under the captain's immediate inspection; the moment it was off him, recommenced his antics—was clown, harlequin, and scaramouch, all in one—cut the double-shuffle, winked, twisted his mouth, broke out singing, and was dumb in a moment; cracked jokes, raised a roar, made believe to quarrel, kicked up every devisable sort of row. At length he deliberately disobeyed orders, and the captain put him under arrest; in other words, he was deprived of his musket. Whispered audibly, "It was just what he wanted; now one of the mules could shoulder arms"—set half-a-dozen fellows laughing. Yet this man afterwards, when we were differently commanded, was as well-conducted as any soldier of the escort.

We at length reached St Jean de Luz, after a long, and, to me, very anxious march—the more so as it was my first. Towards our journey's end, the question was uppermost in my thoughts, "Is it thus we are to march, when the road is insecure?" Marching as we did now, far from being prepared to meet Marshal Soult, I should have felt it far from agreeable to meet another distinguished commander that shall be nameless. There certainly were periods, during the day, when a few resolute assailants might easily have driven off part of our convoy, money and all; nay, when one or other of our own muleteers, had they been so disposed, might have slipped down one of the cross-roads with his string of mules, and made his escape among the hills. These uneasy reflections brought to my mind the advice given me at Passages by Mr Q—; and I resolved to wait on the commandant immediately on my arrival, in the hope of effecting some more satisfactory arrangement for our subsequent progress.

We reached a large house assigned to our department on the outskirts of St Jean de Luz, stowed the treasure in safety under a guard, and dismissed the rest of the men to their quar-

tars; Jones only excepted, who remained in charge of the pony. Captain Rattler took his leave, with a polite "*Au revoir*." Having seen the money-boxes all right, secured accommodation for the mules and muleteers, and ascertained that dinner would be ready in half-an-hour, I stepped on at once to the commandant's, and found him in his office.

"I have waited on you, sir, to announce my arrival from Oyarzun, with a convoy of treasure for headquarters."

"Oh yes; Mr Y—, I presume. Mr Y—, pray take a chair. Happy to see you, Mr Y—, especially on such an occasion. If you arrive safe, I trust we shall all get a little of it; for it's what we're all in want of. Can I render you any assistance, Mr Y—?"

"Should feel much obliged, sir, if you could increase the strength of our escort. For eighty mules, twenty men will hardly be sufficient."

"Why, no; certainly not, Mr Y—, if you don't happen to find the country quiet. Well, what sort of an addition would you like to have?"

"At Passages, sir, we had a guard of Germans; so steady and well-conducted, I should be very glad to have some more like them. As to number, I would leave that to you, sir."

"Sorry to say we have no Germans going up at present, Mr Y—."

"Well, sir, we have with us a Scotch corporal, decidedly the steadiest man in our party. Perhaps you could give me some Scotsmen."

"My dear sir, I'd go with you myself, if I could, with the greatest pleasure. Unfortunately, though, we have no Scotch regiment in the place. Suppose I could give you—say twenty or thirty men, heavy cavalry."

"Well, sir, I think cavalry, joined with our infantry, would be the best escort we could have."

"Very good, sir. Well, now you'll want an officer to command them."

"Why, sir, the truth is, I wished to consult you on that subject. The present commander of our party is Captain Rattler."

"Your present? Say your late. He's off."

"He was with me within the last half-hour, sir. Said nothing about leaving."

"Well, I don't know anything about that. All I know is this—he was here just before you; got his route changed. By this time, I should think, he's on his way to St Jean Pied de Port. Very well, Mr Y—. Load to-morrow, and start with your present escort. At what hour may I expect you to pass here, in your way through the town?"

"Probably about ten o'clock, sir."

"Very well, Mr Y—. Then, to-morrow morning, by ten o'clock, I'll have your additional escort here in readiness for you. As to the officer that's to command the party, we'll talk about that when we meet. Let me see. I hardly know how to settle it. At present, I have only one that's going to join, and he's young—your junior, I should say, by three or four years; has never seen service—a cornet, fresh from England. Well, if you can't have another, you know, you must have him. Very well, Mr Y—; to-morrow morning, if you please, at ten o'clock."

I withdrew, satisfied with the result of my visit, not at all sorry to have got rid of the captain by his own act, and without any complaint on my part—a little surprised, however, at the precipitancy of his retreat, especially after his last words, "*Au revoir*." Suddenly a thought came plump—"My thirty dollars! The caitiff! he's off, and I am once more a victim!"

It didn't turn out quite so bad as it looked, though. On my return to our office, I was met by Jones, who, with a face of famine, announced "dinner ready," and handed me the following letter:—

"St JEAN DE LUX, March 1814.

"Dear Sir—As unexpected circumstances have induced me to alter my route, I adopt this hurried method of wishing you a safe and pleasant journey to headquarters. It would have afforded me much gratification to accompany you, or at any rate to have said farewell in person. You will, however, I am sure, pardon the little omission, as I am compelled to start without delay.

"I have thirty dollars belonging to you in my portmanteau. *They are*

safe. I was about to forward them by the bearer of this, but, not feeling entire confidence in such a mode of conveyance, I beg to enclose you an order on England for the amount. Believe me to remain, dear sir, faithfully yours,

"R. RATTLER.

"P.S.—Excuse haste.

G. Y—, Esq.,
Army Pay Department, St Jean de Lux."

"*Au revoir!*" Never, from that time forward, have I and the captain met. Sly rogue! His *modus operandi*, how dashing, yet how cool! To say nothing of his walking off with my dollars in his box, and thus securing a little hard cash at my expense, when cash was so scarce, how civilly he took leave of me at the door of our office! Thence he must have cut away direct to the commandant's, resolved to be off forthwith—in plain English, to bolt! "*Excuse haste!*" And then in the morning, too, at Oyarzun, how smartly he whipped up my dollars, stowed them in his own portmanteau without asking my leave, and locked them up before my eyes. "*Au revoir!*" Yes; "*they are safe!*"

Well, the less said about my dinner, that day, the better. In the course of the afternoon, though, Miss Nannygoat thought fit to indulge herself in a bit of a spree. She walked, in search of varieties, into an old gentleman's garden. Jones pursued—wanted to milk her for tea. The proprietor followed; I joined the chase. Nanny, for the fun of the thing, sprang on the wall, walked up the roof of the summer-house, ran along the ridge, pedestalled herself on the gable-end which rose in a peak, and there stood, looking down on us in defiance, her four little feet gathered up within the compass of a crown-piece. Jones called, coaxed, spoke Welsh, held out successively cabbage-leaf, lettuce-leaf, vine-leaf, all in vain. "Ah!" said the old Frenchman; and, toddling off to his geraniums, culled a scarlet cluster of aromatic flowers. That was irresistible. One jump brought Nanny down upon the wall, another landed her easy on the ground. Before you could say Jack Robinson,

she was nibbling the nosegay out of the Frenchman's hand. Next morning he loaded us, when we took leave, with a blushing bouquet of geraniums—shed tears, poor old gentleman, when Nanny departed—put his arms round her neck—a true Frenchman—and, *hi oculi viderunt*, kissed her.

The morning after our arrival at St Jean de Luz, I rose betimes, breakfasted, and descended into the road to superintend the loading of the mules—a much more expeditious process without the captain's aid than with it. We got off with the convoy in good time, and soon reached the commandant's. In that part of the town the street widened into a sort of "place;" and there, drawn up and awaiting our arrival, I had the pleasure of discovering a party of dragoons, in number four-and-twenty. Being fresh from winter-quarters, they had turned out in capital order; presentable, as to dress and accoutrements, at a Windsor review; their horses, too, in good condition, though rather undersized for the men, none of them being English. At the door of the commandant's office stood two horses, held by a groom, both of them serviceable, and rather showy animals, apparently recent arrivals from home. I alighted, and ascended to the office.

"Punctual to your time," said the commandant. "This, Mr Y—, is the officer who will command your party—the Hon. Mr Chesterfield." Did the introduction in due form.

In the military undress of his regiment—viz. cap with tassel and gold band, said cap hiding one side of the head and face, and leaving the other bare, long great-coat, redundant in frogs, belt and sabre, enormous boots, and formidable spurs—I saw before me a youth of eighteen, alight in form, elegant in manner, who quietly returned my salutation, and, shortly after, walked down stairs and mounted. "I have explained to Mr C. the nature of the duty," said the colonel. "He is quite fresh from England; but he seems to have no nonsense about him; and, at any rate, I trust you will find the change for the better. Well, Mr Y—, we mustn't keep the mules standing; so I now wish you a pleasant journey."

"Thank you, sir. Much obliged to you for this arrangement. Good morning, sir."

It soon became apparent, as we proceeded on our march, that matters were greatly mended since the day before. Our new commander said little; but, young as he was, seemed to know what he was about; and all went on much to my satisfaction. He never interfered needlessly; and his directions, when given, were much to the purpose. Managed the cavalry himself, and the infantry through Corporal Fraser. Things began to grow right of their own accord, and a great load was taken off my mind. The men, finding they were now *commanded*, were orderly and well-conducted. Even our jolly Yorkshireman behaved himself—that is, with the exception of an occasional caper or grimace when he felt himself safe. Nothing more was said about his arrest. Consequently he had to carry his musket through the rest of the march; for, seeing what kind of a person he now had to deal with, he was too wise to try over again the game of the day before. The muleteers, too, recovered their good-humour. Muleteers are like live lobsters—very tractable, if you know how to handle them. The delays were now few. And though, with such a mixture of men and mules, we could not keep perfect order, if anything got wrong, it was soon set right.

We reached at length that point in our march where a lane struck off to the left, from the high-road which we were following, and which led direct to Bayonne. Our route, with official brevity, assigned Bayonne as our halting-place for the night. But as Bayonne happened just then to be occupied by the French, we proposed directing our course toward the headquarters of Sir John Hope, who commanded the besieging army. The aforesaid lane to the left soon brought us out on a heathy eminence, covered with fieldworks completed or in progress, and affording us a splendid view of the beleaguered city, of the river Adour, and of the bridge of boats thrown across it near the sea. Headquarters were at a small hamlet, on the right or opposite bank of the river.

Yes, we saw that famous bridge. The Duke was always great in passing rivers. Witness his services in India. Witness the Douro, the Bidassoa, the Nivelle, the Nive, and now the Adour. Sufficient attention, perhaps, has not been directed to this subject. Take two feats out of the number, and view them together—the passage of the Adour, and the passage of the Bidassoa: both original ideas; both ideas that no mere tactician would have conceived or brought to bear; and both vindicating their claim to a distinguished record, by taking an able, gallant, and vigilant opponent by surprise. Who, but the Duke, would have dreamed of passing the Bidassoa at its mouth, without a bridge? Who, but the Duke, would have dreamed of passing the Adour at its mouth, by such a bridge as we now behold? One thing is clear: *Soult* did not dream of either one passage or the other. Obs. 1.—The execution, in each case, was off-hand, dashing, and daring. The preparation, in both, was deliberate, mature, and secret. Obs. 2.—The distinguishing excellence of the Duke's strategy did not, however, consist in the mere exploit of throwing an army across a wide and rapid stream, in the face of an enemy assembled in force—though this, in itself, is among the most difficult operations of war; but in the combined, extensive, and successful movements which uniformly attended the achievement. In short, the subject claims a distinct volume. All the Duke's passages of rivers, effected in the face of the enemy, should be brought into one view, and studied together. Such a work, properly executed, would merit a place in every military library. However, don't think I'm going to inflict on you a detailed description of the oft-described bridge which we had now to pass. Suffice it to say, the bridge consisted of small vessels, moored side by side, all across the river. These vessels answered the purpose of piers; that is, they supported the gangway of planks, which formed the passage across.

It may be deemed extraordinary, that this idea of floating piers has not been more generally adopted. But I suppose the real objection is an incon-

venience, to which the method is unavoidably liable, and which we experienced on the present occasion, in passing with our mules and money-boxes; namely, the variation of the bridge's altitude, with the rise and fall of the water. This, in the Adour, at spring-tides, is fourteen feet. You must know, the river was now low. The consequence was, that the level of the bridge was considerably beneath the level of the banks on each side; while its two extremities were two boarded slopes, connecting the higher level with the lower. It was a ticklish business, passing these two slopes with our mules four in a string—one of them light, three loaded. In going down-hill, to get on the bridge, the mules managed admirably—let them alone for that. Seeing that this part of the process was proceeding satisfactorily, I left an injunction with *Senhor Roque*, the chief *Capataz*, not to send on the mules too fast—for this might have led to a jam, which would probably have consigned some of our boxes to the bottom of the Adour—and pushed on for the opposite bank, to be ready to superintend the ascent. This was the real bother, the going up-hill. In coming to the rise, which was somewhat abrupt, the first mule of the first string stumbled and fell. The muleteer got him on his legs again—his load happily not unshipped—and, taking him by the head, was about to lead him up. But this, it was clear, wouldn't do. The beast had sense to see it wouldn't, and declined moving. It might have answered very well for a single mule; but was no security for the ascent of the other three, that followed in the same category; and, unless all ascended together, we were undone. Under these circumstances, the leading mule, not choosing to compromise himself, refused the ascent. Meanwhile, the other strings of mules came crowding up; and we should soon have had them all of a heap, shouldering one another into the water. It was a nervous moment. I shouted to the muleteer, "*Anda para detrás, homem, e falla*"—(Old fellow, go behind, and speak to them.) "Si, si, Senhor," said he, catching the idea at once, and promptly adopting it. The moment the mules heard, behind them, the well-known "*arre*" of their driver,

tendency to confusion, I should have passed a command by signal. Effectual means would then have been taken at once, to keep back those coming on, till those in front were clear. Well, what do you think of our bridge?"

"I was thinking how I could destroy it—that is, if I was General Thouvenot, shut up in Bayonne with thirteen or fourteen thousand men. That's what I began to think of, as soon as I saw it; and that's what I've been thinking of ever since."

"Destroy it?" said the Captain; "destroy the bridge? Come, that's a good one. Destroy it, indeed! I should like just to know, now, how you would go to work to do that. Why, Thouvenot did come down and attack, on our first arrival here; got well pounded, though. Don't think it very probable he'll try that again."

"Now, it's too late, perhaps. Besides, he committed two great mistakes; he attacked with an insufficient force, and he came down only on one side of the river. If, instead, when the bridge was first thrown over, he had come down on both sides, and that with adequate—"

"Going up with the treasure to headquarters, Mr Y—?"

"That's our destination, sir. This afternoon, though, we halt where we are."

"What, halt here?" said the Captain. "Let me look at your route."

"Our route says Bayonne, sir; but of course we came here."

"Yes, yes; very right; exactly; just so. Sorry to say, though, Mr Y—, I fear you'll find no accommodation where you are. Every house, every cottage, every shed, is as full as it can cram. If it was only yourself, pony, and goat, I would give you accommodation most willingly. I sleep on a deal table. Would give you half with pleasure. But such a lot of you—about seventy bipeds, I

guess, and more than a hundred quadrupeds—why, where could we put you all?"

"Well, then," said I, "we must make a bivouac of it, I suppose."

"Bivouac? Nonsense!—bivouac? How would those fine fellows stand a bivouac, I wonder, with their white gloves and horsehair plumes? Besides, it's beginning to rain. Bet you a dollar, it rains all night. Besides that, where would you put your money? If General Thouvenot should take your advice, 'come down on both sides,' and find your boxes ranged along that bank by the roadside—and that's the only place to put them I know of—a pretty catch he'd make of it. No, no, Mr Y—; your only plan is to go on. Follow the lane till it brings you back into the high-road above Bayonne. You will then soon find a village, which will afford you accommodation for the night."

"Very well, sir. I suppose, then, the sooner we move the better. Will you have the goodness, though, to put me in the way of getting the men their rations?"

"Oh yes," said the Captain; "yes, yes: I'll set all that straight for you, in no time. I see you're rather a young campaigner; and the officer of your escort, I suspect, is younger still. You can't stay here to-night, that's certain. Better see the General, though, before you move on; just report yourself, you know, and hear what he says about it. Step on to his quarters, that small house with a white front, and I'll be after you directly."

I turned to remount; but what had become of Sancho? Two minutes before, I held his bridle in my hand. Now, he was nowhere to be seen. At length, in the distance, I caught sight of Jones' legs, dangling from the pony's side, as he trotted off towards the houses, with Nanny cantering after him.

THE GREEN HAND.

A "SHORT" YARN.

PART IX.

"MORE than once that night," resumed Captain Collins, "I woke up with a start, at thought of our late adventures in the river Nouries—fancying I was still waiting for the turn of tide to bring down the boats or the schooner, and had gone to sleep, when that horrible sound through the cabin skylight seemed full in my ears again. However, the weltering wash of the water under the ship's timbers below one's head was proof enough we were well to sea; and, being dog-tired, I turned over each time with a new gusto:—not to speak of the happy sort of feeling that ran all through me, I scarce knew why; though no doubt one might have dreamt plenty of delightful dreams without remembering them, more especially after such a perfect seventh heaven as I had found myself in for a moment or two, when Violet Hyde's hand first touched mine, and when I carried her in after she had actually saved my life. The broad daylight through our quarter-gallery window roused me at last altogether; and on starting up I saw Tom Westwood half dressed, shaving himself by an inch or two of broken looking-glass in regular nautical style—that's to say, watching for the rise of the ship—as she had the wind evidently on her opposite beam, and there appeared to be pretty much of a long swell afloat, with a breeze brisk enough to make her heel to it; while the clear horizon, seen shining through the port to north-westward, over the dark blue heave of water, showed it was far on in the morning. "Well, Ned," said Westwood, turning round, "you seemed to be enjoying it, in spite of the warm work you must have had last night on board here! Why, I thought you had been with us in the boats, after all, till I found, by the good joke the cadets made of it, that that puppy of a mate had left you still locked up, on account of some fancy he had got into his head of your being in partnership with the schooner! For heaven's sake, though, my dear

fellow, wash your face and shave—you look fearfully suspicious just now!" "No wonder!" said I: and I gave him an account of the matter, leaving out most of what regarded the young lady; Westwood telling me, in his turn, so much about their boat expedition as I didn't know before from the planter. Everything went to certify what I believed all along, 'till this sudden affair in the river. The schooner's people had plainly some cue in keeping hold of our passengers, but hadn't expected to see us so soon again, or perhaps at all—as was shown by their hailing the boats at once in a pretended friendly way, whenever they came in sight up the creek; while Ford and the rest shouted with delight, off her bulwarks, at sound of the mate's voice.

"I tell you what, Collins," continued Westwood, "this may be all very well for *you*, who are continually getting into scrapes and out of them, and don't seem to care much whether you ship on board an Indiaman or a corn-brig—you can always find something to do—but to me the service is *everything*!" "Well, well," said I hastily, "I'm much mistaken if we don't find something to do in India, Tom,—only wait, and that uncle of yours will make all right; for all we know, there may be news from Europe to meet us, and I must say I don't like the notion of being born too late for turning out an admiral! I'm sure, for my part, I wish old Nap well out of that stone cage of his!" "No, no, Ned," said Westwood, "I ought to clear myself at home first, and sorry I am that I gave in to you by leaving England, when I should have faced the consequences whatever they were. Running only made matters worse, Collins!" "No doubt," I said; "and as it was my fault, why, deuce take me, Tom, if I don't manage to carry you out scot-free! Depend on it, Captain Duncombe's friends would have you strung up like a dog, with the interest he had, and sharp as dis-

cipline is just now." Westwood shuddered at the thought. "I fear it would go hard with me, Ned," said he, "and I shan't deny that these few weeks have brought me back a taste for life. But, in spite of all, I'd deliver myself up to the first king's ship we speak, or go home in some Indianman from the Cape—but for one thing, Collins!" "Ah!" said I, "what's that?" Westwood gave me a curious half look, and said—"One person, I mean, Ned—and I shouldn't like *her* to hear of me being—" "Yes, yes," said I stiffly, "I know." "It must have been by guess, then!" answered he. "Often as we've talked of her during the voyage, I thought you didn't know we had met frequently in London before you came home, and—and—the fact is, I wasn't sure you would like me to—" "Westwood," said I quickly, "Tom Westwood—what I have to ask is—do you love her?" "If ever a man loved a woman, Ned," was his answer, "I do *her*; but if *you*—" "Have you any chance, then?" I broke out. "Ay, true—true enough, you have the best of chances—your way is as clear as could be, Westwood, if you knew it! Only I *must* know if she is willing—does she—" "I got leave to write to her in London," answered Westwood, "and I did so pretty often, you may be sure; but I only had one short little note in answer to the last, I think it was—which I had in my breast that morning on Southsea beach, when I expected the bullet would come through it!" Here Westwood stooped down to his trunk, and took out a rose-coloured note wrapped in a bit of paper; I standing the while fixed to the deck, not able to speak, till he was handing it to me. "No, no!" said I, turning from him angrily, and like to choke, "that's too much, Mr Westwood—pray keep your own love-letters for your own reading!" "There's nothing particular in it, Ned," answered he, flushing a little, "only there's a few words in it I'd like you to see—don't look at it just now, but tell me afterwards what you think—you ought to see it, as the matter seems to depend on you, Ned; and if *you* object, you may be sure, so far as I'm concerned, 'tis all over!" Somehow or other, the look of the

little folded piece of paper, with the touch and the scent of it, as Westwood slipped it into my hand, made it stick to me. I caught one glance of the address on the back, written as if fairy fingers had done it, and I suppose I slipped it into my coat as I went out of the berth, meaning to go aloft in the foretop and sicken over the thought at my leisure, of Violet Hyde's having ever favoured another man so far, and that man Tom Westwood. The strangeness of the whole affair, as I took it, never once struck me; all that I minded was the wretched feeling I had in me, as I wished I could put the Atlantic betwixt me and them all; in fact a hundred things before we sailed, and during the passage, seemed all at once to agree with what I'd just heard; and I'd have given thousands that moment it had been some one else than Westwood, just that I might wait the voyage out coolly, for the satisfaction of meeting him at twelve paces the first morning ashore.

On the larboard side of the berth-gangway, opposite our door, I saw the old planter's standing half open, and Mr Rollock himself with his shirt and trousers on, taking in his boots. "Hallo, Collins, my boy," he sang out eagerly, "come here a moment, I've got something to show you!" "Look," said he, standing on tiptoe to see better through the half-port, "there's something new been put in my picture-frame here overnight, I think—ha! ha!" The first thing that caught my eye, accordingly, was the gleam of a sail rising from over the swell to windward, far away off our larboard quarter; seemingly rolling before the south-easter; while the Indianman hove her big side steadily out of water, with her head across the other's course, and gave us a sight of the strange sail swinging to the fair wind, every time we rose on the surge. "What is it, eh?" said the planter turning to me, "back or face, Collins? for, bless me, if I can distinguish tub from bucket, with all this bobbing about—great deal of capital indigo wasted hereabouts, my dear fellow!" "Why, you may make out the two breasts of her royals," said I—"a brig, I think, sir." "Not that abominable schooner in her first shape again, I hope!" exclaimed he, "perhaps bringing back

the Yankee." "Toosquare-shouldered for that, Mr Rollock," I said; "in fact she seems to be signalling us; yes, by Jove! there's the long pennant at her fore-royal mast-head—she's a brig of war. They're surely asleep, on deck, and we shall have a shot directly, if they don't look sharp!" "You'd better say nothing about the Yankee's absence, Collins," put in the planter, "till we're fairly away. For my part, I really have no notion of waiting for any one—particularly a fellow who *must* have some go-ahead scheme in his noddle, which we Indians don't want. Quietly speaking, my dear fellow, I shall be glad if we're rid of him!" On my mentioning what sort of "notions" were found in Mr Snout's berth, and the drowning of his heathen images, the worthy planter went into perfect convulsions, till I thought I should have to slap him on the back to give him breath. "What the deuce!" said he at last; "Daniel must really have something worth his while to expect, before he'd fail to look after such a treasure!" "Ah," said I, not attending to him, as I heard a stir on deck, "there we go at last, cluing up the topsails, I suppose." "Seriously, now," continued Mr Rollock, "I can not fathom that vessel and her designs; but I bless my stars at getting clear off from the company of that tall Frenchman with his mustache—can't bear a mustache, Collins—always reminds me of those cursed Mahrattas that burnt my factory once. Couldn't the man shave like a Christian, I wonder? I defy you to enjoy Mulligatawny soup and not make a beast of yourself, with ever so much hair over your mouth. By the way, Collins," added he, eyeing me, "since I saw you last, you've let your whiskers grow, and look more like one of your nauticals than Ford himself!—should scarce have known you! Any of it owing to the fair one up yonder, eh?" And the jolly old chap, whose own huge white whiskers gave him the cut of a royal Bengal tiger, pointed with his thumb over his shoulder towards the round-house above, with a wink of his funny round eye, that looked at you like a bird's. "What do you suppose the Frenchman to be then, sir?" asked I,

gloomily. "Oh, either a madman, a spy, or something worse! Just guess what he asked me suddenly one morning,—why, if I weren't a distinguished *savant*, and wouldn't like to study the botany of some island! 'No, Monsieur, not at all,' replied I, in fearfully bad French. 'The geology, then?' persisted he, with a curious gleam in his fierce black eyes—'does the research of Monsieur lie in that direction?' 'Why no,' I answered carelessly, 'I don't care a *sacre* about stones, or anything of the kind, indeed; indigo is *my* particular line, which may be called botany, in a way—I'm perhaps prejudiced in favour of it, Monsieur!' The Frenchman leant his tufted chin on his hand," continued Mr Rollock, "meditated a bit, then glanced at me again, as if he didn't care though I were studying sea-weed in the depths of the ocean rolling round us, and stalked down stairs. Then he took to Mrs Brady again, and lastly to the Yankee, whose conversations with him, I fancy, had a twang of both commerce and politics." "What do you think of it all, Mr Rollock?" inquired I, rather listlessly. "It didn't strike me at the time," said the planter, "but now, I just ask you, Collins, if there ain't a certain great personage studying geology at present in a certain island, not very far away, I suppose, where there's plenty of it, and denced little botany, too, I imagine?" To this question of the old gentleman's I gave nothing but a half stupid sort of stare, thinking as I was at the same time of something else I cared more about.

"By Jupiter! though," cried I on a sudden, "instead of heaving the ship to, I do believe we've set topmast-stunails, judging from the way she pitches into the water; there's the brig nearing the wind a point or two in chase, too;—why, the fellow that has charge of the deck must be mad, sir!" Next minute the fire out of one of her bow-chasers flashed out behind the blue back of a swell, and the sudden *thud* of it came rolling down to leeward over the space betwixt us, angrily, so to speak; as the brig's fore-course mounted with a wave, the sun shining clear on the seams and reef-points, till you caught

sight of the anchor hanging from one bow, and the men running in her lee stu'n-sail-booms upon the yardarms. The planter and I went on deck at once, where we found a fine breeze blowing, far out of sight of land, the Indianman rushing ahead stately enough; while our young fourth officer appeared to have just woke up, and the watch were still rubbing their eyes, as if every man had been "caulking it," after last night's work. Even Mr Finch, when he came hastily up, seemed rather doubtful what to do, till the salt old third-mate assured him the brig was a British sloop-of-war, as any one accustomed to reckoning sticks and canvass at sea could tell by this time; upon which our topsails were clued up, stu'n-sails boom-ended, and the ship hove into the wind to wait for the brig.

When the brig's mainyard swung aback within fifty fathoms of our weather-quarter, hailing us as she brought to, I had plenty to think of, for my part. There she was, as square-countered and flat-breasted a ten-gun model as ever ran her nose under salt water, or turned the turtle in a Bahama squall; though pleasant enough she looked, dipping as we rose, and prancing up opposite us again with a curtsy, the brine dripping from her bright copper sheathing, the epaulets and gold bands glancing above her black bulwark, topped by the white hammock-cloth; marines in her waist, the men clustering forward to see us, and squinting sharp up at our top-hamper. It made one ashamed, to take in the taunt, light-some set her spars had, tall and white, with a rake in them, and every rope running clean to its place; not a spot about her, hull or rig, but all English and ship-shape, to the very gather of her courses and top-gallant sails in the lines, and the snowy hollow her two broad topsails made for the wind, as they brought it in betwixt them to keep her steady on the spot. "His Britannic Majesty's sloop *Podargus*!" came back in exchange for our mate's answer; and though 'twas curious to me to think of meeting the uniform again in five minutes, I saw plainly this was one of the nice points that Westwood and I might have to weather. Your brig-

cruisers are the very sharpest fellows alive, so far as regards boarding a merchant craft; if they find the least smell of a rat, they'll overhaul your hold to the very dunnage about the keelson; and I knew that, if they made out Westwood, they'd be sure to have me too; so you may fancy that, during the short time her boat took to drop and pull under our quarter, I was making up my mind as to the course. In fact, I was almost resolved to leave the ship at any rate, feeling as I did after what I'd heard; but while most of the passengers were running about and calling below for their shoes, and what not, the Judge and his daughter came out of the roundhouse, and I caught a single glance from her for a moment, as she turned to look at the brig, that held me at the instant like an anchor in a strong tideway. I kept my breath as the lieutenant's hand laid hold of the manrope at the head of the side-ladder, expecting his first question; while he swung himself actively on deck, looking round for a second, and followed by another; the wide-awake-looking young midddy in the boat folding his arms, and squinting up sideways at the ladies with an air as knowing as if he'd lived fifty years in the world, instead of perhaps thirteen.

The younger of the lieutenants took off his cap most politely, eyeing the fair passengers with as much respect as he gave cool indifference to the cadets; the other, who was a careful-like, working first-luff, said directly to Mr Finch—"Well, sir, you seemed inclined to lead us a bit of a chase—but I don't think," added he, smiling from the Indianman to the brig, "you'd have cost us much trouble after all!" Here Finch hurried out his explanation, in a half-sulky way, when the naval man cut him short by saying that "Captain Wallis desired to know" if we had touched at St Helena. "May I ask, sir," went on the officer, finding we had preferred the Cape, "if *you* command this vessel—or is the master not on deck—Captain—Captain Wilson, I think you said?" The mate said something in a lower voice, and the lieutenant bared his head more respectfully than before, seeing the Company's ensign, which had been

lowered half-apeak while the boat was under our side; after which Finch drew him to the capstan, telling him, as I guessed, the whole affair of the schooner, by way of a great exploit, with hints of her being a pirate or suchlike. The brig's officer, however, was evidently too busy a man, and seemingly in too great a hurry to get back, for listening much to such a rigmorale, as he no doubt thought it; they had been at the Cape, and were bound for St Helena again, where she was one of the cruisers on guard; so that what with Finch's story, and what with the crowd round the second lieutenant, all anxious to get the news, I saw it wouldn't cost Westwood and me great pains to keep clear of notice. There were some riots in London, and three men hanged for a horrid murder, the Duke of Northumberland's death, not to speak of a child born with two heads, or something—all since we left England. Then there was Lord Exmouth come home from Algiers, and Fort Hattress, I think it was, taken in India, which made every cadet prick up his ears; Admiral Plampin was arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, too, in the Conqueror, seventy-four, and on his way steering for St Helena, to take Sir Pulteney Malcolm's place. All of a sudden, I heard the young luff begin to mention a captain of a frigate's having been shot two months ago, by his own first lieutenant, on Southsea Beach, and the lieutenant being supposed to have gone off in some outward-bound ship. "By the bye," said the officer to Mr Rollock, "you must have left about that time—did you touch at Portsmouth?" "Why, yes," answered the planter, "we did. What were the parties' names?" I edged over to Westwood near the head of the companion, and whispered to him to go below to our berth, in case of their happening to attend to us more particularly; and the farther apart we two kept, the better, I thought. The officer at once gave Captain Duncombe's name, but didn't remember the other, on which he turned to his first lieutenant with, "I say, Mr Aldridge, d'you recollect the man's name that shot the captain of the N'Oreste, as they called her?" "What, that bad business?" said the

other; "no, Mr Moore, I really don't—I hope he's far enough off by this time!" My breath came again at this, for it had just come into my mind that Finch, who was close by, had got hold of the name, although he fancied it mine. I was sauntering down the stair, thinking how much may hang at times on a man's good memory, when I heard the first lieutenant say, "By the bye, though, now I recollect, wasn't it Westwood?" "Yes, yes, Westwood it was!" said the other; then came an exclamation from Finch, and shortly after he and the first lieutenant stepped down together, talking privately of the matter, I suppose; to the cuddy, where I had gone myself. The lieutenant looked up at me seriously once or twice, then went on deck, and a few minutes afterwards the brig's boat was pulling towards her again, while the passengers flocked below to breakfast. I saw the thing was settled; the mate could scarce keep in his triumph, as he eyed me betwixt surprise and dislike, though rather more respectfully than before. As for Westwood, he sat down with the rest, quite ignorant of what had turned up; notwithstanding he threw an uneasy look or two through the cuddy port at the brig, still curveting to windward of us, with her mainyard aback: for my part, I made up my mind, in the meanwhile, to bear the brunt of it.

'Twas no matter to me *now* where I went; whereas, with Westwood, it was but a toss-up betwixt a rope and a prison, if they sent him back to England. No fear of *my* being tried in his place, of course; but if there had been, why, to get away both from him and *her*, I'd have run the chance! There was a bitter sort of a pleasure, even, in the thought of taking one's self out of the way—to some purpose, too, if I saved a fellow like my old schoolmate from a court-martial sentence, and a man far worthier to win the heart of such a creature than myself; while the worst of it was, I was afraid I'd have come to hate Tom Westwood, if we had staid near each other much longer. Accordingly, I no sooner heard the dip of the gig's oars coming alongside again, than one of the stewards brought me a quiet message from Mr Finch, that he wanted to see

me on deck; upon which I rose off my chair just as quietly, and walked up the companion. The fact was—as the fellow could scarce have ventured to look his passengers in the face again after a low piece of work like this—'twas his cue to keep all under-hand, and probably lay it to the score of my actions aboard, or something; however, he couldn't throw any dust of the kind in the second lieutenant's eyes, who gave him a cold glance as he stepped on deck, and, picking me out at once where I stood, inquired if I were the person. The first mate nodded, whereupon the brig's officer walked towards me, with a gentlemanly enough bow, and, "I regret to have to state, sir," said he, "that Captain Wallis desires to see you, particularly, aboard the brig." "Indeed, sir," answered I, showing very little surprise, I daresay, gloomy as I felt; "then the sooner the better, I suppose." "Why, yes," said the lieutenant, seemingly confused lest he should meet my eye, "we're anxious to make use of this breeze, you—you know, sir." "Hadn't Mr Collins—this gentleman—better take his traps with him, Lieutenant Moore?" said Finch, free and easy wise. "No, sir," said the young officer, sternly, "we can spare time to send for them, if necessary; of course you will keep the Indianaman in the wind, sir, till the brig squares her mainyard." I gave Finch a single look of sheer contempt, and swung myself down by the manropes from the gangway into the boat; the lieutenant followed me, and next minute we were pulling for the brig's quarter. The moment I found myself out of the Seringapatam, however, my heart nigh-hand failed me, more especially at sight of the quarter-gallery window I had seen the light from, on the smooth of the swell, that first night we got to sea. I even began to think if there weren't some way of passing myself clear off, without hauling in Westwood; but it wouldn't do. Before I well knew, we were on board, and the lieutenant showing me down the after hatchway to the captain's cabin.

The captain was sitting with one foot upon the carronade in his outer cabin, looking through the port at the heavy Indianaman, as she stied about

and plunged in the blue surge, with all sorts of ugly ropes hanging from her bows, dirty pairs of trousers towing clear of the water when she lifted, and rusty stains at her hawse-holes. A stout-built, hard-featured man he was, with bushy black eyebrows, and grizzled black hair and whiskers, not to speak of a queer, anxious, uneasy look in the keen of his eyes when he turned to me. However, he got half up on my coming in, and I saw he was lame a little of one foot, while he overhauled me all over with his eye. "I'm sorry to have to send for you in this way, sir," said he, rather surprised at my rig, apparently—"curst sorry, sir, and no more about it; but I can't help it, confound me—*must* do my duty." "Certainly, sir," I said. "In fact," said Captain Wallis, "the Admiral ordered us to see after you—*him*, that's to say—at the Cape, you know." "Ay, ay, sir," said I, watching the Indianaman's poop-nettings through the port over his head, as he sat down. "Pooh, pooh," continued he, "you can't be the man—just say you don't belong to the service—confound it, I'll pass you!" "Why, sir," said I, "I can't exactly say *that*." "I hear you're Westwood of the Orestes, though," said he; "now I don't ask you to say *no*, sir—but everybody knew the Orestes, and I don't like the thing, I must say—so perhaps you're able to swear *he* is not aboard the Indianaman—just now, you know, sir, *just now*, eh?" This tack of his rather dumfounded me, seeing the captain of the brig meant it well; but deuced unlucky kindness it was, since I couldn't swear to the very thing he fancied so safe, and his glance was as quick as lightning, so he caught the sense of my blank look in a moment; as I fancied, at least. "The fact is, sir," added he, "the surgeon told me just now he knows Lieutenant Westwood well enough by sight, so they locked him up! You see we could have made you out at any rate, sir—however, we'll let the doctor stay till we're clear of the Indianaman, I think!" "Then you take me for the gentleman you speak of, Captain Wallis?" asked I faintly; for at the same moment I could see a light-coloured dress and a white ribbon fluttering on the Serin-

gapatam's poop, the look of which sent the blood about my heart. 'Twas hard to settle betwixt a feeling of the kind, and fear for Westwood; it struck me Captain Wallis wasn't very eager in the affair, and 'twas on my lips to assure him I wasn't the man. "Harkee," broke in he, with almost a wink, and a smile ready to break out on his mouth, "the short and the long of it is, I'll take *you*! We must have somebody to show in the case; though now I remember, there was some one else said to've gone off with you—but we won't trouble *him*! If we've brought away the wrong man, why, hang it, so much the better! If you're Westwood, I can tell you, they'll run ye up to a yardarm, sir! Much more comfortable than ten years or so in a jail, too, as—as no one knows better than I do myself." Here the captain's face darkened, his eye gleamed, and he rose with a limp to ring a hand-bell on the table. "White," said he to the marine that put his head in at the door, with his hand up to it, "Desire the first lieutenant, from me, to send a boat aboard for this gentleman's things." "I'm afraid, sir," continued he gravely to me, "you'll have to reckon yourself under arrest,—but you'll find the gentlemen in the gun-room good company, I hope, for a day or two, till we make St Helena." I saw the captain's mind was made up, and for the life of me I didn't know what to say against it; but speak I could not, so with a stiff bow and a sick sort of a smile I turned out of the door, and walked along to the gun-room, which was empty. I could see the boat soon after under the ship's side, dipping and rising as they handed down my couple of port-manteaus to the man-o'-war's-men; the young reefer came down again as nimble as a monkey, with some letters in his hand, took off his cap to some ladies above, and sang out to give way; five or six flashing feathers of the oars in the sunlight, and they were coming round the brig's stern. The brig was just squaring away her main-yard at the whistle from the boatswain's mates, when the whole run of the Indianman's bulwarks was crowded with the passengers' and men's faces, watching the brig gather

way to pass ahead; I could hear the officers on deck hail the India mates, wishing them a good voyage; the ladies bowing and waving their handkerchiefs to the British union-jack. Some sort of confusion seemed to get up, however, about the ship's taffrail, where Rollock, Ford, and some others were standing together; the planter jumped up all at once on the quarter-mouldings nearest the brig, then jumped down again, and his straw hat could be seen hurrying toward the quarterdeck. Next I caught a bright glimpse of Violet Hyde's face, as the sun shot on it free of the awnings—her eyes wandering with the brig's motion, I fancied, along the deck above me; till suddenly she seemed to start, and Westwood appeared behind her. The next thing I saw was the black-faced figure-head of the Seringapatam rising below her bowsprit, about sixty yards from the gun-room port where I was, and down she went again with a heavy plash, as Tom Westwood himself leapt up between the knight-heads at the bow, hailing the brig's deck with a voice like a trumpet, "Ahoy!—the Podargus ahoy!—for mercy's sake heave to again, sir!" he sung out; "I'm the man you want!" "The Indianman ahoy!" I heard Captain Wallis himself hail back, "what d'ye say?" The creak of our yards, with the flap of the jib, and the men's feet, drowned Westwood's second hail, as it came sharp up to windward; the sailors in the Indianman's bows were grinning at him behind, while the first lieutenant of the brig shouted gruffly that she had no time to wait for more letters; and I heard the gun-room steward say to the marine, on going out with the dirty breakfast cloth, he wondered if "that parson cove thought the Pedarkis wanted a chapling!" or was only "vun of these fellers that's so troublesome to see the French Hemperor!" "Well," said the marine, "'twas pretty queer if he took the Pedarkis for the ship to carry him there! I don't think the captain would let a rat into the island, if he could help it!" "Not he," said the steward; "plenty of 'em in already, Vite, my man—I do think they used to swim off on board here, by the way the cheese rent!" All this

time I never stirred from the port, watching with my chin on the muzzle of the gun till the Indiaman was half a mile to windward of us, her big hull still rising and falling on the same swells, topped with clusters of heads; her topsails lowered in honour of the flag, the ensign blowing out half-mast high for the death of Captain Williamson: a long wash of the water ran outside the brig's timbers, surge after surge, and the plunge at her bows showed how fast she began to run nor'-westward before the wind. You may well fancy my state, after all I'd done for weeks; in fact, one scarce knew the extent of what he'd felt, what he'd looked forward to, till he found himself fairly adrift from it: 'twould even have been nothing, after all, could I just have thought of Violet Hyde as I'd done two hours ago, on waking, with last night in the river on my mind. As it was, 'twould have taken little to make me jump out of the port into the sweep of blue water swelling toward the brig's counter; the Seringapatam being by this time astern. I couldn't even see her, or aught save the horizon, to windward; but at this moment the young second lieutenant came below, and, seeing me, he began in a polite enough way, with a kindly manner about it, trying to raise my spirits. "I suppose, sir," said I, rather sulkily, I daresay, "I can have a berth just now?" "Oh, certainly," said he, "the steward has orders to see to it at once. Will you come on deck a minute or two, in the meantime, sir?"

I looked back from the ship astern to the brig-of-war's clean white decks, flush fore and aft, with the men all forward at their stations, neatly dressed in regular man-o'-war style, every one alike—a sight that would have done me good at another time, small as she was by comparison; but the very thought of the Indiaman's lumbering poop and galleries was too much for me—'twas as if you'd knocked out those two round-house doors of hers, and let in a gush of bare sky instead. The ship-shape man-o'-war cut of things was nothing, I fancied, to the snug spot under those top-gallant bulwarks of hers, and the breezy poop all a-flutter with muslin on an evening, where you found books and little bas-

ket affairs stuck into the coils of rope: I thought the old Seringapatam never looked so well, as she commenced trimming sail on a wind, beginning to go drive ahead, with a white foam at her bows, and her whole length broadside-on to us. All at once we saw her clue up courses and to'-gallant-sails, till she was standing slowly off under the three topsails and jib; the two lieutenants couldn't understand what she was about, and the captain put the glass to his eye, after which he said something to the second lieutenant, who went forward directly. The next thing I saw was the Indiaman coming up in the wind again for about a minute; she had her stern nearly to us, when the moment after, as she rose upon a long sea, you saw something flash white off her lee-gangway in the sunlight, that dropped against it into the hollow of a wave. The next minute she fell off again with her topsails full, and the first shower of spray was rising across her forefoot, when the flash of a gun broke out of her side, and the sound came down to us; then a second and a third. The brig gave her the same number in answer, and as soon as the smoke betwixt us had cleared away, the ship could be seen under full sail to the south-westward by west. "That's her poor skipper's hammock dropped alongside, gentlemen!" said Captain Wallis to his officers; "God be with him!" "Amen!" said the first lieutenant, and we put our caps on again. "Set stu'n'sails, Mr Aldridge," said the captain, limping down the hatchway: as for me, I leant I don't know how long over the brig's taffrail, watching the ship's canvass grow in one, through the width of air betwixt us; my heart full, as may be supposed, not to say what notions came into my head of what might happen to her under Finch's charge, ere she reached Bombay. No one belonging to the brig spoke to me, out of kindness, no doubt; and the ship was hull-down on the horizon, to my fancy with somewhat of a figure like *hers*, when she stood with the Cashmere shawl over her head in the dusk. Then I went gloomily down to my berth, where I kept close by myself till I fell asleep, though the gun-room steward was sent

more than once to ask me to join the officers.

It wasn't till the next day, in fact, when I went on the quarterdeck at noon, wearied for a fresher gulp of air, that I saw any of them; and the breeze having fallen lighter that morning, they were too busy trimming sail and humouring her to give me much notice. I must say I had seldom seen a commander seem more impatient about the sailing of his craft, in time of peace, than the captain of the *Podargus* appeared to be; walking the star-board side as fast as the halt in his gait would let him, and the anxious turn of his eyes plainer than before, while he looked from the brig's spread of stunsails to the horizon, through the glass, which, I may say, he never once laid down. From where the brig spoke the *Indiamen*, to *St Helena*, would be about two or three days' sail with a fair wind, at the ordinary strength of the south-east trade; though, at this rate, it might cost us twice the time. I noticed the men on the fore-castle look to each other now and then knowingly, at some fresh sign of the captain's impatience; and the second lieutenant told me in a low voice, with his head over the side near mine, Captain Wallis had been out of sorts ever since they lost sight of the island. "You'd suppose, sir," said he, laughing, "that old *Nap* was his sweetheart, by the way he watches over him; and now, I fancy, he's afraid *St Helena* may be sunk in blue water while we were away! In fact, Mr Westwood," added he, "it looks devilish like as if it had come up from *Davy Jones*, all standing; so I don't see why it shouldn't go down to him again some day; I can tell you it's tiresome work cruising to windward there, though, and we aren't idle at all!" "Did you ever see the French Emperor yourself, sir?" asked I—for I must say the thought of nearing the prison such a man was in made me a little curious. "Never, sir, except at a mile's distance," said the second lieutenant; "indeed, it's hard to get a pass, unless you know the governor. But I've a notion," continued he, "the governor's carefulness is nothing to our skipper's! Indeed, they tell a queer story of how Sir Hudson Lowe

was gulled for months together, when he was governor of *Capri* island, in the Mediterranean. As for the captain, again, you'd seek a long time ere you found a better seaman—he's as wide awake, too, as Nelson himself—while the curious thing is, I believe, he never once clapped eyes on *Buonaparte* in his life! But good cause he has to hate him, you know, Mr Westwood!" "Indeed," said I, taking a moment's interest in the thing; and I was just going to ask the reason, when the first lieutenant came over to say, Captain Wallis would be glad if I would dine with him in the cabin.

At dinner-time, accordingly, I put on a coat, for the first time, less like those the cadets in the *Seringapatam* wore, and went aft, where I found the first lieutenant and a midshipman with the captain. He did his best to soften my case, as I saw by his whole manner during dinner; after which, no sooner had the reefer had his one glass of wine, than he was sent on deck to look out to windward. "Well, sir," said Captain Wallis thereupon, turning from his first luff to me, "I'm sorry for this disagreeable business! I believe you deny being the person at all, though?" "Why, sir," said I, "I am certainly no more the first lieutenant of the *Orestes* than yourself, Captain Wallis! 'Twas all owing to a mistake of that *India* mate, who owed me a grudge." "Oh, oh, I see!" replied he, beginning to smile, "the whole matter's as plain as a handspike, Mr Aldridge! But I couldn't do less, on the information!" "However, sir," put in the first lieutenant, "there's no doubt the real man must have been in the ship, or the mistake could not have happened, sir!" "Well—you look at things too square, Aldridge," said the captain. "All you've got to do, I hope, sir, is just to prove you're not Westwood; and if you want still to go out to the East Indies, why, I daresay you won't be long of finding some outward-bound ship or other off *James Town*. Only, I'd advise you, sir, to have your case over with Sir Pulteney, before Admiral Plampin comes in—as I fear he would send you to England." "It matters little to me, sir," I answered; "seeing the reason I had for going out

happens to be done with." Here I couldn't help the blood rising in my face; while Captain Wallis's steady eye turned off me, and I heard him say in a lower key to the lieutenant, he didn't think it was a matter for a court-martial at all. "Pooh, Aldridge!" said he, "some pretty girl amongst the passengers in the case, I wager!" "Why," returned Aldridge, carelessly, "I heard Mr Moore say some of the ladies were pretty enough, especially one—some India judge or other's young daughter—I believe he was in raptures about, sir." This sort of thing, as you may suppose, was like touching one on the raw with a marlin-spike; when the captain asked me, partly to smooth it over, maybe,—“By the bye, sir, Mr Aldridge tells me there was something about a pirate schooner, or slaver, or some craft of the kind, that frightened your mates—that's all stuff, I daresay—but what I want to know is, in what quarter you lost sight of her, if you recollect?” “About nor'west by north from where we were at the time, sir,” said I. “A fast-looking craft was she?” asked he. “A thorough-built smooth-going clipper, if ever there was one,” I said. At this the captain mused for a little, till at last he said to his lieutenant—“They daren't risk it; I don't think there's the Frenchman born, man enough to try such a thing by water, Aldridge?” “Help *him* out, you mean, sir?” said the luff; “why, if he ever got as far as the water's edge, I'd believe in witchcraft, sir!” “Give a man time, Mr Aldridge,” answered the captain, “and he'll get out of anything where soldiers are concerned—every year he's boxed up, sharpens him till his very mind turns like a knife, man! It makes one mad on every point beside, I tell you, sir—whereas after he's free, perhaps, it's just on *that only* his brain has a twist in it!” “No doubt, Captain Wallis,” said Aldridge, glancing over to me, as his commander got up and began walking about the cabin, spite of his halt. “D'ye know,” continued he, “I've thought at times what I should like best would be to have *him* ahead of the brig, in some craft or other, and we hard in chase—I'd go after that man to the North Pole, sir, and bring

him back! Without once going aboard to know he was there, I'd send word it was Jack Wallis had him in tow!” “What is Bonaparte like, then, after all, sir?” I asked, just to fill up the break. “I never saw him, nor he me,” replied Captain Wallis, stopping in his walk, “but every day he may have a sight of the brig cruising to windward; and as for the island, we see plenty of it, I think, Aldridge?” “Ay, ay, sir,” said Aldridge, “that we do! For my part, I can't get the ugly stone steeples of it out of my head!” “Well,” continued the captain, “at times, when we're beating round St Helena of a night, I'll be hanged if I haven't thought it began to loom as if the French Emperor stood on the top of it, like a shadow looking out to sea the other way,—and I've gone below lest he'd turn round till I saw his face. I've a notion, Mr Aldridge, if I once saw his face I'd lose what I feel against him,—just as I used always to fancy, the first five years in the *Temple*, if he were only to see me, he would let me out! But they say he's got a wonderful way of coming over every one, if he likes!” After this, Captain Wallis sat down and passed the decanters, the first lieutenant observing he supposed Bonaparte was a great man in his way, but nothing to Nelson. “Don't tack them together, Aldridge!” said his commander, quickly; “Nelson was a man all over,—he'd got the feelings of a man, and his faults—but I call *him*, yonder, a perfect demon let loose upon the world! To my mind all the blood those republicans shed, with their murdered king's at bottom of it, got somehow into him, till he thought no more of human beings, or aught concerning 'em, than I do of so many cockroaches! But the terrible thing was, sir, his infernal schemes, and his cunning—why, he'd twist you one country against another, and get hold of both, like a man bending stunsail halliards—there were men grew up round him quick as mushrooms, fit to carry out everything he wanted; so one could'n't wonder at him enough, Mr Aldridge, if it was only natural! I can't tell you anything like what I felt,” he went on, “when I was in Sir Sidney Smith's ship, cruising down Channel, and we used to see the gun-

boats and flat-bottoms he got together for crossing the straits—or one night, with poor Captain Wright, that we stood in near enough to get a shot sent at us off the heights—the whole shore about Boulogne was one twinkle of lights and camp-fires, and you heard the sound of the hammers on planks and iron, with the carts and gun-carriages creaking—not to speak of a hum from soldiers enough, you'd have thought, to eat old England up! And where are they now?" "I don't know, sir, indeed," said the first lieutenant gravely, supposing by the captain's look, no doubt, that it was a question. "What, Captain Wallis!" exclaimed I, "were you with Captain Wright, then, sir?" Of course, like every one in the service, I had heard Captain Wright's story often, with ever so many versions; there was a mystery about his sad fate that made me curious to hear more, of what gave the whole navy, I may say, a hatred to Buonaparte not at all the same you regard a fair enemy with.

"With him, say you, sir?" repeated the captain of the *Podargus*, "ay was I! I was his first lieutenant, and good cause I had to feel for the end he came to,—as I'll let you hear. One night Captain Wright went ashore, as he'd often done, into the town of Beville, dressed like a smuggler; for the fact was the French winked at the smuggling, only I must say we used to land men instead of goods. I didn't like the thing that night, and advised him not to go, as they'd begun to suspect something of late; however, the captain by that time was foolhardy, owing to having run so many risks, and he was bent on going in before we left the coast; though, after all, I believe it was only to get a letter that any fisherman could have brought off. The boat was lying off and on behind a rocky point, and we waited and waited, hearing nothing but the sound of the tide making about the big weedy stones, in the shadow from the lights of the town; when at last the French landlord of the little tavern he put up at, came down upon the shingle and whistled to us. He gave me a message from Captain Wright, with the private word we had between us, saying he wanted me to come up to the

town on a particular business. Accordingly, I told the men to shove out again, and away I went with the fellow. No sooner did I open the door of the room, however, than three or four gens-d'armes had hold of me, and I was a prisoner: as for Captain Wright, I never saw him more. The morning broke as they brought me up on horseback in the middle of them, along the road to Paris, from whence I could make out the cutter heeling to the breeze a mile or two off the land, with two or three gunboats hard in chase."

"Well, sir, at Paris they clapped me into a long gloomy-like piece of mason-work called the Temple, close alongside of the river, where plenty of our countrymen were; Captain Wright and Sir Sidney Smith himself among the rest, as I found out afterwards. The treatment wasn't so bad at first; but when you climbed up to the windows, there was nothing to be seen but the top of a wall, and roofs of houses all round, save where you'd a glimpse of the dirty river and some pig-trough of a boat. One day I got a letter from Captain Wright—how they let me have it I don't well know—saying he was allowed a good deal of comfort in the mean time, but he suspected some devilish scheme in it, to make him betray the British government, or something of the kind; that he'd heard one of the French royalist generals had choked himself in his prison, but never to believe he'd do the same thing, though every night he woke up thinking he heard the key turn in the door. The next thing I heard of was that Captain Wright had made away with himself, sir!" Here Captain Wallis got up again, walking across the cabin, seemingly much moved. "Well, after that I slept with the dinner-knife in my breast, till the jailer took it away; for I thought at the time that poor Wright had been murdered, though I found cause to change my mind when I knew what loneliness does with a man, not to speak of the notion being put before him to take his own life. For a while, too, Captain Shaw was in the same cell; by which time we had such bad food, and so little of it, that one day when a pigeon lighted on the window, which used to come there

for a crumb or two every afternoon, right along with the gold gleam of the sun as it shot over the dark houses to that window—I jumped up and caught it. Shaw and I actually tore it in bits, and eat it raw on the spot; though 'twas long ere I could get rid of the notion of the poor bird fluttering and cooing against the bars, and looking at me with its round little soft eye as it pecked off the slab. But what was that to the thought of my old father that had hurt himself to keep me in the navy, and me able, now, to make his last days comfortable—or the innocent young girl I had married the moment I got my commission of first lieutenant, expecting to be flush of prize-money! It even came into my head often, when I sat by myself in the cell they afterwards put me into, alone,—how that little blue pigeon might have carried a letter to England for me—at any rate it was the only thing like a chance, or a friend, I ever saw the whole time I was there,—and foolish as the notion may look, why the window was too high in a smooth wall, for me once to reach it. I heard all Paris humming round the thick of the stone, every day, and sometimes the sound of thousands of soldiers tramping past below, over the next bridge, with music and suchlike—no doubt when the First Consul, as they called him, went off to some campaign or other: then I'd dream I felt the deck under me in a fresh breeze at night, till the soul sickened in me to wake up and find the stones as still as before, and now and then hear the sentries challenging on their rounds.

"Well, one day a fellow in a cloak, with a slouch hat over his forehead, was let in to try, as I thought, if there was anything to be got out of me, as they tried two or three times at first; some spy he was, belonging to that police devil, Fouché. What did he offer me, d'ye think, after beating about the bush for half an hour, but the command of a French seventy-four under the Emperor, as he was by that time, and, if I would take it, I was free! On this I pretended to be thinking of it, when the police-fellow sidled near me, to show a commission signed with the Emperor's name at the foot.

"In place of taking hold of it, how-

ever, I jumped up and seized the villain's nose and chin before he saw my purpose, stuffed the parchment into his mouth by way of a gag, and made him dance round the cell, with his cloak over his head and his sword dangling alongside of him, to keep his stern clear of my foot; till the turnkey heard the noise, and he made bolt out as soon as the door was opened. You'd wonder how long that small matter served me to laugh over, for my spirit wasn't broken yet, you see; but even then, in the very midst of it, I would all of a sudden turn sick at heart, and sit wondering when the exchange of prisoners would be made, that I looked for. The worst of it was, at times a horrid notion would come into my head of the French seventy-four being at sea at the moment, and me almost wishing they'd give me the offer over again—I fancied I felt the very creak of her, straining in the trough of a sea, and saw the canvass of her topsails over me, standing on her poop with a glass in my hand,—till she rose on a crest, and there were the Agamemnon's lighted ports bearing down to leeward upon us, till I heard Nelson's terrible voice sing out, "Give it to 'em, my lads!" when the flash of her broadside showed me his white face under the cocked hat, and it came whizzing over like a thirty-two pound shot right into my breast, as I sunk to the bottom, and found myself awake in the prison.

"I don't know how long it was after, but they moved me to another berth, where a man had shot himself through the head, for we actually met his body being carried along the passage; and more than that, sir, they hadn't taken the trouble to wash his brains off the wall they were scattered on! There I sat one day after another, watching the spot marked by them turn-dry, guessing at everything that had gone through them as long as he was alive in the place, till my own got perfectly stupid; I was as helpless as a child, and used to cry at other times when the jailer didn't bring me my food in time. I fancied they'd forget all about me in England; and as for time, I never counted it, except by the notion I had been two or three years in. At last the turnkey got so used to me, thinking me no doubt such a harmless sort

of a poor man, that he would sit by and talk to me, giving accounts of the Emperor's battles and victories, and such matters. I must say I began to feel as if he was some sort of a God upon earth there was no use to strive against, just as the turnkey seemed to do, more especially when I heard of Nelson's death; so when he told me, one time, it wouldn't do for Fouché or the Emperor to let me out yet, I said nothing more. "Will the Emperor not let me out *now*?" asked I, a long time after. "Diable!" said the man, "do you think his Majesty has time to think of such a poor fellow as you, amongst such great matters? No, no, *pauvre homme!*" continued he; "you're comfortable here, and wouldn't know what to do if you were out! No fear of your doing as your Capitaine *Ouvrte* did, since you've lived here so long, monsieur!" "How long is it, now, good Pierre?" asked I, with a sigh, as he was going out at the door; and the turnkey counted on his fingers. "Ulm—Austerlitz—Jena," said he slowly; "oui, oui—I scarcely thought it so much—it wants only six or seven months of ten years!" and he shut to the door. I sprang up off the bed I was sitting on, wild at the thought—I may say, for a day or two I was mad—ten years! ten years!—and all this time where was my poor innocent Mary, and the child she expected to bear, when I left Exeter—where was my old father? But I couldn't bear to dwell on it. Yes, Aldridge, by the God above, they had kept me actually *ten years* there, in that cursed Temple, while *he* was going on all the time with his victories, and his shows, and his high-flown bulletins! Yet he wasn't too high, it seems, to stoop to give out, through his tools, how Wright and I had both killed ourselves for fear of bringing in the British government—nor to offer me a seventy-four in a dungeon—*me*, a man used to wind and water, that loved a breeze at sea like life! 'Twas the very devil's temptation, sir; but I'll tell you what, both Captain Wright and myself had been with Sir Sidney Smith at Acre, when *he* was baffled for the first time in his days—*that* was the thing, I believe from my soul, that he hated us for! I had a right to be exchanged ten times over, though he

might have called Wright a spy; but what was my poor wife and her newborn baby, or my old father's grey hairs, to *him*, and his damnable ambition to make everything his own—and when the very thought of me in my hole at the Temple would strike him in the midst of his victories, where he hadn't time, forsooth, to trouble himself about a poor man like me! The fact was, I could tell how he offered a British seaman, that had had a finger in nettling him, the command of one of his seventy-fours, which he had nobody fit to manage—and that in a prison where I'd be glad even of fresh air!

"'Twas then, in fact, the purpose rose firmer and firmer in me, out of the fury that was like to drive me mad, how I'd get out of his clutches, and spend my life against the very pitch of his power I knew so well about. Till that time I used to look through the bars of the window at the Seine, without ever fancying escape, low down as it was, compared with my last cell. There was a mark in the stone floor with my walking back and forward, since they put me in; and by this time I had the cunning of a beast, let alone its strength, in regard of anything I took into my head: often I used to think I saw the end of my finger, or the corner of a stone, more like the way a fly sees them, than a man. The turnkey, Pierre, would never let me have a knife to eat my food with, lest I should do as he said all we English were apt to do—kill myself—which, by the way, is a lie; and I think that fiend of an Emperor yonder must have taught them to blame us with their own crime! However, latterly he let me have a fork for half-an-hour at dinner; and for a quarter of an hour every day, except those when he staid to talk to me as I ate it, did I climb up and work with that fork at the top and bottom of one of the window-bars, taking care not to break the fork, and jumping down, always, in time to finish the meal. It took me four whole months, sir, to loosen them! Such deadly fear as I was in, too, lest he'd find it out, or lest they moved me to another cell—you'd have thought I was fond of the walls round the place, where hundreds of men before me had

scrawled their last words; and the one that shot himself had written, "*Liberté—anéantissement ! Liberty—annihilation !*" just over where the spatter of his brains had stuck when he laid his head to the spot! If Pierre had noticed what I'd been about, my mind was made up to kill him, and then make the trial before they missed him; but *that* I had a horror of, after all, seeing the man had taken a sort of liking to me, and I knew he had a wife.

"Well, at last, one day I had the thing finished; when midnight came I trembled like a leaf, till I began to fear I couldn't carry it through: I tore my shirt and the blanket in strips, to twist into a line, got out the bar by main force, squeezed through, and let myself down. The line was just long enough to let me swing against the cold wall, over a sentry's head going round the parapet below; as soon as he was past I dropped on the edge of the wall, and fell along it, my fingers scraping the smooth stone to no purpose, till I was sliding off into the dark, with the river I didn't know how far below me, though I heard it lapping against some boats at the other side. For a few moments I was quite senseless, from the fall into the water; the splash roused the sentinels, and three or four bullets whizzed into it about me, as I struck out for the shore. Still the night was thick enough to help me clear off among the dark lanes in the city;—and the upshot of it was, that I found out some royalists, who supplied me with a pedlar's dress; till, in the end, after I can't tell you how many ticklish chances, where my luck hung upon a hair, I reached the coast, and was taken off to a British frigate. At home, sir—at home, I found I'd been given up long ago for a dead man in Buonaparte's prisons, and—and—the old man had been buried seven years, Aldridge—but not so long as my—wife. The news of my taking my own life in the Temple saved her the rest—'twas too much for her at the time, Aldridge—both she and her little one had lain in the mould nine years, when I stood looking at the grass under Exeter Cathedral! I was a young man almost, still; but my hair was as grizzled when I got out of the Temple in 1813, as you see it now,

and I'll never walk the deck fairly again. Aldridge," added the captain of the Podargus, turning round and standing still, with a low sort of a deep whisper, "'tis a strange thing, the Almighty's way of working—but I never thought—in the Temple yonder, longing for a heave of the water under me—I little thought John Wallis would ever come to keep guard over his Majesty, the Emperor Napoleon!"

When Captain Wallis stopped, the long send of the sea lifting the brig below us, with a wild, yearning kind of ripple from her bows back to her counter, and weltering away astern,—one felt it, I may say, somewhat like an answer to him, for the breeze had begun to freshen: it had got all of a sudden nearly quite dark, too, as is the case inside the tropics, without the moon. "Let's go on deck, gentlemen," said the captain, coming to himself; "now clap on those other topmost stuns'ls, Mr Aldridge, and make her walk, sir!" "No saying," I heard him mutter, as he let us go up before him—"no saying what the want of the Podargus might do, off the island, these dark nights—with water alongside, one can't be sure—I warrant me if *that man's* dreams came true, as mine did, he would be at the head of his thousands again, ruining the whole world, with men rotting out of sight in dungeons while the wind blows! Ay, dreams, young gentleman!" said he to me as we stood on deck; "I'll never get rid of that prison, in my head, nor the way that dead man's brain seemed to come into mine, off the wall! But for my part, off St Helena, 'tis Napoleon Buonaparte's dreams that enter into my head. If you'll believe it, sir, I've *heard* them as it were creeping and tingling round the black heights of the island at dead of night, like men in millions ready to break out in war music, as I used to hear them go over the bridge near the Temple—or in shrieks and groans; we all the time forging slowly ahead, and the surf breaking in at the foot of the rocks. I know then, *who's* asleep at the time up in Longwood!"

The brig-of-war was taking long sweeps and plunges before the wind; the Southern Cross right away on her

larboard quarter, and the very same stars spread all out aloft, that I'd watched a couple of nights before, close by Violet Hyde. The whole of what I'd just heard was nothing to me in a single minute, matched with the notion of never seeing her more. Everything I'd thought of since we left England was gone, even one's heart for the service; and what to do now, I didn't know. I scarce noticed it commence to rain, till a bit of a squall had come on, and they were hauling down stunsails; the dark swells only to be seen rising with the foam on them, and a heavier cover of dull cloud risen off the brig's beam, as well as ahead; so that you merely saw her canvass lift before you against the thick of the sky, and dive into it again. 'Twas just cleared pretty bright off the stars astern of us, however, wind rather lighter than before the squall, when the captain thought he made out a sail near about the starboard beam, where the clouds came on the water-line; a minute or two after she was plain enough in the clear, though looming nearly end-on, so that one couldn't well know her rig. Thinking at first sight it might be the schooner, Captain Wallis was for bracing up, to stand in chase and overhaul her; but shortly after she seemed either to yaw a little, or fall off again before the wind like ourselves, at any rate showing three sticks on the horizon with square canvass spread, and evidently a small ship. "Some homeward-bound craft meaning to touch at the island!" said Captain Wallis, telling the first lieutenant to keep all fast; by which time she was lost in the dusk again, and I wasn't long of going below. A fancy had got hold of me for the moment, I can't deny, of its being the Seringapatam after us, on Westwood's owning himself; whereupon I persuaded myself Captain Wallis might perhaps take the risk on him of letting us both go. For my part, I felt by this time as if I'd rather be in the same ship with *her*, hopeless though it was, than steer this way for the other side of the Line; and I went down with a chill at my heart like the air about an iceberg.

Not being asleep, however, a sudden stir on deck, an hour or two after that,

brought me out of my cot, to look through the scuttle in the side. The brig had hauled her wind from aft on to her starboard quarter, making less way than *before* it, of course; I heard the captain's voice near the after-hatchway, too; so accordingly I slipped on my clothes, and went quietly up. The Podargus was running through the long broad swells usual thereabouts, with her head somewhere toward north-east; the officers all up, the whole of the crew in both watches clustered beyond the brig's fore-course, and the captain evidently roused, as well as impatient; though I couldn't at first make out the reason of her being off her course. As soon as she fell off a little, however, to my great horror I could see a light far ahead of us, right in the gloom of the clouds, which for a moment you'd have supposed was the moon rising red and bloody, till the heave of the sea betwixt us and it showed how both of us were dipping: and now and then it gave a flaring glimmer fair out from the breast of the fog-bank, while the breeze was sending a brown puff of smoke from it now and then to leeward against the clouds; through which you made a spar or two licking up the flame, and a rag of canvass fluttering across on the yard. 'Twas neither more nor less than a ship on fire—no doubt the vessel seen abeam of us that evening—a sight at which Captain Wallis seemingly forgot his hurry to make St Helena, in the eagerness shown by all aboard to save the poor fellows. Suddenly there was another wild gleam from the burning craft, and we thought it was over altogether, when up shot a wreath of fire and smoke again, then a fierce flash with a blue burst of flame, full of sparks and all sorts of black spots and broken things, as if she had blown up while she heaved the last time on the swell. Everything was pitch dark next minute in her place, as if a big blot of ink had come instead; the brig-of-war herself rolling with a flap of her headsails up against the long heavy bank of cloud that blocked the horizon. "Keep her away, sirrah!" shouted Captain Wallis, and the Podargus surged ahead as before, all of us

standing too breathless to speak, but counting the heads of the waves as they flickered past her weather beam. "God's sake!" exclaimed the captain at last, "this is terrible, Aldridge. If I had only overhauled her, as I meant at first, we might have helped them in time; for no doubt the fire must have been commenced when we noticed her yawing yonder a couple of hours ago, sir." "I think not, sir," said his lieutenant, "we were against the clear; and if they'd been in danger *then*, she'd have fired a distress-gun. There couldn't have been much powder aboard, sir—more likely rum, I think!"

"For heaven's sake!" continued the captain, "let's look about—she must surely have had boats out, or something, Mr Aldridge? The best thing we can do is to fire a few times as we bear down—see that bow-gun cleared away, Mr Moore, and do it!"

We might have been about a mile, as was guessed, from where she was last seen, when the brig fired a gun to windward, still standing on under everything. At the second flash that lighted up the belly of the clouds, with the black glitter of the swells below them, I fancied I caught a moment's glimpse of something two or three miles away. It was too short to say, however; and soon after the twinkle of a light, seemingly hoisted on a spar, was seen little more than half a mile upon the brig's lee-bow, dipping and going out of sight at times, but plain enough when it rose. Down went the *Podargus* for the spot, sending the foam off her cut-water; and it was no long time before a wild hail from several voices could be made out almost close aboard. Ten minutes after she was brought to the wind, heaving a rope to the men on a loose raft of casks and spars, as it pitched alongside of her, with the sail hauled down on a spar they had stuck up, and a lantern at the head of it; after which the raft was cast off, and the poor fellows were safe on board.

Two of them seemed to be half-drowned, the one wrapped up in a wet pilot-coat, his face looking white and frightened enough by the glimmer of the lanterns; the other darker a good deal, so far as I could make him out for the crowd about him, and he

didn't seem able to speak; accordingly, both of them were taken at once below to the surgeon. The rest were four half-naked blacks, and a little chap with ear-rings and a seaman's dress, who was the spokesman on the quarterdeck to the captain's questions—plainly American by his snuffling sort of drawl. "Are there no more of you afloat?" was the first thing asked, to which the Yankee sailor shook his head. She was an American bark, he said, from a voyage of discovery round the two Capes; he was mate himself, and the skipper, being addicted to his cups, had set a cask of rum on fire; so, finding they couldn't get it under, besides being wearied at the pumps, on account of an old leak, the men broke into the spirit-room and got dead drunk. He and the blacks had patched up a raft in a hurry for bare life, barely saving the passenger and his servant who had jumped overboard: the passenger was a learned sort of a man, he said, and his servant was a Mexican. Most of this I found next day, from the gun-room officers: however, I heard the mate of the burnt barque inquire of the captain whereabouts they were, as the skipper was the only man who could use a chronometer or quadrant, and the last gale had driven them out of their reckonings a long way. "Somehow south of the Line, I guess?" said he; but, on being told, the fellow gave a bewildered glance round him, seemingly, and a cunning kind of squint after it, as I fancied. "Well," said he, "I guess we're considerable unlucky—but I consider to turn in, if agreeable!" The man had a way, in fact, half free-and-easy, half awkward, that struck me; especially when he said, as he went below, he supposed "this was a war-brig," and hoped there "wasn't war between the States and the old country?" "No, my man," said the captain, "you may set your mind at ease on that point—but I'm afraid, nevertheless, we'll have to land you at St Helena!" "What, mister?" said the American, starting, "that's where you've got Boneyparty locked up? Well now, if you give me a good berth for a few, mister, I guess I'll rayther ship aboard you, till I get a better! What's your wage just now, if I may ask, captain?" "Well,

well," said the captain, laughing, "we'll see to-morrow, my man!"—and the American went below. "Set stu'n sails again, Mr Aldridge," continued Captain Wallis, "and square yards. Why, rather than have such a fellow in the ship's company, Aldridge, I'd land him without Sir Hudson's leave!"

For my own part, next day, I should have given more notice to our new shipmates while the brig steered fair before the wind—the blacks and the mate leaning about her fore-castle, and the other two being expected by the surgeon to come pretty well round before night, though the captain had gone to see them below; but a thing turned up all at once that threw me once more full into the thought of Violet Hyde, till I was perfectly beside myself with the helpless case I was in. The note Tom Westwood had shown me was still in the pocket of my griffin's coat, though I hadn't ob-

served it till now; and what did I feel at finding out, that, instead of one from her to Westwood, it was a few words from my own sister, little Jane, saying in a pretty, bashful sort of a way, that her brother Ned must come home before she could engage to anything! You may fancy how I cursed myself for being so blind; but a fellow never thinks his own sister charming at all—and what else could I have done at any rate? All I hoped for was to get aboard of some Indiaman at St Helena, and there was nothing else I wearied to see the island again for. I may say I walked the brig's lee quarterdeck till daybreak; but anyhow the look-out from the foreyard had scarce sung out "St Helena on the weather-bow!" when I was up, making out the round blue cloud in the midst of the horizon, with a white streak across it, like a bird afloat in the hazy blue, with the clear gleam from eastward off our starboard quarter running round to it."

CANADIAN LOYALTY.

AN ODE.

[Written at Sunrise on New-Year's Morning of 1850, at the head of Lake Ontario, in Western Canada.]

As gleams the sunrise on the deep,
And on yon cliffs where eagles sweep,
And on the circling forests deep,

This morn, which owns the New Year's birth,—
Is there no gratulating strain
To hail the advent of thy reign,
Thou latest link of Time's long chain
Let down from heaven to this our earth?

Of Britain be that strain;—for she,
Stretching her empire o'er the sea,
Exalts the lowly, and sets free
From thralldom's bonds the fettered slave;
For ever may her children share
The smiles of her maternal care;
For ever may her vessels bear
St George's standard o'er the wave!

Droop not! Although dark tempests may
Obscure awhile the potent ray
That to these o'er-sea realms brought day,
And Treason walk secure the scene;
A second morning o'er the deep
Shall call us jubilee to keep,
And to old strains each heart shall leap—
"God save Britannia's noble Queen!"

"God save Britannia's noble Queen!"—
 Shout it aloud! that strain hath been
 From east to west, in every scene,
 Heard by the nations, like a hymn
 Wafted along from clime to clime,
 To succour truth, to startle crime,
 And, with an influence all sublime,
 To brighten what before was dim.

Hark! 'tis Britannia's morning gun
 Heralding thee, thou glorious sun;
 And, if it peal when daylight's done,
 Doth she not well that honour claim?
 For wheresoe'er thy beams light earth,
 Thou seest her wisdom and her worth;
 Glories that own to her their birth,
 And Trophies of her deathless fame!

From Zembla's snows to India's sun,
 To her the faint, the feeble run,
 They who Oppression's grasp would shun,
 Or Superstition's horrors blind:
 There exiles find a country—there
 Monarchs and serfs alike repair,
 And, underneath her guardian care,
 A sure and safe asylum find!

Then think not, demagogues! on whom
 Strike these first rays which now illumine
 Our land, that, with this year, in gloom
 Shall Britain's power eclipsed be seen.
 No! if she wills it, hearts are here
 That glory in her high career,
 That from her side will sunder ne'er,
 But proudly own one common Queen!

Methinks there glows in Britain yet
 A feeling, that would grieve to let
 Thee, sun! upon her empire set,
 While shouts of rival nations rose:—
 Our fathers were her sons, and we
 Are but her offspring o'er the sea;
 Aye undivided let us be—
 We scorn to link us with her foes!

Methinks her subjects, side by side,
 Will long her burdens just divide,—
 Will long maintain, in matchless pride,
 Her flag, which aye hath honoured been:—
 And many a great deed yet be done,
 And many a glorious field be won,
 Ere of her empire set the sun.
 "God save Britannia's noble Queen."

AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE, AND MANUFACTURES :

OPENING OF THE SESSION.

It rarely happens that the proceedings which occur in parliament, immediately after its reassembling, are so intrinsically important as to sustain the interest invariably excited in the public mind by the approach of the legislative season. Such at least is the case whenever men can predict, almost with certainty, what topics will be alluded to and what avoided in the royal address; what policy Ministers are determined to pursue; and what amount of support they may confidently count on receiving from political friends and auxiliaries. From the opening of the session of 1850 little novelty was to be augured. The Free-traders, having had everything their own way, could not be expected to express any misgiving as to the working of a system which they had so deliberately adopted. The cry of distress from without, loud and general as it was, had not shaken the equanimity of the secret divan of Downing Street; nor perhaps was the complaint deemed as yet articulate enough to require more than a casual notice. The storm might be brewing, but it was not at its height, and there would be time enough to meet it hereafter. What her Majesty's Ministers had to do was to make out a fair case of prosperity for the present, and to hold out a still brighter prospect for the future. They had plausible materials for doing so. Bullion was plentiful in the vaults of the Bank of England; the exports for the past year had increased largely in amount; the revenue was in no bad condition. Abroad, there was a lull in those hostilities which for the last two years have frightened Europe from its propriety; and, though the victory had not declared itself on the side of those whom the Whigs favoured with their approbation, still tranquillity was something. It gave an augmented market to our manufacturers, and removed those hindrances which threatened to become serious interruptions to commerce. With such materials at

command, no one but a most sorry artificer could have failed in constructing a plausible prosperity address. The state of the home market was evidently a subject for future discussion.

Notwithstanding various rumours as to meditated organic changes, it was pretty evident that Ministers had no intention to undertake the conduct of a new Reform bill. Of all the men who ever attempted to ape the character of Peter the Hermit, Sir Joshua Walmsley is at once the dullest and the most self-sufficient. Any crusade, under the auspices of such a preacher, could not be otherwise than abortive: indeed, he failed signally in the first and easiest quality of an agitator—that of enlisting a considerable share of popular sympathy on his side. Nor was finance reform likely to be seriously taken up by the Whigs, inasmuch as one of the earliest effects of such a scheme would necessarily be the reduction of their official salaries. That is a point, however, which they cannot long hope to evade; and it will be forced upon them, sorely against their will, as the inevitable consequence of low prices. They must prepare themselves to submit to a reduction similar to that which has been practised upon the officials of the Great Western Railway, who are put upon a short allowance in consequence of “the reduced prices of the necessaries of life.” The rule admits of general application, and doubtless will be rigidly carried out in the highest as in the lowest places. At present we shall not discuss that matter: we merely refer to it as a sufficiently intelligible reason why financial reform formed no part of the programme of her Majesty's Ministers. No man expected that it would do so.

Apart from such topics as these, there was little to be looked for in the speech: and accordingly, when it appeared, the speech was as meagre and unsuggestive as such documents usually are. Nor should we have thought it necessary to make it the

subject of comment, save for one passage, which may be said to contain its kernel, in so far as the prospects of the home population are concerned :—

“ Her Majesty has great satisfaction in congratulating you on the improved condition of commerce and manufactures. It is with regret that her Majesty has observed the complaints which, in many parts of the kingdom, have proceeded from the owners and occupiers of land. Her Majesty greatly laments that any portion of her subjects should be suffering distress; but it is a source of sincere gratification to her Majesty to witness the increased enjoyment of the necessities and comforts of life which cheapness and plenty have bestowed upon the great body of her people.”

Here there is no distinct admission of agricultural distress. Such distress may or may not exist: all that is known on the subject is, that complaints are made. But, supposing these complaints to be well founded, the great body of the people is reaping the benefit of that cheapness which is the cause of the distress of others. That is the language of the speech.

We think it is much to be regretted that, on an occasion like this, Ministers should have avoided the open and manly course. If they do not believe in the actual existence of such distress, but are of opinion that the great agitation which at present is spread over England, is either an unfounded panic or a factious clamour, it would have been well to have met the statements of their adversaries with a broad and unequivocal denial. If, on the contrary, they are convinced that distress actually does exist, and that it is likely to prove permanent, they have placed themselves in a strange and unprecedented position with regard to the class so complaining. For, in that view, the terms of the speech will hardly admit of any other interpretation, than that it is matter of congratulation to find, that one section of the British public is prospering upon the ruin of another. We do not, of course, believe that the Ministry intended to lay down any such principle; for, if once adopted and carried out, it must lead to the entire disorganisation of society. We think that their peculiar position affords us

the true key to their language. On the one hand, they cannot deny that distress actually does exist: on the other, they cannot, in the face of the commercial principles which they have adopted, and the precarious nature of their majority, venture to suggest a remedy. Her Majesty is not even allowed to express sympathy, because sympathy implies suffering—and that admission Ministers are by no means, as yet, prepared to make.

Turning from the speech itself to the addresses, and the reported subsequent debates, we find this view of the matter sufficiently borne out. The Earl of Essex, the mover of the address in the House of Peers, expressed himself in the following terms :—

“ Her Majesty had also expressed her deep sympathy with the distress *stated to exist* in many of our agricultural districts. No man could regret the existence of that distress more than he did; but, in expressing that regret, he must also state his conviction—a conviction which was shared by many wealthy merchants, and by many, he would not say a majority, of landlords—that that distress was not of a permanent, but of a temporary character.”

Lord Methuen, the seconder, took nearly the same view. The Earl of Carlisle said :—

“ The degree of his alarm would be somewhat proportioned to the apprehended nature of the distress. If it were temporary, and produced by special and exceptional causes, not liable continually to prevail or constantly to recur, then it would be plain that agriculture was only subject to that variation which every other pursuit, every other profession and branch of industry, every source of emolument, seemed, by a law of the universe, to undergo—that change from which agriculture, in a marked degree, whether protected or unprotected, had never been exempt.”

And again :—

“ What he contended was, that, with so very circumscribed limits for the experiment, and with such a marked interference of special and exceptional causes, during the progress of the experiment, it would be altogether preposterous to assume that the experiment had been tested, that it was exhausted, and that a change in the policy of the country ought to be considered, and forthwith entered upon.

Neither could he think they were in a situation to pronounce what were the permanent fruits of the great experiment they had agreed to make. It would be impossible to say at what cost corn could be permanently grown in this country, or whether the same amount of foreign importations would always prevail. His own feeling was not one of despondency or despair on the subject. He had no right, on these points, to palm his own opinion on their lordships. All he contended was, that they were not in a condition to determine the questions he had indicated. He could not honestly stop there, however; he could not confine himself to these ambiguous and hypothetical limits: he was bound to tell their lordships that, even if he were convinced that the average price of corn could never ascend higher, still he was not prepared to reverse the policy they had entered upon."

Finally, the Marquis of Lansdowne said:—

"Adverting to the subject of the amendment, regret must be felt when distress affected any large class of her Majesty's subjects. When the noble lord (Stanley) went on to say he was convinced the distress, which to a certain degree affected the owners and occupiers of land, was shared by the agricultural community at large, including the labourers, he met the noble lord distinctly with the assertion that, throughout England, the condition of the labourers was generally better."

Lord Lansdowne then went on to state facts regarding the importation of foreign corn; from which, we presume, he wished his hearers to infer that such importation was on the wane.

"With respect to the importation of foreign corn, it had diminished almost to nothing at present. In the last three months of last year, ending January 5th, the importation was reduced considerably below the importation of the corresponding period in the previous year. He had a return of the importation for the first four weeks of January. In the first four weeks of last year, the importation of all sorts was 1,118,653; for the last four weeks of this year, ending January 28th, only 336,895 quarters had been imported."

A valuable addition to the above statistics would have been a note of the range of the thermometer during the periods referred to, especially at

the Baltic ports. In conclusion, Lord Lansdowne, whilst maintaining the impossibility of any recurrence to the protective system, remarked:—

"He considered the experiment as finally made; but, if he were to see a quantity of acres thrown out of cultivation, and a number of labourers without employment, he would not hesitate to confess himself in the wrong, and he hoped others would not hesitate to do the same. He was not now, however, prepared to go back to their past policy, and to uphold what he believed to be a delusion, or to lay a foundation for that ill feeling and acrimony which had distinguished the discussion of the question out of doors."

These extracts, from the debate in the House of Lords on the first night of the session, deserve to be recorded for the sake of future reference. Every one of the speakers on the Ministerial side proceeded on the assumption that agricultural distress, if it existed, was only temporary, and not permanent, in its character—and, such being the case, that there was no room, or, at all events, no occasion for a remedy.

Turning to the debate in the House of Commons, we find a bolder tone assumed. In their selection of the gentleman who had the honour of moving the address to her Majesty, Ministers gave a very strong indication of their deliberate views. Amongst those who annually renewed the motion for the repeal of the corn-laws in the House of Commons, there was one who, with more candour or more discrimination than the rest, had the courage to acknowledge that the result of such a measure must be the "annihilation" of the small farmers. That gentleman, Mr Villiers, was selected as the fittest person to reciprocate to the royal message. We are far from reflecting upon the taste and feeling which suggested such a choice—indeed, we are not sure whether a better one could have been made; for, if the agriculturists are to understand that under no possible circumstances can our recent policy be changed, that assurance could hardly be conveyed more authoritatively than from the lips of the honourable member for Wolverhampton; and accordingly Mr Villiers does not mince the matter.

He speaks out loud and bold, and tells the farmers that no amount of distress will make him withdraw one inch from his original position.

"He did not deny that distress existed among the occupiers of the land, and he deeply regretted it; but they were not precluded from retiring from that pursuit with which they were not satisfied. He thought it was some consolation to know that land now fetched as high a value in the market as it ever had brought in the history of this country; that there never was a farm vacant but there were numerous candidates for the tenancy; and that the agricultural labourers, instead of being worse off, were much better off than usual. If 'the worst come to the worst,' and the landed proprietor and the occupier should be obliged to proceed in the same business-like way in conducting their pursuits as persons in other businesses in this country, they would have this consolation, that there was no advantage possessed over them by other countries in the raising agricultural produce. The only thing that he (Mr Villiers) could discover, distinguishing the agriculturist here from those of other countries—and that was one which he had under his own control—was the price of land. It certainly was higher here than on the Continent. But in many respects his advantages were great; and the inferiority, where it existed, could be counteracted."

Statements of this kind carry with them an antidote as well as a bane. We are not sorry to find the foremost champion of the League, and the mover of the address, thus openly setting at defiance physical fact, common sense, and the results of practical experience. He tells the British agriculturist that he is in every respect, except in the price of land, on an equality with the foreign producer. So, then, his climate is as constant, his soil is as rich, the labour he employs is as cheap, his direct burdens are as low, his luxuries are as moderately taxed! He is exposed to no restrictions; there is no malt-tax; he may have his bricks at prime cost; he may grow his own tobacco; he may distil his own spirits; he is not chargeable with income-tax, irrespective of his drawing one shilling of profit from his farm! So says Mr Villiers: and, if this be true, not one of us has a right to complain. But is it true? We shall not insult the intelligence of our readers by entering on a deliberate refutation.

Let us next hear the Chancellor of the Exchequer:—

"He admitted that in some respects, and in several parts of the country, the agricultural interest had suffered; but it was all a question of degree. He did not deny that the degree was considerable, but he did not think it existed to anything approaching the extent that had been represented; and he denied, therefore, that they ought to retrace the steps of their policy; for, though distress existed, he relied on the industry and the energy of the British farmer."

Then come general opinions, almost amounting to assertions, that the present low price of corn cannot be permanent; and these opinions are fortified by a comparison of the importations in January 1849 with those in January 1850, no notice being taken of any difference between the seasons! Sir Charles Wood next put forth an authority, to which we crave attention:—

"The *Mark-Lane Express* stated that the price of corn in the Baltic was so high that it would not pay to send it to this country; and the only country from which corn was at present sent to us was France, which, in ordinary years, was not an exporting country. There was good reason to suppose, therefore, that the permanent price of wheat in this country would not range so low as at the present time. Prices were not at present remunerative to the importer, and importation had received a most signal check. The farmer need not, therefore, apprehend that ruin from the operation of free trade which he at present anticipated from prices under 40s. a quarter. What the future price of corn in this country would be, it would be wrong in him (the Chancellor of the Exchequer) to attempt to state, after the mistakes that the most practical and wisest men had fallen into with regard to the importation of corn. But it was worth observing, that at present no importation could take place from those countries from which importation had been most feared, and that the greatest quantities of corn recently received had come from those countries from which no one had anticipated any importation whatever. An honourable member had expressed an opinion that 44s. a quarter was the average price that might be expected to prevail for wheat. Now, he could not agree with those who held the opinion that the agriculturist would be ruined by such a price."

Here there are two distinct propo-

sitions, with regard to which we have a word to say. 1st, Sir Charles Wood, on the authority of the *Mark-Lane Express*, an authority which he afterwards admits will not be disputed, says that the importations are checked, and will be checked, on account of the high price of corn in the Baltic, and, therefore, that the price of wheat in this country will rise. 2d, He thinks that the home agriculturist can carry on production with wheat at 44s. per quarter.

Well, then, let us see what has since been told us on the authority of the *Mark-Lane Express*, so lately as 11th February:—

"The value of wheat having receded, without a check, from week to week since the commencement of the year, has fallen to a point at which growers are very unwilling to sell; and within the last eight days the deliveries have fallen off more or less, which circumstance, and the probability of short supplies during the time farmers shall be engaged preparing the land for the reception of the spring crops, appear to have led to the belief that quotations will not for the present undergo any farther reduction. That a temporary rally may take place is not improbable; but we are by no means sanguine on the subject, and regard any improvement of moment as wholly out of the question. Whatever may be said to the contrary, we maintain that prices of wheat are at present higher on the continent of Europe than is warranted by the result of the last harvest. With average crops, such as those secured in 1849 in most of the large grain-growing countries of Europe, a very considerable surplus must have been produced for export; and as there appears to be no chance of France, Holland, or Belgium requiring supplies from the Baltic, and as our markets hold out little encouragement for calculating on higher prices, the value of the article must, we think, inevitably come down in Russia, Poland, and Germany. Any argument founded on what has occurred in bygone times is no longer applicable, the alteration in our corn laws placing the matter in an entirely new position. For the past to be serviceable in affording materials to form a judgment of the probable future, it is necessary to have a parallel instance; and all calculations founded on what prices have been in years when a different order of things existed, are more likely to mislead than instruct. It is not probable that prices will fall to so low a point as they have done on former occasions, when England

has required comparatively small supplies, the removal of our import duties and the repeal of the Navigation Laws being greatly in favour of the foreign grower; but, on the other hand, it may be easily foreseen that with wheat at 35s. per quarter in many of our home markets, British merchants will not purchase abroad on such terms as have been hitherto asked for spring delivery. Speculation may for a time support prices at Dantzic, Rostock, &c., but the value must ultimately be regulated by prices here; and we feel perfectly satisfied that supplies on a much larger scale than we are likely to want will reach us from the Baltic, Black Sea, &c., later in the year."

Nowhere can be discerned any symptom which might justify us in believing that prices are likely, for any length of time, to take an upward tendency. The importations of last year principally consisted of the yield of an inferior Continental crop—that of 1848. The large crop of 1849 is preparing for us; and how is it possible to suppose that this will be kept back unless an augmented price is given for it? Even the frozen state of the Baltic ports has had no effect in raising prices at home. On the contrary, they are still declining. The average of wheat in the Haddington market of 8th February, was 34s. 1d. The Berks correspondent of *Bell's Weekly Messenger* writes thus on the 4th:—"The corn markets are gradually getting lower, and, taking all the sorts of grain together, they are now lower than they have been since the memorable year 1822; and there is, we are sure, less money in circulation in the country than there has been for many years. The occupiers of the soil seem to be the first class doomed to be ruined; but it must be recollected that the farmers will not be the only class."

But it is of little use for us at present to discuss a point which the experience of a few months must necessarily solve. Sir Charles Wood's statement, if intended to influence the division, has already served its purpose. Inasmuch, therefore, as the prospects of importation are concerned, we need not speculate farther.

But when Sir Charles assumes a price of 44s. as remunerative for the grower of wheat, he takes his position on other ground. We shall not reite-

rate our own opinions on this subject, or those of any writer who may be supposed to be favourable to protection. The evidence of adversaries may be more valuable; and the first whom we shall cite is Sir Robert Peel. In 1842, the late Premier indicated his opinion that the remunerative price ranged from 54s. to 58s., and he never wished to see it lower than the former sum. Sir Charles Wood, however, courageously fixes his estimate 10s. beneath that of Sir Robert Peel; and we doubt not that, if the fall should still continue, we shall find him averring hereafter that 34s. per quarter is a price amply remunerative to the British grower.

Our next witness is a gentleman whose testimony must be valuable in the eyes of political economists. We quote from a work originally published in 1839, entitled, *Influences of the Corn Laws*, by JAMES WILSON, Esq., now M.P. for Westbury, and Secretary of the Board of Control. It is a treatise on which we set so much store, that we propose, in an early number of *Maga*, to subject it to a deliberate review, for the purpose of pointing out the singularly felicitous realisation of the leading prophecies therein contained, and the intimate knowledge displayed by the writer of the subject with which he was dealing. At present we shall confine ourselves strictly to one point.

"This may therefore be called the rate which is fixed by our own internal competition and resources; 52s. 2d. per quarter may be called the prime cost of wheat to the consumer, and that sum, reduced by the charges enumerated, may be called the remunerating price to the landed interest to the exact extent to which they have been remunerated."—p. 53.

Again :—

"As we shall afterwards show, we take 52s. 2d. to be the proper price for wheat, at which an exactly sufficient amount of production would be kept up, it having been the average price for the last seven years; we therefore take it as the standard price at which wheat can be sold to the consumer. It must be clear that whatever average annual price the farmer receives in any year above that price, he obtains so much profit beyond the average rate; and that whatever average annual price he receives in any year less than that standard price, he makes so much distinct

loss; and therefore the difference between the profit derived from the higher prices and the loss from the lower prices must show the balance in favour or against the home grower."—p. 41.

Mr Wilson's argument we leave for the present untouched; we merely found upon his statement that 52s. 2d. is the proper standard price for British wheat, and that any lower rate of price must entail a loss on the grower. So far, therefore, his views are utterly irreconcilable with those of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Lord John Russell, who addressed the House last, on the Ministerial side, was not very distinct in his admission as to the existence of distress. If there was any, he seemed to think it was caused by corn speculation, and he rang the changes on the old topic of periods of transition and depression. The division was in entire accordance with the debate, for it resulted in the rejection of the amendment on the address, proposed in the following terms, "But humbly to represent to her Majesty that, in many parts of the United Kingdom, and especially in Ireland, the various classes of her Majesty's subjects connected with the cultivation of the soil are labouring under severe distress, mainly attributable, in our opinion, to recent legislative enactments, the operation of which is aggravated by the severe pressure of local taxation."

That such an amendment was called for on the part of those who are opposed to the free-trade policy, we think will be generally admitted. It was but right and reasonable that the case of the agriculturist should be brought under the notice of parliament at the very earliest opportunity; not with the view of forcing on an immediate reversal of the national policy, but to obtain, if possible, a distinct acknowledgment of the position in which the most important section of the community is placed. That acknowledgment has not been given. It would almost seem as if the Free-traders, in the intoxication of their headlong career, already considered the great agricultural interest as completely prostrated as the colonies, with regard to which no notice whatever was vouchsafed in the royal speech. Mr Cobden is per-

fectly furious that the point should be again mooted. He considered protection as defunct, and the ghost of it laid in the Dead Sea; and now, when it starts up before him, a living, thriving, and withal a formidable reality, he has recourse to language unmeet for the mouth of any respectable conjuror. Lord John Russell can do little more than utter a feeble and wholly inapplicable descant upon the advantages of the station of an English gentleman—forgetting all the while that such a station implies the performance of certain duties, of which not the meanest are the advocacy of the rights of the British labourer, and the maintenance of the British constitution. The amendment, as every one anticipated, was rejected; but, notwithstanding, it has served its purpose. It has elicited opinions, a commentary on which will be valuable before the present session is over; it has shown the agricultural interest how little they have to expect from the present Parliament; it has laid the foundation for distinct propositions regarding the equalising and proper adjustment of taxation, which no doubt will be brought forward *seriatim*, and submitted to the consideration of the Commons. If these are rejected, as they probably will be, and if every measure of relief is met by a direct or a virtual negative, it will then be time for the defenders of British interests to lay their complaint at the foot of the throne, and to ask for a dissolution of the present Parliament, in order that the constituencies of Great Britain may have an opportunity of recording their votes for or against the continuance of the present policy.

We shall, of course, be told that the point has been already settled. What is settled? Have not our fiscal regulations been altered year after year; and was there not a settlement disturbed by the repeal of the Corn Laws, at least as deliberate as that which is now assumed to be inviolable? How long is it since "the experiment," to which we were entreated to give a fair trial, lost its experimental character, and became a law, fenced against repeal as closely as a statute of Darius? Is there a single free-trade prophet who can hold up his head and say that his

vaticinations have been fulfilled? Mr M'Gregor prophesied that the nation would become richer, at the ratio of two millions a-week. Mr Economist Wilson prophesied augmented prices to the agriculturist, adding this ingenuous commentary,—“that there is no better evidence of a prosperous community or country, *than the existence of a high average price of provisions*, when the condition of the labourer, as is the case in this country, is relatively better than in other countries; and that, on the contrary, there is no stronger evidence of a miserable and impoverished country, than the existence of low prices of provisions, where the condition of the labourer is comparatively and infinitely worse than in other countries where prices are higher.” Mr Cobden prophesied thus in 1843 and 1844, not once but many times,—“The landlords will (with free trade) have better rents.” “Give us a free trade, and land will be as valuable as it is now.” “I believe that land would be more valuable in this country if you had at once an entire abolition of the Corn Laws.” We could cite similar testimony, uttered by a host of prophets as numerous as those of Baal, but we think the above instances may suffice; and it is on the faith of such vaticinations that we are peremptorily desired to consider the late ruinous measures as fixed and unalterable! The railway and the free-trade delusion reached their highest point in one and the self-same year. We have seen the quacks, impostors, and swindlers of the one system, scouted by the unanimous voice of public reprobation already; the leading partisans of the other cannot long hope to escape the infliction of a similar doom.

It has been said, in various quarters, that we have taken too gloomy a view of the future agricultural prospects of Great Britain. It may be so; but, at all events, we are borne out, and even exceeded, by Mr Villiers. If any man has doubts as to the depression of the agricultural interest, let him peruse carefully the following statement of the mover of the address:—

“He (Mr Villiers) had made a calculation of the saving effected by the people

of this country, in consequence of the present reduced price of food. He found that the average price of wheat in 1847 was 69s. 5d.; on the 29th of December 1849, it was 39s. 4d.; the average price of barley in 1847 was 43s., and, in 1849, 25s.; of oats, in 1847, 28s., and in 1849, 15s.; and there had been a corresponding reduction in beans and peas. The usual calculation was, that our population of 30,000,000 consumed one quarter of corn to each person annually; but, taking a low estimate of consumption, and calculating that the population annually consumed 20,000,000 quarters of each of these descriptions of grain, he found that the saving effected by the difference of prices between 1847 and 1849, amounted to £61,000,000. He had also estimated, on the same moderate scale, the saving effected by the difference in the prices of meat, butter, cheese, potatoes, and other articles, in 1847 and 1849, and he found that it amounted to £30,000,000 more; so that there had been a total saving in the expenditure of the people upon food of £91,000,000 between 1847 and 1849. This was the result of free trade in the very first year of its operation. And when so large an amount was saved for expenditure on other articles than food, he thought it was no matter of astonishment that the general condition of the people had improved, and that the country was in a flourishing condition."

We shall not investigate the accuracy of this calculation, nor shall we discuss the soundness of the conclusions. It is enough for us that Mr Villiers holds it to be matter of congratulation that, in one year, "the very first year of the operation of free trade," agricultural produce has been depreciated to the amount of £91,000,000. This is worth a little consideration. Messrs Cobden, Bright, & Co., have taken much pains of late to impress upon the farmers that the present struggle is "a mere landlord's question;" that the tenantry have nothing earthly to do with it; and that their sole object ought to be a speedy lowering of the rents. Our statistics, published in the Magazine, although certified by a large body of the leading agriculturists in nearly every district of Scotland, have been designated as "cooked," by Cockneys who never saw a blade of wheat grow except on a Sunday

excursion to Thames Ditton, and by pseudo-political economists, who, when detected in deliberate falsification, have not even the grace to tender a lame apology. The gravity of an insult depends upon the respectability of those who utter it. Foul language from the mouth of a cabman does not excite any rancorous feeling in the bosom of the man who is favoured with the abuse of Jehu; and, therefore, our correspondents, in number more than thirty—gentlemen of the highest respectability and character in Scotland—need not be disturbed by any imputations emanating from the quarters which we are reluctantly compelled to notice. But, since our opponents affect to disbelieve the accuracy of our views and calculations, let them deal with those of Mr Villiers. He puts down the amount of saving in food at £91,000,000, for a single year. The net rental of Great Britain and Ireland is £58,753,615;* and it therefore follows, that *supposing no rent whatever to have been paid*, the tenantry must have suffered loss or diminution of profits to the extent of £22,246,385! These are the free-trade calculations—not ours. We do not wonder that the *Times* did not lose a day in casting discredit upon a statement which, though cheered on the Ministerial side of the house, was, in reality, a more damnable exposition of free trade than the most ingenious Protectionist could have devised. For our part, we shall not venture to say whether Mr Villiers was right or wrong. A calculation, of this extended nature, might tax the powers of the ablest actuary; but, if it be correct, surely we stand acquitted of all exaggeration; and, what is of far greater importance, no one can henceforth venture to assert that this is a mere "landlord's question;" since, if all rent were abandoned, the loss to the tenantry, in a single year, would be twenty-two and a quarter millions!

But let us pass in the meantime from the agricultural case, and see what real ground exists for the self-gratulations of ministers on the general prosperous state of the country at the opening of the present session.

* Spackman's Tables, p. 185.

We quote the paragraph from the royal speech :—" Her Majesty has great satisfaction in congratulating you on the improved condition of commerce and manufactures." We shall consider the two interests separately.

First, as to commerce, and its main branch, the shipping and shipbuilding interest. The repeal of the Navigation Laws having been effected in the course of last year, it might be premature to form a decided judgment on the working of the new system. Most certainly we have not done so; and we think it would have been only decent had her Majesty's Ministers exercised a similar discretion. But in order to make out a case of prosperity, the commerce of the country could not be overlooked; and facts, (when they are facts,) however slight, are too valuable to be dispensed with on such an occasion as this. Accordingly, we are told that the shipping interest never was in a state of greater activity and prosperity than now. Mr Villiers opened thus :—

" It was rather early, perhaps, to express any opinions of what would be the general results of that great change; but there was reason to believe that all the anticipations of its advocates would be infinitely more than realised, and that all the fearful predictions of its opponents would be falsified. *The interest most affected by these changes had not been for some years in such a state of activity as it presented at this moment.* In the Thames and Tyne, in the Wear and Clyde, the business of the shipbuilder or shipowner exhibited a more cheering aspect. *From all our dockyards the reports were equally satisfactory; and many of the gentlemen who had been most prominent in foretelling ruin and destruction from the change, admitted the advantages they were deriving from it.*"

The Chancellor of the Exchequer entirely acquiesced in this statement :

" At the present moment no one could find fault with the change which had taken place in the Navigation Laws, if he took the trouble to look at the state of the great shipbuilding ports of this commercial country. He might mention one port, which, above all others, should be regarded as indicating the condition of the shipbuilding interest throughout the seaports of England, namely, Sunderland; but he might also mention Liverpool and the Scotch ports, where the shipbuilding

in the year 1849 went on with more rapidity than in any former period; and not only was the quantity of shipping built at these places greater than in any former year, but a better class of vessels was built, vessels calculated and fitted for the long voyage."

Mr Labouchere, the President of the Board of Trade, was even stronger in his averments :

" He confidently appealed to every member of that house who had considered the subject, and, above all, to the representatives of the great shipping ports of this country, whether it was true to say that the industry of the dockyards had been paralysed by the measure of last session. On the contrary—and this was a subject on which he naturally felt the greatest interest, and which he had looked into with the utmost care—he had never made an assertion in that house with greater confidence, and he challenged contradiction on the part of any mercantile man or gentleman interested in shipping, than when he stated his belief that the industry of shipbuilding, that the confidence of the mercantile public in shipowning, that the whole business of the country connected with shipbuilding and shipowning, were in a state most satisfactory and most encouraging to those who did not believe that they were paralysing that important branch of industry by the measures of last session. He believed the fact to be that there were at least as many ships building at this moment as at any period within the last twenty years in this country."

In the face of such unqualified averments and challenges, on a point necessarily statistical, and in opposition to the President of the Board of Trade, who, from his official position, was the man of all others most likely to be furnished with full and accurate information, it would have been rash in any individual member to have hazarded a flat contradiction. But a question of such vital importance as this is sure to be thoroughly investigated; and we are indebted to that excellent paper, the *Shipping and Mercantile Gazette*, for an elaborate and complete refutation of the whole case so ostentatiously paraded by Government. Our contemporary, we are sure, will not quarrel with us if we transfer into our columns a good deal of the valuable information obtained by so much industry and perseverance, for which the thanks of the whole community are justly due.

"We are prepared," says the editor of the *Shipping and Mercantile Gazette*, in his leading article of the 31st January, "to prove that the depression in our shipping—in building as well as in freights—has not been so great for years as it is at the present time; in short, that it is *depression*, and not improvement, which is *UNIVERSAL*, with scarcely 'the exception of a few ports.'

"With regard to shipbuilding, it is necessary to bear in mind that shipbuilders cannot stop their business all at once; they have yards on lease—materials on hand—and apprentices to maintain; therefore they must be doing a little at almost any risk.

"With a view to obtain correct information upon the subject, we have procured authenticated returns from accredited correspondents at all the ports, which we shall proceed to lay before our readers; merely premising that, as the foreign and colonial trade diminishes in profit, it drives ships into the coasting trade, which, as it will be seen, is suffering severely from the depreciating effects."

The following are a few of the returns, inserted alphabetically:—

"**AMERDEEN, Feb. 2, 1850.**

"It is vain to try to conceal the very depressed state of the shipping interest at this port at present, everything around us having a dreary and most discouraging aspect. Our docks are full of vessels of every class and size, and nothing for them to do. Freights offering (and they are very few indeed) are not, by any means, at remunerative rates: 30s. to 33s. per load timber from Quebec, or 67s. 6d. per ton guano from Peru, will never pay the shipowner, while he pays the present rate of wages, and gives the usual rations to his seamen. If freights are to be kept down by foreign competition, the British sailor must be brought down to the level of the foreigner; but such a state of things, we hope, will still, by some means or other, be averted.

"Notwithstanding the justly high character our shipbuilders here have attained in the construction of their ships, and the great perfection they have come to in the construction of vessels with the clipper-bow, and which are now making such unparalleled rapid voyages, we believe they have few, if any, orders on hand; and in the absence of such have been building on speculation, and have at this moment a few vessels on the stocks for sale, superb specimens of naval architecture, and no immediate prospect of purchasers. One of our local papers was out to us the other day that we

need not fear foreign competition, having vessels of such great sailing and carrying qualities. This would be all very well, if guaranteed to this country alone; but it will soon be found that foreigners will get improved vessels as well as we, and, most probably, get our carpenters to go from this country to build them.

"The number of seamen at this port is about 2330, of which at present there are about 280 unemployed. Vessels laid up, 45—a greater number than was ever known in any previous year."

"**BOSTON, Jan. 26, 1850.**

"Our harbour-master here, who has been upwards of forty years master of vessels out of this port, states that HE NEVER KNEW THE SHIPPING INTEREST AT SO LOW AN EBB AS AT THE PRESENT TIME; and he firmly believes the future prospects are very discouraging. The majority of our vessels are now worked by the masters at *thirds*, and many of them have lost money during the past year—that is, have not made the former wages of £5 per month; in fact, many of them have not made mate's wages—viz., £3, 5s. per month, who have not reduced their pay more than 5s. per month, and ordinary seamen at the same rate."

"**CAERNARVON, Jan. 29, 1850.**

"Ours is nearly altogether a coasting trade, engaged principally in the export of slates, which averages about 91,000 tons per annum. During the year 1849 the export declined to 79,000 tons, and at present there are no prospects of its revival. The shipping belonging to the port is in a *most depressed* condition; freights are very difficult to be had; and when they are offered, the rate is ruinously low—say 9s. per ton to London, 4s. and 5s. to Liverpool, and so on in proportion. Masters of our coasters are remunerated out of the profits of the vessels they command; and so small have been their earnings of late, that some are giving up the *command*, and shipping as *able seamen*, inasmuch as they earn better wages in the latter capacity! Shipbuilding is almost at an end here; no one will invest capital in coasting vessels now, so depressed are freights, and so clouded is the future."

"**CORK, Jan. 29, 1850.**

"I subjoin a statement of freights, &c., at this port:—

Freights,	Quebec,			Per load timber.	
..	..	..	1847	40s.	
..	..	..	1848	32s.	
..	..	..	1849	30s.	
..	W. C. So. America	1848	£ 5 0		
..	.. beginning of	1849	3 17 6		
..	.. end of	1849	3 7 6		

"The other freights are in the same proportion.

"The wages of shipmasters have been reduced *one-third*. A few years back we generally had six or eight vessels on the stocks at this port, at PRESENT ONLY ONE, and that is an iron screw-steamer, building for the Cork Steam-ship Company. The great majority of the vessels now belonging to this port are colonial built.

"Shipmasters have been obliged to accept of reduced wages in order to obtain employment to enable them to support their families. Several of them who were fortunate in having a little money saved, have commenced *tailoring*, rope-making, acting as coasting pilots, &c. &c."

"DROGHEDA, Feb. 1, 1850.

"There are no ships building here, although we have a good dockyard; nor are there any repairing, although we have an excellent patent slip: there are four or five ships laying up, which the owners will not repair. They would willingly sell, but no person can be got to purchase: in fact, were it not for the purpose of giving employment to the masters and crews, I do think that our vessels would be laid up, for they are not earning one shilling for their owners. It is also my firm belief that, in seven years, one-half of our ships will drop away, and what was once a nursery for our navy, will not be so, for in a little time the coasting trade will almost cease to exist, as we have to contend with railways, steamboats, and foreigners driven into our trade by the late change in the law.

"As regards our sailors, they are to be seen every day walking about our quays, anxious to procure employment, but, from the complete annihilation of our trade, they are unable to procure any; consequently they and their families are in a most wretched condition."

"LIVERPOOL, Jan. 29, 1850.

"The shipping trade is exceedingly depressed here, and freights are wholly unremunerative. A Manchester house has just chartered an American ship from Calcutta, at £2, 15s. 6d.

"FREIGHTS ARE AT LEAST 15 PER CENT LOWER, ON THE AVERAGE, THAN THEY WERE LAST YEAR."

"MARTPORT, Jan. 29, 1850.

"Cumberland has long been famed for its celebrity in shipbuilding, its vessels being known to, and appreciated by, the merchants in every region of the globe; but I am sorry to observe that, at the present moment, owing to the unwise repeal of the Navigation Laws, THE SEVERAL SHIPBUILDERS AT MARTPORT, WORKINGTON, AND WHITEHAVEN ARE WITHOUT

ANY CONTRACTS—a circumstance strangely at variance with the account which lately appeared in some of the Free-trade journals at Manchester. It was then stated that several eminent merchants of that locality were desirous of building a large amount of tonnage in England; but, owing to the several builders being so full of contracts, they were necessarily obliged to go abroad to build their vessels. It would, however, seem that these gentlemen had entirely forgotten the geographical position of Cumberland, or else we must suppose that they would have deemed it their interest to have made contracts there; unless, indeed, they found, as I strongly suspect they did, that the Continental builder could build cheaper."

"PLYMOUTH, Feb. 2, 1850.

"The shipping interest of this port is in a very depressed state, many vessels being laid up; and, consequently, their crews are out of employment, and our quays quite deserted by shipping. The vessels in actual service are principally employed in the coal trade, and by the owners only, at very reduced freights—at from 5s. to 5s. 6d. from Wales, and from 6s. to 6s. 6d. from the north; others sailing out of other ports at anything but remunerating freights. There are nine shipwrights' yards in this port, in one of which only one vessel is building for a shipowner; and one sold from another. Two vessels have been for sale for many months past. In each of the others, vessels, varying from 100 to 300 tons, are being built on speculation, but progress very slowly. From a want of that enterprising spirit evinced in times past, there are not half the shipwrights kept in the yards now, and a reduction has already taken place in the wages. Many masters and sailors are also walking the quays unemployed; but we are told, by those who use the old adage of the pinching shoe, that a man may get as much for 10d. now as he could have got for double that sum some time since. Where is the use of things being so *very cheap*, when the poor man is deprived of the means of employment! Our exports are very trifling: manganese at about 6s. to 10s. to Liverpool and Scotland; lead and copper ores 3s. to 7s. per ton! Our imports—principally timber from Quebec, hemp, tar, fruit, &c. The former was 30s. to 32s. per load last year; what it will be this it is impossible to tell, now the foreigner goes into the trade. Six of our vessels (Quebec ships) are gone to Sierra Leone, thereby leaving the trade open to the foreigner. The average wages are from 30s. to 40s. for seamen in

the coasting trade, 40s. foreign; £4 to £8 for masters, £2, 10s. to £3 mates, at per month, which are much lower."

"RUNCORN, Feb. 1, 1850.

"The number of vessels belonging to the port of Runcorn is about 70, of the total burthen of about 6500 tons, most of them engaged in the coasting trade. Freights to and from this port are very scarce, and when any are offered they are at a miserably low rate. We should say that freights are, at the least, 25 per cent less than they were in the years 1845, 1846, and 1847. Nearly all the vessels belonging to this port are sailed by the shares—that is, the master takes one half the freight after all port charges are deducted from it, and he has to pay out of his share seamen's wages, and also to find victuals; the owner has the remaining half, out of which he has to pay all expenses for wear and tear. But the present rates of freight are so very low that the masters cannot keep out of debt, let alone earn anything for themselves, and the owner's share is not sufficient to keep the vessel in efficient working order. THE SHIPBUILDING TRADE HERE IS IN A MANNER DESERTED: there are only two vessels on the stocks; one has been partially finished for the last twelve months, and the other for the last six months. There is not the slightest inducement for persons to lay out their capital in shipping, there being no certainty of the smallest return."

"SUNDERLAND, Feb. 1, 1850.

"Various statements having lately been published relative to the state of shipbuilding at this port, it is desirable that those interested in knowing how far the statements alluded to are correct, should be made acquainted with the real facts. It is true that at the close of last year there were about 82 ships on the stocks at this port; since that time several of them have been launched: many of them were larger than the average of ships built here, and about two-thirds of them were sold from the builders. Be it, however, understood that of the two-thirds sold, say 60 out of 82, upwards of 30 were purchased by outfitters, or ship-jobbers, who purchase the hulls of ships in order to have the outfit; they are therefore still in the market. Many of the shipbuilders, and also outfitters, had great stocks of timber and other materials on hand twelve months ago, previous to the ships in question being put on the stocks. It was then the opinion of the shipbuilders that the project to repeal the Navigation Laws, and grant foreign-built ships British registers, would not be carried, from the general manifes-

tation of feeling against that measure evinced by practical men generally, who best understood the subject. Shipbuilders' stocks were therefore kept up, and in many instances increased, and remunerating prices for ships were maintained. Since the act was passed which repealed the Navigation Laws, prices have been gradually on the decline. Within the last two years the average price for a ship, A 1 eight years classed, was from £10, 10s. to £11 per ton; now the price for a ship of that character, is from £8, 10s. to £9 per ton. The most respectable shipbuilders of this port freely declare that their trade appears fast hastening to the destructive state of agriculture; and that, if the present line of policy is pursued, all who are engaged in their trade must be great sufferers."

Letters to the same effect are given by the editor of *The Shipping Gazette*, from correspondents at Aldborough, Bude, Dundalk, Kinsale, Maldon, Padstow, Pwllheli, Strangford, Torquay, Westport, and Woodbridge; so that from the ports all round the British Islands, the cry of distress, caused by the crushing effect of free trade upon the body of British industry, is arising. And this is what our Whig rulers call unexampled prosperity!

From the leading Plymouth journal of 31st Jan. we extract the following letter, which we would venture to recommend to the earnest attention of Mr Labouchere. It contains some statements of a very different complexion from those which appear to have passed through the hands of the officials of the Board of Trade.

"To the Editor of the *West of England Conservative*.

"SIR,—My attention having been called to a paragraph in your journal, which states that the shipwrights in one of the principal firms in Plymouth had struck for wages, I have to inform you that the firm is mine.

For several years past I have paid my men 18s. per week on new work, and 21s. per week on old work; and they never lost any time, but by their own fault.

For some time past I have had complaints from many shipowners, that, as their returns were greatly reduced by freights constantly lowering, we, the shipbuilders, must reduce our charges, or they would be compelled to take their ships to other ports. Added to this, a

friend of mine, Captain Shapcott, for whom I built a ship two years since, and with which he was so much pleased that he wished me to give him a price for another, of about 280 tons burthen. I accordingly did so; she was to be a first-class vessel, and entitled to class A 1 twelve years, at Lloyd's. My proposals were sent to a merchant in London, whom Captain Shapcott wished should be the principal owner. This gentleman (Mr Brookings) replied, that as everything was coming down, wages, and materials for shipbuilding, must come down also; and that, unless I would engage to build for £10 per ton, and find a very large number of articles more than I had for the former vessel, he would not contract at all. He also said, that he had been in treaty for a ship to be built for him in Prussia, which he found he could do for £8 per ton cheaper than he could have one in England. I was obliged to decline engaging to build on such terms, as would have occasioned me a loss of some hundreds of pounds.

On Friday, the 18th January, on paying my men, I gave them a memorandum, stating these particulars, and that I imagined they must have been expecting, for some time, that wages would be reduced, not only from what they must know themselves, but also from the great reduction in the price of provisions and clothing. I, at the same time, offered them 17s. per week on new work, and 19s. per week on old work, telling them that, as their labour was their own property, if they could do better, I should have no objection whatever. They all, 29 in number, refused to work; and, I believe, the greater part of them have not been employed since, as I have seen them walking the streets.

Not pretending to be a politician, I can only give my own opinion of the acts of the Legislature; and, from the first, I believed that the abrogation of the Navigation Laws must have the effect of depriving thousands of Englishmen of employment.

Put this case to myself. I have employed more than 100 persons in building and fitting ships; every other class, such as rope-makers, sail-makers, block-makers, boat-builders, coopers, painters, glaziers, chain and anchor makers, provision merchants, and others engaged in putting a ship to sea, have all employ here. A merchant goes abroad and builds (which he will do) at, it may be, a less price, and see the consequence—the foreigner is employed, and our artisans must be idle; it is the natural result. As to the bugbear of Free trade, it will

ruin England,—can I compete with a foreigner? He has his timber, his labour, and materials for fitting out his ship infinitely cheaper than I have; he is not oppressed by heavy Government and local taxation; and when his ship comes to England, she has all the privileges of a ship of the first class, which it is in my power to build; and further, by the manner in which Lloyd's class ships, she will fully stand A 1 with mine.

I contend that it is the duty of Government so to legislate that their artisans should have employment, and any act which deprives them of it, must be detrimental to the nation. That is my firm belief. I must apologise for occupying your columns, but, as you first mentioned the circumstance of my workmen, I thought it right to state the reasons. I am, sir, yours,
Wm. Moore, Shipbuilder."

There is more than this. Messrs. Lindsay & Co. have published a table of freights for the last four years, which exhibits an average decline ranging from thirty-five to fifty per cent. The following are a few notable instances:—

		s.	d.	s.	d.	
Singapore,	. . . from	105	0	to	60	0
Calcutta,		117	6	...	77	6
Hong Kong,		105	0	...	55	0
(last quotation from there)						
Bombay,		95	0	...	60	0
Ceylon,		95	0	...	70	0
Mauritius,		84	0	...	60	0
Callao,		95	0	...	63	0
Havannah,		85	0	...	47	6
Odessa,		95	0	...	42	6
Alexandria,		12	0	...	5	6
Cronstadt,		52	6	...	19	0
Quebec,		47	6	...	32	0

This decline of freights deeply concerns the agriculturist, since it unsettles even those loose and incorrect calculations, which were brought forward by the Free-traders for the purpose of proving that high freights must necessarily act as a powerful check to the importation of foreign corn, in the event of the abolition of the duties.

The challenge so confidently made has been accepted in another quarter. At the great Wiltshire meeting held at Swindon on the 6th February, Mr George Frederick Young spoke as follows:—

"Another point which has been taken as a kind of *cheval de bataille*—a sort of hobby-horse which the Ministers were determined to ride—I am somewhat familiarly acquainted with; I allude to the shipping interest. As they have brought

that interest so prominently before parliament, I may, perhaps, be allowed to correct their statements when they are at fault. What were we told about the shipping interest in the House of Lords? I thought that they might have managed to get up returns, to answer the purpose of the occasion, of a somewhat specious character, extending over a large surface, before they asked the house to come to a conclusion. But what did they do? They said that the shipbuilding interest is in a most prosperous state; and that it is prosperous, they deduced from the fact that there were 90 ships building in the port of Sunderland on the 31st of December last. It is the truth that that was the case at that time, but it is not the whole truth; and the whole truth is, that though there were 90 ships building in that great shipbuilding port, 24 of them only were sold, whilst 66 were standing, 31 of them being ready to launch, but could not get purchasers. I find also, that out of 251 ships which were building at the several shipbuilding ports at that date, there were but 66 sold, making nearly 200 out of the 250 that could not obtain purchasers, (hear, hear.) Is that fair? (cries of 'no,' and cheers.) Is that the way in which a great public question is to be supported by the Ministers of the Crown? Yet these gentlemen have not thought it to be beneath them to stoop to such paltry prevarication for the purpose of misleading the parliament, (great cheering.) But I will give you yet another instance, which is even more pregnant still. In the course of the debate on the Address in the House of Commons, Mr Labouchere made use of these words in reference to the shipping interest:—'This was a subject in which he naturally felt the greatest interest, and which he had looked into with the utmost care. He had never made an assertion in that house with greater confidence, and he challenged contradiction'—most unusual on the part of a Minister of the Crown—'on the part of any mercantile man, or gentleman interested in shipping, when he stated his belief that the industry of shipbuilding—that the confidence of the mercantile public in shipowning—that the whole business of the country connected with shipbuilding and shipowning, was in a state the most satisfactory and encouraging to those who did not believe that they were paralysing that important branch of industry by the measures of last session.' I will not affect to conceal the part which I took upon reading these words. I viewed the statement with indignation. I knew that it was not a fact; and on Saturday morning, the instant I had seen it in the paper, I drew up this declara-

tion, which was advertised in all the daily journals of London on Monday morning:—

"We the undersigned shipowners and others connected with the building and equipment of ships in the port of London, having observed with much surprise that in the debate on the Address in the House of Commons on the 1st inst., the right hon. the President of the Board of Trade confidently stated, and 'challenged contradiction on the part of any gentleman interested in shipping, that the whole business of the country connected with shipbuilding and shipowning was in a state the most satisfactory and encouraging,' consider it a duty to declare our conviction that the statement of the right honourable gentleman must have proceeded from misinformation, and is entirely erroneous. We declare that the shipping interest is, on the contrary, at this moment in a state of great depression, no employment being obtained for British ships offering any reasonable prospect of remuneration for the capital embarked and the expenses to be incurred; that the accounts from all the great shipping ports of the world announce a superabundance of tonnage and extremely low rates of freight, rendering the prospect for the present year most discouraging, and that the various trades connected with shipping consequently and necessarily participate in the general depression; and we make this declaration without any party or political motive, and entirely without reference to the causes that have produced the depression we describe, in the desire alone that the legislature and the public should be truly informed as to the real facts of this important question, which appear to be misunderstood by her Majesty's Government."

"I will tell you the result. That declaration was advertised to lie at the London Tavern on Monday, Tuesday, and to-day; and upon the very first day it received the signatures of several hundreds of the most eminent men connected with this branch of our national industry, and from among whom I will undertake to say I can pick out twelve names of men who are owners of not less than 100,000 tons of British shipping (cheers.) That the President of the Board of Trade should venture to make such a statement, and challenge contradiction from any one, is, I think, most extraordinary. Is it not calculated to produce this effect—that statements made by the Ministers of the Crown, with whatever confidence, will be received with a little doubt and distrust, and that though they come even from so upright and honourable a man as

Mr Labouchere, it will be necessary to substantiate them by something better than mere assertions of belief!"

We are sorry that Mr Labouchere should have committed himself so far. His personal character is beyond suspicion; and we do nothing more than express the universal feeling of his political opponents when we say, that no one will prefer against him the charge of having made a wilful misrepresentation of this nature. But it is the curse of men high in office, that they are surrounded by subordinates, whose share of honourable scruple is of the most convenient elasticity, and who sometimes have a substantial interest in the verification of their hazarded opinions. To this kind of influence Mr Labouchere is peculiarly subjected. The returns on which he founded, with so rash a confidence, had evidently passed through the hands of some veteran statist and figure-monger, and been adapted to suit an immediate purpose, rather than to conform to the actual truth. On no other hypothesis can we account for so strange a perversion of fact; for we believe that, after the evidence cited above, no man, whatever may be his political opinions, will hold that the commerce of the nation is not materially depressed, instead of being, as Ministers represented it, flourishing beyond all precedent.

We next come to the manufacturing interest, which assuredly ought to be in a most prosperous condition. In the course of the bygone year, tranquillity was restored on the Continent, and the interrupted markets were opened with every prospect of a fair demand. Notwithstanding the fall of prices, it might have been supposed that agricultural depression had hardly time to react upon the home market; and food was cheaper than perhaps it has been in Britain within the memory of man. Yet, with all these advantages, it is by no means certain that our manufactures are in a sound condition. The official tables indeed exhibit a large increase of exports, but these tables are quite useless as exponents of actual value. No later than last session, Sir Robert Peel gave a decided testimony on this point.

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"Let me observe," said he, "that nothing can be more unsafe than any inference drawn from the returns which give the declared value of manufactures exported. Owing to the manner in which the accounts of imports and exports are prepared, arguments drawn from that source must be exceedingly fallacious."

The *Liverpool Standard*, applying itself to the statistics of the cotton trade, has done good service in exposing the nature of the export returns. According to the official statement, there would appear to be an increase of nearly £4,210,000 in the exports of cotton manufactures and yarn; but the *Standard*, going to the fountain-head, has shown that the increase in the entire quantity of cotton spun in Great Britain in 1849, was only a little over one-twelfth of the previous year's consumption. The conclusions of our contemporaries are very forcible:—

"We place no confidence whatever now in these customs reports. Since the abolition of the half per cent duty on exports, there is nothing in the world to prevent goods being entered at any prices the shipper pleases. A bale of cotton and other goods may be valued at £5 or £500, without incurring a farthing of increased charges at our ports; and, without imputing to any party the wish to do a moral wrong, and to make out a favourable case in behalf of a particular policy, it is enough to throw discredit upon returns, thus left unprotected against error, to know that extensive malversation can be carried on."

When we turn for information to the manufacturing districts, we find some mills working on short time, and less employment generally diffused than might be expected in an average year. We hear of nothing but the most gloomy anticipations, contrasting very strangely, indeed, with the triumphant language of Ministers. The depression is not confined to the remoter towns; it exists in Manchester itself, as will be seen from the following statement—the last which has reached us—from the great manufacturing capital:—

(From the *Manchester Guardian*.)

"MANCHESTER, Tuesday, Feb. 12.—We have had a spiritless and rather drooping market. The merchants have shown a growing indisposition for business; looking upon prices as, for the

most part, too high to warrant further exports in the present state of supplies in foreign markets. The letters received this morning from Germany give quotations of prices which afford no encouragement for the immediate resumption of operations. There has been some inquiry from the Greeks, but with little result. As to the home dealers, seldom have they been so little seen in the warehouses of the manufacturers. There is evidently a diminished confidence among all classes of buyers as to the maintenance of prices; and a determination to proceed cautiously, buying only for the supply of the most pressing wants, is become general. The business of the day has, consequently, fallen in amount below that of any Tuesday for some time back. Under these circumstances, those spinners and manufacturers whose contracts are drawing to a close have shown a willingness to make some concession in price rather than suffer an offer to pass by them. Water twist may be quoted $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to $\frac{1}{2}$ d. lower; and in mule yarn the buyer has some advantage in price, except as to fine counts, from No. 60's upwards. In printing cloths, there is a giving way of about $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per piece, and 3d in shirting. There is a difference in point of firmness, however, among spinners and manufacturers, and a corresponding irregularity is observable in the quotations. The spinners of water twist, and the manufacturers of domestics, T's, and some other stout cloths, are so much discouraged by the little prospect there is of an improvement in the unfavourable trade they have so long experienced, that many of them are seriously intending to diminish their production. One or two establishments in Manchester have either stopped altogether or resorted to short time, and an attempt is being made to induce a general adoption of the latter measure in these branches of manufacture. At Rochdale two or three mills have taken one or other of the above courses; and we have before us the names of seven firms at Heywood who have limited the hours of work in their mills.

"STATE OF TRADE.—MANCHESTER, Thursday.—We have no improvement since Tuesday. The demand, whether for cloth or yarn, is not equal to the production, and prices, consequently, tend still in favour of the buyer. Indeed, no considerable sales could be effected without material concessions in price."

Reading such an account as this, we feel perplexed as to the meaning which the Ministry attach to their favourite term prosperity. We are almost

tempted to suppose that they consider want of employment the greatest possible blessing which can befall the labouring man.

This account, it will be observed, is dated posterior to the opening of Parliament. We may therefore be told that the depression had no existence at the time when the royal speech was framed. Such was not the case. The depression was felt much earlier, as appears by the following extract taken from a favourite organ of the Free-traders. On 1st December last, the *Economist* thus spoke of the cotton trade—

"At the beginning of this year, great expectations were entertained of our home demand. It was argued, and with good reason, that we never yet had a year of general employment and low prices of provisions combined, which was not also a year of very large domestic consumption of manufactured fabrics. This year labour has been in very brisk request, and food has never been so cheap and plentiful since 1836. Yet our expectations from these facts have not been fully answered. The sellers of printing-cloths and medium shirtings report that their home demand has, on the whole, been good; the sellers of domestics report, on the contrary, a decidedly dull business, worse than that of last year; but we believe that all agree that the anticipations with which they began the year have by no means been realised. We suspect the cause to be this:—The depreciation in railway property, the effects of the Irish famine, and the commercial crash in 1847, have impoverished all classes of the community to a much greater extent than has been allowed for in the calculations of our tradesmen. We question whether 'the power of purchase,' on the part of the British community, is nearly equal to what it was in 1845."

We here perfectly coincide in opinion with the *Economist*. The power of purchase, on the part of the British community, is not nearly what it was in 1845; and for that diminution of power, he may thank the operation of the free-trade system. If the calculations of Mr Villiers are correct—if agricultural produce has depreciated to the extent of £91,000,000—there is no necessity whatever for recurring to Irish famine, railway losses, or commercial embarrassment, for an explanation of the unhealthy state of

the home market. If we divide the population of the British islands, between agriculture and manufactures, in proportion to the ascertained number of those employed in either pursuit, we shall find that rather more than 18,700,000 are dependent on agriculture; whilst the number of those directly and indirectly drawing their livelihood from manufactures is short of 8,100,000.* Any blow levelled at the larger interest must perforce materially affect the lesser; and our decided conviction is, that the manufacturers have yet to learn, through adversity, a wholesome lesson. They have been taught to look to the foreign, or exporting trade, as their chief source of gain; and, in doing so, they have had to face a competition with other countries, which, in the course of a few years, has lowered their profits fully 60 per cent. They are still willing to go on, in the pure reckless spirit of gambling, caring nothing what social mischief they occasion, so long as they can deluge the markets of the world with their bales of calico and cotton. For this end, by an unholy and unprincipled combination, they have contrived to substitute foreign in place of British agricultural labour, whilst, with unparalleled selfishness, they reject all proposals for an equitable distribution of taxation.

The annual amount of the manufacturing productions of this country is estimated at £178,000,000; and it is said that last year we have exported £58,000,000. If this be the case, there remain goods to the value of £120,000,000, to be consumed at home; and the amount of the actual consumption mainly depends upon the consumers' power of purchase. Mr Villiers tells us that £91,000,000 have been *lost* to the agricultural classes—for depreciation is neither more nor less than direct loss. It is an obvious fallacy to assume, as Mr Muntz does, that this sum is merely to be considered as transferred from one pocket of the community to another, as a note for five pounds might be. In the latter case, the capital represented by the note is not destroyed; in the former, the agricultural produce hav-

ing been purchased and consumed at two-thirds of its productive cost, there is clearly a direct loss to the producing party. The annual amount of agricultural produce in this country was estimated, according to former average prices, at £250,000,000; and if this be accepted as true, or even an approximation to the truth, the estimate of Mr Villiers will show a depreciation of more than a third of the value. To that extent, therefore, the power of purchase in the home market is lessened; for if £120,000,000 of manufactures are made to be consumed at home, and the means of the consumers are reduced by £91,000,000, how is it possible that trade can remain in a prosperous condition?

If the dependence of the prosperity of manufactures on the amount of the demand existing in the home market is admitted—and no man yet has attempted to deny that intimate relationship between the agricultural and the manufacturing classes—it will follow, as a clear deduction, that to curtail the means of the consumer is tantamount to limiting the demand. No body of men understood this more clearly than the leading agitators of the League. They knew perfectly well, that agricultural distress must react fearfully upon that numerous section of the manufacturers, who look solely to the home market for the regular consumption of their produce, and who supply the greater number of the retail dealers and shopkeepers, whose means of livelihood depend on their intervention between the makers of the fabric and the buyers. Those leading agitators were independent of the home trade. Their interest lay in pushing exports to the utmost, and in maintaining their hold of the foreign and distant markets, in spite of a fierce competition with France, Germany, and America. That competition had latterly become so serious and formidable, that, in order to maintain their ground, they found it necessary to devise some means whereby operative labour, already brought down to the lowest point of monetary wage, might be stimulated and sustained; and the only scheme available to them

* SPACKMAN'S *Occupations of the People*. Vide Synoptical Table.

was the breaking up of the corn laws, which, in this highly-taxed country, with the accumulated burdens of more than a century and a half pressing upon it, afforded a necessary protection to the British agricultural labourer. For no one can deny that the producers of corn are, like all others, subject to taxation; and all taxation, whether direct or indirect, must be added to the price of the fruits of labour. This was just what the corn laws effected. The consumer paid for the taxation when he purchased the article; and in no branch of industry or trade is another rule recognised. There is a natural price, and an artificial price. The natural price of corn is that for which it can be grown in this country, deducting labour and the grower's profit, but without any burdens of taxation at all. The artificial price is that which is charged for the produce to the consumer, when the taxation falling upon the land, for state purposes, is added to the natural price. By the repeal of the corn laws, the consumer escaped this taxation, and the whole burden was thrown on the producer and the labourer, who, in consequence of superior natural advantages possessed by the foreigner, can be undersold by him even at the natural price, and who yet are called upon to bear the whole of the artificial cost.

Such a scheme as this—one so manifestly unjust, not only to the agriculturists, but to the manufacturers and the shopkeepers, whose whole dependence was on the home consumers—would never have been carried into execution, had its inevitable results been honestly laid before the public. But there was no honesty in these men. They were fighting a desperate game, without regard to the general interest of the country, so that they could be the individual gainers; and they fought it, as gamblers will do, unscrupulously, falsely, and dishonestly. They durst not have hinted that the immediate effect of the repeal of the corn laws would be a large and permanent depreciation of the value of agricultural produce. Had they done so, the tradesmen and retail dealers whom they chiefly aimed to dupe—because the electoral

influence of that class is immensely large—would at once have seen, that, by limiting the general power of their customers to purchase, they were, in fact, depriving themselves of so much of their former profit. Shopkeepers and tradesmen do not live by the export trade: they maintain themselves and their families by distributing the products of labour among the community; and their gains, as well as those of the artisan, are measured by the amount of custom which they receive. Any legislative change, therefore, which could have the effect of diminishing that custom in a serious degree, would necessarily be most detrimental to the interests of this class—a proposition so clear, that no effort of political jesuitry could disguise it. The corn-law repealers knew this, and accordingly they rested their case on different grounds. They maintained that the abolition of the duties on corn would not, and could not, have the effect of curtailing the means or the revenue of the producer. They professed that their sole object was to prevent extravagant fluctuations in price; and they were quite as touching and lachrymose in the pictures which they drew of the evils certain to arise from a range of low prices, as in those descriptive of the opposite extreme. Let us again refresh ourselves with a few sentences from the work of Mr James Wilson—sentences which afford good ground for hope that, upon the next agricultural division, we may find the member for Westbury using his best endeavour to repair some of the mischief which recent legislation has inflicted. The reader will bear in mind that Mr Wilson distinctly enunciated 52s. 2d. to be the proper price for wheat, at which an exactly sufficient amount of production would be kept up.

“It never can be advantageous for the community at large that they should consume the produce of any one party below the cost of production; for a period is not very far distant when the consequences must react, and infallibly produce high prices and great scarcity; and we will show that the evils of the reaction are far greater than any advantage derived from the low prices.”—*Influence of the Corn Laws*, p. 28.

Again :

"Our belief is, that the whole of these generally received opinions are erroneous ; that if we had had a free trade in corn since 1815, the average price of the whole period, actually received by the British grower, would have been higher than it has been ; that little or no more foreign grain would have been imported ; and that if, for the next twenty years, the whole protective system shall be abandoned, *the average price of wheat will be higher than it has been for the last seven years, (52s. 2d.,) or than it would be in the future with a continuance of the present system ; but with this great difference, that prices would be nearly uniform and unaltering from year to year ; that the disastrous fluctuations would be greatly avoided, which we have shown in the first proposition to be so ruinous under the present system.*"—P. 56.

Perhaps we cannot better illustrate this part of our subject, than by transcribing the second "proposition" laid down by the present Secretary of the Board of Control. It is so unambiguous in its terms that we are saved the necessity of a commentary. Mark, and perpend !

"PROPOSITION THE SECOND.—That the agricultural interest has derived no benefit, but great injury, from the existing laws ; and that the fears and apprehensions of the ruinous consequences which would result to this interest by the adoption of a free and liberal policy with respect to the trade in corn, are without any foundation : THAT THE VALUE OF THIS PROPERTY, INSTEAD OF BEING DEPRECIATED, ON THE AGGREGATE WOULD BE RATHER ENHANCED, AND THE GENERAL INTERESTS OF THE OWNERS MOST DECIDEDLY BENEFITED THEREBY."

We presume that we need go no further in illustration of the line of argument adopted by the exporting manufacturers and their adherents, for the purpose of persuading the tradesmen and artisans that the repeal of the corn laws could not in any way affect the consumers' power of purchase.

In dealing with the state of the manufacturing interest, we must never lose sight of the fact, that enlarged exports furnish no proof whatever of the prosperity of the home trade. We shall not go the length of adopting a hypothesis, plausibly enough put forward, that increased exports are a natural result of deficiency in the home

demand ; that where any sudden stimulus is given to a market abroad, goods originally intended for British consumption, but not taken out of stock, are shipped on speculation, and thus augment the declared value of the exports. We shall not make any averment of the kind, however probable it may be—simply because it is not in our power, or that of any man in the country, to prove such an allegation as the general rule. But so far as we can gather, from the voice of the public press, there would appear to be little room for exultation in the present prospects of manufactures. The agricultural depression is yet recent, and its reaction on manufactures, though it began in 1849, will probably not be felt in its real intensity until the present year is well advanced. In estimating the prosperity of manufactures, what we must look to are the wages and the condition of the labourer. The individual profits of the masters are secondary to this consideration ; and we shall now proceed to examine whether cheap food has fulfilled its chief recommendation in bettering the condition of the operatives.

In a single number of the *Birmingham Mercury* for 2d February, now lying before us, we find four separate letters upon this important subject. The first is from the operatives' committee of the glass-trade, in which they state that "never was there more flint glass manufactured than there is at the present time, and never did the operatives receive less than they do at present for the quantity of work made." The second is from a person engaged in the pin-trades, also complaining of low wages. The third is an indignant remonstrance from an operative against recent prosperity-statements, in which he says, "the condition of the workmen is such at the present time, that it is important to them to have their condition truly represented, devoid of that colouring which, while it would please some manufacturers, would to the workmen possess no charm whatever. Where a writer's heart is, there also will his leaning be ; and I feel convinced that no operative in this town could fail to see which way these articles incline. Obtaining information from master

about men, and publishing it like accounts from a house proprietor about his houses, or from a farmer about his cows, does not suit those workmen who think, and feel, and wish to be treated in a manner due to their position as producers of articles ministering to the comforts and conveniences of mankind at large." The fourth proceeds from the committee of the gun-trade, stating that "the year 1849 has perhaps been unparelled in the history of our trade; for the general depression of our prices, and the suffering of the working men, with the shortness of work, and the very low price at which that work has been done, have reduced us to the most pitiable condition which working and industrious men could be brought to." Surely these letters are inconsistent with the statement of Mr Villiers, that "when he looked to the working classes, he was gratified to find that both manufacturing and agricultural labourers were either receiving a higher rate of wages, or were able to command a better supply of the comforts of life with their former wages." Within ten days after that speech was made, an operative strike began at Nottingham. The following letter, addressed to, but not published in, the *Times*, appeared lately in the *Morning Herald*, and remains, so far as we know, uncontradicted:—

"To the Editor of The Times.

"Sir,—I have read with great interest your able exposures of the butchers and other tradesmen of the metropolis. Will you, with your usual impartiality, give the following facts for free-traders a corner in your journal:—The wages paid in the factory of Messrs Marshal, at Shrewsbury, before and after free trade came into operation, are as follows:—

	1846.		1849.	
	Protection.		Free Trade.	
Mechanics,	£	1 5 0	£	0 18 0
Overlookers,	.	1 0 0	.	0 14 0
Thread-polishers,	0	12 0	0	8 0
Boys,	0	8 0	0	6 0
Female reellers,	0	6 0	0	4 8

"Messrs Marshal are among the most extensive manufacturers in the kingdom, and this may be taken as a fair specimen of what has been generally done. I should be sorry to make one comment on these facts, but leave it to the judgment of the public to decide whether the operatives of this country, or the manufac-

turers who employ them, have reaped the benefit of that cheap bread which they promised to the labouring population; and whether what they gave with one hand in the shape of bread, they do not more than take with the other by so large a reduction of wages.—I am, Sir, your obedient Servant, JOHN PHILLIPS.

"Winsley, near Shrewsbury, Jan 22."

As to the condition of the agricultural labourers, it would really appear to be needless to enter upon that point. The cry of suffering and distress is universal throughout the length and breadth of the land. How can it be otherwise, when every cargo of foreign grain sent to our shores is in effect so much untaxed foreign labour introduced to beat down the wages of the working man? Mr Bonnar Maurice, at a late meeting at Welshpool, thus described the present condition of the agricultural labourers of England:—

"But there was another class—from their numbers a very important class—and if they took (as they might fairly do) the well or ill doing of that class as an indication of the prosperity or otherwise of the country generally, it was indeed a most important class—he meant the labouring class. They were promised that free trade was to bring within their reach comforts and luxuries which they had not even dreamt of. How was it now with them! Take first the agricultural labourer. A short time ago he was earning 9s. or 10s., or in some counties 12s. a week; his wife could earn 5s. or 6s., and his boy (if he had one eleven or twelve years of age) about the same. Now numbers are without employment at all; numbers can obtain only occasional employment; and those who are in constant work must be satisfied with 7s. or 8s., and in some places with not more than 6s. a-week, and with little or no aid from their wives and families. With other labourers the case is no better—their employment is becoming more and more scarce; the effects of an unfair competition are reducing the means of giving employment; and those who are suffering from such effects are accordingly lessening the number of their labourers, and reducing their establishments. Thus, scarcity of employment, combined with reduction of wages, is the blessing which free trade brings to the labourer. And so it must be; for what is the real principle of free trade but the unfair encouragement of the foreigner at the expense of the British labourer, the taking away employment from the labourers of

our own country, and the giving that employment to the foreigner?"

In Scotland matters are no better. We have many instances of proprietors compelled by the decline of rents to abandon the improvement of their estates, and to relax that employment which was formerly given to labour. This is a great calamity; since it must inevitably tend to swell the poor-rate, already augmenting alarmingly. In the western districts the labour of Irish emigrants, forced from their own country by the same cause, and willing to work at the lowest possible rate of wage which will suffice to sustain existence, is supplanting that of our Scottish peasantry; and as the farmers are nearly driven to the wall by the unprecedented decline in the value of both corn and cattle, they cannot be blamed for putting into practice the noxious free-trade dogma, and availing themselves of labour at the cheapest rate. If this state of matters is to continue, the results may be terrible indeed. The legislature is bound to look to it in time; and, for the general safety, to take heed that the power of labour of the working man, which is his sole capital, is not tampered with too far. We cannot refrain from making another extract from the pages of Mr Wilson, who deprecates agricultural depression upon the express ground of its pernicious effect upon the condition and morals of the labourer. Any fall below 52s. 2d. per quarter of wheat, Mr Wilson estimates as depression. The present averages are under 40s., with no prospect of a rise:—

"It must be obvious that the tendencies experienced by the farmer must immediately influence the labourers he employs. In his successful or advancing years, a good demand exists for labour, and either attracts or retains more to this pursuit than on an average it is capable of maintaining; and thus we find, when the period of diminished cultivation arrives, the strongest evidences of surplus labour, as of surplus stock—distress to a painful degree becomes the lot of the hard-working tiller of the ground, whose only desire is for '*leave to till*,' but, like his master, he had already toiled too much, and too unprofitably. Ignorant of the real causes of his distress, driven to pinch and want, he becomes too readily the victim of vicious and designing men,

and has recourse to many acts of violence and injustice, which, instead of mending his case, can only tend to make it still worse.

"No one can have forgot the terror and dismay which, from this cause, spread through our usually quiet and peaceful rural districts a few years ago, when the agricultural interest was severely depressed; the awful and mysterious midnight fires, which frequently lighted up a whole district at the same moment, consuming the very means of subsistence; anonymous letters followed up by all their threatenings; secret societies to fan and inflame the worst passions; highway robberies and personal attacks; outrages of every description; and all perpetrated by men whose ignorance and misery (from causes over which they had no control) were really much more apt to excite our pity than our blame. But how insensibly all these evidences have vanished with a return to prosperity, although it is impossible that they have not left behind a population of a lower and more debased standard of morals! They are now as quiet as ever, but the return of distress to their employers will not fail to reduce them once more to a similar condition.

"It should also be remarked, that this distress cannot fail naturally to increase the poor-rates, and the charges of maintaining good order, which must act as a distinct cause of reducing the rents and income of farmer and landlord. In some instances these charges have pressed so heavily at particular times, as to consume the whole rent, and to render land of little or no value, which would otherwise have let at a fair average rate."

We also learn from Mr Wilson, that extreme cheapness is the reverse of a benefit to the manufacturing operative, inasmuch as it induces habits of luxury which are by no means suited to his welfare. It is not impossible that this view may have led to that salutary reduction of wages, which seems, at the present moment, to be taking place throughout the manufacturing districts of England, and that the diminished supply of money is intended to check that inordinate appetite for cheap loaves and bacon, which is naturally enough engendered by the foreign untaxed supplies pouring in to supersede the production of the home labourer, and to drive him gradually to the workhouse. The member for Westbury says:—

"With the manufacturing labouring classes similar effects occur at opposite periods, when the necessities of life are pressed to the highest point: they are introduced, in the years of ruinous cheapness, to habits of comparative luxury and consumption which their labour cannot, on an average, command; and they, therefore, feel much more the want occasioned by extreme high prices, when they cannot command so much as their labour should produce to them. So the effect is, that in cheap years his labour commands too much agricultural labour, and he thus anticipates a part of what should be the consumption of a future day; and in dear years his labour commands too little agricultural labour, and he is obliged to receive proportionably as much too little as before he received too much."

We are decidedly of opinion that there is much sound sense in the above extract. We never have known a year so characterised by *ruinous cheapness* of all kinds of provisions as that which has just gone by; the present year holds out no prospect of improvement, but rather indicates a farther decline; and therefore we are not without hope that this important point may be worked out at greater length in the columns of the *Economist*.

The question of wages has led us into a slight digression. Our immediate topic was the dependence of the manufacturers, or at least a large section of them, upon the purchase power of the community; and we have already shown, by the evidence of our opponents, that, in so far as the agriculturists are concerned, their ag-

gregate produce, which constitutes their means, has been diminished by one-third. Now, it must be remembered that *the cost of production* falls to be deducted altogether from the remaining two-thirds; and that, in the lost third was contained the greater part of the surplusage or profit, which afforded the means of commanding luxuries and superfluities. Of course any diminished power of purchase must tell against the manufacturers, by keeping up their stocks in hand, and lessening the necessity for production. But many of them, failing the home trade, have the chance of a market, though it may be a less profitable one, elsewhere. They can export on consignment if not on order; and late accounts from San Francisco, where bales of British goods are stated to be lying unwarehoused, and exposed to the weather without finding purchasers, show that the export mania may be carried beyond the verge of average recklessness. But the shopkeepers and tradesmen have no such alternative resource. They depend solely upon the consumers of Britain, and any material lowering of the value of home produce reacts upon them in the shape of lessened demand for all articles of luxury in which they deal, and upon the artisan in the form of diminished employment. It may be useful to lay before our readers Mr Spackman's estimate of the total productions of this country, calculated on the most authentic data *before* the commencement of the depression.

ANNUAL PRODUCTION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Annual value of agricultural productions,	£250,000,000
Annual value of manufacturing productions,	£177,184,292
From which deduct value of raw material,	50,000,000
	127,184,292
Annual value of product of mining interest,	36,121,000
Annual value of profits of shipping interest,	3,637,231
Annual income from Colonies, about	15,000,000
Annual income from foreign trade,	15,000,000
Annual income from fisheries, about	3,000,000
Total,	£449,942,523

This constitutes the whole product of our national wealth. It is the substance of Britain, and from one or other of the above sources does every individual in the land derive his means

of support. Out of these all taxation is paid: from these, all professional men, tradesmen, artisans, and dealers, derive their profit and their means. Hitherto, by all wise legis-

lators, the interests of the two leading classes of producers have been considered indissolubly united. The agriculturist supplied the manufacturer with food, and to a considerable extent with raw material; and in return he took annually two-thirds of the manufactured productions. Our exports were exchanged for luxuries, or for articles which could not be produced at home, and the balance in our favour constituted the yearly increment of our wealth. What free trade proposes to do, and, indeed, has partially effected, is the dissolution of the dependence of the two great classes on each other. The manufacturer is invited to seek his food and raw material from the cheapest foreign source; the agriculturist to do the same with respect to foreign manufactures. But the two classes are not upon a par. The agriculturist cannot export any considerable portion of his produce, because he is greatly undersold by the cheap growers of the Continent and America. We observe that, last year, the whole of the exports which can be termed agricultural, were as follows:—

Butter,	£210,604
Cheese,	24,912
Wool, sheep and lambs,	535,801

£771,317

This, it will be seen, is an infinitesimally small portion of our whole products. The manufacturer can export, though not to an extent corresponding to his powers of production. Manufactures have been cheapening year by year, in consequence of augmented foreign competition, and that struggle is likely to go on for years as fiercely as ever. To maintain the export trade in a competition which cannot end otherwise than disastrously, we have been called upon to sacrifice everything. This is the true secret of the lowered tariffs, of the unnatural policy which we have pursued towards our colonies, of the clamour for financial reform which has been so industriously raised. Without speculating as to future operations, which probably will include a direct attack upon the Monarchy and the National Debt, we shall simply draw the attention of our readers to this fact, that, for the sake of increasing

the bulk of our exports by the annual value of three, four, or ten millions, (which we have *not achieved*, our exports last year being lower than those of 1845,) we have lowered the annual value of our home productions by ninety-one millions! And the men who have done this call themselves statesmen, and congratulate each other on the results of their singular sagacity!

But, let the manufacturers do what they can, two-thirds of their produce, in round numbers £120,000,000, must still be consumed at home. The shopkeepers are the brokers of this amount of produce. And how is it to be consumed, if the great agricultural interest is to be broken up? No Free-trader alive can answer that question. We perfectly understand the virulence of their organs, and their wrath and rage at the unanswerable case which we have laid before the public in former papers; but no rage or wrath will extricate the Free-traders from their dilemma. They must now explain to the tradesmen and artisans the profitable nature of their scheme. They may take credit, if they please, for increased exportations to the amount of ten millions—let them debit themselves *per contra* with ninety-one millions of decrease in the power of the home consumers to purchase, and then account to us for the defalcation. We have a high authority behind whom we shall retire for shelter, if again assailed. That redoubted political economist, Mr James Wilson, must in common consistency put forth his *agis* before us, and defend, lion-like, his original proposition, “that *individuals, communities, or countries*, can only be prosperous in proportion to the prosperity of the whole.”

There are other considerations connected with the permanent depreciation of landed property in Great Britain, which are personal to almost every man belonging to the higher and middle classes of society. It has been far too hastily assumed that this is a mere proprietor's question, or at least one in which the mercantile and professional classes have no direct interest. We propose, towards the conclusion of this article, to examine that matter minutely: in the mean

time we shall direct our attention to the official tables of the exports and imports for the last year, which have been thought so favourable to free trade, as almost to justify the celebration of a national jubilee.

In 1848, our exports were short of forty-nine millions; this year they exceed fifty-eight. Such is their declared value; and though we must still hold with Sir Robert Peel, that these tables cannot be entirely relied on for accuracy, we shall consider them simply as they are given us.

In order to estimate the real advantage which the country has derived from the adoption of free trade, it is necessary to revert to the condition in which we stood *before* the Corn and Navigation Laws were repealed. No one, who reflects upon the state of the Continent in 1848, can be surprised that our exports have been augmented materially by the restoration of tranquillity. That augmentation has nothing whatever to do with free trade. The question which we must now consider is this—have we been materially benefited, or benefited at all, or the reverse, by the substitution of free trade instead of our former system? In order to ascertain that, we must institute a comparison between our situation anterior to free trade, and that which is now made the ground of Ministerial triumph. We shall, therefore, compare the exports and imports of the year

1845, the last protection year, with those of 1849. The fairness of this comparison will not, we presume, be disputed. And first, as to the exports :

From Mr Porter's Tables, (page 358 of the new edition,) we learn that the real or declared value of British and Irish produce and manufactures, exported in 1845, was £60,111,081. The Government tables, just published, give us the total declared value of the exports for 1849 at £58,848,042. There is, therefore, a deficit of £1,263,039 in 1849, as compared with 1845. Mr M'Gregor, it will be remembered, told us that we were to have an *increase of two millions a-week*: the Government tables show us that we have a decrease of a million and a quarter a-year, comparing the one year with the other! We understand that the whole of the exports are included in the statement just issued. We can form no other conclusion from the large increase of the items inserted, and the small amount of some of them—for example, stockings—which are estimated at £1494 in 1849, in comparison with £39 in 1848; indeed, the words "total declared value," admit of no other construction. So, then, our exports in the aggregate have not increased, but, on the contrary, have fallen off. We find the declared value of our principal textile exports to be as follows:—

	1845.	1849.
Cotton manufactures, . . .	£19,172,564	£18,834,601
— yarn, . . .	6,962,626	6,701,920
Linen manufactures, . . .	3,062,006	3,073,903
— yarn, . . .	1,051,303	737,650
Woollen manufactures, . . .	7,674,672	7,330,475
— yarn, . . .	1,067,056	1,089,867
	£28,990,227	£27,768,416

The imports, however, are more valuable for our consideration. No idea of their comparative value can be formed from the tables; but the amount is set forth in bulk and num-

ber, and we believe our readers will feel astonished at the results. We shall first enumerate those articles which have been brought in to displace British produce.

Animals living, viz—	1845.	1849.
Oxen and bulls, . . .	9,782	21,751
Cows, . . .	6,502	17,921
Calves, . . .	586	13,645
Sheep, . . .	15,846	126,247
Lambs, . . .	112	3,018
Swine and hogs, . . .	1,598	2,653
Total animals, . . .	34,426	185,285

	1845.	1846.
Bacon, cwt.,	64	384,325
Beef, salted, net corned,	3,540	144,638
— fresh, or slightly salted,	651	5,279
Pork, salted,	1,461	347,352
— fresh,	133	924
Hams,	2,603	9,460

Total of meats, cwt.,	8,452	891,978
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Butter, cwt.,	240,118	279,462
Cheese,	258,246	390,978
Eggs, number,	75,669,843	97,884,557

Corn—		
Wheat, qrs.	135,670	4,509,626
Barley,	299,314	1,554,860
Oats,	585,793	1,368,673
Rye,	23	256,308
Peas,	82,556	285,487
Beans,	197,919	483,430
Indian corn or maize,	42,295	2,249,571
Buckwheat,	1,105	308
Beer or bigg,	—	1,749

Total grain, qrs.,	1,844,675	10,710,012
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Wheat meal or flour, cwt.,	630,255	3,937,219
Barley meal,	—	224
Oatmeal,	2,224	40,055
Rye meal,	—	24,031
Pea meal,	—	300
Bean meal,	—	2
Indian corn meal,	—	102,181
Buckwheat meal,	—	1,095

Total flour and meal, cwts.,	632,479	4,105,107
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These are the free-trade importations which are ruining the British agriculturist. This is the kind of competition which he is called upon to face, with a heavier load of taxation pressing upon him than is known in any other country in the world.

We shall probably be told, however, that this enormous supply of cheap food has enabled the people to extend their consumption of articles

of luxury to a large extent. Let us see how that matter stands. We select the common luxuries, which are next to necessities, for illustration,—and we also add another column, showing the quantities entered for consumption in 1848. By this our readers will be enabled to ascertain the increasing rate of demand for these articles.

	1845.	1848.	1849.
Coffee, lb.,	34,318,095	37,107,279	34,431,074
Tea,	44,183,135	48,735,696	50,024,688
Tobacco and snuff,	26,323,944	27,305,134	27,685,687
Wine, gallons,	6,986,846	6,369,785	6,487,589

It will be observed, that of these articles there is no great additional consumption. We have excepted sugar from the above list, on account of the alteration of the duties since 1845. There was, however, less entered for home consumption in 1849 than in 1848, by 240,067 cwt.

There appears to be nothing else in these tables which calls for special remark. They establish the fact that, under the operation of free trade, we have not yet been able to export as large an amount of manufactures as left this country in the last year of protection; a fact very suggestive,

when we regard the enormous increase of the imports. The foreigner is supplanting our agricultural industry, without taking in return an augmented quantity of the produce of our manufacturers.

We cannot, therefore, see that these returns afford us any ground for congratulation. We can draw no good augury for the future from the figures which appear on the import side of the account: on the contrary, they appear to us ominous of calamity and disaster.

The large amount of bullion contained in the vaults of the Bank of England has been triumphantly referred to by the Free-traders as a proof, almost conclusive in itself, that the country is flourishing under the system of unrestricted importations; and the Protectionists have been taunted with the failure of their prediction, that a large import of foreign grain would drain the gold from Britain. These assumptions rest upon a most superficial view of the causes which have combined to restore bullion to the Bank during the last two years; and they argue a total forgetfulness of the calamitous monetary panic of 1847, occasioned by the demand for gold to meet the large importations of foreign grain consequent upon the famine. The ruinous effects of the adverse state of the foreign exchanges upon our commercial and manufacturing classes, in 1847 and 1848, are matters of history; and the unprecedented advice given by the Government to the Bank, to charge *eight per cent* on its advances, as well as the virtual abrogation of the Bank Act of 1844, are incidents in our mercantile annals too startling to be soon forgotten. It is not difficult, if we keep these things steadily in view, and also take into account the disturbed state of Europe for the last two years, to understand the reason why the returns of bullion have been so great.

The principal sources of the steady accumulation of gold during the last two years, in the face of continued large imports of grain and provisions, may be enumerated as follows:—

1st, The sale of foreign investments by parties in this country, and the stringent enforcement of all moneys due to them abroad.

2d, Forced sales and consignments

of British goods at prices ruinously low to the producers.

3d, A considerable reduction in the stock of raw material.

4th, A diminution in the quantity of gold coin required to carry on the internal trade and domestic expenditure of the country. This diminution has been caused by the fall of prices, whereby the same quantity of commodities is represented by less money—by the sudden limitation of the employment of labour—and by the reduced means of the people for ordinary expenditure.

5th, Remittances from foreign countries, caused by the revolutionary movements in most of the Continental states.

6th, The return of the absentees from abroad, whose expenditure has been estimated as high as £40,000,000. Allowing this to be a great exaggeration, and estimating it even at a third of the amount, the result becomes most important.

7th, By other minor causes, amongst which we may particularise the return of sovereigns to this country from Belgium, in consequence of the alteration in the law which regulates the currency there.

When we look to the operation of these causes, some of them being, from their nature, mere temporary expedients, and others arising from political movements over which we had no control, the existence of a large *balance* of bullion in the coffers of the Bank of England ceases to be an index of the legitimate operations of trade. It is, in fact, nothing more than a balance. Without accurate data as to the quantities of the gold which have been sent into and again exported from this country during the last two years—data which our opponents have no wish whatever to see produced—it would be fallacious to assume that our increased imports of commodities have been met by our extended exports. Indeed, the Government accounts distinctly demonstrate that such is not the case. They prove that our imports are augmenting at a ratio to which the exports bear no manner of proportion; and no man, who will take the pains of considering dispassionately the foregoing tables, can doubt this. How, then,

is the balance paid? Not certainly in goods; and if not in goods, in what other shape than money?

The maintenance of the stock of bullion in the Bank depends solely upon the continuance or the recurrence of such unusual accidents as we have enumerated above. We have been large sellers of foreign funds and investments; and we have received from other countries, for the sake of security, important remittances of the precious metals. But until we can restore the balance of trade by raising our exports to the level of the imports, or by restricting the latter, which we are bound to do in every case where large branches of native industry can be affected, we cannot hope permanently to retain the treasure, except at a frightful sacrifice. Further sales and further deposits may combine to keep it here, even for a considerable period; but so soon as confidence is restored abroad, we must look for a steady drain. If our imports shall constantly exceed our exports, which is the tendency of our recent legislation, we shall be forced to correct the balance of trade by drawing upon the accumulations of our more prudent ancestors, who acted on different principles; and so long as the foreign investments of their wealth last us, we may be enabled to continue our spendthrift course, consuming more than we produce. But this must evidently have an end; and, long before that period, the annual diminution of our national means would be felt by all classes of society, and the war between the great bulk of the community and the money power would commence in terrible earnest.

There are, we know, many people who, in spite of all the testimony which has been adduced, and the solemn declaration of the farmers that they cannot carry on cultivation at present prices, refuse to believe that the agricultural interest is virtually doomed to extinction. They say that the farmers are habitual grumblers, and they insinuate that this may be a false alarm. Now, as to grumbling, we suspect it would be impossible to find any body of men, who are exposed to constant fluctuations in the value of their pro-

duce, exempt from such a propensity; and we have heard, ere now, something worse than grumbling proceed from the throats of the manufacturers. But we ask those gentlemen whether, supposing America were to carry her avowed purpose into execution, and to stimulate her own population by converting the raw material of cotton into fabrics, instead of sending it four thousand miles across the Atlantic to be spun in Manchester,—and supposing that, in consequence, American calicoes could be offered in the British market at a price lower than the cost of the production of a similar article would be to Mr Cobden or Mr Bright—they imagine that the machinery of Manchester, Rochdale, and Staley Bridge, would still continue in motion? Does not common sense—does not all experience tell us, that a losing trade must be abandoned? And in order to show that agriculture is a losing trade, we need have recourse neither to farmers' statistics nor to pamphlets, however valuable. We prove it out of the mouths of our adversaries. Here they are:—

SIR ROBERT PEEL, in February 1842, estimated the proper remunerative price of wheat in this country, "allowing for natural oscillations," as between 54s. and 58s.—on the average, 56s.; and stated, that he, "for one, would never wish to see it vary beyond these two specified values."

MR JAMES WILSON, M.P. for Westbury, writing in 1839, stated it as his opinion, that the proper price of wheat was 52s. 2d.; and that, whatever average annual price the farmer received in any year less than that standard price, he made "so much distinct loss."

SIR CHARLES WOOD, Chancellor of the Exchequer, stated in January 1850, that he did not think "the agriculturist would be ruined with wheat at 44s. a quarter."

THE AVERAGE PRICE OF WHEAT AT THE HADDINGTON MARKET, ON 8TH FEBRUARY, WAS 34s. 1d.

We know, moreover, that sales of good wheat have been made in Scotland, since that time, at even lower prices.

But is this state of things to continue? We say it must. It is a simple labour and taxation question.

You expect the British labourer, who, in every commodity he consumes, pays taxes to Government, to compete with foreign serfs, who pay no taxes at all. You expect the British farmers and landowners to work a worse soil, in a more variable climate, to as much advantage as the foreign grower; and, moreover, to discharge a great portion of the public burdens of the state, to pay their full share of the interest arising from the expenses of every war in which Britain has been engaged since the Revolution of 1688; to support the national church, and to pay an undue proportion for the maintenance of the poor. The cost of cultivating 100 acres of British soil, in Hertfordshire, is estimated at £545—£1 per acre being allowed for rent. The cost of cultivating the same area, in Denmark or the northern states of Germany, is £324, 3s. 4d.—being £220, 16s. 8d., or 40 per cent, cheaper than in England. In this way, if we assume 50s. as the productive cost of British wheat, on an expenditure of £545, for the average here assumed, it will be seen that the expenditure of £324, 3s. 4d. gives 29s. 8d. as the productive cost of German wheat; that the difference in the price of barley between the countries will be as 30s. to 18s.; and of oats, as 20s. to 12s.*

This comparison is favourable to our opponents, because, in estimating the cost of British cultivation, a remarkably low rent is assumed; whilst, on the other hand, the wages of labour and other charges are greatly higher in Denmark and North Germany than in Russia, Poland, Wallachia, or Moldavia, from which countries we draw large supplies of grain. What hope is there of a rise of prices? Corn has been brought to its present low ebb by the importation, last year, of enormous supplies from the deficient Continental harvest of 1848. This year we are about to receive the discharge of a cornucopia filled to the very brim, in consequence of an unusually luxuriant crop. We have had experience of a bad year, and we are about to have

experience of a good year, heralded by the following significant fact:—"Bell's Weekly Messenger" states, on unquestionable authority, that, a few days ago, one of the principal City houses chartered several vessels at a freight of 6s. per qr., to load wheat at Odessa at 24s. per qr., free on board." How long is this to go on? Is it proposed, by this precious Ministry of ours, that nothing is to be done until the whole capital of the tenant-farmers is squandered, and the soil has gone out of cultivation? Or are we to understand that nothing whatever will be done, should prices fall lower than now, or even remain at their present level? If the land goes out of cultivation, a large proportion of the whole annual production of Great Britain, giving at present employment to many thousands, must be directly sacrificed; the manufacturers would, in that event, be compelled to close their establishments for the want of a home market; and we should have no revenue left to pay the expenses of the cheapest kind of provisional government, far less the interest of the national debt. Are the Ministry really aware of what they are doing? According to their own admissions—according to the calculations of their supporters—according to the estimates of the leading Free-traders, the tenant-farmers are at this moment cultivating the soil at a prodigious annual loss. No possible reduction of rent can suffice to cure the evil, even if a reduction of rent, which would throw hundreds of thousands out of employment, were no evil in itself. And yet, in this state of matters, the Whigs have thought proper to issue a prosperity address, almost without qualification, in the name of their gracious Sovereign!

† We shall now entreat the attention of our readers to a point in which almost every man of ordinary means in this country is vitally interested. For a great many years the benefits to be derived from LIFE INSURANCE, as the best means of providing portions for families, have been acknow-

* We are indebted for these calculations to a pamphlet entitled *Observations on the Elements of Taxation, and the Productive Cost of Corn*, by S. SANDARS, which we strongly recommend to the notice of our readers, as one of the most able treatises on the subject which has yet appeared.

ledged and largely sought. All classes have participated in these Assurances; and we believe that, in Scotland, it would be difficult to find any considerable number of professional persons, or tradesmen, who do not contribute to the funds of some of the numerous societies. We are not exactly aware what may be the method practised in England, but in Scotland by far the greater portion of the accumulated funds of these societies, amounting to many millions sterling, is lent on the security of the land. The value of the land, as every one knows, must in the aggregate depend on its productive power; and, if present prices are to rule, (and why they should not do so, under present legislation, no mortal man can tell us,) great tracts of the land of this country must go out of cultivation, and consequently be depreciated in value. In that case, how will the creditor fare? There is already a disposition shown, in some quarters, to make the creditor participate in the reduced income of the landed debtor. So hints Lord Drumlanrig, and he is not quite singular in his opinion. This is just repudiation; for could the idea be carried into effect, it would be necessary to apply the same rule to the principal as to the interest, and to provide that the lender of £100 under protection, should not be entitled to claim from his debtor more than £67 under the benign, just, and wholesome operation of free trade. Were this view to be adopted, and the adjustment made on the supposition that rents were only lowered by a third, the family of the man who has insured his life for £100, and regularly paid the premium, would lose rather more than £33. But a reduction of the whole rental of Great Britain and Ireland, to the extent of one-third, would amount to little more than £19,500,000,—a sum utterly insufficient to meet the depreciation, if we adopt the figures of Mr Villiers, or even if we make the largest allowance for exaggeration. The merest tyro in political science knows that land incapable of cultivation is comparatively worthless in price: we have a practical instance of that at present before us in Ireland, where estates have been actually abandoned by their

owners. Now, if land at present under tillage should go out of cultivation, on account of the sale of the produce being inadequate to its cost—a catastrophe to which our northern districts are fast approaching—it must become, to all intents and purposes, waste; and the creditor who has lent money on its security will find that, instead of grain-bearing acres, he can take possession of nothing save a wilderness of heather and furze.

Every man, therefore, whose life is insured, has a direct interest in the maintenance of the agricultural prosperity of the country. If that is not maintained, the provision which he has prudently made for his family is placed in extreme jeopardy, and free-trade legislation may utterly neutralise his thrift. Nor let him quarrel with the security, for there is none better. If the land goes down, the tenure of the existence of the Funds is worse than precarious. If the imports of foreign corn and provisions shall augment materially during the next two years, and if “the great experiment,” as it has been called, shall be persevered in so long, the fortunes and apparent destiny of this great country must be materially and radically altered. In any case, there must be a change, and a change of an important description. The unprincipled Currency Act of 1819 has yet to undergo a revision. In spite of *dillettante* arrangements, and financial hocus-pocus, sedulously invented to blind the eyes of the community to the rottenness and speculation of our present monetary system, that matter must be thoroughly probed and examined by the aid of a clearer light than the lamp of the Jew Ricardo. But, for the present, it would be unwise to complicate the immediate question. Our stand is taken upon the broad basis of justice to native industry. We care not in what form or shape that industry is developed—whether it be applied to agriculture, trade, or manufactures—so long as it is industry seeking but its own, and disclaiming the selfish and sordid end of making an individual profit at the expense, and from the ruin, of other classes of the community. Sometimes, in calmly considering the course of our legislation for the last few years,

this reflection irresistibly obtrudes itself—whether men have altogether lost the old feeling of patriotism and devotion, which, more than anything else, placed Britain in her proud position in the scale of the European nations? Certainly, when we read the speeches and harangues of the Free-traders, there is no trace of any such sentiment. They are cosmopolitans, not Britons: and, discarding the landmarks of the Almighty, they seem to hope that the laws of nature will be abrogated, and the doom of Babel reversed, by their own miserable efforts. Their sympathy is of a curious kind. They estimate foreign nations upon a scale founded on the consumption of calico; their notions of liberty undergo a material change, whenever raw cotton or cheap sugar become elements of the calculation of profit. They must have slavery abolished in the West Indian colonies: and yet, having ruined the planters, they are ready to take sugar on the cheapest terms which they dare offer from foreign slave-growing states, and to furnish them with clothing and machinery. Their capital, Manchester, and their principal seats of manufacture, depend for their existence on the continuance of Negro slavery in America, and not a man of these cosmopolitans dare raise his voice to denounce it. Why should he? He can gain popularity cheaper, by retailing gross falsehoods against unreciprocating European states, in every instance where Red Republicanism has reared its head, and been, most fortunately, suppressed. The British labourer has

none of his sympathy—he cares not for him in his capacity of a fellow-subject. If the labourer is an agriculturist, our generous philanthropist would rather see him and his family condemned to the union-workhouse, than throw any obstacle in the way of increased serfage in Russia or in Poland. If the labourer is a manufacturer, the cosmopolitan spurns the laws enacted by the gentlemen of England for the protection of the women and children; and, availing himself of a verbal error, claims his right to work human beings, by relays, like cattle in his mill! And these are the men who now regulate the movements, and almost dictate the words, of our British statesmen! In the pages of British history, we meet with instances of degradation which we fain would see cancelled. We know that Charles II. was an acquiescent pensioner of the crown of France, and was content to remain so, at the hazard of the national honour. But we shall search history in vain for so mean a pandering as that which we have seen by Ministers to the interests of an upstart oligarchy—founded on the most perishable basis—scarcely disguising their hostility to the religion and the constitution of the land—trampling on the rights of the poor—denying the claims of Native Industry—and doing their utmost to make these great and glorious kingdoms the habitation of only two classes—one of them being the master-manufacturers, and the other, the operatives, whom they may tread at pleasure under their heel.

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THE MINISTERIAL MEASURES.

At length signal-guns of distress have been fired from the Liberal fleet. Albeit stoutly denying the existence of any extraordinary suffering in Ireland, Ministers have brought forward a measure, based upon the admission of a distress there much exceeding anything which their opponents have alleged. Concealing or evading the loud cries of Colonial discontent, they have announced a policy implying a total revolution in Colonial government, and which never could have been conceded but from the consciousness of a vast amount of former maladministration. The Irish Reform Bill and the New System of Colonial Government are, *par excellence*, the measures of the session. We are not surprised they are so. They are the natural complement and unavoidable consequence of three preceding years of Free Trade and a fettered Currency.

The policy of Government since 1846 having been entirely founded upon the interests of the towns against the country, of the consumers against the producers, of those who had a majority in the House of Commons over those who were still in a minority, it might naturally be expected that the consequent suffering would be most acutely felt in the producing parts of the empire; in those places where agriculture was the staple of life, where producers were many and consumers few, and where, neces-

sarily, the measures of the British urban majority acted with unmitigated severity. Ireland and the Colonies were the places in which these circumstances combined, because they were both provinces in which rural districts were of boundless extent, and towns few and of inconsiderable importance; in which civilisation was as yet, comparatively speaking, in its infancy; and mankind, yet occupied in the labours of the field, in felling the forest and draining the morass, were not congregated in the huge Babylons or Ninevehs, which are at once the distinctive mark and ineradicable curse of long-established civilisation. Ireland and the Colonies, therefore, were the places which suffered most, and in which discontent might be expected to be most formidable from the new system; and, accordingly, the first announcements of the Session of 1850 were of measures calculated, as Government supposed, to assuage the irritations and conciliate the affections of these important and avowedly discontented or suffering parts of the empire.

Ten years have not elapsed since Lord John Russell declared that we could not afford to have a Revolution every year, and that the Reform Bill had fixed the Constitution upon a basis which must not again be shaken. There can be no doubt of the justice of the observation; but the Liberals have always some qualification or reserva-

tion to let in a change of measures, if it appears expedient for their interests as a party to promote it. That declaration was made before the grand and distinctive features of Liberal government had developed themselves: before Free Trade had crushed Agricultural industry, and sapped the foundations of Colonial loyalty; and when no overbearing pressure from without reminded Ministers that the time had arrived when they must eat in their pledges. That time has now, however, come; and distress, all but universal, has spread among all the rural producers of the empire; Ireland, the West Indies, and Canada, as the most entirely agricultural districts, have been the first to suffer in consequence. Measures calculated, as they conceive, to allay the prevailing discontent, have been brought forward by Government at the very time when they themselves, and their organs in the Press, were most strenuously denying that the new measures had produced anything but universal contentment and satisfaction throughout the empire.

The so-called Liberals have a very easy, and, as they deem it, efficacious mode of stifling or appeasing public discontent when it arrives at a formidable height. This consists in extending the suffrage among the querulous and suffering part of the people. They think that by so doing they will at once demonstrate their sympathy with the middle and lower classes, and secure, at least, for some elections to come, a majority of electors for their support, from a natural feeling of gratitude towards the Government which has conceded to them the suffrage. This system has been acted upon now for above a quarter of a century. No sooner had the contraction of the Currency, by the bills of 1819 and 1826, rendered it wholly inadequate for the industry of the empire, and produced the dreadful distress from 1826 to 1830 among the manufacturing and commercial classes, than they brought forward the Reform Bill in March 1831, and gave a decided majority in the House of Commons to these suffering and discontented urban electors. They have existed ever since on the gratitude of these newly enfranchised city voters. And now when the

measures adopted, at the instigation of these urban constituencies, who compose three-fifths of the House of Commons, have totally ruined the West Indies, all but severed Canada from the empire, and spread unheard-of distress throughout Ireland, they have a remedy, as they conceive, ready, in the extension of the suffrage to the suffering population. In this way the successive stages of general suffering, induced by Free Trade and a fettered Currency—in other words, a system of general cheapening of everything—issue in successive degradations of the franchise. The monetary crisis of 1825 led, after five years of suffering, to the Reform Bill for Great Britain; and the Free Trade crash of 1847 has issued, after three years of mortal agony, in the new Irish Reform Bill, and the announcement of provincial assemblies for the Colonies. If this system is continued for half a century more, it may reasonably be expected to lead, as it has done in France, to the introduction of universal suffrage. When everything is so cheapened that one-half of the population is landed in the work-houses, it is thought everything will be righted, wisdom at once imprinted on the measures of Government, and contentment diffused through the country, by the paupers rising from their straw mattresses to vote for the Liberal candidates in ballot-boxes put up at the corners of every street.

It must be confessed that this system of appeasing discontent by extending the suffrage, has several things to recommend it. In the first place—and this is a most important consideration with Governments which behold the national resources wasting away under the influence of monetary and commercial measures, introduced by the dominant class—it costs nothing. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is sure to give it his cordial support. It is much easier to enfranchise two hundred thousand paupers or bog-trotters, than to issue two or three millions of exchequer bills to sustain their industry. The old panacea, so often applied in the days of Tory Government, when distress became general, to relieve it by issues of exchequer bills, has been totally discarded since a Liberal Administra-

tion, resting on the urban constituencies, was installed in power. It is now discovered that it is much better to give the sufferers votes. Undoubtedly it is cheaper; and in these days, when everything is sacrificed to cheapness, charity itself, albeit covering a multitude of sins, must be sacrificed to it with the rest. In the next place, it implies, or is likely to lead to, no change of public measures, no reaction against the commercial policy which has produced the suffering. The new voters, it may be presumed, will support the Liberal Government which has enfranchised them: gratitude will bear Ministers over more than one contested election. The very suffering produced by Free Trade measures will bring up a host of voters to the poll who will, it is hoped, support from gratitude the Free Trade candidate. That is a matter of immense importance. It is not only spreading division through the Protection camp, but recruiting in it for troops to themselves. And though, doubtless, it is scarcely to be expected that men in the long-run are to support representatives who are ruining them, yet it is often astonishing how long they will continue to do so from party influences: the poison, like the contagion of the cholera, floats in the air, without any one knowing whence it comes or whither it is going: and, at any rate, the opening of men's eyes is the work of time; and the great thing with Liberal Governments is to secure immediate support, or tide over immediate difficulties.

For observe one very remarkable feature in both the Liberal measures intended to allay the discontent in the agricultural districts of the empire—that is, that there is *no change in the composition of the House of Commons*. That assembly, which, as it has the command of the public purse, rules, by its majority, the whole empire, remains the same. Three-fifths of its members are still returned by the urban constituencies of Great Britain. At the late division on the motion of Mr Disraeli, the majority of twenty-one was composed of *Scotch* members, most of them members for burghs. Thus the ruling power is lodged in the urban constituencies,

and the suffering rural districts are to be pacified by an extension of their electors, which will confer no *real* political power, and benefit no human being. The majority for Free Trade measures will be the same, whether the Irish members are returned by seventy-two thousand or three hundred thousand voters; or, rather, it is hoped by the promoters of the new measures, the Protectionists will be weakened by the change—because the Liberal candidate will be able to call himself the friend of the people, and to call out the new voters to record their votes for the Government which has enfranchised them.

So also in regard to the Colonies. The new measures announced by Lord John Russell propose to give provincial assemblies or parliaments to all the Colonies; and so far they are founded on just principles. But they contain no provision for the representation of any of the Colonies in the Imperial Parliament which meets in London. The fatal majority of three urban to two rural representatives still determines the measures of Government. The invaluable nomination burghs, by means of which the Colonies, under the old constitution, were so effectually represented, still are extinct. Colonial wealth now can get into Parliament only by the favour of urban constituencies—that is, by adopting Free Trade principles. Any man who stood upon the hustings in a British burgh, and proclaimed “Justice to the Colonies,” would be speedily thrown into a minority, from the dread that his return might raise the price of sugar a penny a pound. Lord John Russell's Colonial parliaments will afford no remedy for this great and crying evil. It leaves the ruling power still in the hands of those actuated by an adverse interest, and directed by adverse desires. Give *real representation* to the Colonies indeed—give them a hundred members in the *Imperial Parliament*—and you make a mighty step in the principles of real, just government, and in reconstructing the bonds which once held together this great and varied empire. But to give them local assemblies which have no real power, and which are doomed to sit by and be the impotent spectators of

their own and their constituents' ruin, by the burgh-directed measures of the Imperial Parliament, is to mock them with a shadow of constitutional privileges which, in this age of intelligence, will not long be borne. It is giving the means of organising discontent, without those of averting disaster; and preparing, in those powerless provincial assemblies, men for the assertion of rights which, as was the case with North America, will one day cause the tearing asunder and dismemberment of the empire.

Nineteen years have elapsed since, in the very first paper on Parliamentary Reform in this Magazine, we pointed out the fatal effect of the extinction of Colonial representation by schedules A and B, as the grand defect of the Reform Bill; and predicted that it would, if not remedied, lead to the dissolution of the empire.* Consequences, since that time, have followed precisely as we predicted. The short-sighted urban majorities of the dominant island have perseveringly pursued their separate and immediate interests, until they have ruined the West Indies, to make sugar cheap,—all but ruined Ireland, to make oats cheap,—and rendered agricultural distress universal in Great Britain, to make bread cheap. The discontent produced by these measures having become universal among the rural producers in the empire, Government, thinking they are applying a remedy to the most suffering parts, propose to extend the rural suffrage in Ireland, by lowering the existing suffrage of ten pounds, requisite to enfranchise on a piece of ground, to an eight-pound interest, and creating everywhere provincial parliaments in the Colonies. They never were more mistaken. What is wanted in the Colonies and in Ireland is not an extension of voters or local parliaments, but a *just system of government at home*. Fiscal measures, which shall secure their interests, are what they require; and they can only be passed by the Imperial Parliament. What these measures are, is well known: you have only to take up any file of the Jamaica, Sidney, or Montreal papers

to see what are the sentiments of the Colonies. Introduce Colonial representation, in numbers adequate to their wealth, population, and importance, into the Parliament of Great Britain, and the effect will be immediate. Measures such as they desire will soon be carried, and the threatened dismemberment of the empire averted. Delay or refuse the possession of real power to these important parts of the British dominions, and you only aggravate existing discontent, and accelerate approaching dismemberment. To suppose you can now alleviate Irish suffering by quadrupling its electors, and stifle Colonial discontent by giving them local parliaments, is as absurd as if it had been proposed to still the storm of indignation raised in all the manufacturing towns of Great Britain by the suffering consequent on the contraction of the Currency, by giving the complainers all votes for their respective town-councils.

Although, however, for twenty years past, we have anticipated with certainty the ultimate extension of the suffrage to a still lower class of voters, as the unavoidable consequence of the Reform Bill, yet we must admit that we did not anticipate the *mode* in which the necessity for this extension was to be brought about. We thought it would arise from the increase of the unenfranchised population, and the loud cry for electoral privileges on the part of the inferior urban or working population. Not at all: a very different reason is now assigned for the extension of the suffrage in Ireland. It is not the increase of the unenfranchised, but the *diminution of the enfranchised*, which is assigned as the reason for the change. It is said there are now only 72,000 voters in Ireland, instead of 250,000, which there should be, and which it was calculated the Reform Bill would bring up to the poll. Mr Cobden boasts that he has more constituents in the West Riding than there are in all the counties in Ireland put together. We have no doubt the remark is well founded; although the fact of so numerous a constituency having selected the man who made the boast, augurs but little for the wisdom,

* See article on Parliamentary Reform, May 1, 1831; reprinted in *Alison's Essays*, vol. i. p. 32, 40.

if kindred, of the measures which we may expect from the popularly elected representatives for the sister kingdom. But the material thing to observe is this: A great and important change on the Reform Bill—an innovation on the foundations which, we were told, were *non tangenda non movenda* of the new Constitution, is vindicated on the immense destruction of the former freeholders which has taken place within these few years. We have long been aware of the fact: we adverted to it, in the most pointed manner, in a late article on the effects of Free Trade.* But we little expected that our observations were so soon to be confirmed from so high a quarter, and that the first breach in the Constitution, as fixed by the Reform Bill, would be justified on the avowed destruction of the freeholders of Ireland which the Reform measures have effected.

For what is it which has occasioned such a chasm in the freeholders at this time, and rendered it necessary, on the admission of Ministers themselves, to lower the suffrage to an £8 *interest*, if we would marshal anything like a competent number of freeholders round the Reform banners? It is in vain to refer to the famine of 1846. That famine occurred three years ago: it was bountifully relieved by the British Government; and since its termination we have had two fine harvests, those of 1847 and 1849, for each of which a public thanksgiving was returned. A bad harvest does not destroy some hundred thousand electors. If it does, there are heirs who succeed in ordinary circumstances to the freeholds, and form as respectable an army of electors as their fathers had done. What has become of all the heirs of the starved electors, if they were really starved? What has become of the freeholds which they formerly held? The answer is obvious, and has been now officially returned by Government, and made the foundation of a great constitutional change. THEY HAVE BEEN DESTROYED BY THE FREE TRADE MEASURES. The Reform Bill, in its ultimate effects, has crushed the brood whom it warmed into life. Above 200,000 holders of

land, in Ireland, have disappeared since 1845. It is now admitted that they were, for the most part, the highest class of cultivators; for the extension of the suffrage is justified on the fearful diminution of their numbers. So rapid has been their destruction, so fearful the process of deterioration they have undergone, that out of above 500,000 holders of land who are still in Ireland, only 72,000 could be found qualified under the Reform Act; and, to augment the number of these, it is necessary to lower the franchise to £8. Eight pounds a-year is little more than the average maintenance of a pauper in England. But such is the misery which Free Trade measures have spread in Ireland, that it is there the standard of a freehold qualification.

It is in vain to refer to the 40s. freeholders of England as affording a precedent or a parallel to town franchise. Everybody knows that the 40s. freehold—originally, when established in the time of Henry VI., a measure of landed property worth £20 or £30 a-year at this time—had come, from the change in the value of money, to be a mere house qualification. No one supposes that the 40s. freeholder *lives on his 40s.*; it is the value merely of the cottage, garden, or paddock which he holds in freehold. He *lives* on extraneous resources, the wages of labour, realised means, or the aid of his family. But the £8 tenant in Ireland *lives* on the subject which qualifies him. In nine cases out of ten, he has no other means of livelihood whatever, and the franchise is the measure of his whole substance. It is little better in most cases than the income of an English pauper; but, such as it is, we have no doubt it is all that Free Trade measures will allow the great majority of Irish cultivators to earn; and that, unless the franchise is to dwindle away till the Irish counties in many cases become Gattons and Old Sarums, it is absolutely indispensable to enfranchise such a miserable and destitute class. But we did not expect, amidst all the gloom of our anticipations from the effects of the Reform Bill, and its consequent Free

* See Free Trade at its Zenith: *Blackwood's Magazine*, Dec. 1849.

Trade measures, that this misery and destitution were to reach such a height, that it was to be proclaimed by Lord John Russell himself, and made the ground of the first great breach in his own Constitution!

It is not surprising that Government, amidst all the professions of confidence in the national resources, and assertions of general prosperity from Free Trade measures, should be thus, in their legislative acts, betraying a secret consciousness of the rapid decline of agricultural remuneration and of the existence of widespread Colonial distress. The prospects of the cultivators, both at home and in the Colonies, are gloomy in the extreme. The price of wheat is now known: it has been judicially fixed, at least in Scotland. The *fiar* prices in that country are, on an average, £1, 16s. for wheat, and 14s. for oats; instead of 51s. for the former, and 24s. for the latter, which they were three years ago, before the Irish famine set in. Good wheat is selling at this moment in the Haddington market at £1, 13s. 6d. a quarter—lower than it has been for a hundred and fifty years. Black cattle have fallen in the proportion of ten to six, or forty per cent; and although the rents of sheep-farms have as yet, from the high prices of wool, not been materially affected, yet it is well known that they too will ere long share in the general decline. Rents are in most parts of Ireland irrecoverable: the misery in many of its Unions equals that of the worst period of the famine. Rents in Scotland will at next term-day be postponed: the tenants, acknowledging their inability to pay, generally are already asking for time; and it is well understood on both sides, that, if the present low prices continue, the arrears, now fast accumulating, will become irrecoverable. On England it is unnecessary to dwell: it has spoken out in a voice which can

neither be mistaken nor pretended to be unheard.

But why go into details to illustrate a fact which, so far from being denied, is openly admitted, and even gloried in by the Free-traders? In a late paper on Free Trade, we estimated the decline in the value of agricultural produce, in the British islands, in consequence of free trade in grain, at £75,000,000, or a fourth of its amount. But the Free-traders tell us, and apparently with reason, that this is too low an estimate. Mr Villiers, in seconding the Address in the House of Commons, calculated the saving of the people, in the consumption of all the kinds of food, since 1847, at £91,000,000; and if to this is added the price of the 12,000,000 quarters of all sorts of grain, which were imported in the course of 1849, estimated at the moderate average of 20s. a quarter, the loss to the agricultural interest will be £108,000,000. But this is evidently too high, as the prices of 1847 were scarcity prices, owing to the famine in Ireland; and deducting £13,000,000 on that account, there will remain £90,000,000 at the very least which has been lost in one year to the agricultural interest of Great Britain and Ireland. This is more than a *third* of its amount, which may be taken, under the reduced scale of prices, for three years prior to the Irish famine, at £250,000,000 annual value.

But this, it is said, is all a landlords' question: the community at large, and, above all, the borough electors who rule the empire, have no interest in it. A landlords' question truly! Why, the whole *land* rents of the two islands,* abstracting from them those of houses, are under £60,000,000 annually; and a loss of £90,000,000 a-year is a landlords' question only! It is, at least, as much a tenants' question as a landlords'; and as there are now 750,000 holders of land in

* England,	.	.	.	.	.	.	£47,000,000
Scotland,	.	.	.	.	.	.	3,500,000
Ireland,	.	.	.	.	.	.	8,000,000
							£58,500,000

Apart, in the three Kingdoms, from rents of houses, which amount to about £45,000,000 more.

the two islands of Great Britain and Ireland, amounting with their families to 2,500,000 souls, this body, one and all of whom have been impoverished by the change, must be taken as a clear addition to the landlords, who have been directly and deeply injured by the same causes. And what are we to say to the agricultural labourers, mechanics, millers, wheelwrights, and artificers, who depend directly, immediately, and almost entirely, on the market for the produce of their industry among the rural population? At the very least, their incomes would all decline a half, and they, with their families, amount to some millions more. And this is what the Free-traders call a landlords' question!

But, in truth, we deprecate, and that in the most earnest manner, all these calculations of class loss or suffering, so far as they proceed on the idea that it is possible for one class to suffer without every other speedily doing the same. Such arguments and topics were never heard of in Great Britain till the Reform Bill gave *one class* in society, viz. the urban shopkeepers, the command of the British Empire. We acknowledge one only interest in the whole community, and that is the interest of all classes; we acknowledge one only family—that is, the whole British people. Their real interests are, and ever must be, the same. It is impossible, in one community, that one great interest can be suffering while others are thriving. Such a thing might happen for a time, when the manufacturing interest was prosperous from a sudden extension of the export sale in some considerable foreign markets; but such a gleam of sunshine must be temporary only, if not accompanied by a simultaneous growth in the great and only durable issue for goods—the home market. The whole manufactures exported at present—one of the most prosperous years, so far as the export sale goes—are about £60,000,000 a-year. The manufactures taken off by the home market are estimated, by the most experienced authorities, at £120,000,000. Of the £60,000,000 exported, about £16,000,000 goes to our own Colonies, so that the home and colonial market takes off yearly £136,000,000;

all foreign markets put together, £44,000,000.

In other words, the home and colonial market is more than *three times all foreign markets put together*. How is it possible after this to deny that a serious and lasting blow, struck at the rural producing interests in the British islands and the Colonies, must ere long react, and that, too, with terrible effect, on the prosperity of our manufacturers? Mr Villiers boasts that Free Trade has cut £91,000,000 off the remuneration of the British farmers. Is it not evident that, assuming this to be true, the greater part of this sum is cut off the funds which pay in the home market? and if so, how long will our £120,000,000 consumed in the home market be in sinking to £80,000,000, or some still lower figure? And will Manchester and Glasgow be much benefited, if they gain £10,000,000 or £12,000,000 annually in the foreign market, and lose £40,000,000 or £50,000,000 in the home?

Already it has become painfully evident that this effect is taking place in this country. Ministers boast of the exports having increased above £10,000,000 in 1849 over what they were in 1848, and of their having now turned £60,000,000 a-year. Let it be supposed that this is all to be put down to the account of Free Trade, and that our Indian victories, the pacification of Europe, the crushing of revolution in France, and the impulse given to American purchase by Californian gold, had nothing at all to do with the matter. Is the country prosperous?—are the railways prosperous?—are poor-rates declining?—is labour in request either in the rural or urban districts? The facts are *notoriously the reverse*. At this moment we happen to know that above ten thousand looms in Manchester are preparing to put their mills upon the short time of forty hours a-week. The railways never were so low: at an average, their stock is worth little more than a *third* of what it was three years ago. Much was said in Parliament of the decrease of poor-rates by £300,000 or £400,000 a-year. That is *entirely owing* to the fall in the price of provisions, which at once, and materially, less-

ened the cost of maintaining the paupers. Had the rates fallen really in proportion to the decline in the price of provisions, they would have gone down fifty per cent, or above £2,000,000 annually. A decline of a few hundred thousand pounds a-year only, in such circumstances, was in reality not a fall, but a rise. And in Scotland, the poor-rates for 1849, despite the fall in the cost of maintaining the paupers, were higher than in 1848, or than in any preceding year: they rose from £544,000 a-year to £576,000. As to Ireland, it is admitted on all hands that its condition was never worse, even during the worst periods of the famine.

Now, the real question which it behoves the moneyed interest, and especially the fundholders, to consider, and that most seriously, is this:—How do they expect that the interest on their bonds or the dividends on their stock are to be paid if this ceaseless and progressive decline in the resources of their debtors is to go on? How are the dividends raised for payment of the national creditors, or the interest provided to meet private mortgages, on which so large a part, probably two-thirds, of the realised capital of the country depends? Is it not entirely from the exertions of the producing classes, who, or whose fathers, became debtors in these varied transactions? But is it possible that the security of creditors can escape being shaken, if the resources of their debtors are continually declining? In private life we are never mistaken on this subject. If a creditor sees his debtor's funds wasting away under improvident or absurd management, or a landlord sees his tenants running out his land by scourging and ruinous crops, he at once takes the alarm. But with the public creditors the case is just the reverse. They sit by and see the indirect taxes, upon the faith of which their money was advanced, repealed one after another for a long course of years; and the national armaments, upon which the public safety and the independence of the country depend, threatened with ruin by an ignorant, blind, and selfish democracy; and it never enters into their imaginations for a moment to entertain the least apprehension for

their own payments. They think, though every other interest in the country is ruined, they will stand erect amidst the wreck. Deceived by the perfect regularity with which their interest has been paid for the last hundred and fifty years, they cannot conceive that it should ever be otherwise. They would as soon expect to see the sun not rise in the morning, as the dividends on the three-per-cents not paid in January and June. But a little consideration must show that this confidence may ere long be found to be misplaced. The dividends are paid entirely out of the national income: whatever seriously affects or diminishes the national income, so much diminishes the fund from which they must be drawn. The ninety millions which Mr Villiers boasts has been cut off from the remuneration of agriculture has made a fearful chasm in it—probably not less than a third of its whole amount. One other such blow, and the payment of the dividends will become impossible—and the moneyed interest, whose selfish rapacity has occasioned all the mischief, will share in the general ruin they have created.

It is hard to say whether, as society is now constituted and power distributed in this country, the fundholder has most to fear from years of general suffering or from periods of transient prosperity. Is the nation flourishing, are exports increasing, taxes well paid, a surplus revenue beginning to appear, and a huge store of useless and costly bullion accumulated in the bank? We are immediately told the surplus must be devoted to the remission of taxes: it is dangerous to leave the Treasury full; it is a temptation to Government, and serves to feed the younger sons of the aristocracy. No matter how fleeting the surplus may be, though it has arisen from an accidental combination of circumstances which may disappear before the year is out—and it is well known, taxes once taken off are very rarely reimposed—the surplus must be instantly relinquished for the permanent remission of taxes. Are times adverse, do the heavens threaten monetary squalls, and is the import of grain and export of sovereigns likely to lay, as in 1847, half the commercial world on their

beam-ends? Instantly the cry gets up that the taxes cannot be paid; that the national expenditure is shamefully extravagant; that the army must be disbanded, the ships of the line sold, and the national independence trusted to the generous cosmopolitan spirit of the Americans, or the unambitious disposition of the Czar. In both circumstances the national safety, and with it the security of the public creditor, are endangered: in the first, by the permanent remission of revenue, in consideration of a transient gleam of prosperity; in the last, by a permanent abandonment of the national defences, in consequence of a temporary period of disaster. And as we inevitably pass now, and must ever pass, under our wise and judicious system of Free Trade and a Fettered Currency, from the one to the other, it is evident that not a year passes over our heads that the security of the fundholders is not more and more endangered, and this by the effects of the very system which their own selfish and class legislation has introduced.

It is to this point—the inevitable reaction of agricultural distress upon commercial prosperity and the general resources of the empire, that we anxiously wish to direct our readers' attention. The theory of the Manchester school is, "Give us a sufficient amount of imports, and the exports will take care of themselves." They care not how widely they may prostrate the industry of the country, so as they get a profitable trade to themselves. But the point they have now to consider, *Can they secure this profitable trade to themselves*, if the industrial resources of this country—in other words, their customers' means of paying for their goods—are daily declining? That our imports are constantly increasing, is true: it is what the Protectionists always predicted would be the case. But that increase is no index to national prosperity: on the contrary, it is the forerunner of national distress, because it implies a progressive supplanting of our own industry by that of foreigners. The following extract from the Returns for January 1850, ending 5th February 1850, will show how largely the productions of foreign countries are trenching upon those of our own:—

Month ending 5th Feb. 1849.		1850.
Silk, thrown, lbs.	13,847	71,600
Sheep Wool, .	1,212,993	1,957,632
Gloves, pairs, .	159,776	270,091
Silk Broad Stuffs,	13,038	22,124
———— Ribbons,	8,946	13,768
Potatoes, cwt. .	6,793	190,511
Bacon, do. .	2,537	8,036
Beef, do. .	4,611	6,939
Pork, do. .	2,038	6,308

It is the same with nearly all the other articles. How our manufacturers and artisans are to go on, any more than our farmers, striving against this prodigious and rapid increase of foreign importations, it is for them to say; but probably experience will, ere long, enlighten their understandings on this subject.

Indeed this inevitable reaction of domestic distress in trade, as well as agriculture, against the Free Trade System, has already set in. We make the following extracts from the Circular of Messrs T. & H. Littledale & Co. of Liverpool, perhaps the greatest brokers in the world, for Monday 4th March 1850:—

	Import of Cotton.	
	From Jan. 1 to March 5, 1849.	From Jan. 1 to March 5, 1850.
Bales, . . .	328,523	267,666
Sales of do. .	464,070	368,950
Home consumption,	305,040	207,960
Stock at this date,	384,230	518,170

Here is a decline from 3 to 2 in all branches of the cotton trade, since the two first months of last year, *except in stocks*, in which there is an increase from 4 to 5½. We recommend this to the attention of the gentlemen in Manchester who introduced the Free Trade System. We shall not imitate their example by saying it is a "Cotton Lord Question," with which the public generally has no concern.

In the close of the same Circular it is stated:—

"GENERAL REMARKS.—The month of February affords little matter for comment. It has been a particularly dull month in business, and, when contrasted with the energy and speculative excitement of January, the sudden change appears the more striking. There is probably no *one* cause to which this can be attributed, but principally, no doubt, from a reaction, the invariable consequence of over-activity. The old complaints of railway depression and Continental disquiet may have had some influence, but the

large arrivals of some articles, Tea, for instance, of which twenty-five cargoes have come to hand in five weeks, and the near approach of the import season for Sugar, Coffee, and other produce, taken in connexion with the advance of prices at the opening of the year, have deterred the wholesale houses from operating beyond their immediate wants.

"Great complaints are made of the bad state of the country shopkeepers in the agricultural districts. We have closely questioned some of our wholesale grocers and

tea-dealers, who assure us that there is no disguising the fact that such is the case, and that the general answer received from travellers is, 'they can get neither money nor orders.' The serious falling off in the deliveries of sugar, coffee, tea, and cocoa, for the two months of this year, compared with those of the last, but too truly confirms these complaints, and are perhaps the most alarming features in our present prospects. As given in Prince's Public Prices Current of 1st inst. they stand as follows:—

	1850.	1849.	1848.
SUGAR, . . .	37,006	43,408	42,363 tons.
COFFEE, . . .	3,795,712	4,907,691 pounds.	
COCOA, . . .	450,774	558,888 "	
TEA, . . .	5,375,648	5,502,931 "	

"The Chancellor's Budget is expected to be brought forward on the 15th instant, when some measure may possibly be proposed to check the unfair use of Chicory with Coffee; and to do this, it is thought by some that an equalisation of the Duties on Colonial and Foreign Coffee may be necessary; but, in the present relative position of prices here and on the Continent, the effect of such a change would not be much felt."

It is evident that squalls are approaching, which, indeed, under our present Free Trade and Monetary System, are the inevitable results of a brief period of prosperity; and let it be recollected, when another crisis does arrive, as arrive it will, the consequences will be far more disastrous than the last. Then the agricultural interest was prosperous, because the Corn Laws were not repealed; and the magnitude of the Home Markets sustained the nation during the dreadful commercial crisis which prostrated so large a part of the foreign manufacturers. Now the case is just the reverse,—distress is beginning with the home markets: and the agricultural population, so far from supporting the manufacturing in their difficulties, will be fain to recur to them for support in their distresses. Hundreds of thousands of agricultural labourers, thrown out of bread by the effects of Free Trade, will be crowding into the towns as they did into the great cities in the later periods of the Roman Empire, in the hope of finding that employment from the wealth of the urban population, or that relief from their charities, which they can no longer look for in their native seats.

A highly distinguished officer and writer, who will not readily be suspected of a leaning towards Tory principles, General Sir William Napier, the eloquent historian of the Peninsular War, has lately written a letter, which has appeared in the columns of the *Observer*, portraying the effects of Free Trade upon the fate and independence of the nation in future times, in such powerful and graphic colours, that we cannot resist the satisfaction of giving it additional publicity through the columns of this Magazine:—

"MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM NAPIER'S
OPINION OF FREE TRADE GENERALLY.

"Extract from a Letter to Mr Lloyd Col-
desco.

"Free Trade means an unrestricted intercourse, and exchange of productions, natural or artificial, amongst all the civilised nations of the world. Trace the effect of this general Free Trade, if such a thing could be attained. It must be that all nations, according to their skill and energy, will draw forth and make the most of their natural productions: one nation may be a little more skilful, a little more energetic than the rest; but, generally speaking, the amount of civilisation and consequent knowledge will be equal at first, or will be soon equalised by this free intercourse. Will not the result be, that each nation must take rank in the world according to the extent of its natural and artificial resources. What will that lead to? Why, that England will sink from the first rank in the world to the fifth or sixth rank, as it cannot be contended that her natural resources, though now more drawn forth, are really equal to those of North America, of Russia, of France, of Germany, or even of Spain and Italy; and we may look for-

ward to the South American kingdoms, and independent Canada, and Australia, as countries destined to overtop her. It will be said, Englishmen are braver, more enterprising and skilful, than other people; more thoughtful and long-sighted. That would be a poor argument, and a presumptuous one, as regards Frenchmen and Americans, and would be no argument at all against Australians and Canadians, both being Saxon. But if it were a solid ground for hope, how is it that those superior qualities can be brought into play? Why, surely, by subtle contrivances of policy, which will give them free scope. What are those contrivances? Commercial treaties, supported by arms; that is the policy which has, and the only policy which can, raise a small country, like England, to be the head of the world. How else has she risen? Can it be supposed that a plain, unambitious policy of merely exchanging productions with other nations will raise her, or keep her, above her natural level? No! she must use her subtlety to overreach other nations, and her energy and courage to maintain her superiority; and then, with war and overreaching, away goes Free Trade. If courage, energy, and subtlety are laid aside, England sinks, as I said, to a fifth-rate power, because her natural resources are less than those of other nations; and, by Free Trade, she shall teach those who do not know their own resources how to find their value.

"The world is not now as it was two hundred years ago. There are no new countries to discover,—no new sources of riches that can be held in monopoly, or to be found out of the bounds of the civilised world. Look at California. Can the Americans keep it to themselves? All the world goes there. England must then give up her commercial policy, which for centuries, whether good or bad, has certainly been compatible with advancing greatness, and she must start in a new race, with nations superior to her in natural resources, and with the weight of £800,000,000 of debt on her back; and to obtain even a place in this race, proposed by herself, she must break up all her artificial system, with the social relations established under it; thus destroying the fortunes and happiness of multitudes, inviting revolution, and risking the extinction of her debt, which will add hundreds of thousands of miserable broken creditors to the multitude of revolutionists.

"Well, she may survive all this, and, perhaps, be happier within her natural bounds; but she cannot be a great nation; and she has to choose between her pre-

sent greatness and an uncertain prospect of humbler content, to which she must wade amidst blood and social commotion. But will she be allowed to enjoy that humbler contentment? Will not ambition stir other nations, when they find their power to oppress her? What will her courage avail her then? Modern warfare depends entirely upon mechanical and manufacturing resources, in which her enemies will have a lead over her, because their natural resources are greater, and Free Trade will have taught them how to make the most of them.

"I do not give you all this dogmatically, but I cannot myself see that Free Trade will produce any other results; and I look upon it as certain, that if other nations do not adopt our Free Trade notions, that we cannot put them in practice without destroying the National Debt: in other words, a fatal struggle between the landed and moneyed interest.

"Free Trade for England is, I think, well illustrated by the story of the bear in Marryat's *Captain Violet*:—Bruin being up a peach-tree, was vigorously shaking down the fruit for his own eating, but a hog was below very complacently eating the peaches as they fell, and expressing by grunts his satisfaction at the bear's generosity.'—Yours, &c.,

"Feb. 2, 1850. WILLIAM NAPIER."

This is ably and manfully spoken. That it is true, is now in the course of such clear demonstration to the nation, that it will ere long bring home conviction to the most prejudiced. But it is a curious fact, illustrative of the truth of the principles we have so long maintained in this Magazine, that such an exposition of the effects which Reform has produced, by vesting the government of the nation in the urban constituencies, should come from a gallant officer, the historian on Whig principles of the Peninsular War, and whose zeal for Reform was known to have been so ardent, that certain proposals were made to him from a certain quarter when "the Bill" was thought to be endangered, which he at once spurned, as might have been expected from a soldier and gentleman of his elevated character.

There is another Napier equally celebrated on another element, whose opinions have been recently as strongly expressed on the effects of Reform, and its offspring Free Trade, on our national defences. All the world is

familiar with the energetic letter which Admiral Sir Charles Napier has lately published, on the alarming decline of our naval forces. It may be that our Manchester politicians, and their disciples in the Cabinet, by studying their Trades' Circulars, and occasionally sharpening their intellects by declamations on the hustings on the extravagance of the national armaments, and the expediency of selling our ships of the line and disbanding our troops in anticipation of the millennium which is approaching, are better judges of the probable issue of a land contest than the Duke of Wellington, whose opinion has been equally strongly expressed on the subject, or the historian of, and actor in, the Peninsular War; and of the chances of maritime warfare, than the hero who saved the Turkish empire from dismemberment at Acre, and established the throne of Don Pedro by the victory of Lisbon. That is no doubt possible, though we can hardly regard it as very probable. But if such a catastrophe, as our immortal Field-Marshal and these two very eminent Liberals anticipate, does occur—if Great Britain, cast down to the rank of a fifth-rate power, finds its maritime superiority destroyed, and its colonies lost—if its fleets are blockaded in their harbours, and its manufacturing millions are thrown back on ruined landlords and bankrupt master-manufacturers for their daily bread, let it be always recollected it is no more than has been distinctly foreshadowed to them by those best qualified to form a correct judgment on the subject, and no more than they have brought upon themselves, by their blind adherence to a selfish policy.

To all these disasters, present and future, the Free-traders have one set-off to apply, and that is the increased consumption of food, which they suppose has taken place in the country in consequence of their measures. Sir R. Peel contended strongly that the five million quarters of wheat alone imported in 1849, afforded decisive evidence of the increased wellbeing of the working classes. If the right honourable Baronet will take the trouble to travel through any of the grain districts of the country, he will perceive at once how fallacious this argument

is. The barnyards never were so full at this season in any former year. Every farmer has held his stock who was not forced to sell. The nation has, since the last harvest, been fed by foreigners to an unprecedented extent. Ten millions has been sent out of the country to buy foreign wheat, and, of course, lost to British industry. The five million quarters of wheat imported have been less an addition to the national consumption, than a *transference* of that consumption from British farmers to foreigners. At least a half of the present harvest will be rolled over to next year. If we are blessed with another fine harvest, there will be the crop of a year and a half, besides ten or twelve millions imported in 1851, to stock the market. Prices in all probability will be much lower than they are at present.

We are always reminded that in 1835 prices were 89s. 5d. on an average of the year for wheat. True, and why was that? Because we had had *four* fine harvests in succession; so fine that the importation of wheat, on an average of five years ending with 1835, had been only 398,000 quarters a-year. Now one fine harvest and the importation have done the whole. But we are indebted to the Free-traders for so often reminding us of the low prices of 1835. They demonstrate that the nation in good seasons can feed itself in the most affluent degree. Foreign importation, therefore, except in bad years, is unnecessary; and all the destruction of domestic industry it produces is as unnecessary as it is short-sighted.

It will appear the most extraordinary of all phenomena to future ages, that a nation which has, like the British, successfully resisted the attacks of external enemies, and incessantly grown and prospered, though with occasional disaster, during more than a thousand years—and which has in our own recollection repelled the attacks and overthrown the powers of the greatest coalition ever formed against a single state, directed by the most consummate ability which has appeared in modern times—should in this manner voluntarily descend from its high position, surrender its power, starve down its armaments, and drive headlong on the road to ruin, for the

supposed advantage of a limited class in its bosom. But the marvel ceases when the composition of its society, and the prevailing feelings of the section of the people in whom supreme power is now vested, is taken into consideration. That class is the mercantile, or rather shopkeeper class; and with them the money power is all powerful. Three-fifths of the seats in the House of Commons, let it ever be recollected, are for boroughs; and two-thirds of the constituents of every borough are shopkeepers or those whom they influence. This is the decisive circumstance, which has changed the whole policy of England, since the Reform Bill, and in its ultimate consequences is destined, to all appearance, to produce the national disasters which many of its warmest supporters now so feelingly deplore. To the modern rulers of the British nation, to the constituents of the majority of the House of Commons, to buy cheap *and to sell dear* is the great object of ambition. They have gained the first; let them see whether they will secure the last. Let them see whether, amidst the ruin of the agricultural interest, and the declining circumstances of all trades, which are exposed to the effects of foreign competition, they, the *sellers* of commodities, will make their fortunes. If they do, it will be a new era in society; for it will be one in which the trading class amass riches in consequence of the ruin of their customers.

On this account there are Protectionists who deprecate any attempt to displace the Government at this time, or force upon a reluctant majority in the House of Commons a change in the present commercial policy of the country. It is said that Free Trade, though it has been in operation for three years and a-half, has not had a fair trial; the Irish famine, the failure of £15,000,000 worth of produce out of £30,000,000 worth in a single year, did all the mischief. Be it so. Let Free Trade have a fair trial. Let the shopkeepers see what benefit they are likely practically to gain by the ruin of their customers. They have the Government in their hands, because they have the appointment of a majority in the House of Commons. The agricultural interest, the colonies, the shipping interest, the small manufacturing interest, are to all practical purposes disfranchised. Let the trading classes, then, feel the effects of their own measures. These will be such that they *cannot* continue. Ere long a change of policy, and probably of rulers, will be forced upon Government by the universal cry of suffering. But let them recollect that it is *their* measures which are now on their trial; that theirs will be the responsibility if they fail; and that if the empire is dismembered, and the national independence lost, theirs will be the present loss, and theirs the eternal infamy.

BRITAIN'S PROSPERITY.

A NEW SONG, WHICH OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN SUNG BY THE PREMIER AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

I.

News for you, gentlemen! Here is prosperity,
 Fat and fullhanded, arrived at our door:
 Crashes, disaster, and famine's severity,
 Never can harass or trouble us more.
 No miching malecho!
 Spin away calico!
 Never saw man such a prospect before!

II.

All things are cheapened. Good sirs, in the galleries,
 Pray bear this cheerful announcement in mind—
 All things are down—except Ministers' salaries,
 Taxes, and some little jobs of the kind.

Small trades are finishing,
Wages diminishing—
That is the way to be happy, you'll find.

III.

Wheat's at a price that won't pay for the growing it,
That is to say, if we cultivate here ;
Why should we therefore persist, sirs, in sowing it ?
Beautiful markets are plenty and near.
Hang the home labourer !
Buy from your neighbour, or
Any one else, so you don't buy it dear.

IV.

True pioneers of a better and brighter age,
We have diminished the charges for freight ;
Some little dues there may still be for "lighterage,"*
But, on the whole, 'tis a moderate rate.
Wheat for a guinea a
Load from Volhynia
Comes to your shores, and is lodged at your gate.

V.

Huxtable's pigs, though replete with ammonia,
Never worked any such wonders as these ;
Barley from Mecklenburg, grain from Polonia,
Butter from Holland, American cheese ;
Bacon gratuitous,
Cargoes fortuitous,
Float to our coasts with each prosperous breeze.

VI.

What need we care though a desperate peasantry
Prowl round the stackyards with tinder and match ?
Blandly we'll smile at such practical pleasantry :
Downing Street is not surmounted by thatch.
We're not prohibiting
Some gentle gibbeting
When the poor starving delinquents you catch.

VII.

Cobden, our oracle, swears it is vanity
Ever to dream of protection again :
Wilson declares it is downright insanity,
Also he proves it by figures and pen.
Sheets arithmetical,
Clearly prophetic,
Flow from the quills of these eminent men.

VIII.

Likewise M'Gregor, that brilliant Glaswegian,
Whom we desiderate always to speak,
Hath, by the aid of some second-sight Stygian,
Promised us shortly two millions per week.
"Whaur shall we pit it, sirs ?"—
Wait till you get it, sirs !
Zooks ! what a prospect of bubble and squeak !

* *Vide the Economist, passim* ; more especially that amusing and delectable series of articles, penned for the purpose of demonstrating that Free Trade enhances the value of grain.

IX.

As for you paltry persisting Protectionists,
 Why should you prate of the labourer's cause?
 Don't you observe you are mere Resurrectionists
 Trying to get at the grave of the laws?
 Honest Peel strangled them,
 Then the Whigs mangled them,
 Coffined, and sank them with Cobden's applause.

X.

Any such notions I think you had best bury
 Deep in the grave where your idol is laid:
 Then, from the lips of the member for Westbury,
 Take a sound lesson in matters of trade.
 List to his prophecies—
 We'll keep our offices
 Snug, till your final conversion is made.

XI.

Dence take those breechesless rascals the Highlanders!
 Let them go starve on their beggarly hills:
 Irish impostors, and kelp-making Islanders,
 Can't they find room in our poor-law Bastilles?
 Or, for variety,
 Though there's satiety,
 Let them be packed to the calico mills!

XII.

Wages must tumble, like leaves in a hurricane,
 Under this grand competition for work:
 Britons shall toil for the Jew and American,
 Chinaman, Spaniard, Mulatto, and Turk—
 Each village Hannibal,
 Fierce as a cannibal,
 Eyeing his neighbour like Bishop or Burke!

XIII.

These are the triumphs of science political—
 These are the views by the Whigs patronised.
 Tories may scout them; but, ne'ertheless, it I call
 Such a grand scheme as was seldom devised.
 How is it robbery?
 Cheapness and jobbery
 Are the twin saints whom we've just canonised.

XIV.

Under the free-trading auspices, true it is
 Some time or other taxation may pinch.
 Then for a shy at the Funds and Annuities!
 We'll take a yard since you gave us an inch.
 Hush, Mr Newdegate!
 Why not repudiate,
 Just as was done by the pupils of Lynch?

XV.

Worthy Sir Robert, that statesman immaculate,
 Doubled his fortune by doubling the pound:
 Even the wisest may sometimes miscalculate—
 Surely he will not object to refund?

"That were a merry go!
See you at Jericho!"
O—very well—I abandon that ground.

XVI.

Shortly—I say, with habitual *bonhomie*,
Everything's quite as we Ministers wish,
Plenty and peace are combined with economy,
Food is abundant—provide you the dish.
Pay to the foreigner,
Peasant and mariner,
All you can raise for your loaf and your fish.

XVII.

Banish all notions of British ascendancy,
Let them be wiped from our memory quite;
Modern views have an opposite tendency,
As hath been clearly expounded by Bright.
Let us be sensible—
Britain's defensible,
Not by brute force, but by maxims of right.

XVIII.

We, for the voice of the populace amorous,
Willing to do anything they require,
Shall, if hereafter they chance to grow clamorous,
Yield just precisely the thing they desire:
We are quite ready to
March with a steady toe
Out of the frying-pan into the fire.

XIX.

Sunk, like the inmates of Huxtable's piggery,
Up to the knees in an exquisite draff,
Stand the determined apostles of Whiggery,
Chewing the grain, and rejecting the chaff.
Ay, Mr Huxtable!
Not from your muck stable,
Issues so hearty a grunting or laugh!

XX.

This, I maintain, of our state is the very type—
Joseph's fat cattle and atrophied kine.
We, for the first, may be ta'en by Daguerreotype:
Who are the second, you well may divine.
Yea, of a verity!
Britain's prosperity,
Means nothing else than the measure of mine!

MY PENINSULAR MEDAL.

BY AN OLD PENINSULAR.

PART V.—CHAPTER XII.

ON reaching the General's quarters, I thought it best not to report myself to his Excellency, till I had seen Captain Gabion again. While waiting in the street, I noticed a small shop, the open window of which exhibited not only a choice assortment of straw cigars, but bread, bacon, sausages, eggs, articles all equally attractive to travellers who had not dined. Reminded, by the sight, that this was precisely my own condition, I stepped in; hoping to find something that might support exhausted nature, during the awful interval that seemed likely to intervene, ere we could halt for the night, and think about cooking. The eggs, white, large, and pellucid, claimed a trial; and the yolk of the first I cracked went down whole like an oyster, with such a delicious gulp, that I was about to attack a second, when I was interrupted by a voice from the back of the shop, "Nó, nó, señor." Looking in that direction, I perceived six or eight persons crouching round a small fire on the hearth. On walking towards them, I found my two Capatazes, and a party of their muleteers, all on a broad grin at my recent exploit in egg-sucking. The Spanish Capataz arose; politely observed that roast eggs are better than raw; and, with equal politeness taking that which I held in my hand, cracked it at one end, and stuck it upright in the hot embers. Fully acquiescing in this arrangement, and determined to carry it out, I was returning to the counter for another egg; but was anticipated by the Capataz, who selected a couple, observing that he had great knowledge in choosing eggs. These he set in the embers, by the side of the former, first opening a safety-valve in each. Never having known, before, how to roast an egg, I did not regret this lesson in the art of extempore cookery. And I beg to state that a roast egg—*so* roasted, *i. e.* done slowly in the embers, "*ovum ad prunas cocked 'em*" (you see, the Romans also set them upright)—not

only is altogether a different sort of thing from a boiled egg, but beats it to sticks: especially if washed down, as mine were on the present occasion, with a cup or two of good sound Spanish wine out of a leathern bag. For the Capataz, insisting that eating without drinking was bad for the digestion, transferred the wine from the leather to the horn, with an air of benignity that was perfectly irresistible. In short, he would take no denial. I was also glad of this little rencontre in the shop, for another reason—because it tended to establish amicable relations between me and the muleteers, which was just what I wanted. Having chatted a few minutes with my polite entertainers, I thanked them for their *cortesía*, and walked towards the counter, to settle for the eggs. How now? There's nothing to settle! The eggs are paid for! This was a touch of high Spanish breeding, that quite took me by surprise—I demurred. The big jolly old Spaniard, though, stepped forward with his hand on his breast, self-congratulation twinkling in his eyes, and a profusion of very profound but silent bows. I really could not find it in my heart to break his, by saying anything more about the eggs. In short, I and all the muleteers gradually became very good friends; and as for my entertainer on the present occasion, had he known I was thinking of buying a mule, I have no manner of doubt he would forthwith have made me a *bona fide* offer of the best in his batch, and thanked me for accepting it.

Just as I emerged from the shop, Jones came pelting by on the pony—pulled up the moment he saw me—and owned himself conscience-stricken by rushing into self-vindication. "Please, sir, I jest only brought the poor hannibal here from the river, sir; 'cause why, sir?—'cause I thought you had done with him, sir. Been all about, looking for a stable, sir. Can't find no corner nowhere, not to shove

the poor hannibal in, sir. Couldn't you be so kind and speak to that 'ere hoffer, sir? Have'n't had no time to think of cooking dinner, sir. Very long march we've had to-day, sir. Very bad thing sitch long marches for poor soldiers, sir. Got a bullet in my leg, sir."

"Well," said I, "you've no occasion to trouble yourself about dinner, nor yet about a stable. I expect we have at least two leagues more to cover, before we halt for the night."

Jones turned as black as thunder. His look was perfectly savage.

"Well, Jones, it can't be helped, man. You yourself must see there's not room for us here."

"Please, sir," replied Jones, "I know there isn't, sir. Only I thought p'rhaps you'd speak to the hoffer, sir. And in course, as he's a friend, I thought he'd see to it, sir, and make room, sir."

"No, no—I tell you it won't do. As soon as the men have got their rations, we must move on."

The word "rations" wrought an immediate change in Jones's agonising visage. "Oh, very well, sir," said he—"then we gits our rations here, does we, sir? Please, sir, if I might make bold to aast the question— which is it, sir?"

"Which is it? I suppose beef as usual; bread if they've got any. I don't know what else it's likely to be."

"Beg your pardon, sir," replied Jones; "but I did'n't mean about the whittles, sir. What I means is the liquor, sir. 'Cause p'rhaps its that 'ere poor, nasty, green, hungry, skinny wine as we got in Spain, sir; that what gix the men the hayger, sir. Or p'rhaps, may be, its sperrits, sir; if so be we've come into the brandy, what the men gits here in France, sir. That's the liquor to march upon, sir. Fine rations thim is for poor soldiers, sir. Oh, be-youtiful, sir! Takes the skin off the roof of your mouth, sir."

"Well; we shall soon see which it is."

"Yes, sir," said Jones in a lower voice, coming nearer, and touching his peak. "But please, sir, that isn't what I meant to hintimate, sir. Please, sir, wouldn't you have the kinness, sir, and jest speak a word

to the hoffer for the fut-soldiers, sir. 'Cause p'rhaps the rations is only some on it sperrits, sir; not enough for all on us, fut and horse, sir. Please, sir, only because we poor fut-soldiers wants it more, sir; 'cause, ye see, we goes on fut, sir; which them fellers doesn't want it as doesn't go on fut, sir; 'cause they rides, sir."

"No, no; I'm not going to interfere in a thing of that sort; nor is it likely the Captain would. Besides, what could he do?"

"What could he do, sir?" said Jones. "Bless your heart, sir, if he chose to speak a word for me, sir, he could git me a horder to ride a mule all the way to headquarters, sir; one of the spare uns, sir. Got a bullet in my leg, sir."

"Well, Jones, how did you get it? You haven't told me that yet."

"Oh, nothing pertikler more than others, sir. Got it near Pampelona, sir. That 'ere Ginneral Soult thought he was too many for us, sir; but we soon let him see as we was too many for him, sir. Please, sir, I laid eighteen hours on the ground, sir, afore I was picked up, sir. The wolves came down in the night, and smelt to me, sir."

Our disquisition was interrupted by the approach of Captain Gabion.

"I've settled it for you," said the Captain. "Have you seen the General?"

"I wished to ask you about it first. Any particular etiquette?"

"Oh yes," said the Captain; "I forgot to tell you. Please mind. When you've reported yourself, if his Excellency remains silent, and takes no notice, bolt. If he remains silent, but looks up at you, back slowly towards the door, looking at him. If he looks up at his aide-de-camp, keep where you are, don't stir. Perhaps the aide will take you to the window, or into another room, and ask you a question or two."

The actual interview, though, did not terminate precisely as the Captain anticipated. I was ushered into a small parlour, and there found two military officers. One of them, the General in command of the British forces before Bayonne, Sir John Hope, was reclining on a sofa. He had not yet recovered from the severe wound

in the ankle received in December, near Barrouilhet; and his countenance bore the marks of illness—perhaps it might be said, of suffering. Yet his aspect, even in the attitude of repose, at once arrested the eye. Tall, athletic, and dignified,

“He lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.”

I saw before me one of the bravest, the most distinguished, the most trusted of the Generals who fought and conquered under Wellington; him whom Wellington himself had pronounced the “ablest officer in the army.” Little did I dream that, in less than five weeks from this very interview, when war was supposed to be at an end, and ere he had fully recovered from his present injury, he was to be roused—perhaps from that couch—by martial sounds at dead of night, to be wounded a second time, taken prisoner, and carried off in triumph into the city which he now besieged! The other person present was an aide-de-camp, who sat at a table writing. I reported myself and party.

“Yes, I have heard, sir,” said his Excellency, speaking, apparently, with some degree of effort. “Should have been happy to have given you quarters here to-night; but it’s impossible: we are quite full. You must proceed, with your convoy and escort, till you regain the high-road, then take the first quarters you can find. Every man’s good wishes will attend you, for you bring what we are all in want of. To-morrow you will have all the easier march to Dax. Do not, on any account, go further than Dax to-morrow: that is where you are to be to-morrow night. I wish you to be particular in attending to this. Good afternoon, sir.”

On returning to the street, I found our whole party far more reconciled than I had expected to the idea of proceeding. Mr Chesterfield had already remounted. The mules had now been kept standing, with their loads on their backs, more than half-an-hour; and the two Capatazes received the announcement with great equanimity, each after the manner of his own nation. The Spaniard, as gravely as though uttering some time-

honoured adage of his race, observed that a long march to-day makes a short march to-morrow, and that travelling tires a loaded mule, but resting kills him; while the Portuguese contented himself with a shrug of the shoulders and a *paciencia*—the two great remedies of his countrymen for all the troubles that flesh is heir to. Jones stood close at my elbow, with a face as festive now as it was ruthless not long before. “Please, sir,” said he, “it’s sperrits for all the party, sir. The officer has done it very handsome, sir. Don’t care now if we marches all night, sir.”

Just as we were moving, I was joined once more by Captain Gabion, who came on with us a little way, walking by the side of my pony, and bearing in his hand a small parcel. “You can’t imagine, Mr Y—,” said he, “how *very* much I feel annoyed that we can’t accommodate you.”

“Pray, don’t mention it,” said I. “In two or three hours we shall be under cover.”

“Yes,” replied the captain, in a consolatory tone. “But then it’s such a shocking bad evening. Why, you’ll be drenched to the skin.”

“Well, never mind that. I must change when I get in.”

“Ah! but then you’ll find it such a dreadful road,” said he. “The lane is nothing but slush and quagmire from one end to the other.”

“No matter. We must pick our way through it as well as we can, and get out of it as soon as possible.”

“Yes,” said he, “so you must. But then it’s so dismally long—a league and a half, if not near upon two.”

“No matter, no matter; we shall find the end of it, sooner or later, I hope.”

“How unfortunate, though, you ride a pony!” said he. “Why, you’d get through a thousand times better on horseback. You’ll be caked with dirt up to your middle.”

“Oh, never mind that. Dirt will brush off.”

“Ah! I only wish you could have started earlier,” said the captain.

“It’s now just upon sunset; and, with such a night as this, in another half-hour or so you’ll have it pitch-dark.”

"Well, we must do the best we can, you know. If we can't see our way, we must feel it."

"Yes, that's just what I was thinking," said he. "You'll have to grope for it, no doubt. But then, unfortunately, from the present state of the road, you'll find that far from agreeable. One time you'll lay hold of a dead bullock; another, of a dead man."

"Never mind, never mind. Of course, in the dark, we shan't be able to tell the difference, so it won't matter which."

"Hang it all!" said Captain Gabion. "I can't express to you how vexed I feel on your account. Why, I came through this lane myself a day or two ago, and could hardly get along, though it was daylight. What will you ever do, with all this convoy at your heels, passing it by night? Why, it's darker already than when you started."

"Well, at any rate we shall have a hedge on each side of us. That will tell us where we are, if we have no other clue."

"Yes, yes," said he; "very true; so it will. It's dreadful slow work, though, feeling your way, after dark, through a long, puddly lane, knee-deep in mire, by the help of the hedge—especially if there happens to be a ditch between, which you'll find to be the case. In short, I'm so perfectly convinced you'll be stuck for the night, I shall make a point to-morrow of sending a working party, before noon, if possible, to dig you all out; that is, if you are to be found above the surface. If not, you know, we must bore for you, or sink a shaft."

"Thank you, thank you; much obliged. Hope you'll remember and send some breakfast at the same time."

"Why, Mr Y—," roared Captain Gabion, bursting into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, "I really do think you'll make a good campaigner in time—that is, if you have practice enough. Well, now I must say good evening, and leave you to pursue your journey. My boots are thin, and the lane is getting soppy. By the bye, Mr Y—, I don't suppose I have anything to offer that you

are not well provided with; but allow me to ask, how are you off for cigars?"

"Cigars? Of course, in France, cigars may be bought anywhere and everywhere. Haven't above a day's provision, if I have that."

"Oh! haven't you, though?" said Captain Gabion. "Then just do me the favour to accept of this small package. You'll find them capital—Spanish cigars. Here, let me stow them in your coat pocket. That's it. No fear of their getting wet. It's a small box, lined with metal. Let me advise you: never smoke a French cigar, except when you can't get Spanish: enough to make a horse sick. How do you suppose I obtained them? One of the staff was sent into Bayonne with a flag of truce: found the French officers living like princes: happened to say, no good cigars to be got outside. Didn't they laugh at him? Gave him a dozen little boxes, though; did them up for him in a wrapper of skyblue silk. Don't you call that handsome? I got two of the boxes: that in your pocket is one. Good night."

It soon became too evident, as we proceeded on our march, that Captain Gabion had given no exaggerated description of the route now before us. The surface of the soil, near the river, was a loose sand or rubble. But this gradually disappeared in the lane, and was succeeded by a subsoil of thick clay, equally soft, soppy, and tenacious—poached, too, by the passage of cavalry and commissariat bullocks, and trenched by waggons and artillery. There were, indeed, but few parts of the road, except where it was actually kneaded into slush, traversed by water-courses, or occupied all across by plashy inundations, where a careful walker might not have picked his way, without absolute danger of detention or absorption. But, with a party like ours, picking was not always so easy. Regularity there was none; each managed for himself as he was able. With all the disadvantage of her little feet, Nanny managed best; where she could not walk, she jumped. Next to her, in succession, the infantry and muleteers did tolerably well: the mules did better than could be expected. The riders got on worst of

any. Our line became considerably extended. Here there was a stoppage; there a break; and the length of road which we occupied far exceeded marching order. Superintendence became next to impracticable; for, in so narrow a space, with a hedge and ditch on each side, it was no easy matter to pass from one part of the line to another. Two or three times, I noticed, Corporal Fraser made his way to the head of the column; and, standing up when he found a place, allowed the whole to pass, counting the mules, as on our previous day's march. Seeing the impossibility of preserving strict regularity, Mr Chesterfield requested me to proceed in front with a few of the men, while he brought up the rear, that, at least, all might be kept together. I accordingly made my way forwards, and led the march, receiving occasional communications from Corporal Fraser. Our difficulties, however, increased as we advanced. Daylight rapidly declined—twilight was short—it fell dark. Fancy, under such circumstances, a party like ours, horsemen, footmen, mules, muleteers, floundering about in a narrow lane, which, in fact, was an elongated bog; the rain coming down in torrents; the muleteers now shouting, now screaming; the soldiers, horse and foot, making their way onwards, as best they could, in silence; with every now and then a stoppage, from a mule that had stuck fast, or fallen under its burden—objects not distinguishable, barely discernible—and, where the road was overhung with trees, all gloom around; nothing visible but the faint, uncertain glimmer beyond. The behaviour of the soldiers, on the whole, I must say, was such as to do them credit. Now and then a fellow broke away through the hedge, in hope of finding a better road on the other side. But that was generally more toil than profit. They came upon unexpected obstacles, and had to return into the lane. In fact, this, I take it, is a maxim in marching: Unless you know the country, and know it well, however bad the road, keep it; don't straggle, or try short cuts.

Riding on at the head of the party, I attempted to pick my way as far as I could see it, by making Sancho go

as I thought best. This led to frequent contests between Sancho and me. Sometimes he had his way, and we got on well. Sometimes I was positive and had mine, which generally led to a plunge and a splash. Tired of this, I dismounted and led him. Still it was troublesome work. Sancho thought he knew better than I did; and often, when I pulled one way, he pulled the other. At length I gave up the contest, led him with a slack rein, and pulled no longer. This was just what he wanted; and, left to himself, he picked his way admirably. I noticed, as we passed, several such obstructions as Captain Gabion had described; and, once or twice, came very disagreeably in contact with them. At length I stumbled over I knew not what, and almost fell; took hold of something on the ground: it was a cold hand that did not return my grasp! Are you a poor man? Do you shake hands with rich men? You will understand the kind of thing. Not relishing such salutations, I was induced to try a different dodge; and, finding that Sancho went very well with a slack rein while I walked, thought perhaps he might still do the same if I mounted. Turning for that purpose, I saw, close at hand, in the gloom of night, what looked very like a ghost!—the ghost of myself! Here was I, bridle in hand, standing at Sancho's head. And there was I, *alter ego*, mounted on Sancho's back! While I looked, my mounted double suddenly disappeared! The spectral evaporation was attended with a wallop in the mud; then, close behind Sancho's heels, arose the same dark figure from the earth—and as it rose it spoke! "Please, sir, I only got across him jest to keep him steady sir, going through the mnd, sir. Hope no offence, sir. Got a bullet in my leg, sir." True to his principle, of never walking when he could ride, and, dark as it was, detecting an empty saddle, Jones had promptly occupied it; and, repressing his usual loquacity, had been riding close behind me, a silent spectator of all my pedestrian misadventures. On my turning to mount, conscious guilt, as it always did when he was taken *en flagrant delit*, threw him off his guard;

and, too much flurried to alight in the usual way, he had effected a retrograde descent, by a parabolic flight over the pony's tail. The impetus thus acquired carried him further than he intended. He fell soft; but he fell—not on his feet. Perceiving by my laughter that I bore no malice, he promptly stepped forward, rubbed his hands on his trousers, helped me to mount, and walked on by my side. "Please, sir," said he, "I'm afeared I've split 'em, sir. It did come so very cold when I squattered down in the puddle, sir."—(No reply.)

"Please, sir, I'm thinking we shan't want good quarters when we gits funder on, sir." (Pause.) "Nor yit nothing what soldiers wants, when we gits well on into France, sir." (Another pause.) "Please, sir, I'm thinking its very cruel on service, sir, when there's whittles and drink, plenty on it, close to hand, sir, as they won't let poor soldiers help themselves, sir."

"Oh, then I suppose the soldiers never do."

"Please, sir, I s'pose they don't; not never, sir. In course not, sir. But then it's this, sir. If the Provost comes and you're cotched, sir, why, it's a couple of dozen for only taking an old shutter to bile a kittle, sir."

"Tight hand, the Provost-marshal?"

"Once, I was inamost cotched myself, sir. Please, sir, it was three on me, as got into a farm-house, sir; an empty house, what wasn't inhabited, sir. Looked up the chimbley, sir; 'cause that's where they hangs up the yams to smoke 'em, sir. There they was, sir; oh, sich a lot on 'em, as you couldn't count 'em, sir. So I fixes bagonets, and forks down a pair on 'em, sir: and jest as I was a-going to fork down another for myself, sir, along come the Provost, sir. So he see the window open, sir; 'cause the door was fastened, sir; so we got in at the window, sir. So he got in too, sir. The other fellows was cotched, and got it, sir; but I wasn't, sir; so I didn't, sir."

"Turn king's evidence?"

"Please, sir, it wasn't not likely as I should do that, sir; 'cause I scorns any sitch low-lived ways, sir. Only when I heard the Provost a-coming,

sir, I got up into the chimbley, sir; and when he was gone, sir, why then I got down agin, sir. Got safe back to quarters, sir, with a yam under my greet-coat, sir."

"Of course the inhabitants must be protected, and so must their property."

"Well, p'rhaps they must if they're frinds, sir; though I niver see'd what frinds the Spaniards was to me, sir. But here in France, where us now be, sir, I doesn't see why poor soldiers shouldn't help themselves, sir; and men's bin scragged for it, sir, let alone the Provost, sir."

"I trust we shall find the people here, if we treat them well, better frinds than you did the Spaniards."

"Please, sir, if two hofferers dines together four or five times a-week, sir, that's what I calls being frinds, sir. Hope I shall find plenty sitch, and you too, sir. Hope no offence, sir." (Pause.) "Might I make bold to aast the question, sir? The men says, as soon as we jines, we shall move on aginst the hinnimy, sir."

"Shouldn't wonder."

"Please, sir, I should like to pick off that 'ere feller as put a bullet into me, sir; jest knock him over, sir, as he did me, sir."

"Sure you would know him again, though?"

"No doubt of that, sir. I know him by the way he cocks his eye down on his firelock, sir. Could pick him out of a whole ridgment on 'em, sir."

We had now been toiling on, through mire and puddles, for about a brace of hours; and I know not how much longer our conference might have continued; but, looking forwards, at a part where the lane was more than usually darkened by over-arching trees, I perceived, at the extremity of the vista, a light less dim than hitherto. Hurra! we had reached the main road. I passed the intelligence; a shout ran down the line, and came back to us from the rear; and, reaching at length the paved highway—it was like landing on *terra firma*, I took my stand to the right of the embouchure, while weary men and weary beasts slowly and successively emerged from the dark recess, and filed off to the left

along the road. At this moment the rain began to moderate; the clouds lifted in the east; the blowzy moon looked down on us from silver peaks, that crested the distant Pyrenees; and, favoured by her light, after an additional half-hour's marching we reached our halting-place. Mr Chesterfield and I established headquarters at a small *auberge*, stowed the money-boxes, saw to the accommodation of the party, and were fortunate enough to secure a couple of rooms, each with a comfortable bed.

Walking down into the lower part of the house, I found Jones already at work, busying himself, much to the amusement of the *ménage*, in unbidden preparations for my evening meal. He had cut the ration beef into large uncouth dabs, which he called beef-steaks; and was banging away at them with a rolling-pin on the dresser, in the vain hope of subduing them to tenderness. Alas, what could be done with beef, that had said "moo" that forenoon? While this operation was in progress, a smart *fillette* looked smiling on, as if anxious to take a lesson in cookery à l'Anglaise. Fancying that Jones had intruded on an office which she considered her own, I asked whether I could have anything else? "Anything Monsieur pleased." Bravo! I was now among the Gascons. Well but, what could I have?—"For example, a *poulet*, dressed any way Monsieur preferred—*potage*, in every variety—omelets—she made twenty-three different sorts. Her brother, who was cook to the hotel at Mont de Marsan, made twenty-nine." Very well, suppose we try all three, *potage*, *poulet*, omelet:—the *façon* of each at your discretion;—only, if you please, as soon as possible; to be ready with the biftek (which, I perceived, would be impregnable.) "All should be ready, in a solitary moment."—What wine could I have? She referred me to the landlord, a pleasant-looking old gentleman in a blouse, very pursy about the neck, chest, and chin, who sat in a corner of the hearth. "Any wine I liked, French or foreign." Go it again, Gascony!—Could I have a bottle of bordeaux? "Superb."—These weighty matters arranged, I returned to the first floor; and heard,

on my way up stairs, the screams of a luckless hen, which my mandate had sentenced to prompt execution in the poultry-yard.

I had not ordered dinner, however, with an eye to self alone: and was thinking whether it would not be proper to wait on my fellow-lodger, and report proceedings, when Jones followed me to my door. "Please, sir," said he, "the hoffer's kit is left behind, sir. His man isn't come up, nor yet his mule, not nayther on 'em, sir." This intelligence was decisive: I knocked at the entrance of the Hon. Mr Chesterfield's apartment. Found him rather disposed, though, to live alone. "His man would be up ere long. He was much obliged to me." Well; perhaps I had taken a liberty. Almost before I had completed the twofold process of shifting and scrubbing, the cloth was laid. The bread and bordeaux were first on the table; then the *potage*.—Presently came the *poulette* and the beefsteak—than the omelet;—in short, I had dined. Suffice it to say, the bordeaux was very respectable; but the beefsteak impracticable, and the *poulette* questionable. It had been cut into small pieces, and broiled. The *potage* and the omelet were the staple of my meal. Obs. 1.—When travelling in France, should you order an omelet at a roadside inn, let it by all means be the *omelette au jambon*. They will offer you a choice of twenty or thirty sorts; but that's the kind you are most likely to get good, and that you may get everywhere. Obs. 2.—Though a fowl dressed as I have described is not very tempting in appearance, especially if you have been cognisant of its recent slaughter, give me leave to observe, the dish, in a general way, is by no means unworthy of your attention; indeed, is one of the best the rural *cuisine* of France has to offer. And, let me tell you, the rural *cuisine* of France far excels the civic *cuisine* that we sometimes meet with out of France. Obs. 3.—With regard to wine,—I asked for bordeaux. That, I admit, was flat. But make allowance; I was inexperienced; this was the first time I ordered dinner on Gallic ground. The fact is—and, if you travel in France and ramble about in country

places, so you will find it—the white wine at a given price is decidedly better than the red at the same price. Thus, say the price you choose to go to for a bottle of wine is three francs: and I call that quite enough—for, if you say six, seven, eight francs, it comes from the same bin. Well, order white; and you probably get, for your three francs, a bottle of good sound wine. Order red; and, ten to one, it's horrid. Perhaps, however, you choose to pay for colour; you prefer red. Well, as you please. Only in that case, remember: you are responsible for the consequences, not I.

As I sat on three chairs after dinner in dreamy repose, sipping the last of my bottle of bordeaux, and revolving the events of the day, Jones entered, licking his lips. Really he looked, already, ten per cent better than when we crossed the Bidassoa—his complexion fresher and more wholesome, his aspect decidedly less misanthropic;—I began to imagine some truth in his theory, that English soldiers, who had served in Spain, grew fat on entering France. He laid hands, without ceremony, on the garments which I had doffed before dinner, and walked away with them. Rain and mud, indeed, had horribly maltreated them; and Jones, holding out the coat at arm's length, inspected it in silence, as he moved towards the door.

How beguile the hours till bedtime? I looked out. What a lovely night! The silent moonbeams fell on the paved court at the entrance of our inn. Beyond, all was luminous, but indistinct. Below, there was an open doorway, with a seat—a curious old carved concern,—the very place, the very hour, for a cigar! A cigar? Why, I've a box-full! Come, Mons. Thouvenot; we'll see what sort of havannahs you smoke there in Bayonne.

The havannahs were prime—the forenoon had been fatiguing—I had dined. A pleasing languor repaid the toils of the morning. Soon, though, it was broken, by the sound of distant violins—not badly handled, neither. This part of France is the land of the violin: you find a decent performer in every village. The sound proceeded

from the premises at the back of the *auberge*; and I had previously noticed some of the villagers gliding into the inn-yard by a side entrance. Impelled by curiosity, I took the liberty of following their example; and soon found my way, amongst stables and out-houses, to a small gate opening into a garden or shrubbery, at which gate sat my jovial friend the landlord, dispensing tickets of admission, refreshments included, at six sous each. It was a sort of rural *salon de danse*, where the villagers met nightly, to exhibit and cultivate their national nimbleness of toe. Much preferring these rural fêtes to a regular French ball, I have attended at many a *guinguette* since; but as this was the first, and had all the piquancy of a surprise, I beg leave to give you a short description. Passing on through an alley among the trees, and guided by the mellow note of the violin, I soon reached the ball-room, which was simply a large boarded square, with a roof above, but three sides open,—the fourth was the orchestra. There I found assembled the youth of the village, and not only the youth, but some of their elders—three violins in full operation—and the ball at its height. *Cotillons* were the order of the day, much like those which had been introduced into the aristocratic circles of England two or three years before, say 1811, or 1812, under the name of quadrilles. The dancing was good, really good—time admirable—no mistakes—no confusion—all could dance. The deportment of the dancers, too, was in perfect good keeping. Not a *gaucherie* did I witness, throughout the evening. With one thing I was struck: and that was, the attention, the seriousness, the almost solemnity, with which the whole party applied themselves to the important business of dancing. Dancing, if it be, among the higher classes of France, an amusement, with the rural population is a passion: and, in a nation so volatile, the earnest gravity of their village *assemblées* is the more observable. Of the three violins, one, I soon perceived, had the chief authority. With a voice of command, he directed the various movements, indicated changes of figure, regulated the whole proceedings. In fact, he was

not only, as it turned out, leader of the orchestra, but dancing-master to the village—" *Vir gregis ipse* CAPER:" and, had he been Grand Turk, he could not have issued his mandates in a more imperious tone, or to more obedient subjects.—Nevergo to France again, without attending a village dance at a *guinguette*. If you have not seen that, you have not seen one most interesting phase of Gallic character.

Among the belles of the evening, there was one, you rogue! taller than the rest, that both attracted my attention, and fixed it. She not only danced well—they all did that—she danced with an air. Nay, shall I tell the whole truth? She bore a resemblance, or at least I fancied so, to the admired of all eyes, the lovely Juno, with whom I had crossed the Bay of Biscay. Near me danced a lusty Adonis of five-and-forty, who was decidedly the best male performer of the party. I had already made two or three acquaintances; and, as he swept by me in the whirl of his evolutions, I could not help saying, "You dance well, Monsieur." He, with the honest, open-hearted vanity of a Frenchman and a Gascon, danced with redoubled energy, to confirm my good opinion. Presently the set concluded; and the next moment he was at my side in a high state of exhilaration, mopping and breathless. "*Eh bien! Monsieur*—Our dancing—what do you think of it?"

"Excellent. The ladies dance admirably. Of the male performers, truth compels me to avow that you are incomparably the best."

"You dance?"

"Might a stranger presume—?"

"Ah, Monsieur, but what an honour to our ball! Hold! I shall find you a *vis-à-vis*."

"Might one select?"

"She's yours for the evening! Name her! I fly!"

"Her with the blue sash, large eyes, rather tall—"

"Ah! my cousin! Wait a little moment! 'Tis done!"

The violins struck up; again the sets

were formed; with the partner of my choice, I stood up for a *cotillon*. Had danced the same figures in England; so got on tolerably well.

I say, though, what's this? The time has changed! Half a second ago, it was one, two, three, four. Now it's one, two, three! The figure—that's different too! Why, what's come to them all? Two and two, swimming round and round! Gyration and rotation at once—the planetary system! I turned to my fair partner—she turned to me—I clasped a lovely arm—full—she dropped her hand upon my shoulder—I was fairly in for it. We whirled away with the rest. First it was to German strains, soft, equable, and mellifluous. Then, with a shout from Mons. Caper, the tune suddenly changed. It now was Spanish—soft and equable no longer—a mad, galloping *capriccio*, all tingling with life, point, and mettle. She entered into the spirit of it. I soon discovered that,—so kept her up to it, till she cried "enough!" in earnest. But oh! the difference between such a partner, and a bouncer! Oh! the difference between such a partner, and a bolter! Oh! the ease, the ductility, the lightness, the perfect airiness of her step! She waltzed like a zephyr!

Farewell, charming Gasconne! Farewell, bewitching partner of an hour! Farewell, too, energetic and laborious dancer, my partner's middle-aged fussy cousin! Farewell, at least, till we meet again, under somewhat altered circumstances. Before you, too, Monsieur Caper, before you, orchestral umpire! terpsichorean autocrat!—before you, on retiring for the night, I make, *en passant*, with all the company, a profound obeisance.—In short, I then and there literally fell in love with the Gascon character; and the more I saw of them afterwards, the more I liked them.

On the way to my apartment that night, I fell in with Jones, who informed me, with great apparent concern, that the servant and his kit had not yet come up; and that he "was afeared the hoffer had made his dinner off of bread and cheese."

CHAPTER XIII.

Jones entered my room early in the morning, with the garments which

had so direly suffered, the day before, by spattering mud and pelting rain.

They were now perfectly presentable; and not only that, but thoroughly dry.

"Well, Jones, I see you've given them a good brushing."

"Wouldn't have bin of no use, sir. Took and washed 'em, sir. Done it last night, sir."

"How did you get them dry, then?"

"Please, sir, I had 'em down to the kitchen fire the first thing this morning, sir—before daylight, sir."

"I say, Jones, how did you manage these gloves?"

"Please, sir, I washed 'em and put 'em on, sir. Walked about with them on my hands till they was dry, sir."

"Why did you turn out so early, man? Don't suppose we shall start before noon."

"Please, sir, 'cause I wanted to git forward with my wuk, sir; 'cause to-day I wants to turn out tidy myself, sir. Got a bit of tailoring to do, sir, 'cause of the haccident off the pony, sir. Thousand pities they don't cut the soldiers' jackits longer behind, sir."

"Why turn out tidy to-day in particular?"

"Please, sir, 'cause I understands we're like to meet the hinnimy, sir. Should wish to die decent, sir."

"Well, get on, then. Here, stop. Take this; and see if you can't find somebody to do your tailoring in the village."

"Thank ye, sir; pertickler obleeged to ye, sir; thank ye, sir." Then, having pocketed the francs, "Please, sir, though, with your pimmision, sir, I'd rayther do the job of tailoring myself, sir."

"Oh, very well, if you choose to turn tailor. Just as you please."

Jones was about to withdraw—but paused. There was a moment of internal struggle.

"Please, sir," said he, "it's what I ham, sir. Sarved my prentice, sir. Only I don't know what ivver I shall do for a goose, sir."

"I say, Jones, what's that you were saying just now about meeting the enemy? What enemy?"

"Please, sir, I don't know nothing about it, only this, sir. The fellers as is here told our fellers, sir, as a Frinch party sprised a Portygee party, sir, in a village not two leagues off, sir, only three days ago, sir. Took or killed them all, sir. Druv some on 'em into

the stable of the inn, sir; and bago-netted them under the manger, sir."

"Oh, they did, did they? Them let me have my breakfast in about half-an-hour."

"Please, sir, I'll go at once and give Nanny her milking, sir. She wants it dreadful, sir."

While concluding my toilet, I noticed the merry chirp of children at play, which came in through the open window. Gradually it grew louder and more uproarious: there was evidently some unusual source of festivity. I looked out; the cause was manifest. Nanny, in the highest possible state of good humour, now making believe to butt, now running backwards, now stamping, now caprioling, now erect, with a languishing turn of her head and her fore-legs gracefully doubled down, was surrounded with a host of jocund juveniles, who broke forth into fresh shouts of mirth and marvel, at every variation in her attitude. In the midst of this hilarity, Jones rushed forth from the inn door, bearing in one hand a small three-legged stool, and in the other a can. Did you ever see a goat milked? Nanny at once became sedate—a fixture. Jones placed the three-legged stool *behind* her, and the can between her hind legs. Goats, my dear madam, are not milked *side-ways*, like cows. The milking began. This process effected a total change of deportment in the small rabble that stood looking on. Before, all was noise and fun. Now, every tongue was still, every movement suspended. Twenty little archins stood grouped in silent observation; twenty little pairs of eyes stood wide open. Curiosity had superseded frolic; each was receiving an idea! As the operation proceeded, a snow-white head of milky foam rose mantling in the can. Then rose, too, the shout of joyous surprise. However, the youngers soon discovered, with the intuitive tact of children, that nothing new remained to be seen; so their thoughts reverted to sport. Hand joined in hand, the toddling multitude, that, for facility of inspection, had gathered in Jones' rear, began to deploy. A circle was gradually formed, with Jones and Nanny in the centre. Two or three voices commenced a chant;

the rest joined in; the circle began to move with measured tread; and Jones, ere he had finished his task, was encompassed with a ring of merry dancers and singers, who seemed resolved to make him pay toll, or keep him prisoner. Jones, however, was too much of a general for that. Watching his opportunity, he threw a warm jet of milk into the eyes of a flax-haired urchin; and, profiting by the temporary confusion and delight which ensued, broke the line of circumvallation, and made good his retreat into the house with stool and can, followed by a tumultuous throng, some pulling the skirts of his jacket, some punching, some shouting, some jumping and clapping their sides in an ecstasy of delight.

The missing servant, though—that was an awkward business. Night had passed—morning had returned; it was now eight o'clock—still no servant came. The whole party unaccounted for amounted to four; namely, 1, the servant himself, an English groom, very much disposed to have his own way, and quite green as a campaigner; 2, the horse which the servant rode; 3, the mule which carried the officer's baggage; 4, a Portuguese lad, the mule's driver. Mr Chesterfield was disposed to take a party of the dragoons, and go back himself in search of them. But, under all the circumstances of the case, I felt it my duty respectfully to intimate a doubt as to the advisableness of his separating from the party which he commanded, and from the treasure which we had in charge; and, on a moment's consideration, he saw the force of the suggestion. At length it was decided to send a corporal and four men, who started in search of the absentees, with a charge, whether successful or not, to be back before noon. We were bound to reach our next halting-place that night; and this was still more indispensable, after the strict injunctions I had received the day before. The detachment, therefore, set out; but our preparations proceeded for marching at the appointed hour.

These matters arranged, I bent my steps towards the shrubbery, intending to take a daylight view of the previous evening's ball-room. In the

shrubbery I had not proceeded far, when, much to my surprise, I heard, lustily chanted, an old English stave—

“Oh, what a fine world, this we live in,
To lend in, to spend in, to give in!
But to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known.”

The songster of the grove, it soon became apparent, was Jones. I saw him before he saw me. On a line, stretched between two trees, he had suspended by far the greater portion of his wardrobe,—that part which he still had on being equally light and scanty,—and, while busily engaged in his preparations to “turn out tidy” and “die dacent,” now inspecting, now polishing, in a high state of exhilaration, he was carolling away, very much to his own satisfaction, at the top of his voice. The next strain was different:—

“When last I attempted your pity to move,
Your scorn but augmented my cares.
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love;
But why did you kick me down stairs?”

The last line he twanged out with great pathos, not forgetting the repeat:—

“But why did you—why did you—kick me down stairs?”

Then, stepping back a few paces, and complacently viewing his work, he suddenly threw himself into an attitude, extended one arm, and commenced a soliloquy:—

“What's life? A book; a picture-book, a purty picture-book! But, ah me, jest like other picture-books! All the pictures at the beginning! Heavy reading's the rest on it; so I finds at least. Pertickerly when you've got a hempty backy-box, and can't git no good pigtail, not for love nor money, let alone shag. Thim straws, I considers, is renk pyzon.”

A quick march, stontly whistled, sufficed to dispel these melancholy thoughts. Then followed a touch of the comic. Jones, it was clear, had been a witness of the preceding night's ball. Holding out, with bowed arms, the corners of a not very presentable shirt, which—excuse me if I'm too particular—hung loose from his shoulders, and mimicking the airs of a dancing belle, he sang:—

"Hands across, back again, down the middle—

'Please to make room, for I'm going to faint.'

'Don't scream so loud, Miss; I can't hear the fiddle.'

'Ma'am, your quite rude.'—'No, I'm sure I aint.'

The doctor's dancing quite contrary,
Holds his breath, and turns in his toes.

Ranting, prancing, capering Mary
Cocks her chin, and off she goes.

Cross over to Betsy Maginnis,

And foot it again to Major Shaw.

'Miss Molloy, your sweet mouth in a grin is.'

'Mister Mickey, keep off your paw.'

The doctor's dancing quite contrary,
Holds his breath, and turns in his toes.

Ranting, prancing, capering Mary
Cocks her chin, and off she goes.

'Down forty couple, I'm sure will fatigue us.'

'I told you it wouldn't, and here we're come.'

'Ma'am, shall I fetch you a tumbler of negus?'

'No, if you please, sir, a glass of rum.'

The doctor's dancing quite contrary,
Holds his breath, and turns in his toes.

Ranting, prancing, capering Mary
Cocks her chin, and off she goes."

Then, changing both dance and tune, Jones stuck his arms a-kimbo like a Welsh milkwoman, and struck up an aboriginal air of the Principality, footing it heel and toe—words unintelligible. I approached. Jones, as usual, the instant he saw me, fell to self-defence. "Please, sir, I got up into the hayloft, sir: took 'em off, and mended 'em there, sir; 'cause I didn't want none of the fellers to see me a-tailoring, sir. 'That's why I did it, sir."

"Well, put them on this instant, sir; it's disgraceful. Put them on, I tell you. Be quick."

Jones, seeing I was resolute, presently gave tokens of compliance. "Don't let me find you in that state when I come back," said I.

There was nothing now to wait for, save the absentees. About eleven o'clock, A.M., the dragoons returned. They had gone some distance down the lane, and found nothing. At length, one of them noticed, in the ditch, a trunk, which proved, on examination, to have been broken open and rifled. This they brought back with them; and it announced to us, in language but too intelligible, what had been the probable fate of the party missing.

—The fact is, when Mr Chesterfield purchased a mule at St Jean de Luz, for the conveyance of his personal baggage, his servant had discarded the albarda or pack-saddle, determining to load in his own way. Hence, in fact, the loss of the party. The albarda, please to observe, is essential to the serviceableness of your mule. In appearance, no doubt, it is the awkwardest thing in the world. Imagine a hard straw mattress (for it comes nearer that than anything else,) fitted to the animal's back, and covering nearly the whole of it. "Quite absurd," you would say, "to oppress a beast of burden with such an extra load." But then this mattress answers a threefold purpose. First, it keeps the load from galling your mule's back: secondly, it cushions the packages, so that they do not shift: thirdly, and this perhaps is most important of all, it *distributes* the weight, so that the burden presses equally. Now Mr Chesterfield's *personelle* was stowed in large awkward black boxes, of the most approved London make, which hung over the mule's back by straps, and of course were continually getting wrong. The inconvenience of this outfit became apparent, ere we were clear of the town of St Jean de Luz. The mule got uneasy; the load shifted; something was continually requiring to be set right. Both mule and driver, horse and groom, soon fell into the rear: the groom blowing up the driver in English, which he didn't understand; the driver bothered with an arrangement, which he knew was all wrong. They came up when we halted, but soon fell behind again. The last time they were seen in the lane, which was just before it fell dark, they were come to a halt, and were all at sixes and sevens. Whether they were killed, or made prisoners, or escaped with the loss of the effects, we never heard or ascertained during the rest of our journey to headquarters.

The packing was now completed with all expedition. By noon we got fairly off; and a march, not quite so short as we expected, brought us to our resting-place for the night.

CHAPTER XIV.

I question if the Gascon character has been duly appreciated. A Gascon is a braggadoccio; so we settle it. Now the Gascons are great in this line, it's undeniable. But that which really distinguishes a Gascon, is grandiloquence on all subjects. Whatever the topic of conversation, his style is exaggerated. Tell a Gascon any extraordinary fact, he instantly caps it—tells you something more extraordinary of the same kind. If he happens to be speaking of himself, he still employs the same style of amplification, but only as he would in discussing any subject besides. He possesses also, in an eminent degree, that—(what? frankness, shall I call it?)—at any rate, that peculiar quality, which at once makes you feel as much at ease with him as with an old acquaintance. All the French have this, but the Gascon has it pre-eminently.

My billet for the night was at a seedsman's. Five minutes after my arrival I felt domesticated. He puzzled me not a little though, by eagerly inquiring whether I had ever met in England with a plant called Chou d'Yorck. Its fame had reached him, but the long war had prevented his obtaining a sample. He rejoiced in the prospect of a peace, which would enable him to obtain some Chou d'Yorck. In form he was stiff and stumpy, but in speech and manner lively. To assist him in his shop, he had a youth—age eighteen or nineteen—whom he treated with considerable hauteur. My landlord, his assistant, and myself, all three took our evening meal together; but the youth was not permitted to sit down. Standing near his master, like Corporal Trim, with one foot before the other in an attitude, his head very upright, and his chest projected, he grasped in one hand a hunch of bread and a modicum of sausage, while the other flourished a pocket-knife. His master abruptly handed him a tumbler of wine, without asking him when he would have it; and he forthwith tossed it off, and set down the glass, as if so much and no more was his allowance.

I was amused with my landlord's

oration, when I entered his shop and presented my billet. He first read it, then looked at me. "Ah," said he, "in *your* face, now, I see something, Monsieur, which tells me we shall find you an agreeable inmate. The last Englishman I had conducted himself so badly, I was forced to pitch him out of the window." My landlord had a great penchant, like other Frenchmen of that day, for conversing on the subject of duelling. Asked me if the English did not decide their duels with pistols—were they good shots? I told him the famous wager that had come off not long before, when a crack shot betted to hit with a pistol nineteen oranges out of twenty thrown up in the air—missed the first on purpose to increase the odds—hit the other nineteen. This brought out the Gascon. I had told something extraordinary, he must cap it. "But, Monsieur," said he, "we have, in this place, persons who can hit a butterfly on the wing." (*Qui tuent un papillon volant!*) He gave me some account of a partisan, who had been active against the English. "Monsieur, he's as brave as a lion; in one word, he's as brave as I am myself," (*à tout dire, il est brave comme moi.*) One difference between a Gascon and the rest of the world I conceive to be this—that, when other people utter an extravagant or bombastic speech, they generally utter it in a joke; but when a Gascon exaggerates or romances, he speaks with perfect seriousness, and so expects to be taken.

This evening, though, I made a most agreeable discovery. Jones had found stable-room for Sancho in the yard of an inn near my billet. After dinner I stepped out, feeling it necessary, from previous observation, to see that Sancho had his. On reaching the inn-yard, the first thing I saw was just what one often sees at home about suburban public-houses, a party holding an open-air comotation, standing. It was a party of three—an English soldier, an English groom, and a Portuguese youth of twenty, dressed as much like the groom as possible. They stood in a triangle, noses all pointing to the common

centre of gravity. Each held a glass, and the English servant a bottle. He, I concluded, "stood it." The soldier was Jones. He was rhetorically holding forth; the other two were earnest listeners—his theme, the battle of Vittoria. My approach broke up the party. I walked direct into Sancho's stable; found his crib empty—no appearance of corn. This might have been accounted for, by supposing the corn already consumed; but Jones couldn't keep his own counsel. He soon put the matter beyond all doubt by rushing in with a sieve-full, which he shot out under the pony's nose, and sedulously dispersed with his hand. The other two went into their own stable: the English groom, I observed, touching his hat. I had seen him somewhere before, but didn't remember, at the moment, time or place.

"Please, sir," said Jones, "both on 'em is sarvant to a jeddleham, sir; a Hinglishman, what's a-going up along with us, sir, 'cause we've got a hescort, sir; 'cause he considers it's more safer than going by his-self, sir. One on 'em's his groom, sir, and the other's his help, sir." The corn stuck in my gizzard, and I made no reply.

"Please, sir, they've got two sitch be-youtiful horses, as nivver you see'd, sir."

"Please, sir, they've got a text-cart, with a kivver to it, sir; whot carries the jeddleham's baggage, sir."

I took my station at the stable-door, to be sure that Sancho not only had his corn, but ate it. The groom, in the adjoining stable, was addressing the help in a kind of perpetual blowing up, a mixture of Portuguese and English; voice deep and hollow. "You Joe King, (Joaquim,) onde está a tobacco-box?"

To this deep-toned bass responded a piping treble—"Ah, I tink you is got it in you brisch-pockit."

"You Joe King, dá cevada to the cavallos, chega the teapot, and don't bother me nada."

Having thus issued his mandate, the groom came forth from the stable. Catching sight of me, he stepped up, and I recognised him at once. Why, it was Coosey, Gingham's Cockney servant, whom I had seen at Lisbon, in the Castle. Glad was I to meet with the man for the sake of his mas-

ter. Coosey again touched his hat, and respectfully inquired whether I wasn't the gentleman as vos goin hup with a hescort. A conversation ensued, in the course of which I learned, in reply to my eager inquiries, that Gingham was not aware who it was that had charge of the treasure. Gingham merely knew that a convoy was going up; and intended to go in company, for the sake of the guard.

Learning from Coosey that Gingham's quarters were in the suburbs, and not deeming it advisable to go any distance from my charge, I contented myself, for that evening, with sending Gingham a hearty salutation, with a confident hope that I should have the pleasure of his company in the morning. Before bed-time, Coosey brought me a note from Gingham, that he would join me next day just outside the town, and travel in company.

Before quitting the yard, though, I fell in with another acquaintance. The *garçon* popped out upon me from a side-door; begged to say there was a gentleman in the *cuisine*, who would be happy to speak to me.

"Who? What is he?"

"A courier, monsieur, employed on an important mission."

"Haven't the pleasure of knowing any gentleman in that line. Describe him."

The *garçon* laughed; held up one hand, with the forefinger crooked. "*Monsieur, voici son nez.*"

I entered. Ah, it was my friend Hookey. Hookey, you will remember, obtained a passage by the Falmouth packet, as bearer of despatches from Oporto to Lisbon. Probably he was not aware, that doubts were then entertained of his real character; for, on the present occasion, he again announced himself as a courier.

"I am now, monsieur, on my way to the British headquarters, with important despatches from Madrid. You are going there, too." (Who told you that, friend Hookey?) "I, as I travel post, shall arrive there first. Don't you see what an excellent opportunity, if you wish to announce yourself? I shall take charge of your letter, and deliver it with supreme felicity."

"Much obliged. They probably know all about me."

"But, monsieur," said Hookey, "headquarters are now advanced from St Sever to Aire, or soon will be." (Pray, Mr Hookey, how do you know, if you come post from Madrid?) "Why not cut right across, then, and go to Aire by the nearest road? Why go round by St Sever? Your route is by St Sever, I understand?"

Wondering how Hookey understood anything of the matter, and not choosing to convert his understanding into certainty, I merely replied, that wherever a man is going, of course he would wish to take the best road.

"Yes, monsieur," said Hookey, "that is incontestable. But the best road is, evidently, the most direct. Why march on the arc, when you can march on the chord? *Ecoutez, monsieur*—your road is by Hagetmau, direct to Aire."

Seeing he was so urgent, I began to suspect he had a motive, so resolved to humour him. "Really, what you say appears very just. But the road—I am totally ignorant of it. It may be good; it may be bad."

"I answer for the road; know every inch of it."

"By the bye, monsieur, an idea strikes me. Give me your opinion. What if I perform the remaining distance by water?"

"By water!" exclaimed Hookey; "a great thought! What a saving of time and labour!"

"Good. I impress all the boats on the river; embark my whole convoy and escort; and so, by the Adour, or by one of its tributaries, arrive within a day's march of headquarters. What a surprise for Milord Vilinton, and all his staff!"

"Excellent! Write that, monsieur. Commit your letter to me, and trust me for delivering it. You will excite a sensation. The whole army will be electrified."

Greatly doubting whether a letter intrusted to Hookey would ever come to hand, I asked for writing materials, and just wrote that I hoped to reach my destination by the day appointed. Then, closing the document, I addressed it in due form, and handed it to Hookey. Had I really departed from my written route, as Hookey exhorted, I should not only have incurred responsibility, but have disobeyed orders,

gone off the line of English posts, and entered a district which just at that time, as I have since discovered, was the seat of a serious disturbance. I now took leave of friend Hookey. That he was no courier, we had good reason for knowing ere long. He probably urged me to write, because doubtful whether my route was round by St Sever—hoping that something in my letter might help him to decide. This was evidently the point that he wished to ascertain; and on this subject I left him as wise as I found him.

Waiting a while at the door, ere I departed to my billet for the night, I heard a confab under the gateway, between Jones and Joaquim. Joaquim (Englished by Coosey "Joe King") was displaying to Jones his proficiency in the English language. Joaquim, I discovered, was ambitious to be English in everything—an English groom, like Coosey; took Coosey as his model. Coosey, by way of teaching him the language, had begun with the London cries. Joaquim was exhibiting his attainments; "Old clo'—old clo'."

"Quite naytral," said Jones; "better than the Jews does it themselves."

"Hinnny yonanimints f'yer fire . . . stooves?"

"Muinto buyng, muinto buyng," said Jones, whose Portuguese was second only to Joaquim's English. Jones, with an eye to Gingham, of whose well-stored cart he had already formed most magnificent conceptions, was assiduously striving to establish himself both with Joaquim and Coosey. Coosey at that moment came up.

"Hony you 'ear him do the donkey, though," said Coosey. "You Joe King, come, tip us the burro."

Joaquim brayed. Tommy Dumcombe couldn't have done it better.

"There," said Coosey. "Now you listen." A donkey, somewhere within hearing, responded with a distant bray.

"That's vot I goes by," said Coosey. "I knows many young jeddlemen in Hingland, vot does it wherry like. But I never see not nobody, hony this 'ear Joe King, vot could make 'em 'oller."

Next morning, Jones again at-

tempted to defraud Sancho of his corn. Jones, it was too evident, was a rogue in grain—detection did not reform him. As we issued from the town, proceeding on our day's march, I looked out for Gingham, right and left. At length, passing a cross-road, I heard a smart slap on Jones's musket; and, looking down the turning, I caught sight of Coosey returning the salute, hand to forehead, in military style, which Joaquim ditto'd. What Coosey did, Joaquim did; that was Joaquim's moral code. A little further down the lane, hurra! my eyes had now the pleasure of beholding Gingham; and not Gingham only, but Mr Staff-surgeon Pledget. Heartily should I have hailed the sight of either. What then was now my joy, in falling in both with Pledget, the solemn and the facetious, and with Gingham, the best of friends! Most cordial was the greeting on my side, nor less so on theirs. Gingham came forth in a new aspect. He turned out in a substantial great-coat, which covered everything from his spurs to his nose. This coat he wore upon the march in all weathers, rain or shine; but peeled at the end of the journey, and peeled white—came out clean as a nut—in *propria personâ*—*ipsissimus*—Gingham. The junction of these friends was a real accession to our party. Pledget was mounted on a good sensible mule. Gingham rode a handsome horse—Spanish—a really splendid fellow—all mettle and muscle—with fiery nostrils, flashing eye, delicate little ears, zebra legs, elastic motion—in short, a horse worthy of such a rider—a perfect gentleman. Coosey, also, was mounted on a showy Spanish stallion, whose advance was sideways, a perpetual zigzag. All in a quiver, he champed the bit, and came sidling up the road with arched neck, and foam churning from his jaws. The cart, drawn by a strong, large-boned French horse, was intrusted to the care of Joaquim, with the option of walking or riding. After our first greetings, the cart, being a novelty, became the subject of our conversation as we rode along. Gingham had built it at Passages. Had out the wheels from England; a pair, with a swivel wheel in front. The cart

had for its covering a tarpaulin supported by hoops, closed at the back, and also closing, when requisite, in front—might be used, on an occasion, to sleep in—was so built that Gingham's boxes exactly fitted into it, making a level surface with their lids. In short the concern was well arranged, unpretending, and complete—altogether worthy of Gingham. Jones conned it with an admiring, but at the same time a critical eye; now walking in front and alongside, now dropping behind, to take a view in every direction; and, Coosey being Gingham's right-hand man, and Joaquim his help, would have tumbled head over heels to secure the favour of either.

I must here describe a little affair in which we were involved on this day's march; not as important in itself, but as standing connected with our subsequent adventures. While Gingham and I were still discussing the subject of the cart, we reached the river which we had passed the day before, and had now to pass again. A large and commodious ferryboat, which was to take us over, was lying on the other side; where we also saw assembled a concourse of people, apparently country-folks, who had come there with the intention of crossing. Expecting that a boat-load of them would soon pass to us, our party, as they came up, halted on the bank, waiting their arrival.

There seemed to be some delay. The people on the other side didn't get in, and the boat didn't come. We shouted across. They took no notice. Shouted louder. They answered with derisive jeers. Corporal Fraser stood by my side. "Some of the individuals have firearms," said he. I made a closer examination—saw it was so—and saw Hookey. Addressed him personally: "Have the kindness to get them to bring over the ferryboat." "This is not your road," sung out Hookey, with much gesticulation; "go by Hagetmau. Press all the boats on the Adour, and go by water." The case was clear. They did not intend to let us pass; and, as they had got the boat on their side, we could not compel them. Mr Chesterfield and I held a council of war.

"We can easily disperse that rabble by a few shots," said he; "and

then the ferrymen will no doubt come forward, and bring the boat over."

I, on the contrary, was for avoiding collision, if possible. A war with the peasantry, once commenced, might soon become serious; and, should they return our fire, one or two wounded men, even supposing nothing worse, would prove a serious incumbrance to our subsequent progress. "Well, then," said Mr Chesterfield; "what are we to do? We can't wait here all day; that's evident."

The river was low. Could we find no other crossing? Was there no ford? I looked up the stream, Gingham looked down. "See here," said he, with his usual sagacity; "the river bends below, and spreads in the bend. Beyond, I see it again. No doubt there is a considerable sweep; and, probably, in that sweep a shallow."

"Suppose we go and examine," said I. Gingham looked earnestly in the direction.

"Don't see any way of getting there," said he. "There must be some communication, though, between that farmhouse and the road. No doubt it is the lane we passed just now. Suppose we go and see."

Gingham and I rode off up the road, to find the lane. Pledget followed on his mule. The multitude on the other side, thinking, no doubt, we were off to the town for assistance, again raised a shout of derision. We found the lane; and arrived at the farmhouse, and the bend in the river, without being noticed by the enemy.

The character of the ground was here peculiar. The river swept round in a horse-shoe curve, as the Thames sweeps round the Isle of Dogs; but so that the convexity was towards us, and the peninsula on the other side. Just at the vortex of this curve, or at what may be called the toe of the horse-shoe, the stream widened out, and to all appearance shoaled. "Here's the ford," said Gingham, and rode in. Pledget and I followed. We crossed the river and re-crossed it—most part of the way not knee-deep. The ford, though, was not right across; a ledge of rock traversed the river obliquely. Down to that ridge there was a ripple,

and the stream gradually shoaled. Below it, all was deep water, smooth, dark, and silent.

"The worst of it is, though," said Gingham, awaking from a fit of musing, "the moment we withdraw our party from the ferry to pass them over here, the fellows on the other side will discover our design. We shall then have the whole peninsula covered with them."

"No fear of that," said I. "Don't you see? The peninsula is our ground, though on the other side of the river. We can command the whole of it from this bank, and the approaches too."

"Of course we can," said Pledget. "Occupy the house with half-a-dozen muskets, and that knoll with as many more, and not a man of them can come on the peninsula."

In fact, a few words are necessary to explain the full amount of our advantages. The whole extent of the peninsula, round which the river swept, was not above two or three acres. At one extremity of the curve, or, if you like to call it so, at one heel of the horse-shoe, stood the farmhouse, at the other stood the knoll; so that, though both knoll and house were on our side of the stream, a line drawn from one to the other would cut right across the isthmus; and, these two points once occupied, no one on the opposite side could come on the peninsula, and approach the ford, without passing under our guns, and exposing himself to a cross fire.

We returned forthwith, and made our report to Mr Chesterfield, who at once saw the expediency of promptly occupying the house and knoll. Accordingly, our whole party withdrew up the road. The enemy, thinking they had defeated our project, and compelled us to return to our last night's quarters, now shouted with redoubled energy, "The other road! The other road!—To Hagetmau! To Hagetmau!" One little squeaking voice I distinguished above the yells—not Hooke's: "So sal you here ober kumm, so sal I gib you something." This was not the last time I heard that voice.

Mr Chesterfield now pushed forward with a party by the lane towards the

ford, the convoy and the rest of the escort following. He occupied both the farm-house and the knoll, the former with infantry, the latter with dragoons. The rest of the escort then forded the river with the convoy. Twenty or thirty of the rabble now discovered us, and ran down towards the spot; but they were too late. A few carbine and musket shots, from the knoll and house, soon brought them to a halt, and sent them to the right-about. Meanwhile the multitude at the ferry made demonstrations of crossing in the boat, with shouts and menaces. But in the midst of the uproar, looking down the river towards the ford, they caught sight of our cavalry moving up the bank towards them on their own side, in order of battle. It was quite sufficient. Not wishing for a closer acquaintance, the yokels immediately dispersed and cut; we did not pursue them; and thus was effected the passage of the river without collision, and without loss too, save and except the loss of time. Nor did we meet with any further obstruction during that day's march, which brought us to the next halting-place indicated in our route.

Still the state of affairs was far from satisfactory. It was sufficiently clear, from the events of the morning, that a spirit of hostility was alive; and that the rural population were disposed to obstruct our progress; nay perhaps, if they saw a prospect of success, to attack us. Hookey, it seemed probable, was the prime mover; and I felt satisfied we should see him again. I was far from thinking he had the concurrence of the French authorities; nor do I think so now. He would doubtless have been delighted to ease us of part of our cash; and probably, like other distinguished agitators, he was agitating

on his own account. However that might be, it was clearly incumbent on us to have our eyes open, and to be prepared, if needful, to take our own part.

Nor could we feel wholly satisfied in other respects. In our intercourse with the inhabitants generally, we did not, it is true, detect tokens of hostility, or even experience rudeness. Still there was unquestionably a great alteration of manner, since we had advanced beyond the immediate vicinity of the Allied forces before Bayonne. This I noticed in the morning. But at the close of the day's journey it was still more observable. Whatever we applied for, indeed, we obtained—billets, accommodations, in short everything usually required by troops on a march. But nothing was given with alacrity; we seemed to have got into a cooler climate. I suppose most of my readers know the difference between a Frenchman who wishes to please, and one who has no such amiable ambition. By the demeanour and looks of the younger branches, too, we may sometimes discover how the heads of a family really stand affected towards us; and here, in the houses which I entered, nothing struck me more than the deportment of the children. Their distant and suspicious glances seemed to perform the part of tell-tales; one could almost guess what kind of a conversation respecting *les Anglais* had previously passed in the family. One plucky little fellow appeared dressed out as a soldier. I tapped his sword, and asked him what that was for. He gravely replied, "To kill you."

The occurrences of the day seemed to remind us, that we were not to regard our remaining journey to headquarters as a mere party of pleasure; and those of the morrow were quite in accordance with this impression.

THE DWARF AND THE OAK TREE.

A VISION OF 1850.

I.

WITHIN the greenwood as I walked,
Upon a summer's day,
I saw a vision wonderful,
That filled me with dismay.
Beneath the spreading shadow
Of a tall and stately tree,
Was a band of porkers gathered,
Grunting fierce as fierce could be.
They were rough and bristly monsters,
With an aspect most obscene ;
And they trampled to a dunghill
All the fair and comely green.
Hideous tusks, and sharply whetted,
Did the savage creatures bear ;
And their flanks were thick incrustated
With the droppings of their lair.

II.

Above, the mighty branches spread
From out the parent stem ;
And lo ! I saw a Mannikin
High perched on one of them.
His face was pale, his cheeks were white ;
He sate in utter woe ;
It seemed he durst not venture down,
For fear of those below.
But anon he shook the branches,
And down the acorns fell,
And then the beasts rushed forward,
Each with a horrid yell.
Right sharp and savage was the grunt,
Though plentiful the food :
So sate the lonely Mannikin
Within the lonely wood.

III.

But as I tarried, wondering much
To see the little man,
A gleam of light came o'er his face :
It seemed some cunning plan
Rose up within him, for he grinned
And nodded to himself,
Then grinned again and chuckled,
Like a sly and naughty elf.
And then I marked him, stealthily
From out his belt withdraw
A weapon in the morning light,
That glittered like a saw ;
And straight astride a heavy branch
Right nimbly clambered he,
And sawed away most busily,
Between him and the tree !

IV.

Then longer from accosting him
 I could not well forbear—
 “What, ho, thou foolish Mannikin!
 What art thou doing there?
 A little deeper, and 'tis plain
 The branch must downward go,
 And down with it the carpenter
 Unto the beasts below!”
 Then answered back the Mannikin—
 “Aha! I'm light and strong:
 You'll see me scramble higher up,
 And higher yet ere long.
 But first this branch I sever, just
 To please the hungry swine;
 And then I'll lop another off—
 For that's a scheme of mine!”

V.

“Forbear, thou naughty Mannikin!”
 'Twas thus again I spoke—
 “Who was't gave thee the liberty
 To lop that stately oak?
 In strength and glory it hath stood
 A thousand years and more,
 Still spreading forth its mighty arms,
 As proudly as of yore.
 What tree hath ever matched it yet
 For majesty of form?
 Or yielded such a sure defence
 From heat, or rain, or storm?
 Though tempests often round it swept,
 It still hath bravely stood,
 Nor ever stooped its shapely crest—
 That monarch of the wood!”

VI.

“And *thou*, an ape-like atomy,
 Perched up within the tree!
 Shall its fair limbs be lopped away
 By such a dwarf as thee?”
 Yet chattered still the Mannikin—
 “Down, down, the branch must go!
 The pigs demand the sacrifice—
 They're watching me below.
 See—see! they're grunting upwards! ah,
 They bare their tusks at me!
 For rather than offend my swine
 I would uproot the tree.
 Hush—hush, my darlings! Hush, my dears!
 Here's plenty food for you—
 A moment's patience, and 'tis done;
 The branch is nearly through!”

VII.

“Have done, thou wicked Mannikin,
 And hold that hand of thine;
 I marvel what Ulysses 'twas
 Set thee to keep the swine!”

If from that noble forest-tree
 Thou loppest every shoot,
 Where, when another autumn comes,
 Will be the needful fruit?
 'Tis well to feed thy bristly herd,
 Ay, feed them to the fill;
 But leave the oak-tree unprofaned
 With all its branches still:
 Lest, when the swine have eaten all
 The food that thou canst send,
 They take a horrid fancy next
 To dine on thee, my friend!"

VIII.

'Twas thus I spoke in warning. Still
 The Mannikin said, "Nay!"
 But ever chattered busily,
 And ever sawed away.
 I marked the branch declining fast,
 Its fibres creaking sore:
 I heard the grunting of the beasts
 Still fiercer than before.
 High up into the air was thrown
 Each grim uncleanly snout,
 With wriggling tails and cloven hoofs
 They galloped all about.
 They flung the mire and pebbles up,
 In their unholy glee,
 And held a Satan's carnival
 Beneath the fated tree!

IX.

But as I gazed in wonderment,
 The sky grew dark above;
 A whirlwind sharp and fitfully
 Among the branches drove;
 There was swaying, shrieking, groaning,
 Throughout the forest wide,
 And the hurricane came downward
 With an angry angel's stride.
 Then, right across the welkin, shot
 The red and dazzling levin,
 And the thunder brattled growlingly
 Within the dome of heaven.
 'Twere better in an hour like that
 Far off at home to be,
 Than watching silly Mannikins
 Upon the greenwood tree!

X.

The first flash scared the porkers;
 Their nasal snort grew still—
 The second sent them cowering;
 As low-bred monsters will—
 The third with triple fervency,
 And answering peal broke out;
 Then helter-skelter from the tree
 Rushed forth the filthy rout.
 I looked up for my Mannikin—
 I saw him clinging there

To branch and twig, to bark and bough,
 The image of despair.
 And ever as the gust blew strong,
 He clutched with desperate paw,
 And wildly chattered in affright—
 “The foul fiend take the saw!”

XI.

By Tamworth town a hermit dwells,
 Who riddles strange can read;
 A wizard once of dreaded power,
 And versed in many a creed.
 Of Michael Scott no wilder tales
 Have ever yet been told:
 Men say he knew the wondrous art
 Of multiplying gold.
 But now his magic wand is broke,
 His tricky spirits gone,
 And on a backward bench he sits,
 Forsaken and alone.
 To him I went, and told him straight
 The things that I had seen!
 “O holy man, I pray thee say,
 What may this vision mean?”

XII.

The hermit smiled—he stroked his chin—
 Then quaintly answered he,
 “There’s something very singular
 Connected with that tree!
 Once on a time, when bark was dear,
 The boughs I thought to peel,
 But that same hurricane arose
 And tossed me head o’er heel.
 I think the oak will last my time—
 But hark! I hear the bell!”
 With his left hand he crossed himself,
 Then slid into his cell.
 But what the herd of porkers were,
 He never told to me;
 Nor who might be the MANAGER
 Was sawing at the TREE.

FESTUS.

THOSE who are acquainted with the Faust of Goethe (and who is not?) cannot fail to have observed the influence which it has exercised over several of our contemporary poets. We do not infer that those poets have exhibited any signs of slavish imitation, or that any other than an honourable influence has been exerted over their minds. Before them also nature and thought lay open; they too have had their philosophy—their own mode of solving, or stating, the problems of human life; and of the great German himself, as perhaps of all men of genius, it can only be said that he felt more strongly, and reflected more vividly than others, the common spirit of his age—the spirit of bold inquiry, of discontent, of aspiration, and of doubt. We would merely infer that, in their writings, there is much, either in the tone and temper, or the structure of the composition, which irresistibly reminds us of the master-piece of Goethe.

In one respect, however, our poets have been far from imitating the great German. They share with him, more or less, in the daring spirit of philosophical speculation, and in those views of human life, which are expressed either in the poetic desperation of Faust, or the withering sarcasm of Mephistopheles. They have also adopted his admixture of various styles and metres, suited to a changeful theme discussed by various speakers. But in this apparent freedom and bold diversity of styles, whether ballad, or satiric couplet, or mournful blank verse, the German is always the consummate *artist*. His verse is, on each occasion, all that the verse should be—polished, refined, correct, according to its manner and its order. Native critics assure us, and a foreign ear feels the truth of the criticism, that the Faust is as remarkable for its mastery of language, and perfection of style, as for any other and higher qualities of poetry. But *this* merit some of our English bards seem to have despised, as utterly

superfluous. They seem to contemn the labours of the artist. The control which the poet exercises over his own mind, in order that he may not allow the fervour of imagination to carry him wide beyond the pale of common-sense, or the frenzy of his passion to bear him far away from the sympathy of all other mortals; the survey and revisal in a calmer moment of what had been poured forth in the excited hour of original composition: the blotting out, the compressing together, the shading down, the removal of all stumbling-blocks to clear apprehension—all those labours, in short, by which language is made translucent and harmonious—made to serve its double purpose of use and luxury, of meaning and delight—they throw aside as an antiquated, absurd, unnecessary, and slavish toil. They will retain nothing, own nothing, but the “torrent rapture” of original composition. The consequence is evident and unavoidable. It is a very brief and imperfect rapture they afford their readers. Theirs is a very summer torrent, resembling what one often meets in a bright day, in the real landscape—very little stream, much stone, and a great scar in the earth left dry, glaring, and barren.

What are our “latter-day” poets dreaming of? Is the end of the world reckoned to be so near at hand that they think it folly to build for endurance?—idle to erect their “monument of brass,” when it and the earth will so soon be swept away together? Or has the poet’s old dream of an immortality of fame died out with the superstitions of a by-gone age, and no one in this philosophic era proposes to himself so visionary an object as a posthumous renown? We cannot think that poetic genius is wanting. Of all explanations, this is the last we should be disposed to admit. We could undertake to furnish from poems sinking rapidly into decay and oblivion, many a passage, and many a page, which would do honour to the

highest names in the calendar of our muse-inspired men. We seem to have amongst us good poets still, but they have ceased to produce good poems. We have much genuine poetry diffused through our literature, and not a new work of art added to our possessions.

But if our men of genius are contented to be known in future times (if known at all) by some brilliant extracts only from crude, hasty, and forgotten works, could they not contrive to write extracts—now—for us—and leave the works alone? If they have but a few finished pictures to give us, if this is all their patience or their talent enables them to bring to perfection, must they really build, each one of them, a huge, rambling, misshapen edifice, that they may paint them here and there upon the walls? It is not absolutely necessary to build a new house for every new picture; although, in the infancy of the arts, such an idea was probably entertained. Those never-to-be-forgotten Chinese, immortalised by Charles Lamb, who, in the earliest stage of the culinary art, thought it requisite to burn down a house every time a sucking pig was to be roasted, very likely entertained this kindred idea. No doubt the artists of that period always built a wall before they painted a landscape. Happily all these matters have been simplified, and our poets should remember this. They should remember that, in none of the arts is it necessary to alarm the whole country by a conflagration, in order that some dainty morsels may be gathered out of the ruins.

Of all the poems which have lately come under our notice, there is none to which these remarks are more applicable than to Mr Bailey's *Festus*. It is the most extraordinary instance which our times, or we think any times have produced, of the union of genuine poetic power with utter recklessness of all the demands of art, or indeed of the requisitions of common-sense. It is "chaos come again," but chaos, withal, with such lightning flashes of real genius as compel us to look into it. Were it not for these abrupt and brief, but undoubted displays of genius, we certainly should not be induced to notice a work which

so often degenerates into a mere *poetic rant*, a mere farrago of distracted metaphors, and crude metaphysics, and bewildering theology; where reasoning and imagination both run riot together; where the logic is as insane as the maniac fancy that is dancing with its flaring torch about it. Criticism, if it has any office, or duty, or voice left in the world, must protest against a species of literature which would set aside all the claims of good taste and good sense, in favour of a bold, original, reckless and unregulated imagination. Assuredly it ought not, in such a case, as it appears to have done, lavish unqualified encomiums.

Is the book worth reading?—is a summary question often put, and with some impatience, to the critic. Put here, we answer decidedly, Yes. Read it by all means, and with the pencil in your hand; for the probability is, that you will not work your way through it *twice*, and there are many things in it which you will not be content to have caught a glimpse of only once. Read it by all means. But this summary question, and its answer, do not decide the matter. If the author, by longer study and greater labour, could have made it worth preserving as well as reading, worth reading many times—if the state of opinion in the literary world is such that it encourages the publication of hasty and immature performances—there is something wrong here—something which ought, if possible, to be rectified.

In his poetic temperament, Mr Bailey will frequently remind the reader of Keats. He shares the same ardent imagination and uncontrollable fancy—the same, and perhaps stronger passion—the same breathless haste of composition which Keats manifested in his first production;—such haste, as if the writer feared to check himself a moment in his headlong career, lest the pause should be fatal to his inspiration. As Mr Bailey frequents a profounder region of thought than Keats had entered, he attains, in his happier moments, to a higher strain of poetry than his less reflective predecessor. On the other hand, his poetic sins are of a deeper dye, greater in number and in magni-

tude. That luxuriance of metaphor, that perpetual festival of the imagination, by which Keats is distinguished, are classic purity and abstinence itself, compared to the excesses of this kind in which the author of *Festus* indulges.

Mr Bailey has the true poetic fervour in him. This, no one capable of enjoying the literature of imagination will hesitate to acknowledge. Mr Bailey is a poet. But this poem of *Festus*? Criticism looks aghast at it—cannot possibly give it welcome—looks at it with dismay and perplexity. Genuine gold in it, you say. Good. But what if a whole hogshead of the precious mud of the Sacramento, fresh from its native bed, unwashed, unsifted, is rolled to your door! Confess that the present is somewhat embarrassing. A single handful of the bullion would have been so much better.

In dissecting the plot, and analysing the materials of this poem, a critic might find innumerable occasions for satire and for ridicule. We shall not avail ourselves of any such opportunities. Perhaps we have no calling for this part, and are registering no temptation in refusing to be satirical. But, indeed, the critic is not properly the satirist. The satirist is already there—in the outer world; he exists in every man of keen sense in whom judgment preponderates over those feelings to which the poet applies himself. The critic steps in between this satirist and the poet—steps in to mediate. He tells the shrewd and intelligent man of the world, prompt to detect the ridiculous aspect of things, that if he really has no sympathy with a class of feelings based much upon imagination—if he has no admiration, approaching to enthusiasm, for the beautiful in the visible, and for the tender and heroic in the moral world—the page of the poet is not for him: instead of sneering and condemning, he has but to shut up the book and depart. On the other side, he tells the poet that he does not write for his own solitary heart, or for the ears of two or three of peculiar and kindred temperament, who will forgive everything, so that some favourite chord be touched. He tells him that he will mould his verse to

little purpose, if he fail to secure the attention of judicious, as well as gentle and imaginative readers; and that it is unwise in him wantonly to incur the ridicule of men whom a little more sobriety of thought would have added to his listening and admiring audience. He tells him that imagination ought not to be divorced from sense, and that distracted metaphors ought not to be seen wandering about, with nothing to illustrate; that it is not well to write with wilful obscurity; nor to torture the ear with discord; nor perplex, and weary, and unfit for the enjoyment of what is really excellent, by a perpetual exaggeration which borders, if it is not quite within, the region of hyperbole.

One must be pardoned for repeating the very rudiments of criticism to some of the headstrong writers of our day. A lucid, correct, harmonious style—they have forgotten what it means—what virtue there is in it. They speak, or think, of it as of some matter of antiquated prejudice—of stale, conventional observance. It is no matter of convention; it is the living source of a calm perpetual gratification. It is the music of the printed book. It is that which makes reading a delight, as well as a necessary task. It is that which makes another's thought, to the mind, what the visible object is to the eye—seen without effort, and seen clad with beauty, as well as distinguished by form and position. Whether the subject of the poet be of a calm and gentle, or of a grand and sublime description, this charm of beautiful composition ought always to accompany it. The theory is false which separates beauty from sublimity. The wing of the eagle is not less graceful than that of the smallest bird which flutters from bough to bough, or from flower to flower; nor is his flight less smooth, in his stormy altitudes, than the slow sailing of unruffled swans in their peaceful element. And as the pleasure attendant upon distinct and melodious language is of itself of the calm and graceful order, so also some degree of calmness and self-possession should pervade the mind of the poet who is to produce it for us. Not always must the thought flow torrent-like. Let it gush with what precipi-

tation it will from the smitten rock, but let the waters subside and tranquillise a little before the prophet invites us to dip our thirsty lips into the stream. Let the hour of reflection follow at due interval. Not always is the poet to be in the full tempest of original composition;—as, however, Mr Bailey seems to think, both by his practice and the advice he gives in his drama to the Student—

“Once
Begun, work thou all things into thy work,
And set thyself about it as the sea
About the earth, *lashing at it day and night.*”

Poets who give and follow such advice as this, grow to have a horror of *distinctness* of thought. They shrink from examining their own ideas, lest these should turn out to be no ideas at all; or perhaps very good and sensible ideas, but shockingly true and commonplace. They leave them, therefore, with the bloom of obscurity upon them, and lapse into the conviction that a certain degree of indistinctness is inseparable from subtlety and refinement of thought. A great mistake. Your subtle and refined thinking, if it be worth anything, if it be really *thinking*, must be distinct to those who have the ability to perceive what is subtle and refined. The thinnest gossamer that floats upon the air, *if it is to be seen*, must have an outline as well defined as if it were part of a ship's cable. But it is in vain to preach this doctrine to such writers—vain to argue that the imagination, in its most ethereal exercise, should still have an alliance with sense—we do not say with *common* sense, but with some intelligible thought: they have a direct interest in believing the contrary. What! sacrifice this image!—silence all this thunder!—throw away this new word we have just coined to express our else unutterable conceptions!—impossible!

If these remarks of ours appear to be of a very elementary character, the fault lies with those who render their repetition necessary. Mr Bailey, in his composition, has contrived to commit all the oldest sins in the newest kind of way. He has not only, by the aid of German metaphysics, become transcendently obscure, but he also emulates Messrs Sternhold and

Hopkins, in the baldness and ruggedness of his verse.

“It is time that something should be done for the poor.”

Who would imagine that this was a line of poetry? It is, however; and forms the commencement of a speech of Lucifer's. The whole speech follows in the same style of composition:—

“*Lucifer.*—It is time that something should be done for the poor.

The sole equality on earth is death;
Now, rich and poor are both diminished.
I am for judgment: that will settle both.
Nothing is to be done without destruction.
Death is the universal salt of states;
Blood is the base of all things, law and war.
I could tame this lion age to follow me.
I should like to macedonize the world;
The road to Hell wants mending.”

We give another specimen. It is a lyrical effusion delivered by the *Angel of the Earth*. We must give a lengthy and continuous sample, lest it should be said that it is we who, by omitting some portions, have made nonsense of the rest.

“*Angel of Earth.*—Stars, stars!
Stop your bright ears!
Stint your breath—
Repeat ere worse—
Think of the death
Of the universe.
Fear doom, and fear
The fate of your kin-sphere.
As a corse in the tomb,
Earth! thou art laid in doom.
The worm is at thy heart.
I see all things part:—
The bright air thickens,
Thunder-stricken:
Birds from the sky
Shower like leaves:
Streamlets stop,
Like ice on eaves:
The sun go blind:
Swoon the wind
On the high hill-top—
Swoon and die:
Earth rear off her cities
As a horse his rider;
And still, with each death-strain,
Her heart-wound tear wider:
The lion roar and die,
With his eyeball on the sky:
The eagle scream,
And drop like a beam:
Men crowd and cry,
‘Out on this dreadful dream!’
A low dull sound—
‘Tis the march of many bones
Under ground:
Up! and they fling,
Like a fly's wing,
Off them the gray grave-stones;

They sit in their biers—
 Father and mother,
 Man and wife,
 Sister and brother,
 As in life;
 Lady and lover—
 Love all over.
 Their flesh re-appears—
 Their hearts beat—
 Their eyes have tears:
 Woe—woe!
 Do they speak?
 Stir? No.
 Tongues were too weak,
 Save to repeat
 'Woe!'
 But they smile
 In a while," &c.—(P. 84.)

In these days, when it is said that verse has hard matter to keep its ground, and is thought to be going altogether into disrepute, is it wise to give us such verse as this? Or was it well to conjure up angelical or supernatural persons to repeat it? Or, again, is it wise of one, who really has poetic power, to abuse it in such rant and hyperbole as the following? We quote from a part of the poem where the author is dealing with the most popular and favourable subject a reflective poet could select. Festus, under pretence of giving an account of another, describes his own early emotions at his first intercourse with nature and with life—those emotions which made a poet of him. Our extract leads off with a noble line, as happy as it is bold—"All things talked thoughts to him;" and we would wish to rescue from apparent censure the fine expression for the sky—"The blue eye of God." For the rest, it is what we have attempted to characterise as *poetical rant*—imagination grown raving and delirious.

"All things talked thoughts to him!—The sea went mad,
 And the wind whined as 'twere in pain, to show
 Each one his meaning; and the awful sun
 Thundered his thoughts into him; and at night
 The stars would whisper theirs, the moon sigh here.
 The spirit speaks all tongues and understands;
 Both God's and angels' man's, and all dumb things,
 Down to an insect's inarticulate hum,
 And an inaudible organ. And it was
 The spirit spake to him of everything;
 And with the moony eyes, like those we see,
 Thousands on thousands, crowding air in dreams,
 Looked into him its mighty meanings, till

He felt the power fulfil him, as a cloud
 In every fibre feels the forming wind:
 He spake the world's one tongue: in earth
 and heaven
 There is but one; it is the word of truth.
 To him the eye let out its hidden meaning;
 And young and old made their hearts over to him;
 And thoughts were told to him as unto none,
 Save one, who heareth, said and unaid, all.
 And his heart held these as a grate its gloeds,
 Where others warm them.

Student. I would I had known him.
Festus.—All things were inspiration unto him:
 Wood, wold, hill, field, sea, city, solitude,
 And crowds and streets, and man where'er he was;
 And the blue eye of God which is above us;
 Brook-bounded pine spinnies, where spirits flit;
 And haunted pits the rustic hurries by,
 Where cold wet ghosts sit ringing jingling bells;
 Old orchards' leaf-roofed aisles and red-checked load;
 And the blood-coloured tears where yew-trees weep
 O'er churchyard graves, like murderers remorseful."

The same most favourite subject—of the early feelings of a poet—he encounters in another scene of the drama, where he meets the very Muse herself. We prefer to select from these parts, because, though more extraordinary passages might be found elsewhere, yet on those occasions the extraordinary or unsuitable nature of his theme may be thought to have betrayed him into the *violent* style of writing we have to condemn. Festus meets the Muse in some one of the happy planets that he visits. She speaks in rhyme. We give a part of her address, and part of the answer of Festus. But first we must premise, that the Muse had that morning watched a particular ray of light, as it travelled from the sun to the earth—had "listened" to this ray, and reports what it said upon its unwilling journey downwards. She then sees this ray enter a cottage where a young poet is sitting, and in this original manner introduces her description:—

"*Muse.* A boyish bard
 Sate suing night and stars for his reward.
 The sunbeam swerved and grew, a breathing, dim,
 For the first time, as it lit and looked on him:
 His forehead faded—pale his lip, and dry—
 Hollow his cheek—and fever-fed his eye.
 Clouds lay about his brain, as on a hill,
 Quick with the thunder thought and lightning will.

His clenched hand shook from its more than
midnight clasp,
Till his pen fluttered like a winged asp ;
Save that no deadly poison blacked its lips :
’Twas his to life-enlighten, not eclipse ;
Nor would he shade one atom of another,
To have a sun his slave, a god his brother.
The young moon laid her down as one who
dies,
Knowing that death can be no sacrifice,
For that the sun, her god, through nature’s
night,
Shall make her bosom to grow great with
light.
Still he sat, though his lamp sunk ; and he
strained
His eyes, to work the nightness that remained.

Festus. Yes, there was a time
When tones of ancient song held eye and
heart—
Were the sole lore I recked of: the great bards
Of Greece, of Rome, and mine own master
land,
And they who in the Holy Book are deathless—
Men who have vulgarised sublimity,
And bought up truth for the nations—*parted it*
As soldiers *lotted once the garb of God* ;
Men who have forged gods—uttered, made
them pass ;
In whose words, to be read with many a heaving
Of the heart, is a power, *like wind in rain* :
Sons of the sons of God, who, in olden days,
Did leave their passionless heaven for earth
and woman,
Brought an immortal to a mortal breast ;
And, like a rainbow clasping the sweet earth,
And melting in the covenant of love,
Left here a bright precipitate of soul,
Which lives for ever through the lines of men,
Flashing by fits, like fire from an enemy’s
front :
Whose thoughts, like bars of sunshine in shut
rooms,
Mid gloom, all glory, win the world to light ;
Who make their very follies like their souls ;
And, like the young moon with a ragged edge,
Still in their imperfection beautiful ;
Whose weaknesses are loveliness their strengths,
Like the white nebulous matter between stars,
Which, if not light, at least is likest light.”

We do not attempt to analyse these passages, it would take up too much space ; and the reader, if he thinks fit, can do it for himself. Neither have we, except on one or two occasions, resorted to the usual expedient of marking in italics all we would censure, for almost the whole of our extracts would then have been printed in italics. Of course there is something better than this in the poem, or we should not have given it such praise as we have ; but there is also a great deal that is worse. The various specimens we have presented are no bad average of what constitutes a very

large portion of the book. Yet this is the poem which, we are told, has been received with most applausive welcome, both by the public and the critics ! In the edition we have before us—the third, and, we believe, the latest—there is appended at the conclusion a series of laudatory extracts from Reviews and Magazines, and also of opinions, most eulogistic, given by men of literary celebrity. In what shape these last were originally expressed, whether in print or in private letter, we are not informed. If extracts from private letters, though doubtless published with the writer’s permission, their publication strikes us as a novelty, even in these advertising days. Mr Tennyson is set down as saying—“ I can scarcely trust myself to say how much I admire it, for fear of falling into extravagance.” Sir E. Bulwer Lytton speaks with more caution—“ A most remarkable poem, of great beauty, and greater promise. My admiration of it is deep and sincere.” Ebenezer Elliott exclaims—“ It contains poetry enough to set up *fifty* poets.” The ladies are still more enthusiastic. Mrs S. C. Hall outbids Mr Elliott. “ There is matter enough in it to float a *hundred* volumes of the usual prosy poetry. It contains some of the most wonderful things I ever read.” Eulogistic extracts from Reviews, and Magazines, and newspapers, follow in abundance ; it is a universal clapping of hands and shout of triumph. The whole vocabulary of applause is exhausted. An American critic “ classes it with the *Iliad*, and *Macbeth*, and *Paradise Lost* !”—a classification not quite so lucid as it is flattering. Our more sober and Dissenting brethren seem to have pardoned all its heresies, or not to have seen them, in the dazzling and unintermitting blaze of its genius. Its critics catch the tone of their applauded poem, and speak in hyperbolics, as the only language capable of expressing the intensity of their admiration. “ Who,” exclaims one, “ that has ever read *Festus*, has forgotten that *prodigious* poem ? You find in it all *contradictions reconciled*—all *improbabilities accomplished*—all *opposites paired*—all formulas swallowed—all darings of thought and language attempted”—a rapture of criticism, which took us

with much surprise, when we saw the respectable authority attached to it.

Well, let the reader now turn back to the specimens we have given him—or look into the poem itself—he may take up whole handfuls of the same description. Has all sincerity, all truth and candour, died out of criticism? Or, because it stands on record that some judgments too severe were lately passed on the first efforts of youthful genius, has criticism become all at once exceeding timid, quite tame, humbled, and subdued? Are we so afraid of being thought blind to novel and original displays of genius, that we are all resolved to praise—to do nothing but praise—as the only safe course to pursue? Some have entertained angels, it seems, unawares, and entertained them but rudely; therefore, henceforth, let us do homage to every new comer—the more mysterious, the more homage. Such a stir, it appears, has been made about the obtuseness of reviewers to the more subtle or sublime beauties of poetry, that the poor critic dares not use his own eyes—nor tell what he sees with them—nor whisper what he does not see.

Hans Andersen, in one of his tales for children, tells an admirable story, how two rogues pretended to weave for the royal person a tissue of gold and silk, of a novel and most beautiful description. It had, however, this peculiar property—it was invisible to fools. Of course, it is needless to say that every one at court saw and was charmed with its surpassing beauty. The rogues had a pleasant time of it: pensions from the crown, applause from all the world. They threw an empty shuttle through an empty loom, and the connoisseurs and critics looked on with intense delight, and out-rivalled each other in extolling the growing splendours of this exquisite fabric. Wonderful! Prodigious! Poetry for fifty! Poetry for a hundred! Prodigious! Wonderful!

But we have not, all this time, given any account of the plot or purpose of *Festus*. It is a hard task, but it must be undertaken. In imitation of the *Faust* of Goethe—or say, adopting, like it, the proem to the *Book of Job*—the drama opens with a scene in heaven, wherein Lucifer appears, and

asks permission to tempt Festus. The mortal whom the Spirit of Evil here selects for his especial temptation, has the thirst for knowledge, and the contempt for human life, which distinguish the whole family of the Fausts. But whereas the German poet adopted a philosophical indifference as his position, or standing-point, from which to survey the scene of human life and of human thought, Mr Bailey has a positive and very intricate creed to enunciate, and has made his poem a vehicle for teaching a dogmatical system of theology, which, if not altogether orthodox, certainly does not fail from the paucity, or the too great simplicity, of its doctrines. Instead of doubt, we have a heresy. A most extraordinary medley of Christian tenets and transcendental or Hegelian metaphysics, is taught, and chiefly by the devil himself! Lucifer, who assumes at first something of the mocking vein of Mephistopheles, proves to be a learned professor of Göttingen or Berlin, and the preacher of a very refined and spiritual, though somewhat heterodox, Christianity. When we add that—interweaving, as it were, some scenes from quite a different drama, on the loves of the angels—Mr Bailey has represented his great Spirit of Evil falling desperately in love with a mortal maid, Elissa—"sighing like furnace"—outheroding mere human lovers—yet jilted, and suffering (as it seems in a most genuine manner) the pangs of despised passion—our readers will be prepared to agree with us that never was so strange a Satan conceived or delineated, either in prose or verse.

The drama opens, as we have said, in heaven.

"God.—What wouldst thou, Lucifer?

Lucifer. There is a youth
Among the sons of men, I fain would have
Given up wholly to me.

God. He is thine,

To tempt.

Lucifer. I thank thee, Lord!

God. Upon his soul
Thou hast no power. All souls are mine for
aye."

This ultimate salvation of all mankind, and of all peccant spirits, is a conspicuous doctrine of Mr Bailey's. The law of universal necessity is another. One might suppose that this announcement of the decreed salva-

tion of Festus would nullify the permission given to Satan to tempt him, and induce that spirit to relinquish his hopeless scheme. But the second doctrine of philosophical necessity assists us in explaining the conduct of Lucifer. He, being a consistent and enlightened Necessarian, knows that he must fail in his attempt, but knows also that he must make it—knows that he must act according to his nature, and incessantly strive to ruin, vitiate, and destroy.

The next scene brings us down to earth, and introduces us to Festus. And here the reader naturally expects a series of temptations on the part of the Evil Spirit, of struggles, lapses, and repentances on the part of the mortal. But no such thing. The strangest relationship imaginable is established between the two. The Spirit of Evil reveals to Festus all manner of profound knowledge, metaphysical and theological; carries him up into heaven, where he learns that his own name is written in the Book of Life; conveys him through all space, into the sun, the planets, hell, Hades, and even invests him with the privilege of ubiquity; performs, in short, every service which so potent a spirit could render to an ambitious mortal. With respect to moral delinquency, the only blemish in the character of Festus is a certain inconstancy in love. His passion is of a tender, imaginative, and ennobling character; but he transfers it from one beauty to another with unpardonable levity. He is a sort of poetical or sentimental Don Juan: Angela, Clara, Helen, Elissa, by turns kindle his amorous devotion. But this faithless and too redundant worship of woman's beauty, is not brought about in any manner, by the instigation or the aid of Lucifer. This inconstant temper he had already manifested, and given the worst example of, before his acquaintance with the great tempter. The saddest fault he is chargeable with, his abandonment of Angela, has been already committed. Nay, this inconstancy in love is manifested on the last occasion much to the annoyance of Lucifer, who is driven, by the superior attractions of his pupil, from the affections of Elissa. We hear Festus very magna-

nimously pardoning the Evil One for having tempted him; but it appears to us that Lucifer had more reason to complain of his friend Festus, than Festus of Lucifer. At the very close of the drama, Festus is placed, we know not how, on the throne of all the world!—an elevation dangerous enough. But he holds it only for a single day. He has no opportunity for the abuse of power, and his aspirations for possessing it have been of the purest description. Just before his elevation, he has most devoutly exclaimed—

“Lord! Thou knowest that the power I
seek
Is but for others' good, and Thine own glory,
And the desire for it inspired by Thee.
So use me as I use it.”

The Spirit of Evil has asked permission to tempt Festus, but he occupies himself with teaching a system of divinity, an improved and transcendental Christianity. He does all in his power to elevate the thoughts of his pupil, and to enlarge the bounds of his knowledge—enables him to explore the whole universe, and solve the most profound mysteries. His talk is wild at times; he retains a diabolic taste for conflagrations, and the burning up of worlds, which, in this civilised epoch, he might have laid aside, with his horns and tail; but, upon the whole, he appears in the light of a most edifying companion, and a most serviceable spirit. Any young gentleman who, not satisfied with seeing the world, should be desirous of travelling through the universe as well, might reasonably congratulate himself on such a guide and companion. The title of some of the *Scenes* will alone show what glorious revelations await those favoured mortals whom the Devil thinks proper to tempt. We have *Scene, the Surface*; *scene, the Centro*; *scene, Space*; *scene, Heaven*; *scene, Hell*; *scene, the Skies*; *scene, Elsewhere*; *scene, Everywhere*! These localities, if such they are, could not possibly be described with a more sublime contempt for detail.

One of the earliest scenes, however, of the drama, takes place in the humbler precincts of a *Country Town*, and strange enough is the part which

Lucifer and Festus enact before a number of people gathered together in the market-place. Lucifer delivers a sermon to them in the style of Mawworm; and Festus performs his part in this divine service, by delivering a long, and apparently, a serious prayer, which, for aught we see, might be adopted by any Dissenting minister desirous of varying his extempore effusions. If there is any heresy, there is, at all events, no poetry in it which he would find it necessary to omit. But both these speakers soon ascend to higher regions of speculation, and to higher regions of the universe. They ascend into heaven—Lucifer still being able, it seems, to act here as master of the ceremonies.

“*Lucifer.* All-being God! I come to Thee again,
Nor come alone. Mortality is here.
Thou bad’st me do my will, and I have dared
To do it. I have brought him up to heaven.
God. Thou canst not do what is not willed
to be.

Suns are made up of atoms, heaven of souls;
And souls and suns are but the atoms of
The body, I, God, dwell in. What wilt thou
With him who is here with thee?

Lucifer. Show him God.
God. No being, upon part of whom the
curse

Of death rests—were it only on his shadow,
Can look on God and live.

Lucifer. Look, Festus, look!
Festus. Eternal fountain of the Infinite,
On whose life-tide the stars seem strewn
like bubbles,
Forgive me that an atom of being
Hath sought to see its Maker face to face,

Forgive me, Lord!
God. Rise, mortal! Look on me.
Festus. Oh! I see nothing but like dazzling
darkness.

Lucifer. I knew how it would be. I am away.
Festus. I am thy creature, God! Oh, alay
me not,

But let some angel take me, or I die.
Genius. Come hither, Festus.
Festus. Who art thou?
Genius. I am
One who hath eye been by thee from thy birth,
Thy guardian angel, thy good genius.
Festus. I knew thee not till now.

Genius. I am never seen
In the earth’s low thick light; but here in
heaven,
And in the air which God breathes, I am clear.
I tell to God each night thy thoughts and
deeds;
And watching o’er thee both on earth and
here,
Pray unto Him for thee, and intercede.

Festus. And this is heaven. Lead on.
Will God forgive,
That I did long to see Him?

Genius. It is the strain
Of all high spirits towards Him. . . .
Come, I will show thee Heaven and all
angels.

Lo! the recording angel.

Festus. Him I see
High seated, and the pen within his hand
*Plumed like a storm-portending cloud which
curves*

*Half over heaven, and swift, in use divine,
As is a warrior’s spear!*

Genius. And there the Book of Life which
holds the names,
*Formed out in starry brilliants, of God’s
sons—*

The spirit-names which angels learn by heart
Of worlds beforehand. Wilt thou see thine
own?

Festus. My name is written in the Book of
Life.

It is enough. That constellated word
Is more to me and clearer than all stars,
Henceforward and for aye.

Genius. Raise still thine eyes!
Thy gleaming throne!—hewn from that
mount of light

Which was before created light or night,
Never crested, heaven’s eternal base,
Whereon God’s throne is ‘stablished.—Sit
on it!

Festus. Nay, I will forestall nothing more
than sight.”

The various scenes of which the drama is composed follow in no intelligible order; it is rarely that one seems to lead to the other. Festus, after this extraordinary visit into heaven, is the same Festus that he was before. He descends to earth to make rapturous love to Helen, or he wanders through all the worlds of space, the same discontented and mystified mortal. At length, after having explored the whole universe, and apparently escaped from Space itself, he is suddenly elevated by Lucifer to the throne of this planet earth.

“*Scene. A gathering of Kings and Peoples.
Festus (throned.)* Princes and Peoples!
Powers, once, of earth!

It suits not that I point to ye the path
By which I reached this sole supreme do-
main—

This mountain of all mortal might. Enough,
That I am monarch of the world—the world.
Let all acknowledge loyally my laws,
And love me as I them love. It will be best.
No rise against me can stand. I rule of God;
And am God’s sceptre here. Think not the
world

Is greater than my might—less than my love—
Or that it stretcheth further than mine arm.

Kings! ye are kings no longer. Cast your crowns
Here—for my footstool."

In this wonderful position he does nothing, nor has time to do anything. He has no sooner assumed his throne than his subjects all die off. The world has come to an end.

"Festus. Hark! thou fiend! dost hear?

Lucifer. Ay! it is the death-groan of the sons of men,

Thy subjects—King!

Festus. Why hadst thou this so soon?

Lucifer. It is God who brings it all about—not I.

Festus. I am not ready—and—it shall not be!

Lucifer. I cannot help it, monarch! and—it is!

Hast not had time for good?

Festus. One day—perchance.

Lucifer. Then hold that day as an eternity.

Festus. All round me die. The earth is one great deathbed."

Then follows a millennium, and, after that, Judgment Day. All mankind are saved, and not man only—Lucifer and all his host are re-admitted into Heaven. To Satan, his former throne—which has been preserved vacant for him—is restored, together with all his pristine glory. The drama ends in universal and eternal felicity.

Having said thus much of the plot, we may look a little closer at the philosophy and poetry of this strange performance. We shall touch as lightly as possible upon that admixture of Hegelian metaphysics and evangelical divinity, which, as we have said, constitutes the speculative portion of the work. It occupies, however, no inconsiderable space in the poem. On one occasion Festus pours into the ear of his mistress, in an unbroken harangue of about nine hundred lines, the profound knowledge he has acquired from his supernatural resources. Love is proverbially patient, and Helen listens—at least does not interrupt. Here are some fragments that will show how severely he must have tasked her apprehension. A spirit is speaking in one of the innumerable visions which everywhere obscure the poem.

"She spake, I said, the spirit, and at her word
Behold the heavens were opened as a book.
I am the world-soul, nature's spirit I,
Ere universe or constellation was,
System, or sun, or orb, or element,
Darkness, or light, or atom, I first lived;

I and Necessity, though twain in life,
Yet one in Being. Time and life are one.
But inasmuch as nature is destroyed
In God's assumption to Divine estate
Of an especial soul, necessity
Ends in extreme original nothingness."

It is very tantalising to be so near the source of wisdom, and utterly unable to avail ourselves of it. How it fared with Helen we do not know; but for ourselves, it is in vain we are told,—

"Again the world-soul voiced itself, and I
Drank in the fruitful glories of her words
As earth consumes the golden skiey clouds."

These "fruitful glories" are to us mere darkness. We can just gather where some of these "clouds," by no means "golden" to our vision, came from. As, for instance, when we hear that—

"The actual and ideal meet but once,
Where pure impossibilities are facts."

Or, further on, when this world-spirit thus enlightens us:—

"She stood and spake intuitive of Heaven,
The World-divining Spirit whilom named.
Now such as man is to himself is His
Divine idea; but the God which is,
Is not the God men worship, not alone
Ineffable, but inconceivable;
How shall an atom comprehend the Heaven?
Two points men occupy in space and time,
And half exist of matter and in form:
Thus, His existence is their opposite;
And all is either God or nothingness,
Being with nonbeing identical."

And so we are landed in the Absolute of Hegel; and in that insufferable jargon of his, by which, (confounding the laws of thought with the nature of things,) he proves, because we cannot think of existence without a reference to non-existence, nor think of non-existence without the contrasted idea of existence, that therefore existence itself includes non-existence, and non-existence includes existence, and they are identical—(*sein = nicht sein*.)

We cannot compliment Mr Bailey on the skill he has displayed in his combination of Hegelian philosophy with his theological doctrines. In the following extract Lucifer is the spokesman:—

"Lucifer.—All creature-minds, like man's,
are fallible:
The seraph who in Heaven highest stands
May fall to ruin deepest. God is mind—
Pure, perfect, sinless. Man imperfect is—
Momentally sinning. Evil thus results
From imperfection."

*God hath no attributes, unless To Be
Be one: 'twould mix him with the things He
hath made.*

Festus. Can imperfection from perfection
come?

Can God make aught defective?

Lucifer. How aught else?
There are but three proportions in all things—
The greater—equal—less. God could not make
A God above himself, nor equal with—
By nature and necessity the highest;
So if he make it must be lesser minds—
Little and less from angels down to men,
Whose natures are imperfect, as his own
Must be all-perfect.”

Here we have it stated that evil results from, or is synonymous with, imperfection; and all creature-minds are necessarily imperfect, inasmuch as they are inferior to God. But in the lines printed in italics, God is represented as having “no attributes;” for that would mix or liken Him with what He creates. There is, therefore, no room for comparison between the creature and the Creator, there can as little be inferiority as equality. He first finds an argument, such as it is, in the inalienable perfection of God’s attributes, and then—embracing the Absolute of Hegel, (to us a mere shadow)—denies that God *has* attributes.

The contradictory doctrines taught in this poem, by different speakers, or the same speaker at different times, are to be explained, we presume, by the dramatic exigencies of the piece. We throw out this supposition, as a possible ground of defence or explanation; but to us it seems that we are taught the most contradictory dogmas by speakers of equal authority. The generally received doctrine of future rewards and punishments is asserted at one time, and exploded, very positively, and with very little reverence, at another. The Scriptural tenet of redemption is generalised into a law of the universe, and the Son of God is always suffering to redeem guilty planets. Nay, as he bore suffering for man, we are told that he bears sin for the salvation of fiends:—

“*Son of God.* For men
I bore with death—for fiends I bear with
sin;
And death and sin are each the pain I pay
For the love which brought me down from
Heaven to save
Both men and devils.”

Yet, if all *creature-minds* are neces-
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sarily imperfect, and therefore necessarily evil, it is difficult to understand in what the action of redemption can consist; or how any creature can be redeemed from evil, since evil belongs essentially to it, as a creature.

Though regretting what to us must seem the errors of Mr Bailey, we have no disposition to censure him very severely for any heterodox opinion he may have ventured to express. As times go, and as poets write, Mr Bailey is remarkable for the plentitude of his faith, and the piety of his verse. We would only, if it were possible, take from his hands certain edged tools which he is playing with too fantastically, and the due command of which he does not seem to have acquired. We would merely express our regret that views which have been dictated by, or are in accordance with, the highest sentiments and aspirations of the human mind, should not have been rendered more harmonious with themselves—more distinct, consistent, and intelligible.

We extricate ourselves as soon as possible from these thorny discussions, and turn from the philosophy, to some concluding remarks on the poetry, of *Festus*. And here we can now vary our task, and relieve our page, by selecting some of those brilliant fragments and admirable passages which, as we have said, abundantly prove the genius of Mr Bailey, and which make us regret that an imagination so bold and original has not been allied to a more disciplined intellect. Nor is it only in the more daring efforts of imagination that he displays his power; occasionally there are touches of true pathos; and from time to time a charming picture, the product of a playful and tender fancy, will flit past us in the dreary mist which too often hangs over the scene.

There is much beauty and passion scattered through the love passages of the drama. Clara says—

“I wish we had a little world to ourselves,
With none but we two in it.
Festus. And if God
Gave us a star, what could we do with it
But what we could without it? Wish it
not!
Clara. I’ll not wish then for stars: but I
could love
Some peaceful spot, where we might dwell
unknown,”

Where home-born joys might nestle round
our hearts
As swallows round our roofs, and blend their
sweets

Like downy tangled flowerets in one bed.

Festus. The sweetest joy, the wildest wee
is love ;

The taint of earth, the odour of the skies
Is in it. Would that I were aught but man !
The death of brutes, the immortality
Of fiend or angel, better seems than all
The doubtful prospects of our painted dust.
And all Morality can teach is—Bear !
And all Religion can inspire is—Hope ! ”

Then changing his mood, with a
very natural versatility, *Festus* says—

“ Here have I lain all day in this green nook,
Shaded by larch and hornbeam, ash and yew ;
A living well and rummel at my feet,
And wild-flowers dancing to some delicate
air ;

An urn-topped column and its ivy wreath
Skirting my sight, as thus I lie and look
Upon the blue, unchanging, sacred skies :
And thou, too, gentle Clara, by my side,
With lightsome brow and beaming eye, and
bright

Long glorious locks, which drop upon thy
cheek

Like gold-hued cloud-flakes on the rosy morn.
Oh ! when the heart is full of sweets to o’er-
flowing,

And ringing to the music of its love,
Who but an angel or a hypocrite
Could speak or think of happier states ? ”

The name of the fair one changes—
it is Helen instead of Clara that he
now idolises ; but the passion is the
same—the intense love of beauty.
There is a festival ; he crowns Helen
queen of the festive scene, with these
gay and joyous lines :—

“ *Festus.* Here—wear this wreath ! no ruder
crown

Should deck that dazzling brow.

I crown thee, love ; I crown thee, love ;

I crown thee Queen of me :

And oh ! but I am a happy land,

And a loyal land to thee.

I crown thee, love ; I crown thee, love ;

Thou art Queen in thine own right !

Feel ! my heart is as full as a town of joy ;

Look ! I’ve crowded mine eyes with light.

I crown thee, love ; I crown thee, love ;

Thou art Queen by right divine !

And thy love shall set neither night nor day

O’er this subject heart of mine.

I crown thee, love ; I crown thee, love ;

Thou art Queen by the right of the strong !

And thou did’st but win where thou might’st
have slain,

Or have bounden in thralldom long.

I crown thee, love ; I crown thee, love ;

Queen of the brave and free ;

For I’m brave to all beauty but thine, my
love ;

And free to all beauty by thee.”

As this displays the bounding gaiety
of love, so the following extract re-
veals some of the delirium of the pas-
sion :—

“ I, too, could look on thee until I wept.—
Blind me with kisses ! Let me look no
longer ;

Or change the action of thy loveliness,
Lest long same-seemingness should send me
mad !—

Blind me with kisses ! ”

There are many songs introduced in
this, which may be described as the
more terrestrial portion of the drama.
They are not, in general, commend-
able. The substance of them is no
better nor higher than love songs and
drinking songs are very properly com-
posed of, whilst the verse is destitute
of that polish, grace, and harmony,
which trifles of this description ought
to possess. We select one stanza, as
the happiest specimen which occurs to
us of this kind of composition. Helen
is singing :—

“ Like an island in a river,

Art thou, my love, to me ;

And I journey by thee ever

With a gentle ecstasie.

I arise to fall before thee ;

I come to kiss thy feet ;

To adorn thee and adore thee,

Mine only one ! my sweet ! ”

In his description of nature, and
especially of night, the stars, the
moon, the heavens, our poet often
breaks upon us with a truly noble and
poetic imagination :—

“ How strangely fair,
Yon round still star, which looks half-
suffering from,
And half-rejoicing in its own strong fire ;
Making itself a loneliness of light.”

Of the moon he is a most permis-
sible idolator :—

“ See,
The moon is up, it is the dawn of night.
Stands by her side one bold, bright, steady
star—

Star of her heart— . . . Heavens look up to
thee :

They shine the brighter but to hide thy
waning ;

They wait and wane for thee to enlarge thy
beauty ;

They give thee all their glory night by night ;
Their number makes not less thy loneliness
Nor loveliness.”

This is of the full moon : what fol-
lows is addressed to her when she
passes as the young moon, and brings

her fresh bright crescent of light into the sky:—

“Young maiden moon! just looming into light—

I would that aspect never might be changed; Nor that fine form, so spirit-like, be spoiled With fuller light. Oh! keep that brilliant shape;

Keep the delicious honour of thy youth, Sweet sister of the sun, more beauteous thou Than he sublime. Shine on, nor dread decay.

It may take meaner things; but thy bright look,

Smiling away on immortality, Assures it us—God will not part with thee, Fair ark of light, and every blessedness!”

Here are some scattered fragments which pleased us very much, but which cannot be introduced under any formal classification. Describing his desertion of his first love, Angela, Festus says,—

“It was thus:

I said we were to part, but she said nothing. There was no discord—it was music ceased—Life’s thrilling, bounding, bursting joy.”

Of books he says,—

“Worthy books

Are not companions—they are solitudes; We lose ourselves in them, and all our cares.”

Here is a charming picture,—

“Before us shone the sun.

The angel waved her hand ere she began, As bidding earth be still. The birds ceased singing,

And the trees breathing, and the lake smoothed down

Each shining wrinklet, and the wind drew off. Time leant him o’er his scythe, and, listening, slept.”

Speaking of men of genius, he says,—

“Men whom we built our love round, like an arch

Of triumph, as they pass us on their way To glory and to immortality.”

The vague aspirations of one living in his ideas is thus expressed,—

“I cannot think but thought

On thought springs up, illimitably, round, As a great forest sows itself; but here There is nor ground nor light enough to live.

But the hour is hard at hand When Time’s gray wing shall winnow all away

The atoms of the earth, the stars of Heaven; When the created and Creator mind Shall know each other, worlds and bodies both Put off for ever.”

He says finely,—

“We never see the stars Till we can see naught but them. So with truth.”

Of a young poet,—

“He wrote amid the ruins of his heart, They were his throne and theme; like some lone king

Who tells the story of the land he lost, And how he lost it.

It is no task for suns To shine. He knew himself a bard ordained.”

These two following quotations may be also put very well together, though taken from different parts of the poem,—

“It is fine

To stand upon some lofty mountain-thought, And feel the spirit stretch into the view: To joy in what might be, if will and power, For good, would work together.

But while we wish, the world turns round And peeps us in the face—the wanton world, We feel it gently pressing down our arm—

The arm we had raised to do for truth such wonders;

We feel it softly bearing on our side—

We feel it touch and thrill us through the body—

And we are fools, and there’s an end of us.”

The following are some of the expressions of the mingled tide of passion, and of thought as it flows through the troubled bosom of his hero,—

“And if I love not now, while woman is All bosom to the young, when shall I love? Who ever paused on passion’s fiery wheel? Or trembling by the side of her he loved, Whose lightest touch brings all but madness, ever

Stopped coldly short to reckon up his pulse? The car comes—and we lie—and let it come; It crushes—kills—what then! It is joy to die.

Woman! Old people may say what they please,

The heart of age is like an emptied wine-cup.

Oh for the young heart like a fountain playing! Flinging its bright fresh feelings up to the skies It loves and strives to reach—strives, loves in vain:

It is of earth and never meant for Heaven. Let us love—and die.

And when we have said, and seen, and done, and had,

Enjoyed and suffered, all we have wished and feared—

From fame to ruin, and from love to loathing— There can come but one more change—try it —death.

Oh! it is great to feel we care for nothing— That hope, nor love, nor fear, nor aught of earth

Can check the royal lavishness of life; But like a streamer strown upon the wind, We fling our souls to fate and to the future, And to die young is youth’s divinest gift—

To pass from one world fresh into another
 Ere change hath lost the charm of soft regret,
 And feel the immortal impulse from within
 Which makes the coming life cry away—On!
 There is a fire-fly in the southern clime
 Which shineth only when upon the wing;
 So is it with the mind: when once we rest
 We darken."

We have not yet given any favourable specimen of those more hardy and adventurous flights of imagination—those shadowy grandeurs—which may be said to be peculiarly characteristic of *Festus*. Selection is not easy. As, in illustrating the exaggerations and deformities of the work, it is difficult to quote many lines together without encountering something really fine, and which would be *felt* as such, if it could be removed from its unfortunate neighbourhood; so also it is equally difficult to cite any moderately long passage, for the purpose of justifying admiration, without being suddenly arrested by something very grotesque and absurd. We shall, however, make two selections from these bolder portions of the drama: the first shall be his description of Hell; the second, one of those dreams or visions in which our poet so much delights:—

"*Lucifer*. Behold my world! Man's science counts it not

Upon the brightest sky. He never knows
 How near it comes to him: but, swathed in clouds

As though in plumed and palled state, it steals
 Hearse-like and thief-like round the universe,
 For ever rolling and returning not—

Robbing all worlds of many an angel soul—
 With its light hidden in its breast, which burns

With all concentrate and superfluous woe.
 Nor sun nor moon illumine it, and to those
 Which dwell in it, not live, the starry skies
 Have told no time since first they entered there.

Be sure
 That this is Hell. The blood which hath
 Imbued
 Earth's breast, since first men met in war,
 May hope

Yet to be formed again and reascend,
 Each drop its individual vein; the foam
 Bubble,

Sun-drawn out of the sea into the clouds,
 To scale the cataract down which it fell;
 But for the lost to rise to or regain
 Heaven,—or to hope it,—is impossible."

The *Dream* is one which *Elissa* relates—relates to her lover, *Lucifer*. It must be acknowledged to be very like a dream in a certain vague horror

which pervades it. The image of Decay is a grand conception:—

"*Elissa*. Methought that I was happy, because dead.

All hurried to and fro; and many cried
 To each other—'Can I do thee any good?'
 But no one heeded: nothing could avail:
 The world was one great grave. I looked

and saw
 Time on his two great wings—one, night—
 one, day—

Fly moth-like, right into the flickering sun;
 So that the sun went out, and they both
 perished.

And one gat up and spoke—a holy man—
 Exhorting them; but each and all cried out—
 'Go to!—it helps not—means not: we are
 dead.'

'Bring out your hearts before me. Give
 your limbs

To whom ye list or love. My son, Decay,
 Will take them: give them him. I want
 your hearts,

That I may take them up to God.' There
 came

These words amongst us, but we knew not
 whence.

It was as if the air spake. And there rose
 Out of the earth a giant thing, all earth;
 His eye was earthy, and his arm was earthy:
 He had no heart. He but said, 'I am Decay';
 And as he spake he crumbled into earth,
 And there was nothing of him. But we all
 Lifted our faces up at the word, God,
 And spied a dark star high above in the midst
 Of others, numberless as are the dead.

And all plucked out their hearts, and held
 them in

Their right hands. Many tried to pick out
 specks

And stains, but could not: each gave up his
 heart.

And something—all things—nothing—it was
 Death,

Said as before, from air—'Let us to God!'

And straight we rose, leaving behind the raw
 Worms and dead gods; all of us—soared and
 soared

Right upwards, till the star I told thee of
 Looked like a moon—the moon became a sun:
 The sun—there came—"

But here we must break off. What follows is too wild to be excused even by the privileges of a dream. A hand comes and tears off—Yet we may as well, perhaps, continue the quotation; it will show as fairly as any other instance how ungovernable, and all but delirious, the excited imagination of our poet is apt to become:—

"The sun—there came a hand between the
 sun and us,

And its five fingers made five nights in air.
 God tore the glory from the sun's broad brow,
 And flung the flaming scalp off flat to Hell.
 I saw Him do it; and it passed close by us."

We had something more to say of

the many wild extravagancies which with Mr Bailey have become habitual, but we will not fatigue the reader by a recurrence to this topic. He has probably seen enough of the glaring faults of this poem—faults which, with us, he must have learnt to regret, from the examples we have given of the great genius which is here undoubtedly combined with them.

After what has been said and exemplified of the poetic licenses in which the author of *Festus* indulges, it seems a very little matter to add that he coins new words at discretion, as “bodies soucical,” and the like; and sometimes uses old ones in a new sense, to the complete baffling of our apprehension, as when he speaks of a “dream of dress” and a “tongue of dress.” He also revives obsolete words, without any apparent reason. Is there any peculiar pathos in the word “nesh?” Does it signify some exact degree of moisture which our familiar expressions cannot convey? Or does it add to the gratification of a reader to be sent to his dictionary?

In the use of metaphorical language, we are not disposed to lay down any strict canons of criticism. But there are certain general rules, which, even without stating them to himself, every man of taste adheres to. The great use of metaphorical language is to convey, or to aggravate the impression or sentiment which an object creates. If one has to praise the locks of a fair lady, one does not hunt all nature through for an exact *match*, settling at once their precise colour. Mr Bailey speaks of

“Locks which have
The golden embrownment of a lion’s eye.”

Just that shade of brown! Still less, in describing circumstances or feelings of a pathetic nature, does any one use a metaphor decidedly grotesque. Yet Mr Bailey, in alluding to the most pathetic of all topics, the hour when two lovers parted for ever, can describe it as—

“Making a black blank on one side of life,
Like a blind eye.”

We hope we shall not be accused of putting fetters upon genius, by refusing to admire this use of metaphorical language. Neither can we approve of a very manifest incongruity

of ideas, as when night “blushes” to hear her praises, or when “clouds” are endowed with “fibres.” We protest, too, against that class of cases where the metaphor becomes a species of conundrum. We are told that one thing is like another, and have to puzzle ourselves, as in a riddle, *why* it is like: as when, in a passage already quoted, the words of men of genius are said to be “like wind in rain,” and we ask ourselves why like wind in rain, any more than like rain in wind? In the same passage we are told that men of genius, *disseminating* truth, are like the soldiers who “lotted the garb of God.” Here the simile seems to be as *unlike* as possible, for the lot could fall only upon *one*.

We require, also, that when the metaphor is extended into an allegory, that the meaning of the allegory be apparent; and this we more particularly insist upon, when the allegorical detail or circumstance, viewed by itself, without reference to the meaning it typifies, is monstrous and absurd. As, for example, when Mr Bailey marries the sun and the moon, and, for what hidden purpose we know not, conducts them through the wedding ceremony.

“In golden he,
In silver car came she, down the blue skies,
But on return they clomb the clouds in one.”

And we are told—

“It was the world’s All-sire gave the bride.”

We have already alluded to the strange caprice and incongruity of representing Lucifer at one time as the grand Personification of the Principle of Evil, and, at another, confining him down, a very slave to the passions of an amorous swain. Here, too, there may be some profound meaning symbolised. But we see it not. To the reader it seems as if Mr Bailey had here brought upon the scene all the powers and prerogatives of Satan, merely to emblazon the triumph of love; just as Dryden, and the French tragedians whom he imitated, delighted to represent an amorous monarch, because they could throw him, with his crown and kingdom, at the feet of beauty. Those who have not read the poem will scarce credit our account of this por-

tion of it, without seeing some extracts. They are the last we shall give to show the extreme wildness and extravagance which deface the drama of *Festus*.

We first see Lucifer as the happy lover, speaking to his Elissa just as other happy lovers:—

Lucifer. To me there is but one place in the world,
And that where thou art ; for where'er I be,
Thy love doth seek its way into my heart,
As will a bird into her secret nest."

There is a great deal of this delightful rapture. He departs, however, leaving Elissa in charge of his friend Festus. When he returns, he finds that Festus has supplanted him. His agony is quite piteous ; if we could believe there was any sincerity in this love-afflicted devil, it would be impossible not to compassionate him. He calls up all his grandeur, and reveals all his power, only to add weight and dignity to his reproach. He even hints at the reformation that would have taken place in his character, had Elissa been but true. Elissa faithful, and Lucifer would have become the very saviour of mankind.

Lucifer. Hear me now !
Thou knowest well what once I was to thee :
One who, for love of one I loved—for thee,
Would have done or borne the sins of all the world :
Who did thy bidding at thy lightest look ;
And had it been to have snatched an angel's crown
Off her bright brow as she sat singing,
throned,
I would have cut these heartstrings that tie down,
And let my soul have sailed to heaven, and done it—

Spite of the thunder and the merilege,
And laid it at thy feet. I loved thee, lady !"

And again, in another scene, he says, reproaching her for her inconstancy—

"I am the morning and the evening star,
The star thou lovest and thy lover too ;
I am that star ! as once before I told thee,
Though thou wouldst not believe me, but I am

A spirit and a star—a power—an ill
Which doth outbalance being. Look at me !
Am I not more than mortal in my form ?
Millions of years have circled round my brow
Like worlds upon their centres ;—still I live ;—
And age but presses with a halo's weight.
This single arm hath dashed the light of Heaven ;
This one hand dragged the angels from their thrones ;
Am I not worthy to have loved thee, lady ?"

Certainly a most noble Paladin. But here we quit Mr Bailey—repeating again our sincere admiration of his poetic genius, and our regret, equally sincere, that it has not been united with better judgment and with better taste ; and that he had not waited till his own opinions, theological and philosophical, had settled into *something approaching* to consistency and harmony, (in a poem we ought perhaps to require no more,) before he had planned this elaborate drama, in order to promulgate them. Those who seek for the beauties, and those who are in search of the monstrosities of literature, may both apply themselves with success to Festus : we wish we could say that the former would be likely to reap the more abundant harvest.

CASH AND PEDIGREE.

It will hardly be disputed that if the French are more subject than any other nation to fits of political lunacy, upon the other hand no people in the world are prompter to recognise and deride their own temporary folly; although, unfortunately, neither recognition nor derision have hitherto sufficed to prevent recurrence of the paroxysms. The echoes of February's fusillade and of Provisional revelries still filled the air, when satire and caricature began their work, assailing the new order of things with those shafts of ridicule which in France, if skilfully directed, rarely fail to be fatal. It was no fleeting shower of squibs by which the follies of 1848 were assailed, but a steady, well-sustained discharge of missiles much more formidable. M. Louis Reybaud is a pyrotechnist of no ordinary power, and his paper projectiles had the destructive effect of a flight of congrève rockets. We believe that the home-truths, pungent wit, and fearless sarcasm of *Jérôme Paturot* had no small share in convincing the new republicans how monstrous was the folly they had so hastily perpetrated, and which they since have had such abundant reason and leisure to repent. Bloodier pages there have been in the history of France, but scarcely one more pitiable than that on which the events of the last two years are inscribed, and posterity will gaze in amazement, almost with incredulity, on the record of vanity and mischief. The French have not waited till now to discover how completely they have stultified themselves, and to regret the headlong precipitation that bid a ruinous price for a questionable reform, a reform far more effectually obtainable by less violent means. In short, the February Revolution has long been held as legitimate game for ridicule in France as in any other European country. Numerous as are the jests of which it has been the object, the satirists have not yet exhausted themselves, and the year 1850 finds them still improving the text.

M. Jules Sandeau is not usually a favourite of ours. Those of his works that have come under our notice are for the most part tame and insipid. It was, therefore, with agreeable surprise that we read the very smart and lively opening of his last novel, in which he has abandoned sentiment for satire, and risen above his usual monotonous level. We cannot say that the book is altogether an agreeable one, as most persons understand the word. Similar, in this respect, to a recent well-known satirical novel of English society, it contains no characters with which the reader can heartily sympathise. The motives of all the characters are more or less sordid and selfish, at least till quite the close of the tale, when two of them exhibit more generous impulses. The book has a double aim: to satirise French society generally, and to ridicule the February Revolution. As far as we can discover, M. Sandeau's leanings are Orleanish; but he does not intrude his friends upon us, contenting himself with ridiculing their enemies. A certain epigrammatic vivacity of style and expression, occasionally amounting to wit, and an ingenious plot, fully sustain the reader's attention. The types presented of certain important classes of Frenchmen are certainly not flattered, but neither must they be looked upon as mere caricatures. Legitimacy finds little favour with M. Sandeau, or at least he presses hard upon its partisans, those denizens of the noble faubourg who to the last held aloof from the monarchy of July. The republicans, whether of the eve or of the morrow, are painted in no very attractive colours. The pivot of the tale is the misplaced ambition of a wealthy Parisian bourgeois, whose heavy purse and huge vanity render him the target of a host of intriguers, and especially of a dowager marchioness, more proud of her pedigree than scrupulous in her manœuvres. The first four pages of the book are perhaps as good a specimen as it affords of the author's *piquant* and animated style.

They introduce and describe four of the principal actors in the comedy ; a purse-proud citizen and his daughter, a democratic notary and an impoverished nobleman, a compound of the fortune-hunter and the *chevalier d'industrie*. The chapter is too long to extract unabridged, but we will endeavour so to condense it as to give a faithful idea of its style, premising that we aim at rendering the spirit rather than the letter of the original.

Monsieur Levrault was an honest citizen who had grown rich by selling cloth near the Market of the Innocents. When he retired from trade, the vapours of pride and ambition rose suddenly to his brain. Wealth, like wine, has intoxicating fumes. On beholding himself the possessor of three millions of francs, honestly and laboriously amassed in the shop handed down to him by his father, the worthy man, seized with a vertigo, discovered that money, which he had long looked upon as the goal of his desires, was in fact but the starting-post ; he experienced a vehement longing to cast his slough, quit the obscure regions in which he had hitherto dwelt, and soar, like a butterfly escaped from its chrysalis, toward the brilliant spheres for which he felt himself born. Vague at first, timid and unavowed even to himself, these ideas slid furtively into his mind ; and once there, quickly assumed formidable proportions. We were then at a considerable distance from the democratic cravings of July, and although the aristocracy of finance generally showed itself rather disdainful towards its elder sister, there yet were a tolerable number of persons for whom titles of nobility still had a charm. M. Levrault aspired, moreover, to the dignity of statesmanship. Elevations of all kinds had peculiar attractions for him. To encourage himself, he complacently reverted to recent citizen records. Provoking phantoms everywhere pursued him, even in his sleep—ministers, peers of France, newly-made nobles, some of whom he recognised as having discounted his bills, and others as having sold him the Kerseymeres of Elbeuf and Louvières. By dint of using such expressions as these :—"We great manufacturers, we great capitalists," he came at last

to forget that he had made his fortune, penny by penny, in a retail trade. He loved to call to mind the lists formed for the recruiting of the peerage. One night he dreamed that his porter brought him a large letter with this address :—"M. le Baron Levrault." With trembling hand he broke the seal, and found in the envelope his nomination as peer. The next morning, still quite excited, he gave a five-franc piece to the porter, who never knew to what to attribute this munificent act. At a time when money might aspire to everything, the millionaire's dreams had nothing very exorbitant. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that his wife would have taken him severely to task with all the frank unceremoniousness of Madame Jourdain. "Levrault, you are but a fool," would she have said, without mincing the matter. "Do me the favour to keep quiet. We have nothing to do with honours and dignities. Wealth is no bad prize in the lottery of life ; let us enjoy it modestly. Money is not everything, whatever people may say ; and we have found means to earn three millions without adding an iota to our personal value. Let us keep in our own trade, and remember what we were. Let us continue to live amongst people who esteem us, and not thrust ourselves into society that would laugh at us. The more I look at you, the more certain am I that you would impose upon nobody. For my part, the more I examine myself, the less do I discover materials for a woman of quality. On the other hand, as retired shopkeepers, we pass muster very well, and may present ourselves with advantage in all the drawing-rooms in the neighbourhood. Put aside those follies. Buy a good estate, and look after it. Since you are ambitious, get yourself chosen mayor and churchwarden. Go a-fishing : it was formerly your ruling passion. You like dahlias : grow them. Give dinners to your friends and alms to the poor. And finally, marry your daughter to some honest fellow who will not be ashamed of his wife's children, or blush to say some day to his family : 'Your grandfather was a worthy man who sold cloth in the Rue des Bourdonnais ; if you are comfortably off in the world, it is to him especially that you

owe it.' " Such is the language Madame Levrault would not have failed to use to her husband, and perhaps she might have succeeded in putting him in the right path; unfortunately she had been ten years in her grave, and had taken with her all the good sense of the family. M. Levrault knew very well that honours and dignities would not seek him in his *entresol* of the Rue des Bourdonnais. He had already turned his back on all his friends; he only waited to begin a new existence, till his daughter should have left school. Not knowing on what side to seek entrance into the great world, the object of his ardent desires, he reckoned on the inspirations of Miss Laura Levrault, who worthily replied to his expectations.

Miss Laura Levrault had been educated at one of the most aristocratic of Parisian schools. She might have proved a charming person, had she been brought up conformably to her condition in life. Transplanted into a flower-bed of seedling countesses and budding marchionesses, she had early lost her natural grace and perfume: like a sparrow in an aviary of goldfinches, she had learned, before all things, to smart for her origin. The jests and sly allusions of her young companions were a constant source of irritation. Young girls are merciless to each other; in that respect they are already women. Instead of exercising reprisals on the arrogant and silly creatures who made it their sport to humiliate her, she conceived a sullen and profound hatred for the shop where she was born, and for the entire Rue des Bourdonnais. The very name of Levrault exasperated her. When this odious name (almost always affectedly pronounced) resounded in the school-room or play-ground, she shuddered painfully, and felt overwhelmed with shame. One day she had put on a cloth gown. Little de B— said to her, "That gown only costs you the making." Every one laughed except Laura, who swallowed her tears. Another time they asked her if one of her ancestors was not at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. On another occasion, Miss de R— and Miss de C—, already versed in heraldry, took a fancy to compose her coat-of-arms. These were canting

heraldry—a field sinople, with a gold metre in a bend, supported by two silver leverets courant. Laura took to her bed. Thus was it, that at every opportunity, and even without pretext, they enlarged and envenomed her wounds. Needless to say what mysterious sympathies and secret intelligence such an education bade fair to establish between M. Levrault and his daughter. At the age of eighteen, Miss Levrault was what is usually called a pretty girl—red and white, abundant brown hair, eyes well opened, smooth, clear forehead, and an elegant figure. In the *tout-ensemble*, however, there was an indescribable something rather common—the original shop mark—which would hardly have been noticed but for the affectation employed to conceal it. Her character was positive, and her imagination sedate: her heart was sure of itself, and had never rambled in the region of dreams and chimeras. In her the cold breath of vanity had withered all the flowers which bloom in the spring-time of life. Had her mother lived, doubtless she would have succeeded in developing the precious germs that pride had stifled. Left too early to herself, Laura had neglected, as useless plants, all her good qualities, and had cultivated only her defects. It were unjust not to add that she had more accomplishments than most young girls of her age. Constantly depreciated by her companions, she had neglected nothing that might raise her above them. She was a good musician, and painted landscapes with as much skill as can be expected from an artist who has never studied nature. She had taken lessons of Frederick Chopin and Paul Huet. All through vanity. When once she had left school, and was fully aware of her fortune, Laura took in with an eager gaze the dazzling perspective that opened before her. She had wit enough to know that, with a dowry of a million, and two millions more in anticipation, she must not expect to be married for her own sake. Love by no means engrossed her thoughts. Her ideas on the subject of marriage were very positive and distinct. Well convinced that the man who should ask her hand would do so with an

eye to her wealth, she decided, for her part, to be guided in her choice by her ambition, and resolutely declared to her father that she would marry none but a man of title. M. Levrault pressed her to his heart: he recognised his blood. Besides, for him it was the surest and most rapid means of access to that society into which he ardently longed to penetrate, but from which he well knew that he was separated by an abyss. He resolved to cross the chasm upon the shoulders of his son-in-law.

All that remained to be done was to seek this son-in-law, who assuredly was not to be found in the neighbourhood of the market of the Innocents. M. Levrault had heard say that of all the provinces of France, Brittany was the richest in old and noble families, and that castles were there as plentiful as cottages. He would willingly have believed that in Brittany loop-holed towers shot up like mushrooms. It was in Brittany, then, that he would establish himself; there he would lead an opulent existence, and spread the golden nets destined to capture the phoenix of sons-in-law. This plan decided upon, M. Levrault wrote to a notary at Nantes, whom he had known as head clerk in a Paris office.

"MY DEAR MR JOLIBOIS,—The time has at last arrived for me to repose myself amongst a class of persons whose tone and habits agree with my tastes. Amidst the cares of business I have often dreamed, for my ripening years, of an asylum hallowed by the great names of our history. Brittany has always attracted me by its heroic associations. Laura, to whom I have given, as was my duty, the most brilliant education, an education worthy of her rank, has more than once spoken to me of that chivalrous land. You will learn, then, without astonishment, that it is my intention to acquire a rich domain in Brittany. Only, to use an expression borrowed from the vocabulary of the lower classes, I would not buy a pig in a pock. Before deciding, I must visit all parts of that beautiful country; become acquainted with its sites, and study its manners. Well, my dear Mr Jolibois, I address myself to you with perfect confidence. Hire in my name, for one year, in the environs of

Nantes, a chateau whose position may permit me to become familiar with the nobility of the district. When I have explored the neighbourhood for a year, it will be easy for me to make a choice. It is unnecessary for me to add that I intend to live in great style, and to keep my house on a lordly footing. You will be good enough to organise everything, accordingly,—from the ante-chamber to the kennel, from the cellar to the stable, from the poultry-yard to the drawing-room. Excepting my daughter's maid, I shall take no servants from Paris. It would be agreeable to me, I confess, to see around me some of those old domestics, models of devotion and fidelity, who live and die where they were born: try to recruit four or five such. Let everything be ready to receive us: spare no expense; I have three millions. The new life that I intend to lead will be a life of festivity and princely hospitality. Let the country know beforehand who I am. Tell of my labours, of my wealth—in a word, let me be expected. Although I am quite decided to mix only with people of the first quality, you will nevertheless be welcome, my dear M. Jolibois, and from time to time you shall come and hunt a stag with me. I rejoice beforehand at the idea of ending my days in the county of Clisson and Duguesclin. Laura has so often spoken to me of those gentlemen, and of their great feats of arms, that I shall be happy to know their descendants, and to receive them at my table. Above all, forget not that I wish to be in the immediate neighbourhood of the flower of the aristocracy, and to behold from my windows a dozen loop-holed castles, with tower, ditch, and drawbridge.

"Adieu, my dear M. Jolibois. I reckon on your punctuality, as you may reckon on my patronage.

LEVRAULT."

It so happened that Jolibois the notary was a shrewd fellow, with a turn for humour. Head clerk at Paris, and on the point of purchasing a provincial practice, he had prowled round M. Levrault's millions, and had one day ventured to ask the hand of Laura. He said to himself, that, after all, if the Duke of Lausun had been on the point of wedding with Henry

IV.'s granddaughter, Stephen Jolibois might very well marry the daughter of M. Levrault. M. Levrault, with superb disdain, proved to him he was mistaken. Stephen Jolibois retreated, with a discomfited countenance, and little expecting one day to find an opportunity of showing his gratitude. Master Jolibois, who, notwithstanding his present official character, had not yet forgotten the tricks of his clerkly days, rubbed his hands as he read the letter of the father-in-law he had coveted. Its impertinence and folly might well have provoked the railery of the most inoffensive. Young, gay, and fond of a joke, Master Jolibois seized with avidity the opportunity offered him of avenging a slight, and putting money into his pocket. A week later, he wrote the following answer to M. Levrault:—

“I hasten to inform you, Sir, that I have hired for you a dwelling adapted, as I hope, to all the requirements of your rank, and all the delicacy of your tastes. It is a pretty chateau of modern architecture, standing on the banks of the Sèvres, between Tiffange and Clisson, eight leagues from Nantes. I am proud, I confess, to have so soon and so happily justified the confidence you are pleased to accord me. Without loss of a moment, I have busied myself in arranging your establishment on a footing consistent with your position. I have neglected nothing, and am glad to think you will be satisfied. In a fortnight all will be ready for your reception. I comprehend all the elevation of your thoughts: you desire to live with your equals. With that quick and unerring glance which marks you as one of the eagles of the manufacturing world, you have fixed upon the very province which alone is worthy of possessing you. You will find at your door the chosen society you desire. The castles of Tiffange, of Mortagne, and of Clisson, open their arms to you. Agreeably with your desire, I have spoken of your coming. The nobles of the neighbourhood know who you are, and will dispute the honour of welcoming and entertaining you. They are well aware that industry is now the queen of the world,

and already they feel a respectful sympathy with you. Think not that your immense fortune has anything to do with their prepossession in your favour. Your merit alone is the cause of their impatience. Since I announced your approaching arrival, you are the subject of universal conversation; whithersoever I go, I am overwhelmed with questions as to the day and hour of your coming. Miss Levrault's beauty will revive the most amiable traditions of chivalry. I lack time to name to you to-day all the great families whose castles are grouped round yours. The least illustrious date from the second crusade. Miss Laura, whose memory is so richly stored, will hardly meet without pleasure and emotion, at a few paces' distance from your park, a descendant of Godfrey of Bouillon, a noble old man, whose conversation is a treasure of reminiscences. Farther on, you will find the last survivor of a family allied with the Baudouins and the Lusignans: Viscount Gaspard de Montflanquin, young, handsome, chivalrous, perhaps too disinterested, he has but to express his willingness to receive: the new dynasty, proud of his adhesion, ask but to reward it. Viscount de Montflanquin will serve you as a guide in your excursions, and in the choice of your friends. Hasten, then, to the shades of La Trélade, (it is the name of your chateau,) there to forget the noble toils that have occupied your career. Be assured of my moderation in availing myself of the welcome you so graciously promise me. I well know the distance that separates us; but I reckon on the pleasure of hunting a stag with you. A year hence, if you decide to settle in Brittany, I hope to number you amongst my clients: your name will be the glory of my office.

“Accept, sir, the assurance of my highest consideration,

JOLIBOIS.”

The same post that carried this epistle, conveyed another, equally flattering and sincere, to a dissipated viscount of ancient name and broken fortunes, who was then eking out a precarious and disreputable existence amongst the bouillotte and lansquenets of Paris. Respectful sympathy, a disinterested desire to see Gaspard

de Montflanquin regild his shield, redeem his lands, and rebuild the tumble-down Breton tower, in which, Jolibois declared, the needy viscount reminded him of the Master of Ravenswood, alone induced the benevolent notary to inform him of the expected arrival of the heiress of three millions, and her tuft-hunting father, and to advise him of the best means of propitiating the one, and appropriating the other. After the wedding, a postscript intimated, there might be some question of the reimbursement of 80,000 francs, and ten years' compound interest thereon, due from the viscount to the estate of the deceased Jolibois *Père*; but this was a minor consideration to the unselfish notary, who dwelt much more urgently on the necessity of keeping the Levrauts from becoming acquainted with the Marchioness of La Rochelandir, who, with her son, a handsome young man of five-and-twenty, resided at no great distance from the clothier's mansion of La Trélade.

A fortnight later, four smoking posters whirled M. Levraut and his daughter along the road to Clisson. After passing Nantes, the worthy Parisian was somewhat surprised not to see a greater abundance of turrets and loopholes, and to find that, even in Brittany, castles were not found, like hedge alehouses, by the road-side. An hour after sunset, a loud flourish of the post-horn was replied to by all the dogs and echoes in the neighbourhood, a park gate flew open as by enchantment, an avenue was suddenly illumined with coloured lamps, and the horses dashed up to the front of the chateau of La Trélade, whose steps Jolibois, in full dress, was seen gravely to descend, by the light of torches held by a double row of footmen. The notary himself opened the carriage-door, and put down the steps.

"'Tis well, Jolibois—'tis well," was the negligent remark of M. Levraut, whose skin could hardly hold him, but who would fain have given himself the airs of a great man, accustomed to such receptions; and leaning on his daughter's arm, he slowly ascended the stairs. "Good day to you, my friends—good day to you," said he, in a patronising tone, to the lacqueys,

who bowed to the very ground, whilst two or three of them exclaimed, "Long live M. Levraut!" Preceded by Jolibois, whose gravity was imperturbable, he entered a richly decorated dining-room, where a splendid supper was laid out on a table laden with glass, wax-lights, and flowers. Seated between the notary and his daughter, M. Levraut mastered his emotion with difficulty; in spite of himself, he admired the decoration of the apartment, and the order of the feast. The most exquisite dishes, the raciest wines, rapidly succeeded each other. Three attendants, in white gloves, yellow plush breeches, blue liveries, and green lace, glided like shadows around the table. Laura herself felt agitated. As to Jolibois, he ate and drank like a man who did not expect such another chance for the next ten years. The repast at an end, they walked out into the park, where Jolibois had prepared a fresh surprise. Whilst strolling on a vast lawn, a rocket rose suddenly into the sky, and at fifty paces in his front, M. Levraut beheld a wall of fire. A dozen wheels whirled round, vomiting torrents of sparks, whilst Bengal lights illumined the darkest recesses of the avenues, and Roman candles shot out of the shrubberies like luminous serpents, and fell again in showers of stars. This was too much for M. Levraut; he grasped Jolibois' hand, and in a voice of undisguised emotion, "Jolibois," he said, "it is the happiest day of my life."

Laura, although secretly flattered, yet could not help smiling at the reflection that it was her father who paid for the powder, and that in reality the entertainment was given to M. Jolibois.

As the party returned to the house, they beheld, by the final gleams of the fireworks, a little groom, about the height of a top-boot, advancing to meet them.

"What is it? who wants me?" said M. Levraut, with the air of a minister-of-state, whom some one interrupts, and who has not a moment to himself.

"It is Galaor," said Jolibois.

"Galaor!" cried M. Levraut, opening his eyes very wide.

"M. Levraut?" inquired Galaor,

approaching the group with consummate assurance.

"What is your pleasure, my man? I am M. Levrault."

Galaor took a letter from his pocket and presented it to M. Levrault, whose gaze was instantly arrested by the armorial bearings on the seal. It was the first of the kind he had ever received. After examining the arms as if to recognise them, he broke the wax and read as follows in a loud voice, whilst the young slave presented an enormous nosegay of roses and jessamine to Laura, who blushed with pleasure.

"Viscount Gaspard de Montflanquin is impatient to learn how M. Levrault and his daughter have got through their journey. He solicits permission to present himself to-morrow, at two o'clock precisely, at the chateau of La Trélade, and takes the liberty to place a few roses from his garden at the feet of Miss Levrault."

"You see, sir," said Jolibois, "you have but just arrived, and already the greatest names in the country throng around you."

"I am touched by the attention, I do not deny it. Galaor, present our thanks to your master, the Viscount Gaspard de Montflanquin. Tell him we got through the journey in a carriage-and-four, and that to-morrow, at whatever hour he likes, we shall be happy to receive him."

Galaor bowed respectfully; his cloth gaiters, laced hat, and coroneted buttons, presently disappeared round the curve of the avenue.

To pave the Viscount's way to the good graces of father and daughter, both already well disposed in his favour, the generous Jolibois began to chant his praises, and to explain how it was that, from the most disinterested motives, the influential representative of the house of Montflanquin had recognised, a few years previously, the monarchy of Louis Philippe. His first appearance at the court of the Citizen-King, so the notary assured M. Levrault, was an incident that would be read of in history.

"The presentation," continued Jolibois, "took place in the throne-saloon, in presence of the queen, the princes, the princesses, and all the great dignitaries of state. 'Sire,'

said the Viscount, without arrogance and without humility, 'I adhere frankly to your dynasty. Let your majesty deign to permit me, however, to stipulate one condition.' At these last words the king frowned, and the faces of all present assumed in an instant a stupefied expression. 'Viscount Gaspard de Montflanquin,' said the king in his turn, 'we impose conditions, but accept them not. Nevertheless, speak! to set so bright a gem in our crown, there is nothing we would not do.' 'Sire,' replied the Viscount, 'I adhere to your dynasty on condition that your majesty will do nothing for me, and that I may be permitted to remain poor as heretofore.'"

"How noble!" cried Laura.

"Too noble!" added M. Levrault.

"What said the king?"

"The king opened his arms to the Viscount de Montflanquin, and held him long to his heart. I need not add that his eyes were suffused with tears. 'We will do nothing for you,' he at last kindly said; 'since you desire it, you shall be nothing, not even peer of France. But bear in mind that, whatever you ask, whether for your relations or your friends, you shall obtain it, noble young man, from our royal gratitude.'"

Great was the admiration of M. Levrault, when Jolibois proceeded to inform him that more than one high-placed personage owed his position to a word of the influential Viscount, by whom he, Jolibois, had himself been offered a prefecture, which his republican principles prevented his accepting. And when, in addition to this interesting information, the ex-clothier learned that Montflanquin was unmarried, he made up his mind that this was the son-in-law who should help him to a peerage. Nor was he shaken in this resolution by a romantic story told by the astute man of parchments, from which it appeared that the Viscount had made a vow of celibacy over the corpse of his first and only love, Miss Fernanda Edmy de Chanteplore, drowned some years previously, on the eve of her wedding-day, before her bridegroom's eyes, and in spite of his heroic efforts to save her.

We must pass rapidly over this

earlier portion of the book, which is not altogether essential to the principal plot, but is in some degree complete in itself, and has a *dénouement* so far as the viscount is concerned. That worthy duly makes his appearance at La Trélade, and, as duly, starts, trembles, and is violently agitated on beholding and hearing Miss Levraut, between whom and his lost love, the very noble and eternally regretted Mademoiselle de Chanteplure, a most extraordinary resemblance exists. He succeeds in ingratiating himself with both father and daughter; undertakes to do the honours of the province, and to introduce them to its most illustrious inhabitants. Notwithstanding this assurance, after three months' residence the visitors at La Trélade are limited to a gouty old count, a creditor of Montfauquin's—on whose marriage he, like Jolibois, reckons for reimbursement, and who, in the meantime, condescends to take the air in M. Levraut's carriage—and to a greedy chevalier and self-styled descendant from Godfrey of Bouillon, who would give his entire genealogical tree for a good dinner, and whose gratitude for the succulent repasts to which the viscount is the means of his admission, precludes his own speaking of that adventurous individual, otherwise than in terms of the very highest eulogium. As to Gaspard himself, he lives at La Trélade, leaving it only at night for his ruinous chateau, where the faithful Galaor keeps watch—that youthful and depraved Balderstone being compelled, owing to the extreme penury of his noble master's exchequer, to subsist himself on the plunder of the neighbouring hen-roosts and rabbit-warrens. All things progress favourably for the Viscount's schemes. The exclothier, convinced of his unbounded influence at court, is impatient at his not proposing, and ready to throw his daughter into his arms. Laura herself, although but moderately fascinated by the very ordinary frontispiece of the last Montfauquin, and somewhat surprised that Brittany can produce no better specimen of its hereditary nobility, yet, seeing no choice, and burning with impatience to abdicate her plebeian patronymic,

has made up her mind to accept the viscount, when one morning, in the course of a long and solitary ride, she stumbles upon the castle of La Rochelandier, from which Gaspard has hitherto carefully kept her by the interposition of imaginary morasses, and other dangers equally unreal. Her suspicions already roused by finding that an easy canter along a pleasant valley leads her to the dilapidated but still stately edifice which had been depicted to her as of such perilous approach, a single interview with the adroit dowager opens her eyes to the viscount's manoeuvres, and when she again reaches home, escorted by the handsome Marquis de la Rochelandier, it is with the full determination to discard the aspirant, whom a few hours previously she had been resolute to accept. Discarded the unlucky Montfauquin accordingly is, the downfall of his hopes being accelerated by the treacherous Jolibois, who, finding his debtor's chance gone, gives him the last kick by arresting him, and the viscount is trotted off to Nantes in a taxed cart, in charge of a leash of bailiffs, whilst the devoted and disconsolate Galaor remains on the threshold of the ruined tower, wringing his hands and mourning for his wages.

From the incarceration of Gaspard de Montfauquin dates a new epoch in the chronicle of the Levraut family. The gouty count and the *gourmand* chevalier having shared his disgrace, La Trélade is for a while desolate, and the man of millions moodily paces its solitary halls. Jolibois, whilst declaring himself the dupe of the Viscount, whom he now loudly proclaims an adventurer, has thought proper, for purposes of his own, to speak disparagingly of the Rochelandiers. He has a notion that by persuading M. Levraut that France is on the eve of a republic, he may still obtain the hand of Laura. In this he is totally mistaken. He certainly succeeds in making the man of cloth miserably uneasy and undecided, but not in persuading him of the approaching downfall of that privileged order of which he so ardently desired to become a member. Nevertheless, M. Levraut's recent experience has considerably lessened

his admiration of the Breton nobility. On all hands he beholds traps for his millions, baited with coronets by pauper aristocrats. Furious at the intriguing viscount, he yet deploras the downfall of the edifice of which that individual was the keystone.

"In M. Levrault's eyes, Brittany was now no better than a vast den of thieves. He especially mistrusted the castle of La Rochelandier, which he persisted in considering as the haunt of *chouans*, a focus of conspiracy—of Legitimist intrigues and stratagems. It will be remembered that, when Gaspard, dismissed and discomfited, was crossing the court-yard of La Trélade, Levrault called out in a voice of thunder to get the carriage ready—that he was going to the castle of La Rochelandier. This was merely an ingenious mode of giving the death-blow to Gaspard. Right or wrong, he could not tell why, M. Levrault detested the Rochelandiers. It is hard to say by what peculiar process of reasoning this clever citizen had come to look upon them as the cause of all his misfortunes. All his deceptions dated from the hour that his daughter had crossed their threshold; the departure of peace and happiness from La Trélade coincided with the first visit of the young Marquis. M. Levrault almost brought himself to believe that, without the Rochelandiers, the Viscount would have really been all he wished to appear—a model and mirror of chivalry. If Gaspard was a scamp, it was the fault of La Rochelandier."

Miss Levrault, however, was of a very different way of thinking from her father. The Marchioness, too, had her designs on the plebeian's millions; and, by a sort of instinct, without concerted plan, the two women played into each other's hands. No wonder, then, that in less than six weeks from the Viscount's disgrace, the La Rochelandiers were welcome and frequent guests at La Trélade, and that the skilful attentions of the Marchioness had again put M. Levrault on the best possible terms with himself.

"Nevertheless, the great manufacturer was not happy. Something was wanting to his felicity: it was a son-in-law in perspective. Gaston did

not replace Gaspard. M. Levrault well knew that an alliance with a Legitimist could lead to nothing for himself. In vain did Laura tell him of the approaching return of Henry V.—of the honour of being received, in the meanwhile, by the Duchesses of the faubourg St Germain: M. Levrault was deaf in that ear. He cared nothing for the drawing-rooms of the noble faubourg, and felt that his only chance of expanding into blossom was by favour of the vivifying rays of the sun of the *bourgeoisie*. Besides that, the attitude of the young Marquis was not encouraging. If Gaston coveted the manufacturer's millions, he still seemed little disposed to stoop to pick them up. Too proud himself to mount to the assault, he left the conduct of the siege to his mother, quite determined, however, to enter the fortress so soon as the gates were opened. At heart loyal and honourable, he was not one of those poetical and purely intellectual beings who are utterly careless of the good things of this world. Still young, he had already tasted of the realities of life. The whole of his youth had not passed under his ancestor's roof. Without making any great display, he had lived at Paris in an elegant, frivolous, and dissipated, but honourable circle, where his name, wit, and good looks had been made much of. After a few years, perceiving that the remnant of his patrimony was insufficient to enable him to maintain his rank in those golden regions, condemned to idleness by the traditions of his family, and too honest to accept the existence of a Montflanquin, he heroically retired to his ruined castle, where he and his mother were literally dying of ennui, when the Levraults arrived at La Trélade, and the whole province resounded with reports of the father's wealth and folly. For some time past Madame de La Rochelandier—whose pride, weary of wrestling with poverty, had consented to bow its head, well resolved to rear it again at a future period—had meditated for her son a lucrative mis-alliance, which might mend the fortune of their house, and enable them to await, with tolerable patience, the return of their legitimate sovereign. Miss Levrault appeared to her like the dove an-

nouncing the end of the deluge. What followed may easily be guessed. When his mother proposed to him to marry the heiress, Gaston, shocked at first, hesitated afterwards, and finally consented. His visits to La Trélade sharpened his appetite for riches. He was not in love with Laura; but he easily persuaded himself that love was not an essential condition of marriage with a young and pretty person afflicted with a dowry of a million. He did not deceive himself as to Miss Levrault's sentiments, and said to himself, that as she sought only his title, he, on his part, was fully justified in seeking only her wealth."

We do not often meet with a novel to which it is less easy to do justice within the limits of an article, than to the clever and amusing one now under examination. Without a complete analysis of the plot—rendered difficult by its complication, and by the numerous minor incidents and scenes, of which some mention is essential to its clear intelligence—it is difficult to select extracts that shall have interest when detached, and at the same time give a fair idea of the really very considerable merit of the book, which abounds in sly touches of satire, often defying both extraction and translation. In the early portion of the work, where Montflanquin is a prominent character, the pencilling is sometimes so broad as to border on caricature; but when the bailiffs remove him from the scene, Jolibois at the same time falling temporarily into the background, and the Marchioness, attaching herself to their intended victim, in her turn spreads her web for the millions, M. Sandeau comes out in his very best style, depicting, with great skill, the cautious and tortuous approaches by which the attenuated dowager-spider proceeds to the appropriation of the bulky, well-conditioned fly. For a time, her machinations are fruitless. In vain does she coax, caress, and insidiously flatter; the millions hold out. But she knows how to turn the delay to profit, by using it to acquire a thorough knowledge of the weak points of the fortress. With her astuteness, she is not long in penetrating the inmost recesses of the cloth-merchant's little soul. This done, she distributes her snares

accordingly. And soon a day comes when, at the close of a long and interesting *tête-à-tête*, in the cool shrubberies of La Trélade, the spider and the fly go upon their several ways rejoicing. M. Levrault has agreed to give his daughter to the Marquis, whose mother undertakes that after the marriage his father-in-law shall have the satisfaction of seeing him pay his homage, for the first time, at the footstool of the Citizen-King. The rich plebeian cannot, for an instant, doubt of the high reward reserved for the man who is thus the means of rallying to the dynasty of July the head of an ancient and illustrious house.

An hour after this interview, the Marchioness was on the road back to her manor; and M. Levrault, beaming with triumph, entered his daughter's apartment.

"'Madame la Marquise!' he exclaimed, 'embrace your father!'"

"'My son!' said the Marchioness, on reaching home, 'embrace your mother; you are master of millions!'"

The wedding over, a move is made to Paris. The clever dowager, who has not married her son to an heiress with the intention of herself vegetating in Brittany, has the address to make M. Levrault solicit her company. In his mind's eye, the absurd old citizen already beholds himself occupying a prominent place in the Chamber of Peers: he has heard say that all eminent statesmen have their Egeria, and in that capacity he desires to retain the invaluable services of Madame de la Rochelandier, who, after a due show of reluctance, makes one of the party to Paris. Poor Levrault soon has reason to repent his invitation. Before departing, the Marchioness insists upon making him a present of her feudal residence of La Rochelandier. Accordingly, its name is changed to Castle Levrault; and to it are transferred the handsome furniture, sumptuous hangings, dogs, horses, and equipages that had rendered La Trélade so luxurious a habitation. But, on reaching Paris, the Marchioness shows herself determined to recompense her own generosity. A magnificent hotel is taken in the Faubourg St Germain, where she reigns paramount, ingeniously making

it appear that her life is a succession of sacrifices, and that she has regretfully quitted her rural seclusion, to assist her dear friend Levrault in climbing to the pinnacle to which his talents cannot fail to raise him.

"To embellish the abode of so eminent a man, whose destiny was so lofty, she found nothing sufficiently sumptuous and magnificent. She was resolved the cage should be worthy of the bird, the frame suitable to the portrait, and constantly regretted she had not at her disposal a fairy's wand or Aladdin's lamp. At each of these fine speeches, the great manufacturer opened his beak wide, and let fall something better than a bit of cheese. The Marchioness herself had superintended the decoration of the famous saloon in which was to be consummated the union of the nobility and the *bourgeoisie*. The servants of La Trélade, with their pistachio-coloured lace and yellow plush breeches, had been replaced by dignified domestics in black, to whom M. Levrault was continually on the point of taking off his hat. His coachman wore powder and a cocked hat; his *chasseur* was six feet high. By one of those delicate attentions which the Marchioness was never weary of lavishing on her amiable friend, all the plate was engraved with the La Rochelandier arms, which were to be found even upon the knives and china. M. Levrault's own chariot bore a marquis's coronet. He could not but be touched by all these marks of consideration. The Marchioness received him at all hours of the day, drove out with him to the Bois de Boulogne, and, still more frequently, to make purchases. She had renewed old intimacies, sent out invitations which had been eagerly accepted; already the saloons of the Hotel Levrault were peopled with aristocratic physiognomies. The work of conciliation was proceeding; the winter set in under favourable auspices. A few months more, and it was not only the marquis his son-in-law, but the entire Fauxbourg St Germain, that the ex-clothier would rally at one blow around the dynasty of 1830; yet a few months and legitimacy would not retain a single partisan on the left

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bank of the Seine. Who would then be the dupe? Truly M. de Chambord in his German castle."

The real dupe was the unlucky Levrault, who soon found himself a mere cypher in his own house. The Marchioness, having firmly established her despotic sway over the entire establishment, changed her tactics, and gradually pushed him more and more into the background. Servants, horses, carriages, were hers, not his; it was she who invited guests, received and returned visits. At first M. Levrault rejoiced to see fifteen or twenty persons daily assemble round his dinner table; but soon he discovered that the host is not always that person in whose house one dines. He himself was but a guest the more, the entertainer was the Marchioness. At night she was enthroned in the drawing-room, whilst M. Levrault, whom no one heeded, wandered mournfully through the crowd, and had sometimes the satisfaction of hearing praises of the luxury and elegance of the Hotel *La Rochelandier*, a name which the Marchioness at last had the assurance to inscribe in gilt letters above the entrance to his house. Meanwhile there was no talk of going to court. Month after month elapsed, and the event on which were based all Levrault's ambitious dreams was still deferred, or, it should rather be said, was never referred to either by the Marchioness or her son. At last, losing patience, M. Levrault spoke to his son-in-law on the subject. Gaston repudiated with indignation the idea of recognising the usurping dynasty by presenting himself at the Tuileries, declared he should incur his mother's malediction by so doing, and was disposed to look upon his father-in-law as insane, when that worthy gentleman alleged the Marchioness's promise. A visitor interrupted the conversation at this point, and M. Levrault, furious, hurried to the Marchioness to seek an explanation. This leads to one of the best situations in the book. After a sharp verbal duel, M. Levrault rises from his chair, pale with anger.

"Madame la Marquise, you have made a fool of me. To-day, this very morning, I have seen your son and

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put the question to him plainly. He has never entertained the intention you attribute to him. He has neither said nor done anything to mislead you. You well know his views upon the subject, and I know now what your fine promises are worth. You were perishing of ennui in your ruined castle. To restore the fortunes of your family, to be able to reappear in society, you descended to court and flatter the plebeian you now disdain. I hate your party; I never disguised that fact. I have always detested your political sect; there is no sympathy possible between the Levrauts and M. de Chambord. If you had not assured me—if I had not believed, that your son would give in his adhesion to the present dynasty, I would never have given him my daughter and a third of my fortune. I relied on your good faith, and you have shamefully deceived me."

Whilst M. Levraut pronounced these last sentences, Gaston, who had come in from his ride, was standing at the open door of the drawing-room, pale, motionless, and silent. The Marchioness was about to reply, but, on beholding her son, the words died away on her lips.

"Mother," said Gaston coldly, advancing towards her, "I understand everything: you have trafficked with my name. Better, a hundred times, had it been to submit to our poverty, or to permit and teach me to work to reconstruct our fortune. You have passed a contract which I did not subscribe, but which I nevertheless will fulfil."

Then, turning to M. Levraut:

"Make yourself easy, sir: we will go to court."

And without another word Gaston quitted the room, leaving the Marchioness overwhelmed with consternation, and M. Levraut intoxicated with joy.

In spite of the Dowager's threatened malediction, Gaston persists in his resolution. The court-dresses are ready; M. Levraut, in whose roseate dreams a count's coronet nightly recurs, and who has more than once alarmed the house by rehearsing in his sleep the maiden speech that is to electrify the Chamber of Peers—

has passed two entire days majoring before his mirror in white cassimere smalls, embroidered coat, and steel-hilted rapier. It seems as if nothing short of an earthquake could prevent the consummation of his long-cherished hopes. Yes, one other thing can, and cruel fate decrees that thing shall come to pass. Fortune, long favourable to the plodding shopkeeper, frowns upon the aspirant to court honours. Engrossed by anticipation of his expected happiness, M. Levraut is inattentive to the signs of the times, and persists in turning a deaf ear to the alarming reports that circulate abroad. Thus it happens that when, on the eve of the day appointed for his presentation, he strolls towards the Tuileries, repeating, for at least the thirtieth time, a carefully rounded phrase intended for the ear of royalty, he is not only checked, but perfectly astounded, on beholding a number of ill-looking persons throwing the furniture out of the palace windows. We must try to make room for a final extract.

"The purlieus of the Tuileries were the scene of indescribable tumult and confusion. Armed bands traversed the bridge and the quay. Shots fired in the air increased the intoxication of the victors. From the windows of the palace there issued, like the roar of the waves upon the beach, the hoarse voices of the mob. Cuirassiers' chargers, mounted by children, were galloping through the crowd. The people all had weapons; the soldiers only were unarmed. Groups of persons with curious, anxious, alarmed countenances, told each other the news; the royal family had fled, and of all the courtiers, all the councillors, all the men of war who surrounded them, not one had been found to draw a sword or flash a cartridge. M. Levraut was looking and listening with a stupified air, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder: turning quickly about, he found himself face to face with Jolibois. The Radical notary was armed to the teeth. In his girdle were two pair of holster pistols, a dragoon sabre dragged at his heels, a double-barrelled fowling-piece was on his shoulders. His face, begrimed with powder, might have belonged to

a soldier who has done nothing all day but load and fire. But his innocent weapons were blood-guiltless; like a prudent warrior, he had waited till all was over before making his appearance on the scene of action. He was now marching upon the Chamber of Deputies, at the head of a score of men equipped like himself. On recognising him, M. Levrault was struck with consternation. "Well!" cried Jolibois, "what did I tell you? Who was right? You would not believe me; do you believe me now? I have a good nose; I smelt to-day's banquet long ago. The people triumph, the monarchy is down, the infamous bourgeoisie is dead. I and my men are off to the Chamber to proclaim the Republic."

"The Republic!" stammered M. Levrault in a stifled voice.

"Yes, my boy, the Republic! In an hour you shall have it." And taking him aside, as if fearful of being overheard by his followers: "Here you are in a nice mess, my good friend," he continued. "I would not be in your skin. A notary would not do for your son-in-law; you must needs have a marquis. Your millions were not enough to make you a mark for the anger, the justice of the people. Your hotel is a nest of Legitimists; to-night perhaps it will be a heap of ashes. Take warning, and get out of the scrape as you can."

Thereupon Jolibois broke away from M. Levrault, who clung to his garments, and hurried off to the Chamber. It were idle to attempt to depict M. Levrault's consternation and terror. The mere word "Republic" suffices to bewilder his brain and freeze his blood. In his dictionary, Republic signified fire, murder, and pillage. To these causes of alarm were to be added his wealth, his son-in-law, his connexion with the Legitimist party. Distracted, despairing like a drowning man, he fancied he heard his name murmured around him, and read threats and vengeance on every face. It seemed to him that the sum-total of his fortune and his son-in-law's title was inscribed on his hat. He dared not go home, for fear of being followed, but wandered to and fro, pale, trembling, and with haggard eyes, seeking a means of protecting

his hotel from popular fury, when he saw a workman carried by upon a stretcher. A bright idea flashed across him. By a gesture he stopped the stretcher.

"Whither do you bear this brave fellow?" he asked in a loud voice.

"To the hospital."

"To the hospital? a child of the people, a hero who has shed his blood for liberty, for the Republic! To the hospital! It were a disgrace to us, my friends. Let him come home with me; my house belongs to him. I too am a workman. Let him come to William Levrault's. Follow me, comrades; rely upon it he shall want for nothing."

"Long live William Levrault," cried the mob, clapping their hands.

"My friends, cry Long live the Republic!"

And putting himself at the head of the procession, amidst uproarious cries of "Long live William Levrault! Long live the Republic!" he bravely took the road to his hotel.

The noise without had at last made itself heard in the apartment of the Hotel Levrault. The Marchioness and Laura were together in the drawing-room. Laura, uneasy, agitated, watched at the window for the arrival of her father or husband. The Marchioness was triumphant. In her eyes the events of the day could have but one signification, the return of the Count de Chambord. The bourgeoisie was put back to its place, the nobility resumed possession of their privileges. There was something providential in the catastrophe: Heaven would not suffer a Rochelandier to perjure himself. In her intoxication, the Marchioness pardoned Laura, and even M. Levrault; she forgot her resentment, and thought only of her approaching good fortune. She was about to resume at the Tuileries the position she occupied under the Restoration.

"Calm yourself, my dear daughter," said she, affectionately. "What do you fear? What do you lose? You wished to go to the Tuileries, we will go together; I will present you myself. What a difference between the court to which I will conduct you and that to which you

would have gone! In the palace of our young king you will not be exposed to meet intruders, people sprung none know whence. Do those who now depart merit a regret? What was that court? a mob. Only yesterday, the Tuileries was but an inn. A fine honour, truly, to frequent saloons through which everybody passes! To-morrow, Henry V. will clear the house and choose his own guests. Console yourself, my dear child; the young king has nothing to refuse to the *La Rochelandiers*."

Gaston entered the room. "Well! my son, we triumph!" proudly exclaimed the Marchioness.

"What do you hope then, madame?" Gaston gravely asked.

"We shall behold the child of our hopes; our dear Henry will ascend the throne of the *Béarnais*."

"But, mother, you know not then what is passing?"

"France utters a cry of deliverance, and extends its arms to its legitimate sovereign," continued the Marchioness with enthusiasm. "Why do you delay, my son? Is it not your duty to go and meet him? Depart; oh! that I could give you wings!"

"You are strangely mistaken," replied Gaston, shaking his head. "This is not the resurrection of the monarchy of St Louis, but the installation of the republic."

"The republic!" cried the Marchioness. "What an insane dream! It is impossible!"

"The republic!" exclaimed Laura; "then there will be no court?"

"Impossible!" repeated the Marchioness. "Reassure yourself, my daughter. You are mad, Gaston. The republic! How can you think of such a thing? France has tried it already, and knows too well what it is worth."

As she spoke the word, the door opened, and M. Levrault appeared, sustaining with his arm the faltering steps of the wounded workman, and followed by a dozen armed men who had escorted him to his hotel. Gaston, Laura, and the Marchioness beheld this strange scene with the utmost astonishment. The wounded man was about thirty years of age. Hurt in the shoulder with a musket-

ball, his face, encircled with brown hair and a reddish beard, was still animated, in spite of pain, with all the ardour of the combat. It was one of those countenances characterised by a savage energy, which seem to rise out of the earth on the occasion of any popular movement.

"Bow your heads!" cried M. Levrault on entering—"salute with respect this hero who has given his blood to protect us from tyranny." Then, addressing himself to the wounded man; "My friend, you are at home, and your brave comrades shall not leave you. My friends, this house is yours. All that you here see I have earned with the sweat of my brow. I am too happy to share with you my little fortune, the modest fruit of my humble labours. Here is my son-in-law, a workman in the fields of thought, a republican like me, like yourselves.

"Say the Marquis de la Rochelandier," sternly interrupted Gaston. "Yesterday I held my title cheap; to-day that it is proscribed, I insist upon my right to it."

In vain did M. Levrault make signs to Gaston to hold his tongue; in a firm voice Gaston finished what he had to say, and left the room with haughty step, casting a look of pity on his father-in-law. The Marchioness, indignant, followed her son, and Laura was about to follow her when she was detained by a supplicatory gesture of her father's.

"A marquis!" said the wounded man, with a mistrustful glance round the room. "Comrades, I cannot stop here—take me to the hospital."

"My friends, you are in the house of William Levrault, formerly a weaver at Elbeuf. Do you know Jolibois? he is my dearest friend. I was on my way to the Chamber with him, when I met you. Here is my daughter, one of the people, a heart of gold. Here everything belongs to you. You have fought like lions; we must drink together."

Just then, the wounded man was seized with sudden faintness, and repeated, in a feeble voice—"Take me to the hospital!"

M. Levrault pulled the bell, a servant appeared, and soon afterwards

a hamper of wine. M. Levrault filled glasses round to his new friends, gave a full one to the wounded man, and exclaimed, in an agitated voice :

"Let us drink, my friends, to the strength and grandeur of our young republic. No more kings, no more nobility, no more middle classes! Let us drink to the levelling of all classes, that we may form but one family, a family of workmen. Each for all, and all for each!" And the glasses clashed together to cries of "Long live William Levrault!"

"Long live the people of Paris!" cried William Levrault, raising his glass.

"Friends," said the wounded man in a gloomy voice, after licking his mustaches, "beware! This is rich man's wine."

Notwithstanding this sinister warning, the democrats again filled their glasses, emptied them at a draught, and looked at each other with an air of incredulity. The wounded man fainted away. M. Levrault had him carried into a comfortable room, warmed his bed, and put him into it himself, sent for a surgeon to dress his wound, and put a wing of the hotel at the disposal of his new brothers, who needed little entreaty to install themselves there. On returning to the drawing-room, he found Laura pale and terrified.

"Wretched girl!" he cried, "see what your silly vanity has done! I wanted to marry you to Jolibois. You would be a Marchioness. And now God only knows what will become of us!"

Having said this, he crept stealthily down stairs, ran to the coach-house, painted over with his own hand the arms upon the carriages, stole up stairs again, took the plate boxes from the sideboard, hurried to the cellar, concealed his treasure in a cask, and went out to buy a few dozen forks and spoons of the best electro-plate.

We must hurry to a conclusion. Solon Marche-toujours (the name of the wounded man) is recognised, during his convalescence, as a son of M. Levrault, lost in his infancy, and to whom occasional reference has been made in the course of the novel.

On discovering a rich father, he abjures communism, turns his comrades out of doors, and demands three hundred thousand francs to found a newspaper; but before he can extract them from the paternal purse, M. Levrault's entire fortune and Laura's dowry are swallowed up in one of the failures consequent on the revolution. Whereupon Solon reverts to his old principles, and finally emigrates to Icaria. The incident of the loss of the fortune, which, under ordinary circumstances, might seem forced, is rendered natural enough by the revolution, of which M. Sandeau has so ably availed himself. The moral of the tale is evident and good. All parties are punished where they have sinned. The political convulsion that abolishes the titles for which Levrault bartered his daughter, and Laura sold herself, sweeps away the money which the Marchioness lied and flattered, and Gaston misallied himself, to obtain. These four persons return to Brittany, the intriguing dowager being fain to accept M. Levrault's hospitality in what was once her own castle, but which she transferred to him in full expectation of appropriating in exchange his Parisian mansion. The cloth-merchant's tribulations are not yet at an end. He is arrested by Jolibois, who has been appointed commissioner of the Republic in Brittany. The Radical ex-notary, who has more mischief than malignity in his composition, relents and releases him, abandoning him on a desolate road in the middle of a stormy night, and at several miles distance from Chateau Levrault. There are some humorous scenes towards the end of the book; and hard knocks, richly deserved, are administered to the democrats. The most pleasing feature at the close of the narrative is the change that takes place in Gaston and his young wife, whose better qualities, dormant in their more prosperous days, are brought out by adversity, and who find compensation in mutual affection for loss of rank and wealth. The novel closes with their departure for Paris, where Gaston is resolved to work out, by toil and the exercise of his talents, the means of an honour-

able and independent existence. M. Levrault and the Marchioness remain in Brittany, where they beguile their weariness by keeping up their old feud. Jolibois, after sitting in the Constituent Assembly, subsides into private life, having in the meantime lost all his clients. Gaspard de Montflanquin, released from durance vile by the abolition of imprisonment for debt, and appointed consul to the Republic in Polynesia, passes his time teaching lansquenets to the savages.

Sacs et Parchemins is one of the best French novels that has appeared since the February revolution. Its tone and tendency are alike unobjectionable; and whatever its reception in France, we are quite sure that with English readers it will be a general

favourite. It is fully time that the better class of French writers should exert themselves, and not suffer their novel reading countrymen to be reduced, for an idle hour's amusement, to the perusal of the contemptible and unwholesome trash of which the light literature of France has for the last two years principally consisted. It would be most agreeable and refreshing to behold the names of Foudras, Féval, Dumas junior, Montégrin, and all vain pretenders of the same sort, replaced in the catalogues by those of de Bernard, Reybaud, Mérimée, Karr, and others of whom we have occasionally made honourable mention. In the ranks of the latter and worthier body, M. Jules Sandeau's last novel fairly entitles him to a place.

CAIRD'S HIGH FARMING HARROWED.

"Tarry woo', O tarry woo',
 Tarry woo' is ill to spin;
 Caird it weel, O caird it weel,
 Caird it weel ere ye begin."

Old National Song.

[WITH reference to the following friendly letter from Cato the Censor to Mr Caird, we must explain to our readers that the author of *High Farming under Liberal Covenants*, &c., has published a second pamphlet, entitled *High Farming Vindicated*, being a letter addressed to us, and professing to answer the article in our January number, on "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition." Mr Caird is a clever fellow in his way, but hardly the style of man to whom, under ordinary circumstances, we should feel called upon to devote so many of our pages. We shall therefore briefly explain our reasons for publishing the old Roman's letter in our columns.

We were aware that the gentlemen who, in a manly straightforward way, gave us the privilege of publishing their names as drawing up and attesting facts consistent with their knowledge and experience of agriculture, might be exposed to impertinence and cavil, and we were resolved to punish any assailant in the slightest degree worthy of notice. These witnesses of ours were selected by us from their high reputations as farmers, and in very few instances were we acquainted with their opinions, political or other. We appealed to them as the highest court of authority that we could find in matters agricultural; and since their names were published, what we have heard from others confirms us in our estimate of them. There are farmers as good as they; but the history of farming in Scotland, for the last thirty years, proves that they stand second to none in their profession; and it is most absurd and indiscreet in any man to rush into print, proclaiming that they are behind the age; ignorant, it would seem, of the uses of oil-cake and guano. Mr Caird has done this, and must therefore undergo condign punishment. The fortuitous importance of Mr Caird lies in the circumstance that his mode of stating an exceptional case in farming has been seized hold of by the whole troop of enemies to British agricultural industry, as a handle for insult to his brother farmers, and a specimen of what might be effected throughout the country under the blessings of Free Trade. We do not think that Mr Caird even dreamed of this when he wrote his first pamphlet; on the contrary, we feel satisfied that his intentions were good. In our January paper we were purposely tender to him—most unwilling to say anything that might hurt his feelings—and it was only the clatter that had been made about his pamphlet, that induced us to mention him at all. Our excellent and kind-hearted friend Mr Stephens at first declined to come forward personally, and expose the fallacy of the Auchness system of husbandry, and only did so when we explained our reasons for thinking that it ought to be done. We are greatly surprised at the unbecoming tone of Mr Caird's remarks about Mr Stephens, and did not suppose that any man at all acquainted with Scottish agriculture would have presumed so to speak of the author of the *Book of the Farm*.

When we saw "Donald Caird come again," in the shape of a vindication from an imaginary attack, we felt much pained that he had forced himself upon us. He does not attack us directly, but—what is much more unpardonable in our eyes—he attacks and foolishly sneers at the gentlemen who furnished us with undeniable facts, none of whom, with the exception of Mr Stephens, ever mentioned his name, or were thinking of him at all.

We have still a regard for the yeoman of Baldoon, as there are many good points about him. He possesses capital pluck; and had the right honourable Baronet, who has made a cat's-paw of him, been gifted with half as much of the same excellent quality, the Corn Laws would never have been repealed. Will he take a suggestion at our hands, to beware lest boldness degenerate into temerity?

Without further preamble, we leave him in the hands of that anstere veteran,

Cato the Censor, author of *De Re Rusticâ*, &c., who has kindly come forward to protect us. We recently had one of the Censor's family, "Porcius," analysing with playful irony the pigs and ammonia of the amiable Rector of Saffron-Waldon, Mr Huxtable. Those acquainted with the treatise *De Re Rusticâ* will be delighted to see that the aged head of the Gens Porcia is still writing with undiminished vigour.]

CATO THE CENSOR to MR JAMES CAIRD.

COLUMELLA LODGE, March 1850.

SIR,—I need not tell you that I have always taken a deep interest in your prosperity and welfare, and have watched your progress onwards to your present elevation. Not without trembling anxiety did I hear of the publication of your first pamphlet. Many a man has been spoiled by attempting literature; and I have known one or two whose whole future lives were rendered useless by the mere fact of their having indited a pamphlet. However, the perusal of your *High Farming under Liberal Covenants, the Best Substitute for Protection*, somewhat quieted my fears. The thing was plausibly done; and I had a hope that nothing very calamitous would come out of it. I supposed it possible, even, that the pawky compliment so adroitly ministered to Sir R. Peel in the opening paragraph of your essay, and repeated yet more adroitly in the peroration, might not be without its fruits. If the doctor, in this age of political quackery, ever recovered the premiership, I was hopeful that he would remember you. This was no doubt what you intended, and it was praiseworthy. But oh, my dear sir, what poignant and unfeigned pain have I experienced in perusing your second agricultural essay, which you entitle *High Farming Vindicated, and further Illustrated!* The tone and execution of this performance is all bad. It is written in bad temper. It is brimful of an overweening vanity. After an exordium sufficiently egotistical, it affects to be a reply to "the Editor of *Blackwood*." You fly at high game. Your vanity surely cannot go the length of fancying that the veiled Editor of *Ebony* will step out of Buchanan Lodge to answer your summons in person. It is possible, but not probable, that he may devote a little bit of margin to you, and enshrine you in a foot-note, like a fly in amber. Such immortality may be your inheritance—I hope not.

You are scarcely the kind of Dalgetty whom he would take the trouble of engaging either as an opponent or a retainer; and it is this conviction which moves me, in the present instance, to address you. You require advice; and although it is very much against the grain with me to take up the pen, yet, out of my regard for you, and for those that went before you, I am constrained to address you on the topics touched upon in your *High Farming Vindicated, and further Illustrated*. Be thankful, my dear sir, that the operator is not the Editor of *Blackwood*. I will handle you tenderly, and, if the cautery is indispensable, will remember the quaint and gentle old Izaak's instruction to the angler, when directing him how to fix the frog on the hook—"In so doing, use him as though you loved him."

There are some delusions under which you are labouring, that I must, in the first instance, set myself to remove. In your introductory paragraph, you express your astonishment that your first pamphlet, of some thirty pages, should have formed the subject of so much discussion, and have originated violent controversies, and been productive, to use your own awkwardly-rustic metaphor, of "a whole sheaf of pamphlets," (p. 3-4.)

Well, I wonder too: but it is not the first time that dire events have sprung from trivial causes; and you seem strangely blind to the real origin of the popularity that attended your first essay. In your *High Farming Vindicated*, you describe its predecessor as "chiefly a narrative of the system pursued by a practical farmer in your neighbourhood, which that gentleman had found highly remunerative." Had this been all, the *brochure* would have attracted little notice, and caused no discussion. But this is not a correct account of its object and scope. The titlepage—*High Farming under Liberal Cove-*

nants, the best Substitute for Protection—is a true exponent of the object of the author. The very titlepage acted like magic. For mark at the moment when you launched your bantling into the world. The agricultural depression was grievous; prices were sinking daily; the farmers saw their capital disappearing, and ruin apparently staring them in the face; and, in the emergency, you step forward, and offer them an infallible panacea in your *High Farming the best Substitute for Protection*. There never was anything so opportune. The suffering farmers flew to you, read you greedily, and arose from the perusal angry that they were so trifled with, and with a conviction that your *High Farming* as a substitute for protection, and a cure for their sufferings, was a mere quackish nostrum.

But this was not all. There was another numerous class, also in *extremis*, for whom you had good news—I mean the free-trade press and the free-trade proprietors. This powerful but distressed community hailed your appearance, and hugged you to their bosoms. They were beginning to see that all their predictions regarding the effects of Free Trade on the agricultural interest were to be falsified; one moiety of them feared that their rents would topple; and at the critical moment you advertise *High Farming a Substitute for Protection*. You were a perfect godsend to the Free-traders; and for them it is undeniable you chiefly wrote, and not for the behoof of your brother farmers. If that had been your object, you never could have commenced with comparing the Scotch farmer to a melancholious cripple, nor have talked of the “prejudices” of those who have been bred to the agricultural profession. Indeed, an under-current of foolish sneering at your brethren pervaded your first pamphlet, which, in your *High Farming Vindicated*, has come to the surface, and rushes along in a headlong and angry torrent. The result has proved the correctness of this view. The free-trade press are playing you off against your fellow-farmers, and bespattering you with praise. Sir R. Peel has patted you on the back, and deluded you into a

roving commission; and the free-trade proprietors, catching your note, are denouncing the farmers for want of enterprise, skill, and capital. To you your brother farmers are indebted for these free-trade compliments. I hope, then, that you will hereafter understand the real cause of the discussions that followed the publication of your first lucubration. The tempting title you gave your thesis, and the solace you offered the farmers, and the pleasant prescription you presented to panic-struck free-trade lairds, and the seasonable moment you selected for publication, sufficiently explain your popularity. The little urchin that throws a spark amongst gunpowder causes smoke and an explosion; and yet there may have been nothing singularly meritorious in his performance. Your lucifer-match fell among combustible materials, and had it not been so, it would have proved noiseless and innocuous. I am anxious to expound the true origin of the noise you have made. It is painful to me to notice the extent of your hallucination. You are quite inflated with the idea of being famous; and it will be real kindness to puncture you, were it only to let the wind out. The “koken” in cattle, when at its height, can only be cured by acupuncture.

You say that, from *Blackwood's* statistics, “it appears that an impression has been created on the south side of the Border, that the agriculture of Scotland has long been in a decaying condition; and it is as much to vindicate the credit of his country from an aspersion on its agriculture, as to support the views which he formerly promulgated, that the writer takes this mode of replying,” (p. 5.) That the Southrons should infer from *Blackwood's* statistics that the agriculture of Scotland is on the decline, seems incredible. Sir R. Peel leads us to infer that his tenants only grow from 18 to 20 bushels per acre. Mr Huxtable's hypothetical mark, arrived at by the use of no one knows how much ammonia, is 32 bushels per acre. As a sample of *Blackwood's* statistics, take Mr Dudgeon's. He grows, on an average of years, 83 bushels wheat per acre, 40 bushels barley, 48 bushels oats. Could the Tamworth baronet

take this as a proof of decaying husbandry? As an average produce for a series of years, on a farm of 500 acres "of useful land," would Mr Huxtable himself think this evidence of an agricultural decline? But how are the Auchness statistics to dispel the gloomy impression regarding the moribund state of agriculture in North Britain, which, you say, has been created by *Blackwood's* statistics? On comparing the detailed account of annual produce of Auchness, in the fifth edition of your first pamphlet, with the number of acres under crop, as given in p. 15, we find that Mr McCulloch grows 36 bushels wheat per acre, and 45 bushels oats: that is, the Auchness factor grows 3 bushels wheat more per acre than Mr Dudgeon, and Mr Dudgeon grows 3 bushels oats more per acre than the factor. This is the mighty difference. How is it possible, then, that the Auchness statistics can counteract the evil impression made on John Bull's mind by *Blackwood's* statistics? At Auchness, indeed, you can present John with a watery potato; but to a man in low spirits, as John is about Scotland, that would only increase his flatulence. As for a drop of malt, the thing is unknown at Auchness, barley being an extinct cereal there; and if a horn of wholesome home-brewed can clear off from John's mind the ugly impression, and give him brighter views of Scottish agriculture, he must go to Mr Dudgeon for that.

And yet you are the man who are to "vindicate the credit of your country!" When I read this, I laughed aloud. Poor old Scotland! I saw her reviled and misrepresented by *Blackwood's* troop of statists, and her agriculture exhibited as in a *dwining* condition. And I saw you, fire in your eye, and in "your nostril beautiful disdain," sallying forth, armed *cap-à-pie*, a devoted and gallant chevalier, to do vengeance on the enemies of your native land. And methought I heard you exclaim in a heroical ecstasy—"I will viadicate the credit of my country!" My dear sir, you may be ambitious to live in Caledonian story as the champion of Scotland; but it is more probable that you may be only recollected

as the Don Quixotte of Baldoon. Dr Johnson tells us of a patriotic butcher, who was haunted with the idea that his country was on its last legs, and whose continual exclamation was—"My heart bleeds for my country!" 'Tis said that the butcher grew fat, and the country yet exists.

Blackwood's statistics were expressly put forward as embodying the average produce for a term of years of the average soil in the different districts selected for illustration, and farmed according to the best modes. Extraordinary and exceptional produce and profits were properly avoided, as well as extraordinary failures or losses in crops; and surely the average was high enough, if we may infer anything from the reports of the *Times'* own commissioner, to convince our friends on the south side of the Border that our agriculture was not absolutely in a decaying condition; and therefore I am constrained to believe that you are misinformed regarding this "impression." And even if it were otherwise, and supposing that *Blackwood* had injured your country, should you not have modestly asked whether you were the man fit to avenge your country's wrongs? There is another most singular delusion in which you seem to be immersed. You fancy that the surpassingly able and striking article in *Blackwood*, which has excited a deeper and more general sensation in the kingdom than perhaps any article that ever appeared in any British periodical, has been got up solely and exclusively for the purpose of refuting and overthrowing your pamphlet! "And finally, the Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, backed by the whole influence of the Protectionist party in Scotland, has brought up a heavy troop of yeomanry to extinguish the opinions I advanced, by an overwhelming exhibition of authority. Acknowledging the compliment implied in the necessity for this array, I think my readers will now feel that it is not the advocate, but the cause, which is inextinguishable," (p. 30.) The whole Protectionist party, you fancy, have entered into a wicked league to expose you! Nor is this all. Plainly, your idea is that the Editor of *Blackwood*, and his learned ally, the author of

The Book of the Farm, were afraid to encounter you; and, conscious of their weakness, that they summoned to their assistance Messrs Watson, Dudgeon, Gibson, and the thirty agriculturists who certify their statements. What a host!—gathered together from the south and north, and east and west, all marshalled in warlike array, to put down Mr James Caird, farmer, Baldoon! Was there ever such a hallucination? or did human vanity ever take such a flight before? You think it proved, by the mustered troops that have been brought to bear upon you, that it is not the advocate but the cause which is inextinguishable. The cause, doubtless, is as inextinguishable as the Auchness potatoes. But who ever dreamed of the advocate as being indestructible? I never heard of you as the inextinguishable Mr Caird—the unconsumable Phoenix of the West. You are very distinguished, but not inextinguishable. Oh! dismiss the vain fancy, or intolerable ridicule will dog you all the days of your life. Can a man not write on British agriculture, and illustrate the depression of agricultural produce flowing from the invasion of Free Trade, without having Mr Caird in his eye? Or if I utter the words “high farming,” must you instantly prick up your ears, and ask me snappishly, “Do you bite your thumb at me?” The idea of high farming being the substitute for protection was your own—but you neither invented, nor do you practise, the Auchness modes of husbandry. You were not the discoverer of the Auchness wonders; you were the cicerone, the mere narrator of them. You were not the man that caught the lion, but the gentleman with the long pole who describes to the gaping *gobemouches* the qualities of the king of the beasts. Johnson had his Boswell, Addison his Tom Tickell, and Robinson Crusoe his man Friday; and there seems no reason why Mr McCulloch should not have his Caird. But you quite over-estimate the importance of your position. *Blackwood* spoke of you with a studied gentleness, as if unwilling to hurt your feelings; and *Blackwood's* farmers make not the remotest reference to you, and never once mention

your name. And yet, in your *High Farming Vindicated*, you pour out on these gentlemen an inky flood of petulant impertinence. You speak of their statistics as “counter-statements” (p. 7) to yours. Your vanity makes you think so. They never once allude to you; and if the article in *Blackwood* brought them to bear on the high farming theory, it might surely be the high farming of Mechi or Huxtable, as well as of Caird.

There is yet another kindred delusion to the preceding, which you are fondly cherishing. You evidently fancy yourself a martyr! “I have often,” you say, “both in public and private, been attacked for my advocacy of the cause of my brother tenants. I have been upbraided, and have suffered in the estimation of men of rank, for doing so. An interested portion of the press have distorted my arguments, to prove to their readers that I am an enemy to the farmer,” (p. 30.) Oh, unhappy man! Your immortal labours unappreciated—your words distorted—your character attacked, and, to consummate your sufferings—your reputation injured in the estimation of men of rank! From the bottom of my heart, I pity you. You have been a very ill-used man. But let us be calm, and inquire into the cause of your persecution. You see, my dear sir, in the opening sentence of your first pamphlet, you personified your brother farmers under the image of a poor hypochondriac cripple, the victim of imaginary ailments; and you afterwards insinuated that the agriculturists of the country, who had been trained and bred up to their profession, were crupful of “prejudices:” that the gentleman who so wrote might be an “enemy to the farmer,” was a natural enough mistake for people to fall into. Moreover, your representation of high farming as the substitute for Protection, and as sufficient to uphold the tottering rent-rolls under the regime of Free Trade, must have been considered insidious and dangerous doctrine, in the estimation of all those who looked upon the Auchness crutch as rotten and treacherous timber, and as calculated to injure tenants by ministering delusive expectations to the landlords. Have not the Free-trade

newspapers, "the interested portion of the press," made this very use of your arguments, and are not Free-trade proprietors acting upon it? On this ground have you not proved an enemy to the farmer, and are those greatly to blame who think so?

But, indeed, although it be, I would not have you too deeply to distress yourself; although you have proved, unwittingly perhaps, an enemy to the farmer, it is not certain that your brother tenants will suffer irreparable ruin from the productions of your pen. Consider that the assaults of such an enemy British farmers may possibly withstand. To have forfeited the good opinion of your brother farmers is very unfortunate, but to have lost the approving smiles of men of rank is a sorer evil still. You seem utterly destitute and forsaken, and my sympathetic nature prompts me, therefore, to suggest to you another source of comfort. Remember that all really great men have been persecuted. Such is the way of this wicked world. Milton fell "on evil days and evil tongues," and yet his Tetrachordon "walked the town awhile numbering good intellects;" and most heartily did the "old man eloquent" denounce "the asses, apes, and dogs," that with barbarous noise environed him. This is your very case. The parallel is complete. Galileo, a great discoverer, although in a different department from yours, had his arguments distorted by an interested priest, and twice suffered the tortures of the Inquisition. You may be the agricultural Galileo of the nineteenth century. It may be that, like all men of genius, you are only before the age. In your present persecutions you may be only paying the penalty of your genius, and what the greatest benefactors of the human race have ever had to endure. Posterity will be more just, and give you your award when the ephemeral *Blackwood* shall have perished and been forgotten. In the distant future you will be famous: consider this, and be no longer inconsolable.

What reason have you for saying, (p. 4,) that the Protectionists employed the leading organ of their party in North Britain to write down this system? Does not the insinuation

indicate a pitiful misrepresentation on your part, or an extraordinary ignorance? Has *Blackwood* proved himself venal? have the writers of that periodical indicated mercenary tendencies? At the era of the late memorable tergiversation, which inflicted such a disgraceful wound on the political morality of our nation, did *Blackwood* trim and temporise? On the contrary, did he not maintain his integrity, and nail his colours to the mast, and fight the battle which he had always fought? Are not the views and opinions advocated in the article to which you refer, the very views and opinions which *Blackwood*, with unswerving consistency, has always maintained? All the world knew this to be the fact, and what necessity was there for the Protectionists "employing" the leading organ to do what it had always done, and would infallibly continue to do?

But worse, and more unwarrantable, if possible, are your reflections on the character of the gentlemen who furnished *Blackwood* with his agricultural statistics. "The farmers of *Blackwood* are content to be held up, for a political purpose, in an aspect discreditable to the national character as Scottish agriculturists," (p. 21.) You describe these gentlemen as venal subservient tools, ready to do a discreditable job for a political purpose. I must be permitted to tell you that this is a false and childish calumny. Many of these parties I know, and they are incapable of such baseness. More honourable or independent men are not in the kingdom, and that they should sell themselves to serve a purpose is a charge sufficiently malignant, but too absurd to meet with credence. What unprincipled purpose could their statistics serve? Their statistics seemed to class them with the political minority in Parliament at least. This did not indicate selfishness: commissionerships they were not courting. Some of them might be opposing the Free-trade theories of their proprietors: this does not look like servile meanness. You must have known that, on the question of politics generally, these farmers did not all agree with *Blackwood*; that on many points they differ with one another, and that yet

they unite in testifying to the disastrous effects of Free Trade on the agriculture of the nation. The evidence of their integrity and conscientiousness is irresistible, and it has been felt to be so. And yet here are you, with foolish recklessness, insinuating that about thirty of the best known, most eminent, and best-informed agriculturists in the kingdom, who never once mentioned your name, are capable of conduct mean and dishonourable, and content to be held up for a political purpose. If your gratuitous and unprovoked accusation should lower you henceforth in the estimation of the tenant-farmers of your native land, you have yourself alone to blame. It has ever been reckoned the proof of meanness, and the evidence of quackery, in any member of a profession to revile his brethren, and to disparage the well-won reputation of its most distinguished members. In this unenviable position you have placed yourself. The native insignificance of the accuser renders his accusation harmless, but it cannot shield him from the consequences of his rash and presumptuous folly.

I am sorry to write with such severity—but, indeed, I confess that I have felt deep indignation that some of the most respected and distinguished agriculturists of the kingdom should have been insulted by such a *novus homo* as you are. I can scarcely trust myself to speak of the manner in which you have written of Professor Low and Mr Stephens. There are no two authors in the kingdom who have contributed more largely to advance the cause of agriculture, both as a science and an art, than these two gentlemen have done by their writings. They are universally respected. And yet you write of them with a puerile and vulgar rudeness, discreditable at once to your feelings as a gentleman, and to your position as a farmer. Your plucking out solitary expressions from Professor Low's *Appeal to the Common Sense of the Country*, and attaching a meaning to them which, in their original position, they did not bear, is sufficiently unscrupulous, and marks your candour as a controversialist. I believe nothing in your pamphlet has excited

deeper disapprobation than the manner in which you have presumed to speak of Mr Stephens.

You entitle your last pamphlet *High Farming Vindicated*. High farming vindicated against the attacks of whom? A vindication presupposes an assault, and injury inflicted. By your titlepage, you affect to insinuate that high farming has been depreciated. In the name of the tenant-farmers of Scotland, I repel the insinuation. If by high farming you mean good farming, (that is, a liberal treatment of the soil and of stock, and an earnest application of the discoveries of science to the practice of husbandry,) I believe there never was a time when agriculturists were more alive to the advantages of high farming, or more desirous of adopting it, as far as their circumstances will allow. You seem foolishly to fancy that there is no high farming, saving at Auchness; and because the system there, as exhibited by you, has been subjected to some criticism, you rush to its defence, as if high farming were in the abstract attacked; and you indite a pamphlet, presumptuously entitling it *High Farming Vindicated!*

You set forth the Auchness system as the substitute for Protection. That crude and undigested fancy you appear to have been compelled to relinquish. But, indeed, there are specialities at Auchness which must ever render the system there incapable of being generally adopted. Not to speak of the enormous additional capital required by landlords and tenants—not to mention the liberal covenant and the low rent—there are the five hundred cartloads of sea-weed for manure; there is the memorable moss, not only fertile itself, but the cause of fertility to the adjacent fields, and benevolently submitting to transportation for the good of the commonwealth; there is the capricious potato, exciting suspicion and entailing loss everywhere else, but pouring immense treasures into the Auchness coffers; there is the proximity (two miles) to a seaport, “where produce can be shipped for Glasgow or Liverpool, and manure, &c., imported,” (first pamphlet, page 8;) there is the fine climate, so favourable to the culture of green crops, and permitting wheat

to be sown almost at any time during the winter months: these advantages, not one of which is enjoyed by Messrs Watson and Dudgeon, and which, in combination, I venture to affirm, do not exist on any other farm in the kingdom, must entirely prevent the general adoption of the Auchness model. The whole of your speculation on this subject is visionary, and the slightest reflection should have convinced you of this, as it has convinced every one else.

Let us, however, now look at your vindication of *High Farming*. "Any one," you say, "who has read my pamphlet without prejudice will have seen that *mutual co-operation between landlord and tenant, with sufficient capital and skill, encouraged in their application by moderate rents and liberal covenants*, are the points urged by me as indispensably requisite to insure success under reduced prices. I illustrated these positions by the admirable practice of my friend Mr M'Culloch," (p. 6.) Now the truth is, that, in your first pamphlet, you said very little about the liberal covenant. The "liberal covenant" was a subsidiary part of your titlepage; and to this branch of your subject you only devoted a very few unsatisfactory sentences in your pamphlet. You illustrated the successful application of sufficient capital and skill by the practice of Mr M'Culloch—but not certainly the liberal covenant and the moderate rent, which were the boons of the proprietor. For the benefit of the tenant-farmers, you have more fully illustrated the subject of the liberal covenant in your *High Farming Vindicated*. On this subject you now deliver yourself with great enthusiasm. The following "impediments" to the more general adoption of liberal covenants you require to be removed,—(1) The law of entail must be abrogated or altered. (2) The tenant must have a legal right, at the close of his lease, to repayment for unexhausted manures. (3) The tenant must be released from paying a full rent, in a season where his potatoes are tainted, or his stock decimated. (4) The law of hypothec, which promotes a fictitious competition for land, must be repealed, (p. 22.) And you proceed to write as follows—

"Some of these have been pointed at by a body of intelligent farmers who met sometime ago at Glasgow, and who further suggest that every tenant should be entitled to have his rent commuted into grain, (5) *at the average prices* which prevailed when he entered on his farm; giving the landlord a right (if the tenant claims commutation) to take up the farm if he pleases, on paying the tenant for his actual improvements." Here, then, five acts of Parliament, or one very comprehensive measure, seems indispensable to facilitate the adoption of liberal covenants, and to render justice to the farmer under the reduced prices. A code of new legislation is called for, whereby the present rights of landowners are to be subverted and altered, and whereby important advantages are to be communicated to tenants—and who, besides, must have unlimited powers to crop or miscrop their farms as they see fit—and all for the purpose of insuring the adoption of the Auchness liberal covenant! Of course, the new agricultural code must have a retrospective effect, not only by nullifying all existing leases, but by granting compensation for unexhausted improvements—not at their present deteriorated value, but at the value which they would have been worth had the measures of the Legislature not diminished the profits of agricultural investment. A more revolutionary change, a more sweeping reform of the law of landlord and tenant, I do not think was ever mooted.

The measures proposed I do not at present mean to consider; I notice just now the immensity of the change—"These, I would say to my brother farmers, these are practical questions, which have a direct bearing on the condition of tenants, and are worthy of our attentive consideration. Happily, they have not yet been appropriated by any political party." These questions certainly have a direct bearing on the condition of tenants; but it humbly appears to me that they have a *more direct bearing on landlords, and are well worthy of their very attentive consideration*. These questions have not been appropriated by any political party, and I fear will not soon be. It is an appro-

prization which I believe the Free-Trade legislators of Parliament, who own landed property, will most religiously shun. It would seem that there is nothing for it, but that you should enter Parliament yourself, and plead the cause of the liberal covenant. Parliamentary enactments, even to the extent indicated, will not secure all the conditions of the liberal covenant. The enlarged and improved farm-buildings are not provided for in any of the above measures, and yet without these, for the object in view, the liberal covenant is wholly abortive and incomplete. But you tell Messrs Watson and Dudgeon "that there is nothing to prevent them, *with the assistance of their landlords*, to have equal accommodation for their stock and their manure," (p. 13.) You make no doubt of the assistance of the landlords. On this subject you speak with a prompt and easy assurance. But that assistance may not be given. I have not heard of one proprietor tendering the Auchness covenant. Not without reason, the proprietor may refuse. In this case, you will allow that another act of Parliament becomes requisite, to render it compulsory upon landlords to rebuild or remodel and enlarge farm-buildings, so as that the necessary accommodation of the liberal covenant may be secured. We begin now to see some of the conditions of the liberal covenant, and to understand the extent of legislation requisite to pave the way for its adoption. You tell us, in large letters, that the liberal covenant is to the farmer an element "indispensably requisite, to insure success under reduced prices." High farming by itself won't do; and you justly contend that the several conditions prescribed by you must be fulfilled, before it can be proved that your remedy has failed, (p. 7.) Be it so. But you know that your liberal covenant at present is a nonentity—that it exists nowhere but at Auchness, and perhaps one or two other favoured localities. Nay, you seem to allow that absolutely it cannot, and will not, be got without the intervention of Parliament. In that I believe you to be right. And, of course, until it is got, upon your own principles the farmers of the kingdom

are not to be blamed for not practising the high farming of Auchness. In their present position, you dare not even recommend that to them, your several conditions not being granted—a circumstance which would prove utterly destructive to the profits of the Auchness mode.

But will Parliament legislate to the extent and in the way necessary? Some half-dozen of statutes would be required; a mass of legislation on interests supremely delicate, vastly momentous, and infinitely extensive in their bearings on the structure and welfare of society. The boldest legislator might well boggle at the extent of your demand for Parliamentary interference. Protection may be an *ignis fatuus*, but your demands on Parliament are inconceivably more fantastic, visionary, and chimerical. You do not seem to be aware that your copious exposition of the liberal covenant, as now given, nullifies any useful or practical lesson that could have been drawn from your first pamphlet on high farming as *the substitute* for protection. Your two essays are antagonistic, and destructive of each other. You have chalked out as much work for Parliament as would fully occupy the House of Commons for three or four years, at the rate at which business is now carried on in our national assembly. In the mean time, and until the liberal covenant is got, what is to be done? With admirable coolness, you look forward to the time when "some legislation or conventional provision" for unexhausted improvements will come to the farmer's relief. The farmers of the nation are suffering deeply; their capital is rapidly vanishing: with three years of the present prices, rents, and leases, the majority of them will be ruined. And you look forward to the remote future, when the possible legislation of Parliament, or some conventional arrangements enacted by some little college of agriculturists that may meet at Glasgow, will cure the evil. Was there ever such trifling with one of the gravest questions that ever engaged the attention of men? and was there ever such mockery of your brother farmers, in the suffering and perilous position in which

Parliamentary treachery has placed them?

Admitting to its fullest extent the efficacy of high farming, it was evident, from your first pamphlet, that the Auchness husbandry could not be reduced to practice, from, amongst other causes, the lack of the immense additional capital required both by landlords and tenants; and it only remained for you to give some clear notions of the liberal covenant, and to show how unobtainable it was, which you have now done in your second pamphlet, to consummate the impracticable, visionary, and utopian character of your whole theory. The Free-trade proprietor was delighted with your first pamphlet, and hawked it about amongst his tenants. He hung with rapture over its high farming. It was acceptable to him as provision to a besieged and starving city. But he has been rudely shocked by your late lecture on the liberal covenant. He is appalled at the extent and multiplicity of your demands, and he has dismissed you from his counsels as a most dangerous and revolutionary practitioner. The farmer approves of some of the provisions of your liberal covenant, as fair and equitable; but he sees very well that, before your prescriptions can be compounded, and procured, and administered, the poor patient will expire.

Before inquiring whether the liberal covenant, in conjunction with the Auchness husbandry, will meet the emergency, we must look a little at your further illustrations of high farming. You seem, now, not so very confident of the propriety and prudence of devoting such a disproportionate extent to the culture of potatoes. It is notorious that the potato has been for many years the most uncertain and precarious of all crops; that again and again, in all kinds of soil, and under all kinds of treatment, it has utterly perished in the earth, and entailed a grievous loss upon the farmer. Accordingly, the cultivation of it was very properly all but abandoned; and it only now is being resumed upon a limited scale, and with the caution that reiterated and dear-bought experience inculcates upon all but inveto-

rate and incurable speculators. While, then, in reference to the potato, such was the feeling and practice of the whole body of British agriculturists, flowing from an experience irresistibly cogent, and founded on the dictates of the commonest prudence, we find Mr M'Culloch, on a farm of 260 acres, devoting 60 acres in 1848, and 93 acres in 1849, to the cultivation of potatoes. There never was such a purely gambling speculation in agriculture! The experiment was condemned by all but universal experience. No calculation of probabilities warranted the trial; and prudence repudiated the attempt. Nevertheless, the factor at Auchness bravely runs the risk, and stakes his £1200 upon the throw. The capricious root finds some peculiar virtue in the antiseptic moss of Auchness, to be found in no other soil, and flourishes in all its pristine vigour. The factor adventures again and again, and fortune smiles upon him. Well, then, what is to be said? Why, merely that Mr M'Culloch is a lucky fellow. That is all. He had potatoes untainted when there were few in the land, and he got the high price for them which scarcity caused. Here is the source of his profits. Had he lost his potato crop this season, as in past seasons thousands have done, instead of being a theoretical gainer by the farm of Auchness to the extent of £718, 6s., he would have been a practical loser to the extent of £481, 14s. In 1848, had the potatoes failed, there would have been a loss of £419. What then, in this department, are the merits of the Auchness system? Did Mr M'Culloch grow more potatoes per acre than Messrs Watson and Dudgeon did, when nature permitted them to grow them? Quite the reverse. Mr M'Culloch had no merit, unless a perilous love of speculation be meritorious, or the fortunate accident of holding a large extent of moss, of unparalleled potato-growing virtue. Is it a proof of want of skill and enterprise in Messrs Watson and Dudgeon, and Scottish farmers, that they do not happen to possess such precious moss? or is Scottish agriculture to assume generally the character of an immense gambling speculation? Un-

less this doctrine is meant to be inculcated, it is worse than idle to hold up the high farming of Auchness as a model, and it is ridiculous in the last degree to speak of it as a substitute for Protection. Relinquish the potatoes, as other farmers have been obliged to do, and the Auchness profits are obliterated.

Blackwood, in his January number, (p. 106,) says that he had "been informed, on the best authority, that disease has attacked the potatoes at Auchness this very year." You stoutly deny the statement, and reply, you *have been imposed upon*. Mr M'Culloch has at this moment 400 tons of perfectly sound potatoes, the produce of his own farm, for which he would not accept £1200; and seed besides, to plant his next year's crop. Well, he has on 92 acres 400 tons, and enough for seed according to your own allowance. He ought, with an average good crop, to have had 800 tons. Competent judges, who saw these potatoes when growing, estimated them at 12 tons per acre; and, in this view, it would appear that nearly two-thirds of them have disappeared. As far, then, as the potato crop at Auchness is concerned, there has, in 1849, been either miserable farming, or there has been something else. Your own figures prove this. You speak of 400 tons *sound potatoes*. Were there any unsound? Why not have stated that Mr M'Culloch had lost about half of his potatoes this season, by the taint? This would have homologated *Blackwood's* statement that disease had attacked the Auchness potatoes. But surely the cause of high farming, and the interests of agriculture, cannot be promoted by a suppression of the truth, and by such a lack of controversial candour. However, the scanty crop of potatoes, or the loss by disease, curtails materially the huge profits at Auchness. In 1848, when potatoes were much higher priced than now, Mr M'Culloch was content to take £2 per ton; and although he marks them down in his Balance-sheet for 1849 at £3 per ton, you tell us that he would not accept that for them. Not, indeed, that he has got the £3 per ton, or been offered it. But he thinks that they are worth that money; and according, not

to the purchaser's estimate, but to the seller's, they stand for £1200 on the receipt side of the Balance-sheet. This is, upon the whole, the simplest, most convenient, and felicitous mode of keeping up the profits that we remember of; and proves, incontestibly, how sensible Mr M'Culloch is that everything at Auchness turns upon the potato speculation. And yet, with 400 tons only on 92 acres, let us inquire if this was really a profitable crop. Let us see what was the expense of growing them. In your first pamphlet you state that 50 carts of dung and 4 cwt. guano are allowed per acre, (p. 18.) Let us say that the dung is worth 5s. per load, and the guano 9s. 6d. per cwt; there will then be—

For dung to the 92 acres,	£1150	0	0	
For guano, to the 92 acres,	174	16	0	
For seed at 7 cwt., (p. 33.)				
at £2 per ton,		64	8	0
Rent,		92	0	0
Cost of production, .	£1481	4	0	
Produce raised, .	1200	0	0	
Loss, .	£281	4	0	

I do not calculate the value of the horse and manual labour, which in the cultivation of potatoes is by no means trifling. Let that go to meet the seed potatoes reserved, and the unexhausted manure in the soil: and yet the factor at Auchness seems a loser in 1849, by his potato crop. And yet it is undeniable, nevertheless, in consequence of the extremely depreciated price of grain, that the sale even of this potato crop does add a *larger present return* in money to the profit side of the Balance-sheet than a crop of wheat would have done. But as the potato, when sold off the farm, leaves no *pabulum* for future manure, the prosperity is more apparent than real. Unless a much larger quantity than 400 tons, even at £3 per ton, can be raised on 92 acres, the crop must ultimately entail loss, which the Balance-sheet will not be able to conceal.

You sneer at Mr Gibson of Woolmet's potato cultivation. Why he, as you yourself stated the case, after allowing for manures, seed, and rent, left himself a profit of £15 on 50 acres of potatoes; while at Auchness, on 92

acres, as above shown, the profit, after allowing for manures, seed, and rent, is £281, 4s. *less than nothing!* Moreover, you keep out of sight that, on the four-course rotation of farming, which Mr Gibson must follow in the neighbourhood of a large town, it is not alone to the profit from the very extensively manured green crop of the first year that the farmer looks alone for a return of his outlay, but chiefly to that from the produce of the three succeeding years, which can be raised after the preparation the land has undergone for the green crop, without farther manuring. You are very violent about Mr Gibson's growing beans. Had you examined Mr Gibson's statements carefully, you would have perceived that the difference in the result, consequent on his substituting 25 acres of beans and turnips for the same quantity of land in potatoes, is only £81, 17s. 6d., instead of the much larger sum which you mention. Did you ever see Mr Gibson's farm of Woolmet? I have, and beg to inform you that I know no better specimen of well manured and highly cultivated land in the county of Mid-Lothian. There is no farmer in Scotland who has received so many prizes for the finest specimens of seed-corn of all kinds, from the Highland and other agricultural societies, as Mr Gibson. This is the gentleman whose farming you ignorantly sneer at.

But you are ready to abandon the peculiar position that you had taken up in reference to the exorbitant cultivation of the potato, and to meet your opponents upon their own ground, as you believe. "Suppose, however," you say, "that nature had, (as you asserted,) annihilated the potato, would Mr M'Culloch not be able to draw any other kind of produce from his 90 acres of highly manured land?" (p. 7.) Why, certainly not, in the same year. Had nature annihilated the potato at Auchness in 1849, Mr M'Culloch would have lost, by his own calculation, £1200, and could have had no other crop—unless, indeed, there be two summers at Auchness within the year. "Had these 90 acres been sown with wheat, they would, at Mr Stephens' own estimate, have produced no less than £810." Mr Stephens did not meditate growing wheat

on the moss. Do you mean to say that you can grow wheat on the moss, and profitably, year after year in succession, as was done with the potatoes? But suppose the 90 acres in wheat—that, added to the 55 acres already in wheat, would make 145 acres in wheat on a farm of 260 acres; and this must continue, if there is anything in your theory, and if your annual profits are to be maintained. If these positions you do not mean to maintain, your case falls to pieces. In the mean time it is a mere hypothesis, untried and unproved; and all agricultural experience and science, as far as known, compels us to believe that it would turn out a total failure. But, admitting the hypothesis, still the tenant's profits (seed deducted) would be reduced from £718, 6s., to £323, 6s. You propose another suggestion, however—to allocate the 90 acres partly to an extension of green crop, and partly to an increased breadth of wheat. Will turnips and clover grow, year after year successively, on the moss? This is another hypothesis about as visionary as the preceding. But allow 45 acres of the 90 on turnips and grass for house-feeding, at your nett profit of £6, 11s. 6d. per acre, (p. 12,) this will give £295, 17s. 6d.; and the other 45 acres in wheat, at 88 bushels per acre, and at 6s. per bushel, (*your own quantity and price*), and, seed deducted, they give £393, 15s., being, *as usual*, £689, 12s. 6d.—i.e. less than the profit of the potatoes by £510, 7s. 6d., and bringing down the tenant's remuneration from £718, 6s. to £207, 18s. 6d. But this is very far from exhibiting the realities of the position which you have ventured to take up. You assume 6s. per bushel as the price of the wheat. The Wigtonshire flars, as lately struck, make wheat only 4s. 4d. per bushel. To that price you cannot object. You court a comparison with Messrs Watson and Dudgeon, and in that case you will allow us to raise the rent of Auchness to 32s. per acre, (the rent given in their statistics,) more especially as you contend that it is now worth £2 per acre, (p. 41, 4th edit.) Upon these equitable premises, let us see how the Auchness balance-sheet for crop 1849 will stand.

	Bushels.	
55 acres wheat, 38 bushels per acre,	2090	
Off seed,	168	
	1922 at 4s. 4d.	£416 8 8
45 acres wheat, additional,	1710	
Off seed,	135	
	1575 at 4s. 4d.	341 5 0
45 acres additional green crop, at £6, 11s. 6d. nett profit,	295	17 6
1 acre Italian ryegrass, per balance-sheet,	5	0 0
90 acres green crop, per balance-sheet,	684	6 0
Income,	£1942	17 2
Expenditure, as per balance-sheet,	1851	10 0
Income at present rent,	91	7 2
But a rent of 32s. per acre adds to the expenditure,	156	0 0
Tenant's loss,	£64	12 10

But even yet we are allowing you advantages which are inadmissible. The supposititious price put upon the cattle, so far beyond the current profit, ought to be largely reduced, and an average of 38 bushels wheat over 100 acres, a portion of these being moas, is certainly much too high. Nevertheless, giving you the benefit of these unusual demands, and the advantages of a superior climate, admirable accommodation, and an annual bonus of 500 loads of sea-weed, it appears, that when your new mode of farming Auchness (the potato being abandoned) is put to the test, that instead of having a remuneration of £718, 6s., Mr M'Culloch loses £64, 12s. 10d. Shuffle the land as you please—crop it as you please—speculate as wildly as you please on the patience and powers of the soil, and grant the most perfect success to attend your speculations, yet it is as certain as arithmetic can make it, that, the moment you depart from the potato culture, the pecuniary marvels at Auchness wholly vanish. It was rash to throw down the gauntlet as you have done. You ought to have “stuck to your text,” (the potato,)—as long as the text will stick to you. According to your new mode of arranging the culture at Auchness, there must annually, on a farm of 260 acres, be 100 acres wheat, and 110 acres green crop. How long the land will endure this remains to be proved. I have not a shadow of a doubt that not very many years would elapse before the reduced

quantity of wheat per acre, and the reduced value of the turnip crop, would place the factor at Auchness in a worse category than Messrs Watson and Dudgeon; and that he would awake to the conviction that, as he has found there is something in the potato rot, so there may be something, too, in a rotation of crops.

Still, upon your new hypothesis, at the present rent, there would be a margin of profit. Let us examine into this matter somewhat more narrowly. “Deducting Mr M'Culloch's 92 acres of potatoes, 55 acres of wheat, and 22 acres of oats, we have 91 acres left; 50 of which are in turnips, and 41 in clover and grass. The nett produce yielded by the stock fed on these 91 acres, (besides the keep of the farm-horses,) this very year, in the midst of all this depression, will not be less (after deducting purchased food) than £600, which is equal to £6, 11s. 6d. an acre, besides the valuable stock of manure which has, at the same time, been accumulated,” (p. 12.) In this statement there are sundry slips of the memory. If the keep of the horses at Auchness consisted solely of turnips and the succulent clover, as you seem to say, they must be peculiarly constituted animals, and endowed with most singular peristaltic powers. On such liquescent diet they might, perhaps, at one and the same time, work their work, and thoroughly manure the fields. There would be some difficulty in so timing the conjoined operations, one would

think, as to avoid waste as well as danger. Mr Huxtable's pigs, I fancy, would be pleasant and savoury company compared to the Auchness horses. However, you forget that, by the 17th January last, these horses had consumed 1100 bushels of oats, and that £105 worth more of oats had been bought to supply their wants, and those of the servants. (See Auchness Balance-sheet, pp. 46, 47.) Moreover, the horses must surely have been allowed the larger proportion of the oat-straw, (there is no hay,) if not the whole of it. The feeding-stock had the whole straw and chaff grown upon the farm, with the exception of what fell to the share of the horses: and thus £600 was not the nett produce of these 91 acres of green crop, but along with that of the greater part of the fodder grown upon the farm. Again, you deduct "the purchased food;" but why not deduct the purchased manures, before you speak of "the nett produce yielded by the stock?" Still, with these qualifications, £6, 11s. 6d. per acre, for the green crop and fodder, is a remarkable profit; so remarkable for 1849-50, in my estimation, as to be unparalleled. Let us look at the memorable Balance-sheet for a little: 44 cattle bought in June are sold out at £5, 5s. of an advance per head; 208 wethers are sold at 9s. per head advance;—all this before 17th January last. We are not told what the animals were bought in at. We are not told what they brought per stone. Mystery envelops the whole transaction, and we are left to grope and guess at the mode in which this remarkable result was arrived at. An average of £5, 5s. per head upon 44 cattle, and of 9s. per head upon 208 wethers, is so extraordinary a profit in these times, that I doubt if two other agriculturists in the island could record a similar experience. The fact is, that everywhere the elements of incredibility are apparent on this part of the Auchness Balance-sheet. None would question it more lustily than Mr Mechi. Bullocks which cost him £249 gave him a profit of £37, and sheep which cost him £332 a profit of £95, during the past season! No wonder that he describes bullocks as "ungrateful fellows;" and that in

spite of Porcius and his Attic salt he is in love with the Rector's pigs. But indeed Mechi seems to differ with you *to toto celo*. So far from advocating, along with you, a more extensive cultivation of green crops, he is "quite satisfied that they must be made secondary and subservient to the larger consumption of corn or cake."—(See his live-stock account for 1849, of 2d Feb. in *Gardeners' Chronicle*.) How are such "discordant utterances" to be reconciled? Methinks you high-farming gentlemen should agree more nearly with one another, before you dictate so dogmatically to others. Certain it is that the result at Auchness could not arise from the exquisite quality of the animals; for it is demonstrable that oxen and wethers, as fine and fat as any ever fed there, or as ever were led to the shambles, have this season produced to their owners no such profit. Had 8 or 10 of the 44 cattle brought such a profit, the thing would have been intelligible. It is the immense profit per head, over such a lot of cattle and sheep, that has excited the universal scepticism. But if we remember that these 44 cattle may have been fed during a period of seven months, then the profit per head is more intelligible. But if so, of how many months does the agricultural year at Auchness consist? Looking at the two Balance-sheets rendered, they seem to run into one another in an inextricable fashion; and I suspect that, in a cycle of three or four years, one year with its profits will have disappeared and been absorbed. If this does not explain the mystery, we must suppose that the stock was bought in at an unusually favourable rate, and that they were sold out fat, at a larger sum per stone than any other feeder has got. This would indicate that the factor at Auchness is a market-man of unrivalled dexterity—the luckiest wight in driving a bargain that ever handled *nowt*. In fact, his good luck here seems as singular as it was in the matter of the moss and its potatoes. But what has this to do with high farming? Is the success of agriculture to depend upon happy accidents, and the possession of a genius for marketing operations unrivalled and unapproachable?

But something more astonishing remains. Look at this item of income,—“86 cattle *in course of feeding*, at £5, 5s. per head advance.” The cattle are not fed—they are in course of feeding. They are not sold—no price has been offered for them. They may be “decimated” by the murrain; prices may fall—they have fallen; the factor’s good luck as a seller may leave him; but the sanguine Mr M’Culloch has resolved that the profit per head shall be £5, 5s., and down he puts to the income side of the balance-sheet the neat aditament of £451, 10s. He has 400 tons of potatoes; they may perish in the pits, as in many places they are doing. It matters not. Mr M’Culloch has made up his mind that they are worth £3 per ton, and he transfers to his profits, as received, the sum of £1200. We wonder if the factor’s books are kept in the same fashion as the farm books? If so, they must contain some pleasant entries—such as, A. B.’s rent, £1200—not paid—intended to be paid—gave him a discharge in full. Why, the balance-sheet at Auchness is *avowedly supposititious*—a magnificent Californian fiction. Mr M’Culloch seems one of those blessed visionaries who riot in the prospect of profits to be realised, and whose strong imagination gives existence and reality to the possibilities of ideal gain. Upon the authority of its framer, we see now that the Auchness balance-sheet is professedly pictorial and factitious; and it is upon this stable foundation that the farmers of Britain are asked to invest more capital in their business, and to practise the Auchness mode of husbandry. Are you and Mr M’Culloch in earnest? I can scarcely believe it. Cicero tells us that one augur meeting another could scarcely help smiling; and one can scarcely help thinking that you and Mr M’Culloch must have many a quiet laugh at the boundless gullibility of the Free-trade press and the Free-trade proprietors, swallowing your high farming as the substitute for Protection, and the remedy for the sufferings entailed on the kingdom by Free-trade legislation.

You tell us, however, that you have “plenty more” of as profitable instances of high farming, “for the in-

struction of Messrs Dudgeon and Watson, and the edification of the author of the *Book of the Farm*. From Ireland even, I could instance a small farm within my own knowledge, where, by the practice of house-feeding, an annual return, in dairy produce, of at least £400 is obtained from less than 60 imperial acres;” (p. 11.) When, in your first pamphlet, (see prefatory note, fifth edition,) you wrote that you had selected for exhibition a single example in the case of Auchness, implying that you had many more such cases to pick and choose from, I confess that I felt, at the time, that the statement was disingenuous. I utterly deny that you can produce one other case similar to Auchness, and that can parallel it in its advantages and in its profits, unless, indeed its balance-sheet is framed after the Auchness model. If you have plenty more such cases, why not mention them? Why keep them secret—a *terra incognita*—when the agricultural world is panting for information? You are like the cruel alchemist who discovered the philosopher’s stone, but who, in sulky obstinacy, resolved to die without divulging the invaluable secret, and did so accordingly. Your present vaunt, I am inclined to look upon as idle braggadocio. In your gallop through Ireland, a case is reported to you of £400 being obtained from less than 60 acres in dairy produce. Are you quite sure that this was not a bit of blarney dropped into your credulous ear? It is not in the nature of an Irishman to refrain from “humbbugging a Saxon boethoon;” and that you were sometimes crammed and humbugged by the “wild Irish,” is undeniable. (See *Dublin Evening Mail* of 6th February last.) £400 was the annual return: you do not tell us what was the annual expenditure. The profit, whatever it might be, was only for one year. And it is by such isolated, unsupported, and apocryphal illustrations, that you now vindicate your high farming so called! Individual instances of extraordinary profit are within the knowledge of every farmer. In two several cases, I have known £100 sterling being got for one acre of carrots. The 260 acres at Auchness, at this rate, would give a

grand annual result of £26,000. There is a balance-sheet for you!—there is a brave speculation. Try it, and never fear the worm.

In the mean time, there is only the one solitary case of Auchness which you have exhibited, and on this narrow basis you build your theory, and denounce all who question its authenticity, and who, if accepted as given, deny its fitness for universal adoption. You have "plenty more," you say, but, with a relentless taciturnity, you decline to tell us where they are to be found. And thus you fancy that you have met and overthrown the agricultural statistics published by *Blackwood* in January last. You misunderstand or misrepresent the value of these statistics. *Blackwood's* statistics are applicable to the farming of the districts to which they severally refer, and not for one, but for the average of years of an ordinary lease, and under existing covenants. If they had been the literal results and experience of the reporters on their own farms, as you, with reckless inattention, persist in representing them all to be, they would have been of little value, and they never could have been attested as they have been; and, on the other hand, they would have possessed as little value had they not been drawn up from the results of their own experience and practical knowledge. They have all the force of those tabular accounts of sales which mercantile men are in the habit of transmitting to their correspondents—containing not the exact dealings of any one merchant, which would be in a great measure useless, but communicating the actual state of the existing market. The tables in *Blackwood* were not intended to exhibit generally the highest ascertained capabilities of the best qualities of the soil, not to depict "the possible of agricultural development;" but to show how much agricultural knowledge, capital, and skill had actually accomplished on average soils, in an average of years. In this very fact consisted the value of their results: otherwise, they never could have proved the effects of Free Trade on Scottish agriculture generally. And then, the respective reports in *Blackwood* are

examined by others in the same districts. The examiners—gentlemen of known capacity and undoubted honour—having tested the reports by their own knowledge and experience, certify them as correct. We need not be surprised at the vast importance which has been attached to *Blackwood's* statistics, and at the countless and futile attempts which have been made, by those hostile to the interests of British agriculture, to contradict and deny their accuracy. How very different is your case! You give a solitary instance of a farm farmed by the factor of the estate, under a covenant so unboundedly liberal that it leaves the tenant to do anything he pleases, if he pays a moderate, in fact, a low rent for the ground. The lease was probably drawn by the factor himself; and, if it were not, the farmer could not wish it more liberal and indulgent. The relative position of the parties throws suspicion and doubt upon the whole case. Every one feels this. When the proprietor expended so large a sum of money in improving the farm of Auchness—receiving no rise of rent, but bare interest for his outlay—did he not mean to make it a suitable residence for his factor, and to constitute it a kind of experimental farm in the district? In the liberal covenant, is the factor's remuneration in part not included? Is the Auchness liberal covenant the exception, and not the rule, amongst the tenant-farmers of Wigtownshire? And then, while many have borne their testimony to the excellence of the crops, and to the management of the stock, not one has certiorated the Auchness balance-sheet, but yourself. In this branch of the case you are a *testis singularis*. You seem to hint that Mr Stephens might certify to your competency as a witness. But that gentleman maintains an ominous silence. The whole rests upon your *ipse dixit*. And when the inquirer drops a gentle surmise, you turn round in a rage, and storm and stamp, proclaiming, at the top of your voice, "I am Sir Oracle, and when I open my lips let no dog bark."

With regard to *Blackwood's* statistics, you again and again admit their unchallengeable correct-

ness. Their "facts," you say, "are too well vouched to be disputed; they will be admitted at once by any candid mind," (p. 5.) If it be so, then, in their position, the conclusion from the facts is inevitable. When you ask them to meet the altered times by growing wheat every year on the same ground—or, at least, biennially, over nearly the half of their farm—and by extending their quantity of green crop, and feeding off six times the quantity of stock, their answer is, that they cannot and dare not. The ordinary conditions of a lease, and the principles of any known system of rotation, are set at utter defiance at Auchness. When the moss sickens of the perpetual potato, its rebellion is punished by scarification. It is skinned of its cuticle to the depth of "a few inches," which is transported to the red-land fields, (p. 7, first pamph.) If it does not mend its manners, the invaluable moss will, after a period, disappear bodily, and the rent of the generous Col. M'Donnell will be left to repose on the "lower silurian formation."

Blackwood's farmers are tied up by leases which they dare not violate—under penalties which the Auchness profits would not cover—and they have no accommodation for feeding the enormous quantity of stock which you prescribe for them. But if they could farm their land as they please, I question much if they would think it expedient to adopt the incessant cropping and the excessive stirring and stimulating of the soil by enormous and rapidly renewed doses of manure, as exemplified at Auchness. This system does admirably for a few years on untried soil, having all its rude virgin vigour in it, like the Auchness farm, when it came into the hands of Mr M'Culloch. But, after a certain time, the infallible result, as far as the cereals are concerned, is a mass of rank vegetation and miserable grain, in respect both of quantity and weight. When the ultimate profits of the nineteen years' lease are regarded, and the desire to grow for a series of years true, and, at the same time, prolific corn crops is entertained, a prudent and skilful agriculturist may well

pause before he plunges into the Auchness experiment. Mr M'Culloch may find, ere long, that his vexed and wearied land will demand more rest and repose than Mr Caird, by his further illustrations of high farming, would give it.

Nor is this all. Messrs Watson and Dudgeon, unlike Mr M'Culloch, are breeders of stock as well as feeders. Mr Watson, particularly, is one of the most eminent breeders in the kingdom. Although you may never have heard of them, his polled Angusshire cattle are somewhat celebrated. They have excited universal admiration over all the island, on the pastures at Windsor Castle, in Smithfield, and in the show-yards of the Highland and Agricultural Society. Most probably Mr Watson, like most men who have devoted much money and time to the improvement of our various breeds of stock, may not have profited largely by his enterprise: but who, yourself excepted, can doubt that he has, in this department, conferred more important benefits on the agriculture of the kingdom than a hundred such experiments as the Auchness potato culture can possibly effect? But if there is a breeding stock upon a farm, then the stock-feeding system, to the extent that is carried on at Auchness, is impossible. The young stock which are to be bred from, if they are to have healthy and sound constitutions, must be allowed the range of the open field for many months in the year. You boast of the stock fed at Auchness; I venture to say that more admirable specimens of cattle and sheep can be produced at Keillor or Spylaw—animals of more exquisite symmetry, size, and quality—than Mr M'Culloch ever has exhibited, or ever will exhibit, if he adheres to his present system. Cattle must be bred by some other party, or the Auchness feeding-system must stop for want of animals. Mr M'Culloch subsists upon the breeders of the country. He requires several farms, of the same extent as his own, to supply him with animals. It is highly unwise of you to urge upon this class the adoption of a different system, for, without their aid, there would be empty stalls at Auchness.

But in the production of grain you try to demonstrate that Messrs Watson, Dudgeon, and Gibson have sadly degenerated from their predecessors. In proof of this, you adduce the evidence of Messrs Brodie, East-Lothian, and Turnbull, South Belton, Dunbar, as given before a committee of the House of Commons, and quoted in the *Farmer's Magazine* for 1814. You have given, however, a partial and one-sided sample of the evidence taken by this Parliamentary Committee. There are five gentlemen who gave evidence regarding the average produce of wheat per acre, two of whom only depone to the quantities of oats and barley grown per acre. It is in the article of wheat alone that the evidence can enable us satisfactorily to ascertain whether, since 1814, there has been an agricultural progress or an agricultural declension. Five of the agricultural tables in *Blackwood* state the average produce of wheat. Wheat is the great staple article of the nation's farinaceous food—that grain upon which the Free-traders repose all their calculations, and to the selection of which you cannot object, as it is the only grain you grow at Auchness for the people. Well, let us put the five agriculturists quoted by *Blackwood* in juxtaposition with the five agriculturists whose evidence appears in the Parliamentary Report of 26th July 1814.

1814.

Bushels Wheat
per Acre.

Mr E. Wakefield, Devonshire, improved husbandry, . . .	24
Mr J. Bennet, Wiltshire, do., . . .	24
Mr. J. Bailey, Northumberland, rent £2 per acre, . . .	30
Mr Brodie, East-Lothian, . . .	32
Mr Turnbull, do. . . .	30
Produce of five acres, . . .	140

On an average of years previous to 1848.

Mr Watson, Forfarshire, . . .	32
Mr Dudgeon, Roxburghshire, . . .	33
Mr Robertson, do., . . .	33
Mr Sadler, Mid-Lothian, . . .	32
Mr Gibson, do., . . .	32
	162
	140
	22

That is, the farmers quoted by *Blackwood* have on an average of good and bad years, on average land, been growing nearly $4\frac{1}{2}$ bushels wheat more per acre, than the farmers, on the most fertile soils in the country, quoted in the Parliamentary Report of 1814. It is quite true that Messrs Brodie and Turnbull grow more oats and barley per acre than Messrs Watson and Dudgeon, on their average of years; and, you might have added, more than Mr M'Culloch did with his boasted high farming in the abundant crop of 1849. You say that the figures of Messrs Brodie and Turnbull give "their average produce for a series of years, and elaborate extracts from their books are added to corroborate them," (p. 14.) Now, in giving his evidence, Mr Brodie pointedly states that he had taken his farm "two years ago;" and therefore it could not be "for a series of years" that he gave the average produce of his farms. Mr Brodie *produced no extracts from his books*, and altogether you misstate his case. Mr Turnbull's evidence is more copious. To the question—"What is your course of cropping?" his answer is—"My heavy land in a rotation of six—remainder, of about 80 acres, is in a rotation of four; 384 acres are under the plough; the remainder (20 acres) always in grass." And he describes his six-shift course, which applies to 250 acres of the whole arable land, to be—"Fallow, wheat, grass, oats, beans, and wheat." Mr Turnbull did grow more corn crops than Messrs Watson and Dudgeon; but you forget to tell your reader that, during your "cycle of thirty years," he had three-fourths of his farm, for five several years, in fallow, absolutely barren, and not producing a mouthful of bread or anything else, for the people. If the loss incurred during these five years of bare fallow is considered, and if regard is had not only to cereal produce, but to the cattle grown and fed on their pasturage, it may be safely concluded that Messrs Watson and Dudgeon are at least as large benefactors, in supplying food to the people from inferior soils, as Messrs Brodie and Turnbull were, on the very best lands in Scotland. You seem to fancy, because Mr Brodie valued his clover at

£6, 6s. per acre, and his turnips at from £8 to £10 per acre, that, in the department of stock, he greatly excelled Messrs Watson and Dudgeon. You forget, again, to tell your reader that it was the *Scotch acre* that Mr Brodie spoke of: was this accident or ignorance? If this error is corrected, and if the exorbitant prices of butcher-meat at the period referred to are remembered, the value of the green crop, as assumed by Mr Brodie, will surprise no one.

Your whole case is based upon a garbled and partial collation of the evidence taken by Parliament; and independently of this, you totally misconceive and misinterpret the case, as quoted by you. The two farms referred to by you are about the very best in North Britain. Nor is this all: they were among the earliest and oldest cultivated soils in Scotland, according to the improved methods of husbandry then in practice. Previous to 1814, they were let at three times the rent of Keillor or Spylaw. There is a point beyond which you cannot raise the productiveness of the soil—when it revolts, and visits your avarice with sharp reprisals. This you admit in your first pamphlet, (p. 17.) The real question is this, had not Messrs Brodie and Turnbull raised the productive powers of their farms nearly or altogether to the maximum of the soil's fertility?—or, as you say, could they have insured a larger bulk of crop without the danger of lodging it? In the articles of barley and oats, most unquestionably they could not. Mr Brodie grew 48 bushels barley, and 57 bushels oats, per imperial acre; and Mr Turnbull 45 bushels barley, and 54 bushels oats, per imperial acre. On the very best soils, and by any kind of culture, and with as large an application of manure as you please, I defy you to grow, on an average of years, larger quantities than these.

Look now at the farms with which you compare Messrs Brodie's and Turnbull's. Take Spylaw. Previous to 1814, that farm was well-nigh in a state of primitive sterility: although ploughed, it was a quagmire; and the agriculture was what you poetically call according to "nature, which has no rotation of crops." Mr

Dudgeon entered on the farm in 1824; and since that time he has doubled the produce of the grain, and quadrupled the quantity of the stock. Call you this nothing, young man!—nothing in the way of providing food for the million? Since 1814 or 1824, has the produce of grain been doubled, and the quantity of stock quadrupled, on the farms of Messrs Brodie and Turnbull? Nay, has there been any perceptible advance in the quantity of grain grown? Has the produce of the grain not remained stationary—and not from any want of skill or enterprise upon the part of the farmer, but simply because the soil, previous to 1814, had about reached the limit of its productiveness? By an enormous outlay, and by admirable skill and management, Mr Dudgeon has thus raised the productive powers of a soil naturally of a very inferior description—and not in abundant seasons, but on an average of years—up very nearly to the highest mark of the best land in the kingdom previous to 1814. The very same, I have no doubt, is the history of the agricultural progress that has taken place upon Mr Watson's farm; and, on the question of agricultural progress generally, the evidence, fortunately, is accessible to all inquirers. The volume of the *Farmer's Magazine* for 1814, which you refer to, might have instructed you on this subject. An apparently well-qualified writer in that volume, states "22½ bushels wheat per acre as a high enough average for clay land in the best cultivated counties of Scotland," (p. 151.)

Your contrasting two of the choicest farms in all Scotland with the average soil of Forfarshire and Roxburghshire, indicates a want of fairness, and destroys the value of your criterion. Intending to depreciate, you unwittingly have pronounced a panegyric on the farming of Messrs Watson and Dudgeon. You have the hardihood to say, "that the annual produce reaped by Messrs Watson and Dudgeon has actually fallen off nearly a third from what it was in the days of their grandfathers!" This is a ridiculous blunder, and we have seen that your whole speculation on this subject is constructed on a series of wild errors, and illustrated

by a Gothic ignorance of the past history of Scotch husbandry. Your poor taunt recoils upon yourself.

In summing up results, you tell us "that Mr Watson, at present prices, derives a gross return of £920 from 340 acres under wheat, grass, and turnips. Mr Dudgeon has £1087, 10s. from 360 acres under the same crops. And Mr M'Culloch has £1369, 16s. from 146 acres, (p. 17.) Now, supposing the hypothetical balance-sheet is to be received into court, there yet lurks under this summary a gross misstatement. Mr M'Culloch had no such return from his wheat, grass, and turnips on the 146 acres: £284 was expended for purchased food for the stock, and this contributed largely to the result, but reduces the return from the 146 acres to £1065, 16s. As well might the distiller who rents 40 acres, but who annually fattens hundreds of cattle upon the feeding stuffs furnished by his distillery, put down the immense sum of profit received from his cattle, as the return from the portion of the 40 acres under wheat, grass, and turnips. The error may be unintentional, but a more loose or fallacious statement of the fact is scarcely conceivable. You are guilty of a similar dereliction in p. 43, where you say that Mr Christopher, "from 270 acres under grass and green crops, derived under Protection a return in money of £710, much less than Mr M'Culloch's return under Free Trade from 91 acres of grass and green crop." In fact, Mr M'Culloch's return from the 91 acres *may* be, (for it is not realised,) £600.

In this veracious fashion you illustrate the "results of high farming under Free Trade, and ordinary farming under Protection." A most extraordinary simpleton will be he who receives without hesitation the Auchness balance-sheet, and your rose-coloured illustrations of high farming. "What would have been the position," you ask, "of the country, if the food of the people had depended exclusively on such exertions as those of Messrs Dudgeon, Watson, and Low? By their rules, the half of the population ought to have been starved long ago; and if the produce of the country has in any degree kept pace with the increase of its population, we are not

indebted for it to them," (p. 16.) To whom, then, are you indebted? Not to the Auchness husbandry, which is a prodigy of yesterday's growth—not to Mr M'Culloch and his attendant satellite; for it is only six months since these luminaries appeared in the western hemisphere. You are indebted, and could be indebted, for the result, to no other parties but *Blackwood's* farmers and their contemporaries. The people ought to have been starved, you say; yes, but they have not been starved, and that fact demonstrates the falsehood of your premises, and renders their refutation unnecessary.

But, not content with thus stultifying your own allegation, you deliver yourself a few pages after, in a happy forgetfulness of what you had just written, in the following terms,—“Here, then, were some remarkable phenomena. A population doubled, the demand for food vastly increased, the foreigner practically excluded, and yet a steady fall in the price of our produce. How is this explained?” (p. 23.) Most inexplicable phenomena, indeed! Scottish farmers of the present generation growing a third less food than their grandfathers, (p. 15;) and yet, with a doubled population, there is an abundance of home-grown food, and a “steady fall in the price of our agricultural produce,” (p. 23.) You proceed then manfully to refute yourself, to demolish your own theory, and to rebut and expose what you had written a few pages before; and all this you accomplish with a very creditable success. This proceeding on your part was in the highest degree kind, clever, and considerate. There can be no doubt, as you show, (p. 24,) that it has been in consequence of the progressive improvement in domestic agriculture, that the supply of food has kept pace with the increasing population; and there can be no doubt that this would have continued to be the case, without making us dependent on foreigners for our daily bread, had not Free-trade legislation laid a fatal arrestment on the progress of British agriculture.

You talk wisely on the advantages attending the introduction of bones and guano, and contemptu-

ously of Messrs Watson and Dudgeon, as adhering slavishly to some obsolete system of farming, "stereotyped for them years ago in the books of Professor Low or Mr Stephens." You write this in great ignorance, or in unhappy perversity of temper. Nearly thirty years ago, Mr Watson erected costly machinery for crushing bones, and was at great trouble and expense in testing their value as a manure, and recommending them to his brother farmers; and, in appreciation of his services, they presented him with a valuable piece of plate. (See *Journal of Agriculture*.) Mr Dudgeon was the very first to report practically to the Highland and Agricultural Society, in 1842, upon the value of guano as applied to the turnip crop, and in the following year had nearly 100 acres of this crop manured with guano, when otherwise the whole breadth of turnips, in the county of Roxburgh, raised with this manure did not reach to this extent. In fact, the very parties whom you affect to sneer at, and their compeers, are the very parties who have raised the character of Scottish farming, and rendered it famous over the world. It is no common trial of the patience to hear them reviled by an inexperienced adventurer, whom the ferment of the times hesthrown upon the surface of society.

You disparage the amount expended by *Blackwood's* farmers on labour, but you forget that they give it as an average expenditure over a series of years, and not for a year or two during the course of expensive improvements; and you expatiate on the tendency of the high farming at Auchness to give employment to an increasing population; and yet you tell us that, at Auchness, "machinery has been applied to every purpose in which labour can be economised about the standing;" (p. 11.) The tendency to economise manual labour, and the tendency to increase employment for the agricultural labourers, seem somewhat contradictory and self-destructive features in the Auchness system.

From the account which you have given in your first pamphlet, of the agricultural condition of Auchness when it first fell into the hands of Mr M'Culloch, it appears to have been in a state of the most primitive and un-

paralleled barbarity. Receiving unwonted encouragement from the proprietor, he commenced a process of vigorous improvement, which he is accomplishing regardless of expense. By and by he will have achieved his object, and the outlay will be greatly diminished. We are not left to conjecture on this subject, for, in a note appended to his balance-sheet, Mr M'Culloch tells us, that, "next year the large sum for purchased manures will be reduced at least one-half;" and that he "will be able, in a year or two, to dispense altogether with the expenditure for purchased manures." The plain truth seems to be, that Mr M'Culloch is in course of doing what *Blackwood's* farmers, Mr Dudgeon, and thousands of other farmers, have already done. What is the meaning, then, of all this ridiculous rant about the high farming at Auchness? If, at the end of twenty years, Mr M'Culloch can grow the crops which *Blackwood's* farmers are now growing, and gets his facts attested as they have got theirs, it will prove very creditable management.

You ask what *Blackwood's* farmers have done to multiply bread-stuffs for a growing population? That is a most singular question for the eulogist of the Auchness potato-husbandry to have hazarded. Towards the production of cereals there are only 55 acres set apart at Auchness—a smaller proportion than, perhaps, on any farm of similar extent and soil in the kingdom. The potato is the sheet-anchor of your wealth, and the staple food you grow for the people; and to this fickle root you devote more than a third of the whole farm. And yet is not the potato, as the main source of a people's food, which your system makes it, the very root of physical degradation, and the very type of moral wretchedness? Was not the excessive cultivation of the potato the main cause of Ireland's misery, and of the famine that desolated her shores? And was not the lesson derived by every thoughtful man, from the dread visitation, a conviction of the folly and peril of making this precarious root the mainstay of a people's food? and was not the hope cherished that the Great Ruler, whose prerogative it is to bring good out of evil, might over-

rule the pestilence and the famine to advance the improvement of Irish husbandry, and the comfort of the Irish people? But, in infatuated defiance of the warnings of Providence, and the stern lessons proclaimed by famine, you hold up, as a model for British farmers, a system of agriculture in which the most prominent feature is an excessive cultivation of the potato. Had British farmers, the growers of the nation's food, persisted after 1846, and in face of Parliamentary instructions, in growing the potato—not to the extent grown at Auchness, but to the extent to which they themselves grew it formerly—they would have deserved to have been cognosed and sent to Bedlam. Your agricultural economy is undeniably, in this respect, retrogressive; and its tendency, if generally adopted, is to plunge our country into the abyss of Irish misery. And yet you write magniloquently about the production of bread-stuffs and food for the people! You wonder that Mr Gibson of Woolmet, "commanding a metropolitan market, so little appreciates the advantages and necessities of his position that, instead of raising vegetable produce for that market," he persists in growing grain. Your wonder is the daughter of ignorance. You seem not to be aware of what is notorious, that there is already more ground cultivated by market-gardeners than is required to supply the citizens of Edinburgh. No class of the community feel the effects of Free Trade more than they do, as their early crops, on which they principally relied, are entirely forestalled by supplies from Hamburg, Rotterdam, and other foreign ports. Forgetting your advocacy of "bread-stuffs," you are high in your praises of "edible roots;" and vegetable productions must now, it appears, be the source of agricultural prosperity. Where could a market be found for table roots, if generally cultivated by the farmers of the kingdom? Man does not belong to the herbivorous tribes. Cabbages and colewort won't sustain him. Bread, to him, is the staff of life. Roots are a windy, watery diet; they breed melancholy and send vapoury fumes to the brain. We must have "cakes and ale" in spite of you.

You have favoured the world, in your present pamphlet, with some singularly original views on the subject of rent, which throw a flood of light on your theory of high farming and the liberal covenant, and which I think dissipate all the mystery and difficulty in which otherwise you had left these subjects surrounded. *Blackwood's* farmers, you say, "give us estimates of what they lose by Free Trade; and it is a remarkable circumstance that, in every case, the estimated loss might be converted into a profit, simply by changing the figure which they put down for rent!" (p. 28, 29.) Most notable discovery! Instead of being 32s. per acre, had Messrs Watson and Dudgeon's rent been 12s. or 2s. per acre, all would be right, says the new agricultural oracle. Who ever doubted this? And so, after much idle chaffering, and most wearisome circumlocution, the truth at last leaps to the light—the loss which the farmer incurs by Free Trade is to be converted into a profit simply by *changing the figure of the rent*. The idea is admirable, and it is enunciated with exquisite coolness; and it possesses the sublime simplicity that distinguishes all the happy discoveries of genius. Lower the rent—bring it down to zero, if need be—and thus convert the tenant's loss by Free Trade into a profit. Most preposterous is it for the nation to be pestered with these Protection meetings, and to be disturbed by the agricultural depression, with so ready a remedy lying at the door. Agricultural distress flies the kingdom, simply by changing the figure of the rent. When once divulged, we wonder that we did not ourselves discover the grand truth. I am not exaggerating your prescription for agricultural difficulty—nor has it dropped from your pen *per incuriam*—you reiterate the same view in your remarks upon Mr Munro's pamphlet, to indicate the importance you attach to it. Mr Munro, you write, "of course had to use his own discretion only as to the rotation of cropping, and might exterminate every head of game on his estate. He could have reduced the rent to please himself. Yet, possessing all these advantages, Mr Munro was unable to farm at a profit," (p. 81.)

Mr Munro had fixed a rent on his land, such as he could have easily got from a competent tenant; but the intervention of Free Trade annihilated his profit. You are astonished at his simplicity. He could reduce his rent to please himself; and, by changing the figure, transmute his loss into a profit. Being both proprietor and tenant, he could play with impunity the game of "change the figures." He never could lose, for what the laird lost the tenant gained. *Blackwood's* farmers, in their unsophisticated simplicity, never seem to have dreamed of changing the figure. They may have been prevented by qualms of conscience. They may have questioned the morality of the proceeding, or doubted the propriety even of its political economy. 'Tis a pity you did not sooner publish this part of the Achness specific. It would have saved much profitless discussion. It is by far the most vital element in your liberal covenant, and completes its perfect development. It happily explains and illustrates the Achness balance-sheet. By this time the proprietors of the kingdom will understand the pleasant position in which you are to put them. With the right of hypothec abrogated, a rotation of crops exploded, and their rent lowered until it meets the depreciated prices, and converts the tenant's loss into profit, they will fall into a very enviable predicament. I sympathise with the Free-trade lairds. Sad and dismal are their meditations, and deep and bitter their murmurs. They say they are betrayed, and that they have reared up and cherished an enemy in their camp.

There is another question, however, which your philosophy does not seem to embrace. You never seem to have inquired whether the immense reduction of rents which must take place to meet the present prices, (which are yet daily falling,) so as to convert the farmer's loss into a profit, is to be a national benefit. It is certain that the reduction of rent requisite to effect your avowed object, must infallibly effect a revolution in the structure of society, and entail upon our country a train of sufferings unheard of and unparalleled. It is most creditable to the discern-

ment and patriotism of your brother farmers, that they reject, as a permanent cure for their difficulties, the lowering of rent, so as to turn their present loss into profit. They know that, over a large proportion of the arable soil of the kingdom, rent cannot so fall without being insufficient to meet the present burdens on land, and the great outlay required to maintain the farm-buildings, and to liquidate the other innumerable demands made on the proprietor of the soil. You call loudly for liberal covenants, for expensive buildings, and for more drainage, and at the very time you are depriving the proprietor of the means, and crippling him in his finances. Falling rents, farmers may well know, are the certain index of a retrograde agriculture; and, whatever you may fancy, you cannot reduce rent to the extent you have now pointed out, without inflicting misery, not only on the tenant-farmers and agricultural labourers, but sooner or later on every class in the community. The certain tendency of your agricultural speculation, and by no long circumduction, is to sink the agriculture of Britain to the condition of Irish husbandry, and to overrun the nation with pauperism. The landed interest will not suffer with impunity; and between it and the moneyed interest an internecine war will ensue. There is a set of pestilent demagogues and pretended patriots, flourishing at this moment in the kingdom, who are busy instilling into the masses the revolutionary idea that the landlord's rent is a robbery of the community, and that it may be dealt with as convenience requires. In your latest essay you have pandered to this pernicious delusion. I do not blame you for so doing. I believe that you write in a childlike innocence, and with total blindness to the necessary consequences of your own doctrines.

I have been exceedingly edified and amused with the manner in which you have expounded the theory of rotation. "The slavish adoption of fixed rules of rotation are suited only to a comparatively low state of agriculture. Nature has no rotation of crops—the plant bursts from the earth, grows, bears its produce, and drops the matured seed to reproduce itself

beside the root of the parent stem. The skilful gardener lays none of his land to rest in grass," (p. 17.) This may be fine writing, but it is unmitigated nonsense. Nature has a rotation of crops; and from nature the agriculturist took the hint, and got his teaching. The distribution of that part of the indigenous flora of a country which constitutes its annuals, is ever liable to vary. Nature's annual weeds flourish for a while in the same spot; but, having exhausted the peculiar nutriment in the soil which sustained them, they degenerate and migrate to a fresh locality. The plants which the farmers grow are chiefly annuals. But, in fact, two crops of the same kind of wood on the same soil is not according to the arboriculture which nature teaches. "The plant bursts from the earth, grows, bears its produce, and drops the matured seed to reproduce itself." Well, and what then? Can the farmer take the lesson? Is it not with this very habit of nature that his art must wage an incessant warfare? The skilful gardener has a rotation of crops, although he grows none of the cereal tribes, which especially rejoice in the alternative system of husbandry; and if the skilful gardener does not lay down "his land to rest in grass," his costly substitute is to trench his plot every fourth or fifth year to the depth of three or four feet, and thus to invigorate the wearied soil, by amalgamating it with fresh mould. The exhausted surface, the Auchness experimenter is compelled to remove. It is not very accurate to speak of the farmer "laying his land to rest in grass." He puts it under grass as an improving crop, and one which a *system* of agriculture cannot dispense with—a crop, too, which in many situations yields a larger free profit than he could otherwise raise from the land.

I do not remember of ever meeting with more ignorance of botany, vegetable physiology, and horticulture, condensed into a shorter space than you have succeeded in cramming into the few sentences just quoted. But, in a brave contempt of what you had written, you tell us, on the very next page, that you "do not mean to say that the system of rota-

tions has been without its use." And you add, that "the average agriculture of Scotland has undoubtedly been improved by it." And it is with such absurd and solemn see-saw that you enlighten the agricultural world. If a rotation of crops has improved the average agriculture of Scotland, that demonstrates the excellence and necessity of the system. It is average results that anything deserving the name of a system can alone secure. Agricultural reformer as you are, I would respectfully suggest that you must, if you wish to effect any good, legislate for an average measure of agricultural character and skill. The farmers of the kingdom are an immensely numerous body, and you cannot expect them to be all men of genius. Let your philanthropy prompt you to stoop for a time from your transcendental height, that you may minister to the wants of average humanity.

I am not surprised that you are angry with Peter Plough. This is very excusable. You had said in your first pamphlet, (p. 28,) that it was demonstrable that, if all the arable land in the same parish were cultivated as the Auchness farm was, immense benefits would accrue to the people. Mr Plough's expansive patriotism was not to be limited by the parochial boundaries, and he determined, if possible, to give the benefits of the system to the whole of the kingdom. With this view, he instituted an inquiry, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the Auchness system was capable of general adoption. Nothing could be more fair. You had, in fact, challenged the inquiry, by representing high farming as the substitute for Protection. Peter Plough, by a cogent and crushing demonstration, proved the utter inapplicability of the Auchness system for general adoption. He has impaled you on the horns of a dilemma, and no wonder that you are writhing in anguish. You try to smile, but, alas! it is too evident that your laugh is like that of the third ruffian in the melodrama, when the skeleton is discovered in the closet, and supplies the last link in the chain of circumstantial evidence. Manifestly the salt tears are seen to trickle over your abashed countenance.

Peter Plough understated his case. Include Ireland in his calculation, and adopt the more recent statistics of Porter, giving the increase in the mercantile navy, and Mr Plough's demonstration remains intact and impregnable. He had shown that, to apply the Auchness system to British husbandry, thirty-eight millions of additional capital would be required by British farmers, for the feeding stuffs and artificial manures; and he naturally asked where this "sum of money was to be got?" "And pray, good Peter, where is it to go?" you respond. Why, certainly, the first question in order of time and of precedence is, where is the money to be got?—unless, indeed, it be part of your system to make your money go before it be got! When you tell us that every ounce of the feeding stuffs used at Auchness was raised on British soil, you forget and misstate. The linseed, (p. 21, first pamphlet,) and the oilcake, (p. 23, second pamphlet,) are not of British production. The bruised oats and bean meal for the cattle, and the supplemental quantity of oats for the servants and horses, may be indeed of British production—although not grown on the farm of Auchness. But how long, think you, are farmers to grow these grains at a loss, to benefit the Auchness factor? He is dependent upon others for his supplies of these feeding stuffs.

Peter Plough has, in fact, compelled you to eat your leak, for you now tell us that the high farming at Auchness is, "as an example, to be taken in the spirit more than in the letter." What! have you forgotten that you set it forth "as the Substitute for Protection?" and that, if your language had any meaning, you intimated that its virtue would be equipollent and co-extensive with that of the plundered crutch? And now, forsooth, you veer about, with slippery versatility, and tell us that you are to be "read in the spirit more than in the letter." When such grave interests are at stake, this seems to me intolerable trifling, although no doubt it provides a door of escape for you, whatever disaster may attend the adoption of your expedient. In every such case the model will have been copied with a servility too literal, or a liberality

too latitudinarian; and there seems nothing for it but that the bewildered husbandman, before he embarks on the career of high farming, and runs the risk of mistaking the letter for the spirit, shall make a pilgrimage to Baldoon and consult the oracle, and ask the author to interpret his impenetrable text.

Whether it pleases you or not, this question must be agitated and tested, and sifted and probed to the very bottom—namely, Is the mode of farm management pursued by Mr McCulloch upon Auchness capable of being adopted in the general cultivation of the land of the country? This is the only question at all interesting to the agriculturists of the kingdom—the only question at all germane to their present position. If this is not meant, your high farming is a childish bauble. Its value, not only as a substitute for Protection, but as an instructive lesson in husbandry, must be determined by a correct solution of the preceding query. We find, then, upon a farm of 260 acres, that crops 1848 and 1849 give an average extent of 81 acres under grain, 48 acres in grass, and 131 acres in green crops; and of the latter, 78½ acres are potatoes all to be sold off.

We also find that 130 cattle, and about 190 sheep, are annually fattened upon the farm. The large extent of the green crop, and the quantity of cattle fed, are the salient and prominent features of the system. This you admit. I am therefore taking you in the spirit more than in the letter. Is a system, embracing such a disproportion between its root and grain crops, adapted for extension? Try its effects upon a small scale—extend it over a district of the average extent of Scotch counties, and inquire what would be the result. You will find that there would be a produce of about 301,417 tons of potatoes, 114,845 fat cattle, and 167,788 sheep—a produce more than equivalent to supply every town in Scotland with potatoes and butcher meat. Or, to indulge your parochial partialities, let us inquire what would be the results if *one farm in every parish* in the kingdom were farmed according to the Auchness fashion. In England, Wales, and Scotland, there are 11,568

parishes. We would have of "edible roots" i. e. potatoes, 4,633,200 tons, after allowing an equal quantity to be destroyed by the rot, as apparently happened at Auchness last year. Of wheat, 2,782,816 qrs. Of fat cattle, 1,505,790. Of fat sheep, 2,409,264—and a snug little money profit from hoggets and cows, young horses and ewes, of some ten millions. A small model farm in each parish of the island can supply its present population with beef and potatoes, and leave of the latter a liberal supply to the Rector's "generous pigs." Double our population, and add another model farm to each parish, and the wants of "the million" are forthwith supplied. Avaunt Malthus! all hail, Caird! "A plethora of beef; a plethora of vegetables," you facetiously exclaim. You have not considered that there may be a plethora of food, with concomitant destitution, nay starvation, amongst the poor and unemployed. Read the Irish correspondence of the *Morning Chronicle*, and the *Clare Journal* for February, and you will find that the two things actually co-exist at this moment in some parts of Ireland. But the next inquiry is, Would there be a plethora of profit as well as of food? Would the balance-sheet do, and would "change the figure" not be the instant cry? Suppose the potato epidemic to pass away, or allow even the present supplies of that root and of butcher-meat from other sources to be continued, would potatoes bring 30s. per ton, and beef 4d. per lb? It is not in the least degree probable. Is it not certain, too, that there would be such a demand for foreign manures as would raise their price beyond the possibility of profitably using them?

But perhaps this is copying the model too servilely. Well, modify it to such an extent as to preserve in operation the leading principles of the system—which is based upon cattle-feeding and potato culture to an extent wholly out of proportion with the other products of the farm—and the system will still prove self-destructive, inasmuch as its tendency must be to increase the cost of production, and to lower the value of the produce raised. With regard to the cost of production, Table II. in your "addition" (4th ed.

p. 40,) enables us readily to test the question. It appears that Mr McCulloch's "expenditure per acre for labour, artificial manures, purchased food, and expenses of management," exceeded the average expenditure of Messrs Watson, Dudgeon, and Christopher by £3, 11s. 7½d. Now you tell us from Porter that, of garden and tillage lands in Great Britain, there are 13,637,320 acres. To bring up these—which, however, include Auchness—to the mark of the Auchness system at a farther expenditure of £3, 11s. 7½d. per acre, an additional capital of £48,852,857, would be required by British farmers. And this is "High Farming farther illustrated!" and you correct Peter Plough by adding eleven millions to his estimate of the new capital required! I am here stealing a leaf from the book of Peter Plough; but, if you will not allow us to look at your case in this light, it is not worth a moment's notice. If the system cannot be reduced to practice, why tantalise the farmer by bringing the cup to his lips, but denying him the power of slaking his thirst?

You seem to think that you have communicated new and invaluable information to the practical farmer, and you "challenge Mr Stephens, within the whole compass of his two thousand pages of letterpress, to exhibit an instance equally instructive," (p. 27.) What is it that is so new? Is it the value of manure and its extensive application that constitutes the novelty, now for the first time made known? The ancient Romans anxiously collected their manure from as many sources as the moderns do. They liberally employed liquid manure and pigeons' droppings, (your guano,) then esteemed of inestimable value. Or, is it the stall-feeding system that you publish as something so new and instructive? Why, the *Metayers* of Lombardy have long fed their cattle in a somewhat similar fashion, but with more extraordinary care. They feed them in stalls—they bleed them—they brush them twice a-day, whether with "a dandy brush" or not is not recorded, and they rub them over with oil. The oleaginous application is something more exquisite than the Auchness system administers. There is, in truth, nothing new in

what you have written, as every educated agriculturist knows; and you might have found your "instructive instances" almost in any history of agriculture in any one of our Cyclopedias. When I consider this, I have been forcibly reminded of the valorous exploits of the immortal hero of one of Sir Walter Scott's best poems, which the bard thus commemorates,—

"Donald Caird findsorra things,
Where Alan Grigor fand the tings."

You apparently now stand alone and unsupported in your advocacy of high farming, foolishly so called, as the substitute for Protection, and as a source of profitable investment under the depressed prices of agricultural produce. "The leading organ of the Protectionists," is so heterodox in your estimation, that one cannot expect you to imbibe wisdom from such a source. But perhaps you may listen more benevolently to the other powerful and accredited organ of political opinion in North Britain on the question of high farming, and the possibility of its adoption as a *present remedy* for the clamant evils under which the agricultural community now labours. You will do well, before you write again, to ponder over and inwardly to digest the following pregnant sentences, which embody an admirable synopsis of the truth. The italics are mine.

"It is true, that high farming can maintain a large labouring population; but high farming requires, not only that high scientific knowledge which is of *slow growth*, but also a *large expenditure of capital*. It is the possession of *great skill, habitual energy, and vast capital*, which alone renders possible such a system of farming, horticultural rather than agricultural, as has grown up in Belgium in the midst of abundant markets, wealthy towns, and flourishing manufactures,—a system the *origin and growth of which has been favoured by every circumstance that can promote industry and protect its fruits*."—*Edinburgh Review*, January 1850, (p. 18.) Mr Mechi speaks problematically of the profit of high farming; that amiable experimenter, Mr Huxtable, ingenuously confesses his losses, and allows that last year he was *minus* £32 of his rent; Mr M'Culloch even seems half

disposed to leave you in the lurch. He is reported, in the *Scotsman* of the 13th February last, to have said at a public meeting in Newton-Stewart, on the 1st February,—"That, before the improved system could be properly carried out, the landlords must give encouragement particularly in draining and buildings." Millions of money, which the proprietors have not, must be expended; and millions of additional capital must be at the command of the farmers, which they have not, before the system can be carried out. Enthusiast although he be, Mr M'Culloch begins to see the impracticable nature of the scheme. Moreover, before the improvements could be effected, supposing the requisite capital to be had, and before any profit could accrue from them, years would elapse. For the improvements and profits of agriculture, unlike those in manufactures, cannot be realised in a few months. The farmers, with a continuation of the present prices, will in the mean time be ruined, unless rents are diminished one-third, and, on the poorer soils, extinguished altogether—in which event, again, two-thirds of the proprietors of the kingdom would be ruined. These are the immediate accompaniments attending your cheap food for the people, your plethora of potatoes, and your plethora of beef. The ultimate issue will speedily reach the people whom you delude, and the Manchester Free-traders whose sweet voices you court.

But you have further shown us, that there is a necessity for the compulsitor of an act of Parliament to nullify existing leases, and to establish the conditions of the liberal covenant, and that a change of the figure in the rent is imperiously called for. In other words, you prescribe not for the existing condition of agriculture, but for an imaginary case of your own construction. Your views are based on hopes and contingencies vague and visionary. Your theory, as further illustrated, avowedly contemplates a possible case, which not only does not exist, but which is a moral impossibility. That such views should have attracted any notice, and raised any serious discussion, the critical emergency of the

times, as already stated, sufficiently explains. Drowning men catch at straws; and, during the prevalence of an inescrutable pestilence, the afflicted and excited sufferer, loth to relinquish the hope of life, flees to any doctor, however quackish and empirical. The practical agriculturists of the kingdom have made up their mind upon the practicability and general utility of your schemes; and, while frankly allowing that much remains to be done for the further advancement of agriculture, and that high farming, in any profitable or practicable sense, is indispensable, they unanimously repudiate the utopianism of your theory as a cure for the dire evils into which, by no fault of their own, they have been plunged. The Perthshire farmer, the only brother tenant of whom you have spoken in the language of civility, and who, in his judicious pamphlet, had shown that Mr McCulloch, in 1848, must have lost by his farm, repels your advances, and scorns your supercilious compliments. He writes, that "he would far rather have received Mr Caird's buffet than his embrace." (*Stirling Journal*, 15th February.)

You are now "left alone in your glory;" but that glory is neither small nor contemptible. By that portion of the press who are fired with a hatred of landlordism, and who have taken a vow to sacrifice the agricultural classes to the cupidity of the master manufacturers, you are praised and flattered as the only man of mark and likelihood in North Britain. Although Adam Smith, and more recently M. de Tocqueville, have given it as their opinion that the agricultural classes are more intelligent and intellectual than the manufacturing, yet there is a section of "the fourth estate" in the realm, who cannot speak of farmers without employing insulting epithets derogatory to their intelligence and education. With this fraternity you are an especial favourite; and not without cause. They are wise in their generation, and they see well enough that your speculations, as those of a farmer, serve their purpose better than any of their own could possibly do. They perceive that your Georgical essays are raising delusions in the minds of the ignorant, and

bolstering up the vain hopes of Free-trade proprietors, and pandering to the agrarian passions of the unprincipled, and are thus admirably calculated to divert attention from the clamant sufferings of the agricultural community, and to stifle any attempt to devise a real remedy for them. I am sure that, in your heart, you mean none of these things; but it is surprising that the fulsome praises of such parties, and their enlistment of you into their ranks, have not raised a suspicion in your mind regarding the tendency of your writings, and the somewhat dubious and equivocal position which you now occupy.

That powerful print, the *Times*, disparages the intelligence of farmers, and writes with levity on the subject of their present sufferings. If landlords and tenants cannot prosper under present prices, it tells them cavalierly to sell off, and to emigrate. Surveying them and their fields, it kindly intimates—

"Hæc mea sunt; veteres migrate coloni."

Seated beside the Thunderer, you are to dispense the award to agricultural mortals. Have pity on your frail and erring brethren, and wield not the giant's strength tyrannically. But your faculties are as great as your fame; and as Julius Cæsar, in the midst of preparations for battle, marked the revolutions of the stars, so you, in the interval that elapses betwixt the publication of your high farming essays, take a glance at Ireland, and solve the enigma that had puzzled all preceding statesmen, and prescribe the cure for the chronic ailments of our unhappy neighbour. With a few flourishes of your pen, you have slain *Blackwood* and all his allies. The mind is proud of its triumphs in proportion to the reputed greatness of what it has overcome. Plutarch, in his life of Artaxerxes, tells us of a soldier who wounded King Cyrus in battle, and who grew thereupon so arrogant that in a short space after he lost his wits. I fear for you, even in the midst of your triumphs, for you are manifestly perturbed. At a time when every one had treated you with unexampled gentleness and courtesy, you complain of being upbraided, and of having lost the smiles of men of rank.

Can it be that the monitor within is pricking you for your left-handed advocacy of the farmers' interest? The taint of a *green* and yellow melancholy is on you. That curious old writer, Felix Plater, tells us, with high humour, of a certain one who fancied that he had some of Aristophanes' frogs in his belly, and who studied physic seven years, and took the tour of Europe, with a view of relieving himself. Your itinerancy may be salubrious, and tend to evacuate the croaker. But if not, happy are you to have such a doctor—the crutch-

destroyer, I mean—as your “guide, philosopher, and friend.” By his nimble manipulations, he will easily effect the happy exorcism of every obstruction; and, having him as your *Mæcenas*, well may you feel

“Divinity within you breeding wings,
Wherewith to scorn the earth.”

If I have contributed in any degree, by this agreeable epistle, to abate and dissolve your present flatulency, it will be a source of delightful reflection to me in the evening of life.

CATO.

THE CLEARING OF THE GLENS.

I.

THEY'LL speak of him for many a year,
In Britain's sad decline,
In other lands, perchance, than this,
Across the weltering brine.
They'll speak of him who drove them forth
In alien fields to toil,
Who forced them from their fathers' hearths,
The children of the soil!

II.

Amidst the deserts of the West
When evening shadows fall,
Around their aged grandsire's knees
The babes will gather all—
And “Tell us, grandsire,” thus they'll speak,
“O tell us yet again,
Of that dear native land of yours
That lies beyond the main.

III.

“Why did you leave that happy land,
And seek a shelter here,
Where keenly sweeps the northern wind
Through frozen forests drear?
And why forsake the purple hills
Where Scotland's heather grows,
To shudder in this dreary waste
Of cold Canadian snows?”

IV.

“Ah, children—Ye recall the time
When I was young and strong;
When never roebuck on the brae
More swiftly raced along.
I dwelt within a bielder hut
Far up a Highland glen,
With forty more, our name that bore,
All true and loyal men.

V.

"We sowed the seed, and reaped the grain,
With thankful hearts and kind;
Our cattle grazed upon the hill
That rose our homes behind.
Each Sabbath-day we worshipped God
Within the homely fane,
All circled by the blessed graves
I ne'er shall see again.

VI.

"Our chief—ah, me! how proud were we
That honoured name to hail,
Was, like his fathers, true and just—
In heart and soul, a Gael.
His lands were narrowed in their range
Since dark Culloden's day,
But o'er our hearts the ancient name
Still bore its ancient sway.

VII.

"He loved us: Ay! he did not leave
His old ancestral home,
As many did, with stranger friends
In foreign lands to roam.
God's blessing rest upon his head,
Alive or dead, say I;
For 'midst his clan, though dwindled sore,
He looked to live and die!

VIII.

"And so we dwelt, in peace and rest,
For many a changing year:
Not rich; but riches never made
A home so doubly dear.
From kindly earth, from verdant hill,
From river, loch, and wood,
We drew the stores that kept us still
In raiment and in food.

IX.

"One year—I know not which it was,
For it was long ago,—
The summer had been cold and wet,
And early fell the snow;
A heavy blight came down from heaven
On plant, and root, and grain,
And what the pestilence had touched,
Ne'er rose to life again.

X.

"It was an awful winter. Want
And famine raged around;
Yet little felt we of their power,
Within our master's ground.
Our debts were few, our rents were small,
And these were all forgiven—
No heavier burden did we bear
Than that which fell from heaven!

XI.

"The spring came round—the primrose bloomed
Upon the bank and brae,
And blythesome looked the bonny glen
Within the light of May.
The lowing of a hundred herds,
The voices of the rills,
The bleat of flocks, the glad bird's song
Rang o'er our Highland hills.

XII.

"The blade was springing in the field
Right healthily and green,
With promise of the fairest yield
That eye had ever seen.
And joy rose up within our hearts,
We feared no more decay,
But thanked our Maker—who had ta'en
The grievous curse away.

XIII.

"O little knew we of the men
Who ruled within the land;
The days were gone when Scottish hearts
O'er Scotland held command.
The days were gone when valiant souls,
Who knew their country's right,
Stood foremost at the council board
As they were first in fight.

XIV.

"The spirit of the olden time,
That blazed so bright of yore,
Had died away, and no one spoke
Of faith or honour more.
They deemed this glorious earth was made,
And vaulted with the sky,
For nothing but to gather gold—
To traffic, fawn, and lie!

XV.

"And so they reared the chimney-stalk,
And so they laid the keel,
And trampled on the labouring poor
With hard and heavy heel.
A cold and crafty Southron carle
Was lord and master there:
No gentle blood had he who stood
Beside the monarch's chair.

XVI.

"He made his laws—I wot not how—
But this I know full well,
That ruin like a biting frost
Upon the country fell.
It mattered not how bright the sun,
How bountiful the rain,
The wickedness of man had made
The gifts of God in vain.

XVII.

"These were sore days. Within the towns
Was naught but foreign bread;
By foreign serfs beyond the seas
The people now were fed.
No work was there for us to do,
No labour far or near;
We dared not render thanks to Him
Who sent a fruitful year.

XVIII.

"The plough lay rusting in the field:
We drove our cattle down,
We sold them—'twas our last resource,
Within a distant town.
The poor dumb creatures! when they went
I knew the hour must come
For the like woeful journey next,
To those that were not dumb.

XIX.

"And so it fell. One weary day
The bitter news was told,
That the fair land we loved so well
Was to a stranger sold.
The race that for a thousand years
Had dwelt within the glen,
Were rudely summoned from their homes,
To beg as broken men.

XX.

"Some would not leave—the ruffians tore
The crumbling thatch away;
They plucked the rafters from the wall,
And bade them starve and stay!
The old, the bedrid, and the sick,
The wife and new-born child—
I thank my God I did not strike,
Although my heart was wild!

XXI.

"We parted—kinsfolk, clansmen, friends,
With heavy hearts and sore;
We parted by the water-side,
To meet on earth no more.
The sun was sinking to his rest
Amidst a lurid sky,
And from the darkening hill above
We heard the falcon's cry."

XXII.

"O wicked deed, O cruel men!
O sad and woeful day!
But, grandsire, tell us of your friends
And kinsfolk, where are they?"
"They lie within the festering heaps,
Among the city dead—
Scant burial had they for their bones,
No gravestone marks their head;

XXIII.

"Some died of want, of sorrow some,
And some of broken age:
They who lived on were sad as birds
Cooped in a narrow cage.
O children, with the savage beasts
I'd rather lay me down,
Than dwell among the stifling lanes
Within a factory town!

XXIV.

"Sharp hunger forced us to the mills;
We slaved for scanty food
'Midst flashing looms, and buzzing wheels,
And strangers rough and rude.
From morn to night we toiled and spun
Like beasts to labour driven,
And only through the dingy panes
We saw the light of heaven.

XXV.

"Ay, there was room for all! The child
That scarce could walk alone,
The little ones we loved so well,
The stripling and the grown;
The modest maiden forced to bear
The coarse and scurril jest;
The old man with his silver hairs—
The wife with babe at breast.

XXVI.

"All, all might work—for England ne'er
Had borne so high a name,
Though not for Christian chivalry
She strove to keep her fame.
No longer streamed Saint George's cross
The foremost in the air,
Her glory lay in cotton bales
And yards of flimsy ware.

XXVII.

"For this we toiled, for this we span;
For this all round and round
Ten thousand chimney-stalks were reared
Above the blackening ground.
For this they made the reaper's song,
The ploughman's whistle cease;
And 'midst the clanking of the chains
Proclaimed the reign of peace!

XXVIII.

"But we—the Highland-born, the free,
How could we struggle there?
Still in our hearts we felt the breath
Of our fresh mountain air—
We saw the shadows of the hills
Hang in the waters clear,
The purling of the distant rills
Was sounding in our ear.

XXIX.

"We sang the old familiar songs—
 We sang them at the loom;
 We sang of light, and love, and joy,
 When all around was gloom.
 O then, O then—the bitter tears
 Rose to each aching eye—
 O were we but once more at home,
 Though only there to die!

XXX.

"Death came, but came not quickly. Pale
 And weak my sister grew;
 With sharpened pain and wasting sobs
 Her heavy breath she drew.
 At last I laid her in her bed
 When she could work no more.
 I kissed her poor, thin, wasted cheek—
 I prayed—and all was o'er!

XXXI.

"I laid her in a stranger's grave.
 And then I turned and fled,
 I cared not whither—anywhere—
 To earn my honest bread;
 In any land where flesh and blood
 Were reckoned more than gain—
 Where tyrant masters did not wring
 Their wealth from woe and pain."

XXXII.

O England—England! many a heart
 Is sad and sore for thee,
 Though basely, meanly, falsely driven
 To dwell beyond the sea.
 O England! if the bonny Rose
 Was drooping on your crown,
 Why did you stretch a cruel hand
 To pluck the Thistle down?

XXXIII.

There's many a name of noble fame
 Writ in your ancient roll;
 There's many an honest statesman yet
 Of free and generous soul:
 Why stoop to those who cannot walk
 With high and upright head,
 Whose living souls no kindred own
 With thy time-honoured dead?

XXXIV.

The worst of all—the thrice-forsworn—
 The gamester of thy fame—
 How dares he deem that aftertimes
 Will give him aught but shame?
 Let monuments be reared above—
 Of marble heap a hill—
 The peasant's curse upon his head
 Shall weigh the heavier still!

Dies Boreales.

No. VI.

CHRISTOPHER UNDER CANVASS.

Camp at Cladich.

SCENE I.—*The Wren's Nest.*

TIME—*Six A.M.*

NORTH—TALBOYS—SEWARD.

NORTH.

You recollect the words of Edmund in Lear—

“A credulous father, and a brother noble
Whose nature is so far from doing harm,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
One's practices ride easy.”

This is exactly Iago with Othello—believing in virtue, using, despising it. These idolators of self think the virtuous worship imaginary, unreal Gods. But they never doubt the sincerity of the worship; and therein show a larger intelligence, a clearer insight, than those other idolators who, shut up in their own character, ascribe their own motives to all; and in virtues can see only different shapes of hypocrisy.

TALBOYS.

The Devil himself knows better, sir. He knows that Virtue exists; only he flatters himself that he can undermine its foundations. “And oftentimes does succeed”—seeking Evil “as contrary to His High Will whom we resist!”

NORTH.

The Evil Principle at war with the Good.

TALBOYS.

In what war soever, sir, you are once engaged, you soon feel yourself pledged to it. A few blows given on both sides settle you fast, and you no longer inquire about the cause.

NORTH.

To an evil soul all good is a reproach; therefore he wars on it. To the self-dissatisfied the happiness of the good is a reproach; therefore, if he be thoroughly selfish, he pulls it down.

TALBOYS.

Every one's impulse is to throw off pain; and if no pity, no awe, no love be there to stay him, he pulls down of course.

NORTH.

My dear Talboys, believe me, that, for a moment, every man has motives fit for a fiend. Perhaps he obeys—perhaps rejects them. The true fiend is constant.

TALBOYS.

Every man has motives fit for a fiend! I beg you to speak for yourself, my dear sir.

NORTH.

I speak of myself, of you, and of Iago. What is the popular apprehension or theory of the malice disclosed in "mine Ancient"—not the Old One, but the Standard-bearer?

TALBOYS.

Why, the prompt, apt, and natural answer will be, he is a Devil.

NORTH.

And pray what is a Devil?

TALBOYS.

Iago.

NORTH.

Don't reason in a circle, sir.

TALBOYS.

I'd rather reason in a circle, sir, than not reason at all. I like reasoning in a circle—it is pleasant pastime in a cold, raw morning—far preferable to ascending Cruachan; for you are never far from home, and when tired can leap out at your own pleasure, and take some reasoning in a straight line.

NORTH.

You are always so pleasant, Talboys, circular or ziz-zag. Whence is the malice in the heart of a Devil?

TALBOYS.

I want data, sir. Milton has given some historical elucidation of it; but the People reason less, and are no philosophers.

NORTH.

Hate in a devil is like Love in an Angel—uncaused, or self-causing; it is his natural function—his Essence, his Being. Herein the seraph is a seraph—the fiend is a fiend.

TALBOYS.

"Evil! be Thou my good! By Thee at least
Divided Empire with Heaven's King I hold,
By Thee, and more perhaps than half will reign."

Reason—Motive—Cause.

NORTH.

Prospero calls Caliban a devil—a born Devil.

TALBOYS.

Also, a demi-Devil—as Othello calls Iago.

NORTH.

The Philosopher knows—in *humanity*—of no born devil. He follows, or tries to follow, the causes which have turned the imperfect nature into the worst. The popular sense takes things as it finds them, and acknowledges "born devils," Iago being one, and "of the prime." The *totality* of monster in the moral world seems to that unphilosophical, sincere, and much-to-the-purpose intuition, expressed under the image of a *nativity*. The popular sense recognises a temper of man which elects evil for evil's sake—which inflicts pain, because it likes to see pain suffered—which destroys, because it revels in misery.

TALBOYS.

Coleridge calls Iago's "a motiveless malignity." He hated Othello for not promoting him, but Cassio. That seems to me the real, tangible motive—a haunting, goading, fretting preference—an affront—an insult—a curbing of power—wounding him where alone he is sensitive—in self-esteem and pride. See his contempt for Cassio as a book-warrior—and "for a fair life"—simply like our notion of a "milkop." Why Othello, who so prizes him for his honesty as to call him ever "honest Iago," keeps him down, I have not a guess—

NORTH.

Haven't you? And pray what right have you to interfere with the practice of promotion in the army of the Venetian State?

TALBOYS.

I cannot approve of this particular instance—it looks like favouritism. Othello fancied Cassio—Cassio was the genteeler young fellow of the two—the better-born—Iago had risen from the ranks—and was a stout soldier—

NORTH.

You don't take your character of Cassio from Iago?

TALBOYS.

I do. Iago was a liar—but here I think he spoke truth—there is nothing in the Play indicating that Cassio had seen much service—he had never been at Cyprus—nor anywhere else—he had never seen a Turk—he had never—

NORTH.

Hold your tongue.

TALBOYS.

A more disgraceful Brawl—

NORTH.

Hold your tongue, I say.

TALBOYS.

Don't keep pouring out your excuses for him, sir, with such overwhelming volubility—it won't do. He knew his own wretched head. "I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking," yet drink he would,—“I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too”—worse than shirking—“behold what innovation it makes here,”—and yet he would not join the Teetotallers. Out on such a Lieutenant! Iago was an ill-used man.

NORTH.

Talboys—

TALBOYS.

O that ceaseless volubility! Shakspeare afterwards makes Iago say that Cassio “has a daily beauty in his life.” Where do we see it? In his *liaison* with that “fitchew?” From pleading with the Divine Desdemona on a question to him of life or death, to go straight to sup—and sleep with Bianca!

NORTH.

Othello's “Now thou art my Lieutenant,” shows the importance meant by Shakspeare to be attached to the previous oppression—or “holding down” of Iago. Alas! how that allocution instigating Iago to murder by more than a promise of promotion, sadly lowers Othello to me—I hardly know why. I feel a descent from his own passion to a sympathy with Iago's desire to step into his superior officer's shoes. I can fancy that Shakspeare meant this. Ay, that he did; for I believe that turbulent passion, in some of its moods, lowers—degrades—debases a great and generous nature.

TALBOYS.

Iago was jealous of Othello. He says he was, and either believes it, or tries to believe it. His own words intimate the doubt, and the determination to believe. Malignity and hate indulge in giving acceptance to slight grounds—such he says, in his own coarse way, was the rumour—and perhaps it was true—

NORTH.

Certainly it was false. High characters, as Coriolanus, Hotspur, Othello, are, by a native majesty of spirit, saved and exalted from the pursuit of illicit pleasure.

TALBOYS.

They are. But let his jealousy of Othello—sincere or assumed—or mixed or alternating—enter as an element into the hatred.

NORTH.

Let it. Iago was, you said truly, a stout Soldier—and I add, a hard, unfeeling, unprincipled Soldier. Of all trades in the world, that of a Soldier is the worst and the best—witness an Iago—an Othello. The same trade helped to make both. In Othello we almost see Wordsworth's *Happy Warrior*—in Iago one—

“Yet ill he lived, much evil saw,
'Mongst men to whom no better law

Nor better life was known ;
Deliberately and undeceived,
Those bad men's vices he received
And gave them back his own !”

You are convinced, without a hint, that he is infidel—atheist : everything shaped like religion, like moral conscience—his mind shakes off and rejects with scorn. He does not, however, as I said, disbelieve in Virtues. He believes in them, and uses them to the destruction of the havers. What he disbelieves is the worth of Virtues. To that savage Idol, Self, the more bleeding and noble victims, the more grateful the sacrifice.

TALBOYS.

A singular combination in him, sir, is his wily Italian wit—like Iachimo’s—and his rough—soldierlike—plain, blunt, jovial manners—the tone of the Camp, and of the wild-living, *reckless* Camp—plenty of hardihood—fit for toil, peril, privation. You never for a moment doubt his courage—his presence of mind—his resources—he does not once quail in presence of Othello at his utmost fury. He does not stir up the Lion from without, through the bars of his cage, with an invisible rod of iron—that is, a whip of scorpions ; he lashes up the Wild Beast, and flinches not an inch from paw that would smite, or tusk that would tear—a veritable Lion Queller and King.

NORTH.

I cannot but believe that the Othello of Shakspeare is black, and all black. I cannot conceive the ethnography of that age drawing—on the stage especially—the finer distinction which we know between a Moor and a Blackamoor or Negro. The opposition, entertained by nature, is between White and Black—not between White and Brown. You want the opposition to tell with all its power. “I saw Othello’s visage in his mind” is nothing, unless the visible visage is one to be conquered—to be accepted by losing sight of it. I say again, that I cannot myself imagine the contemporary audience of Shakspeare deciding colour between a Moor and a Negro. The tradition of the Stage, too, seems to have made Othello jet black. Such, I opine, was the notion of the Moor, *then*, to the People, to the Court, to the Stage, to Shakspeare.

TALBOYS.

Woolly-headed ?

NORTH.

Why, yes—if you choose—in opposition to the “curled darlings.”

TALBOYS.

Yet Coleridge has said it would be “something monstrous to conceive this beautiful Venetian girl falling in love with a veritable Negro.”

NORTH.

Coleridge almost always thought, felt, wrote, and spoke finely, as a Critic—but may I venture, in all love and admiration of that name, to suggest that the removal which the stage makes of a subject from reality must never be forgotten. In life you cannot bear that the White Woman shall marry the Black Man. You could not bear that an English Lady Desdemona—Lady Blanche Howard—should—under any imaginable greatness—marry General Toussaint or the Duke of Marmalade. Your senses revolt with offence and loathing. But on the Stage some consciousness that everything is not as literally meant as it seems—that symbols of humanity, and not actual men and women, are before you—saves the Play.

TALBOYS.

I believe that Wordsworth’s line—

“The gentle Lady married to the Moor,”

expresses explicitly the feeling of the general English heart—pity for the contrast, and a thought of the immense love which has overcome it.

NORTH.

White and Black is the utter antithesis—as, at intensity, Night and Day.

Yes—Talboys—Every jot of soot you take from his complexion, you take an iota from the signified power of love.

TALBOYS.

As you say, sir, the gap which is between the Stage and Reality must prevent, in our hearts, anything like loathing of the conjunction.

NORTH.

The touch of such an emotion would annul the whole Tragedy. A disparity, or a discrepancy, vast as mysterious—but which love, at the full, is entitled to overlook—overstep! Whether Fate dare allow prosperity to a union containing so mighty an element of disruption, is another question. It seems like an attempt at overruling the "*Æterna foedera rerum.*"

TALBOYS.

For half an hour after her death, Othello believes her guilty. You must take it for a representation of what his feelings would have been, if she had really been guilty.

NORTH.

Unless the fact of her innocence have a secret potency that reaches, through all appearance and evidence of her guilt, into his innermost soul. Be that as it may, he is, after the deed, perplexed and unmanned, totally unlike a man who has performed a great sacrifice to the offended gods. You may say that the convulsion of upturn love is too fresh, and that he would in time have regained his strength—that had she been guilty, the first half-hour must have been just what it was. All I know is, that his mind first becomes clear, when he knows her innocent. Then he is, in a measure, himself, and sees his way. Had she been guilty, he would have lived two years with a stern, desolate soul—not harsh, perhaps, to honest folks, though—and have then fallen in battle.

TALBOYS.

But how is Iago affected by the blackness? No doubt, with more hate and aversion at being commanded by and outshone by him. High military rank and command—high favour by the Senate—high power and esteem in the world—high royalty of spirit—happiness in marriage—all these in Othello are proper subjects of envy, and motives of hate in Iago. The Nigger!

NORTH.

Antipathy of bad to good—of base to noble—exacerbated by physical antipathy of colour! But I never could fathom the hate and malice and revenge of Iago.

TALBOYS.

It is unfathomable—and therefore fit agent in Tragedy.

NORTH.

Even so. I don't believe that Shakspeare always means you to be able to lay motives in the balance and weigh them. Far otherwise.

TALBOYS.

Ay—Think how the Murder of Duncan leaps up, Hell-born, into the heart of Macbeth—at the breath of the Weird Sisters!

NORTH.

Perhaps. Poetry shaping out an action, distinguishes herself, amongst other points of distinction herein, from History, that while she shows lucidly, and of her own clear knowledge, the concatenation of Cause and Effect, yet passion and imagination require the indefinite. There is then a conflict of claims and powers; and the part of logic is hence imperfectly rendered. You see the river sweeping by you, without knowing all the springs that have fed it.

TALBOYS.

Say that again, sir.

NORTH.

There is the hatred—a tragical power, which the Poet is principally concerned to use—less to explain.

TALBOYS.

You said, sir, the noble Moor must have been much disennobled ere he could have cried to Iago, "Now thou art my lieutenant."

I did, and you think so too.

NORTH.

TALBOYS.

I do. Othello and Iago are joint conspirators to two double murders. Can you conspire to a murder—a private assassination—without lowering yourself—even on the Stage? Othello takes on himself the murder of Desdemona—act, responsibility, consequences; but does he not seem to hire Iago to assassinate Cassio?

NORTH.

What did Othello intend to do—after all was accomplished? Consequences indeed! He was stone-blind to the future. What does he expect? that when he has killed his wife, everything is to go on as smoothly as before? That no notice will be taken of it? or that he will have to make another speech to the Senate? He has told them how he married her—the counterpart will be to relate “a plain unvarnished tale of my whole course” of smothering and stabbing her with bolster and dagger. “Now thou art my lieutenant”—shows—if not stone-blindness—a singular confidence in the future.

TALBOYS.

The Personages who come in at the End look at the matter contrariwise. Othello exalts the killing of his wife into a sacrifice to Justice. But Cassio? That is mere—pure Revenge. “O that the slave had forty thousand lives,—one is too poor, too weak for my revenge.”

NORTH.

Upon what pedestal does Othello stand now—engaging another to kill Cassio in the dark, for his own revenge? I repeat it, surely the Noble Moor is now very much disennobled.

TALBOYS.

I rejoice, my dear sir, that you have so completely got rid of that nasty cough—your voice is as clear as a bell. Lungs sound—

NORTH.

As those of a prize bagpiper. Talboys, I cannot help thinking that Shakespeare shows up in Othello foul passions—that you see in him two natures conjoined—the moral Caucasian White, and the animal tropical Black. In the Caucasian, the spiritual or angelical in us attains its manifestation. In the offspring of the tropics, amongst the sands, and under the suns of Africa, the animal nature takes domination. The sands and suns that breed Lions, breed Men with Lion's hearts in them. The Lion is for himself noble, but blood of the Irrational in the veins of the Rational is a contradiction. The noblest moral nature and the hot blind rage of animal blood!

TALBOYS.

Ay, the noblest moral nature, and high above every other evidence of it, his love of HER—which, what it was, and what it would have remained, or become—and what he was and would have been, had Iago not been there—we may imagine! With all the power of a warrior, and a ruler, he has the sensibility of a Lover—with all spontaneous dignity and nobility, he has the self-mastery of reason—before his overthrow.

NORTH.

Wherefore, my dear Sheriff, I prefer Othello as a specimen of the *Ethical Marvellous*. Like, as in another kingdom, a Winged Horse or a Centaur—the meeting of two natures—which readily hold asunder. All this has under the *Æthiop* complexion its full force—less if you mitigate—if not mitigate merely, but take away, where are we all? The innate repugnance of the White Christian to the Black Moorish blood, is the ultimate tragic substratum—the “*must*” of all that follows. Else—make Othello White—and, I say again, see where we are!

TALBOYS.

Shakespeare, sir, is not one to flinch from the utmost severity of a Case.

NORTH.

Not he, indeed—therefore I swear Othello is a Blackamoor.

TALBOYS.

And I take it, sir, that Othello's natural demeanour is one of great gravity, to which the passionate moods induced are in extremity of contrast. I conceive that, by these mixtures and contrasts, he is rendered picturesque and poetical.

NORTH.

I swear Othello was a Blackamoor—and that Desdemona was the Whitest Lady in Europe.

TALBOYS.

Had he lived to be tried for murder, I think his counsel might have successfully set up the plea of insanity.

NORTH.

They might have successfully set it up—but I, the Judge, would have successfully put it down. Honestly, I don't think Othello mad; and for this reason, that the thought never before came into my head. An incident that appears to me most wonderful in dramatic invention is—the Swooning. Look at the precise words preceding his falling down. To me it has no other effect or sense, than that of the blood being driven up into the head, and oppressing with physical pressure that bodily organ—the brain. The soul strikes the body like a hammer, and knocks it down.

TALBOYS.

Ay, how his words waver—"That's not so good now"—from a man believing, or on the point of believing. There is to me a physical faintness in these words, and in the play upon the words "lie with her," &c., intellect reeling to fall.

NORTH.

Good. But I believe body and soul of Othello—or the relation between body and soul—to be physiologically right and sound. The swooning goes soon off—the accident of an hour—the mind is else in full vigour, sound, and mislead. You must recollect that a mind of supereminent physical (may one say so?) and moral power—a mind that would have been strong and calm through the Russian Campaign of Napoleon—is not in a day stricken into a state which requires the medical skill and attention of Dr Willis. Othello had an immensely strong physical constitution undoubtedly—had he not, the adventures related would long ago have extinguished him. This is one meaning of that sudden and strange narrative which children are taught by rote, and which men may not have quite fathomed; but a strong body and strong soul conjoined, do not lightly admit of disjunction. Madness, properly so called, is a disjunction, in some way or kind, of the natural union between soul and body. A few days disrupt the ties in the aged Lear. You may think that in Othello—I suppose *Ætät*. 40 or 45—the ties would bear some wrenching of the rack, ere snapping. I think that they held firm.

TALBOYS.

True, sir, insanity would even detract from the moral majesty and splendour of Othello.

NORTH.

It would. The time comes back to me when I did *not care for the Play or the Man*. The Play now seems to me wonderful, more even than Hamlet or Lear—and the Man, in poetical invention, a match for Achilles or Satan.

TALBOYS.

Sir—sir.

NORTH.

Passion in the blood like that of a Negro—and right in the soul as of Socrates or Epaminondas. Yes, Talboys, the Majesty of the Moral soul in Othello seems to me the most prophetic, or divining, or inconceivable of Shakspeare's conceptions.

TALBOYS.

Nay—nay—my dear sir.

NORTH.

everything else might seem to offer its own reason—

TALBOYS.

Nay—nay—my dear sir. Compare the gross Hamlet of Saxo Grammaticus with Ours.

NORTH.

Well, do—but Othello—you don't know whence he is derived. He is a tropical animal—kindred to the lion—the tiger—the dragon—and, on the other hand, he has the rational equipoise of the faculties that stamp the Philosopher—and he is everything between the two.

TALBOYS.

An Eloge, indeed—perhaps a *little* too eulogistic.

NORTH.

No. What a simple sincerity colours the narrative of his love-making! Is your *imagination* bewitched by the wild story of his adventurous life? Hers, doubtless, was fascinated. But your *soul*, methinks, is won to approving the Venetian Maiden's choice by a profounder, a more legitimate charm. Who ever heard Othello relate, and hung back from believing him? He is honest, and she is honest. That is the bond whereby the Parcæ united their souls and their threads. Why they disunited both—how that infernal intervention of Lachesis and Atropos crossed their pure souls in their pure conjunction, let Clotho—if she can—tell.

TALBOYS.

Let's be more cheerful.

NORTH.

Ay—let's.

TALBOYS.

Othello shows that our Good—our excellence—our capacity of happiness—lies all in Love. That our light in which we walk—our light which we give forth—is Love. He declares this, by cleaving to this Good—by having it—by losing it—by recovering it. The self-consciousness of Othello returns to its unison with universal being—with heaven's harmony of the worlds. Iago denies this Good—never acknowledges it—although he serves involuntarily to demonstrate the truth—of which Othello perishes the self-sacrificed witness. It is great, sir, in the Tragedy, but in him the House of Love is divided against itself. His jealousy, child of his love, lifts up a parricidal hand, wounds and is wounded—but only unto its own death. And what is the feeling left by the catastrophe?

NORTH.

Say, my friend, say.

TALBOYS.

Peace—rest—repose—depth of tranquillity—like the sea stilled from storms.

NORTH.

The charmed calm that reflects heaven.

TALBOYS.

Peace grounded in this proved thought—that LOVE IS BEST. Of all the Persons, whose stars will you accept to be your own? If you are a man, Othello's; if woman, the wronged and murdered Desdemona's. Study for ever the two closing and summing up verses—"I *kissed* thee ere I *killed* thee; no way but this—Killing myself to die upon a kiss!" To gather up all the terror that is past, as if not only the winds were upgathered like sleeping flowers, but upgathered into the sleeping flowers. I don't know how to avoid comparing—all unlike as the characters are—the end of Romeo and Juliet—Lear and Cordelia—Othello and Desdemona. I never can separate them. Love the mightiest torn asunder in life—reunited in death. Love—the solace of lapsed and mortal humanity.

NORTH.

Lend the Old Hobbler your arm.

SCENE II.—*Pavilion.*TIME—*After Breakfast.*

NORTH—TALBOYS—SEWARD—BULLER.

NORTH.

NOW FOR THE GRAND INQUIRY.

How long, think you, was Othello Governor of Cyprus, and Desdemona the General's wife?

TALBOYS.

How long? Why, some weeks, or some months; quarter of a year, half a year, a year.

NORTH.

A most satisfactory answer indeed to a simple question. How long have I been Commander of the Forces at Cladich?

TALBOYS.

Tents pitched on the 14th May 1849—This is the 24th of June Ditto. You, like Michael Cassio, are "a great arithmetician"—and can calculate the Days.

NORTH.

That's precise. Let's have some small attempt at precision with respect to the time at Cyprus.

TALBOYS.

Well then—a Month—Two Months.

NORTH.

And you are a Student—a Scholar—in Shakspeare!

TALBOYS.

What the ace do you mean?

NORTH.

JUST TWO DAYS.

TALBOYS.

What the deuce do you mean? THE MAN has lost his Senses.

NORTH.

Who? Shakspeare?

TALBOYS.

Really, sir, you are getting daily more and more paradoxical—and I begin to tremble for your wits.

NORTH.

See that your own have not gone a wool-gathering, Talboys. Two Months? For two Months read two Days—I insist on it.

TALBOYS.

Gentlemen, the case seems serious. What would you propose?

SEWARD.

Let's hear the Sage.

NORTH.

Open Shakspeares. Act II.—Scene I.

BULLER.

All ready, sir.

NORTH.

A Sea-port Town in Cyprus—not Nicosia, the capital of the Island, which is inland—thirty miles from the Sea—but Famagusta.

TALBOYS.

So says in a note Malone—what's that to the purpose?

NORTH.

I wish to be precise. Ship ahoy!

TALBOYS.

"The ship is here put in,
A Veronese; Michael Cassio,

Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore"—

NORTH.

"A sail—a sail—a sail!
My hopes do shape him for the Governor."

BULLER.

"'Tis one Iago, Ancient to the General."

TALBOYS.

"The riches of the ship is come on shore!"

BULLER.

"Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees."

NORTH.

The Moor! I know his trumpet."

There's the power of poetry for you—I do pity poor prose. The sea-beach—town—fortifications—all crowded with people on the gaze-out—for hours. For ships on the stormy sea. But not a ship to be seen. Obedient to the passion of the people, one ship after another appears in the offing—salutes and is saluted—is within the Bay—inside the Breakwater—drops anchor—the divine Desdemona has landed—Othello has her in his arms—

"O my soul's joy!

If after every tempest comes such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven!"

all in five minutes—in three minutes—in one minute—in no time—in less than no time.

TALBOYS.

What's your drift?

NORTH.

Handle Shakspeares! Scene II.—A Street—On the day of Othello's arrival—the Proclamation is issued "that there is full liberty of feasting for this present hour of Five, till the bell has told Eleven"—for besides the mere perdition of the Turkish Fleet, it is the "celebration of his nuptials."

TALBOYS.

We all know that—go on.

SEWARD.

His nuptials! Why, I thought he had been married at Venice!

NORTH.

Who cares what you think? Scene III.—a Hall in the Castle—and enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and attendants. Othello says—

"Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to *ent*sport discretion."

And before retiring for the night with Desdemona, he says—

"Michael, good night: *To-morrow, with our earliest,*
Let me have speech with you."

TALBOYS.

Why lay you such emphasis on these unimportant words?

NORTH.

They are not unimportant. Then comes the Night Brawl—as schemed by Iago. Othello, on the spot, cashier Cassio—and at that very moment, Desdemona entering disturbed, with attendants, he says—

"Look if my gentle love is not rais'd up—
Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldiers' life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife."

Iago advises the unfortunate Cassio to "confess himself freely" to Desdemona—who will help to put him in his place again—and Cassio replies—
"betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for

me: I am desperate of my *fortunes*, if they check me here;"—and the Scene concludes with these words of Iago's—

"Two things are to be done,—
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on;
Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife; Ay, that's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay."

"By the mass, 'tis morning," quoth Iago—and Act II. closes with the dawn of the Second Day at Cyprus. You don't deny that?

TALBOYS.

Nobody denies it—nobody ever denied it—nobody ever will deny it.

NORTH.

Act Third. Now for ACT III.

TALBOYS.

Our six eyes—and our six ears are all wide awake, sir.

NORTH.

It opens before the Castle—as the *same morning* is pretty well advanced—and Cassio is ordering some Musicians to play "Good-morrow, General."

TALBOYS.

On the same morning? I am not so sure of that, sir.

NORTH.

Nobody denies it—nobody ever did deny it—nobody ever will deny it.

TALBOYS.

Not so fast, sir.

NORTH.

Why, you slow Coach! Cassio says to the Clown, who is with the Musicians, "There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends the General's wife be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech;"—and as the Clown goes off, Iago enters—and says to Cassio—

"You have not been a-bed, then?"

And Cassio answers—

Why, no; *the day had broke*
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife. My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.
Iago. I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free."

Emilia then enters, and tells Cassio that all will soon be well—"the General and his Wife are talking of it—and she speaks for you stoutly."—

TALBOYS.

All this does not positively imply that the preceding night was the night of the Brawl. Cassio, though originally intending it, on reflection may have thought it too precipitate to apply to Desdemona the very next day; and there is nothing improbable in his having been with Iago till daybreak on some subsequent night. It is not quite clear, then, that the Third Act commences on the morning after Cassio's dismissal.

NORTH.

O rash and inconsiderate man!

TALBOYS.

Who is?

NORTH.

You. It is not quite clear! I say 'tis clear as mud or amber. Iago has with such hellish haste conceived and executed his machinations, that Cassio has been cashiered some few hours after landing in Cyprus. In the

pride of success, he urges on Cassio to apply without delay to Desdemona in the morning. We see the demi-devil determined to destroy—"By the mass, 'tis morning—pleasure and action make the hours seem short." Iago may have gone to bed for a few hours—Cassio had not—"You have not been a-bed, then."—"Why, no; the day had broke before we parted." The Time of the end of Second Act, and of the beginning of Third Act, are thus connected as firmly as words and deeds can connect. You say there is nothing improbable in Cassio's having been with Iago till daybreak on some subsequent night! Why, who the devil cares to know that Cassio had not been to bed on some other night? His not having been to bed on *this* night is an indication of *his* anxiety, and Iago's question is a manifestation of *his* malevolence cloaked with an appearance of concern. In each case an appropriate trait of character is brought before us; but the main purpose of the words is to fix the time, which they do without the possibility of a doubt. They *demonstrate* that the Third Act opens on the morning immediately subsequent to the night on which Act Second closes. This morning dovetails into that night with an exactness which nothing could improve.

TALBOYS.

Why so fierce, my good sir?

NORTH.

Fierce! I may well be fierce. What! Cassio's desire to see Desdemona cool before morning—Iago's desire to drive him on to his destruction cool too—and both walk away without further heed—and when next seen, after an interval of some weeks or months, talking about not having been in bed during some other night on which nothing particular has happened! Bah!

TALBOYS.

Sir, I do not like to see you so much excited. You mistake me—I was merely, at your bidding, assisting you in your explication of the Time—we are at one about it—

NORTH.

My dear Talboys, forgive me—my irascibility is a disease—

TALBOYS.

Health—health—exuberant health of mind and body—May you live a thousand years.

NORTH.

The Third Act, then, you allow, opens on the morning of the day following the night on which the Second Act closes?

TALBOYS.

I not only allow, my dear Sir, I insist on it. Let me hear any man deny it, and I will knock the breath out of his body! Proceed, Sir.

NORTH.

Obstinate? I never called you obstinate, my dear Talboys. Well—let me proceed, with you for an ally. In this same scene, First of Act Third, Cassio says to Emilia,

"Yet, I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone."

And Emilia says to him,

"Pray you, come in;
*I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.*
Cassio. I am much bound to you."

And off they go to sue to the gentle Desdemona.

TALBOYS.

Alas! somewhat too gentle.

NORTH.

Then follows Scene II. of Act III.—a very short one—let me read it aloud.

"A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

Othello. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot ;
And, by him, do my duties to the State ;
That done, I will be walking on the works ;
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good Lord, I'll do't.

Othello. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't ?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.]

That this Scene is on the same day as Scene Second—and with little intermission of time—is too plain to require proof. Othello here sends off his first dispatches to Venice by the pilot who had brought him safely to Cyprus, and then goes out to inspect the fortification. That is in the natural course of things—such a scene at any subsequent time would be altogether without meaning.

TALBOYS.

I cannot see that, sir.

NORTH.

None so blind as they who will not see.

TALBOYS.

There again.

NORTH.

What do you want, Talboys ?

TALBOYS.

Have the goodness, my dear sir, to pause a moment—and go back to the close of the Scene preceding this short one. Then and there, Cassio, as we saw, goes into the Castle with Emilia, "*to be bestowed*" that he may have an opportunity of asking Desdemona to intercede for him with Othello. But "*to be bestowed*" may mean to have apartments there—and he may have been living in the Castle for several days, with or without Othello's knowledge, before that short Scene which you have just now quoted.

NORTH.

Living in the Castle for several days ! With or without Othello's knowledge ! Prodigious ! All that Cassio asked was, "the advantage of some *brief discourse* ;" and, that he might have that advantage, Emilia gave him apartments in the Castle ! And there we may suppose him living at rack and manger, lying *perdu* in the Governor's House ! Emilia was a queer customer enough, but she could hardly have taken upon herself the responsibility of secreting a man under the same roof with Desdemona, without the sanction of her Mistress—and if with her sanction, what must we think of the "gentle Lady married to the Moor ?" Talboys, you are quizzing the old Gentleman.

TALBOYS.

I give it up.

NORTH.

The short Scene I quoted, then, *immediately* follows the preceding—in time ; and that short Scene is manifestly introduced by Shakspeare, merely to get Othello out on the ramparts with Iago, *that* Iago may bring the Moor "plump on Cassio soliciting his wife." SCENE THIRD OF ACT III. ! Unfurl.

TALBOYS.

Ay, ay, sir. *Scene Third of Act III.* That is the Scene of Scenes.

NORTH.

Scene Third of Act III., accordingly, shows us Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia before the Castle—and while Cassio is "soliciting his wife"—"enter Othello and Iago at a distance."

"Emilia.
My Lord.

Madam, here comes

Cassio. Madam, I'll take my leave.
 Desdemona. Why stay,
 And hear me speak.
 Cassio. Madam, *not now*; I am very ill at ease—
 Unfit for mine own purposes.
 Desdemona. Well—well—
 Do your discretion. [Exit CASSIO.]

Down to this exit of Cassio, we are on the morning or forenoon of the Second Day at Cyprus. Every word said proves we are. Cassio's parting words prove it. "Madam, *not now*—I'm very ill at ease—unfit for my own purposes." He had been up all night—had been drunk—cashiered. He sees Othello coming—his heart sinks—and he retreats in shame and fear—"unfit for his own purposes."

TALBOYS.

Eh?

NORTH.

In Scene First of Act III., Emilia tells Cassio that she will do a particular thing—do it of course—*quam primum*—as a thing that requires no delay, and demands haste—and in Scene III. she appears having done it. In Scene First she tells Cassio that she will bring him to speak with Desdemona about his replacement—and in Scene Third, before the Castle, we find that she has done this. The opportunity came immediately—it was made to her hand—all that was necessary was that Othello should not be present—and he was not present. He had gone out on business. Now was just the nick of time for Cassio to bespeak Desdemona's intercession, and now was just the nick of time on which that intercession was by him bespoken. Nothing could be more nicely critical or opportune.

TALBOYS.

Between us, sir, we have tied down Scene III. of Act Third to the Forenoon of the Second Day at Cyprus.

NORTH.

We have tied down Shakspeare thus far to SHORT TIME AT CYPRUS—and to Short Time we shall tie him down till the Catastrophe. OTHELLO MURDERED DESDEMONA THAT VERY NIGHT.

TALBOYS.

No—no—no. Impossible.

NORTH.

Inevitably—and of a dead certainty.

TALBOYS.

How—how, sir?

NORTH.

Why will an Eagle be an Owl?

TALBOYS.

A compliment and a banter—

NORTH.

Why, you Owl! we have just seen Cassio slink away—all is plain sailing now—Talboys—for Iago by four words seals her doom.

"Ha! I like not that!"

Othello. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

Othello. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my Lord! No, sure; I cannot think it,
 That he would steal away so guilty-like
 Seeing you coming."

Mark what follows—there is not a moment of intermission in the Action down to end of this Scene Third of Act Third, which you well call the Scene of Scenes, by which time Othello has been convinced of Desdemona's guilt, and has resolved on her Death and Cassio's.

TALBOYS.

Not a moment of intermission! Let's look to it—if it indeed be so—

NORTH.

See—hear Desdemona pleading for Cassio—see, hear Othello saying—“Not now, sweet Desdemona;” and then again—“Prythee, no more: let him come when he will—I will deny thee nothing.” And again—

“I will deny thee nothing;

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you! no: Farewell, my lord.

[Exit with Emilia.]

Turn over leaf after leaf—without allowing yourself to read that dreadful colloquy between the Victim and his Destroyer—but letting it glimmer luridly by—till Desdemona comes back—and Othello, under the power of the Angel Innocence, exclaims—

“If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I’ll not believe it.”

TALBOYS.

I behold her! I hear her voice—“gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.”

“Why is your speech so faint! are you not well?
Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.”

She drops that fatal handkerchief—

“I am very sorry that you are not well.”

What touching words! They go out together—ignorant she that her husband hath heartache, worse than any headache—

NORTH.

Both to be effectually cured *that night* by—bleeding.

TALBOYS.

By bleeding?

NORTH.

You Owl—yea.

TALBOYS.

A sudden thought strikes me, sir. Desdemona has said to Othello—

“Your dinner, and the generous Islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.”

How’s this? This looks like long time—

NORTH.

It may look like what it chooses—but we have *proved* that we are now on the forenoon of the Second Day at Cyprus.

TALBOYS.

Would it not have been treating them too unceremoniously to have sent round the cards of invitation only the night before? As far as I have been able to learn, they have long been in the habit of giving not less than a week’s invitation to dinner at Cyprus. In Glasgow it is commonly three weeks. And why “generous?” Because they, the Islanders, have given a series of splendid entertainments to Othello and his Bride.

NORTH.

No nonsense, sir. Othello had done what you or I would have done, had either of us been Governor of Cyprus. He had invited the “generous Islanders,” immediately on his landing, to dine at the Castle “next day.” Had he not done so, he had been a hunk. “Generous,” you know, as well as I do, means high-born—men of birth—not generous of entertainments.

TALBOYS.

True, too. But how comes it to be the dinner hour?

NORTH.

People dined in those days, all England over, about eleven A.M.—probably they dined still earlier in the unfashionable region of Cyprus. You are still hankering after the heresy of long time—but no more of that *now*—let us keep to our demonstration of short time—by-and-by you shall see the Gentleman with the Scythe—the Scythian at full swing—as long as yourself.

I sit corrected. Go on.

TALBOYS.

NORTH.

Othello and Desdemona have just gone out—to do the honours at the Dinner Table to the generous Islanders. He must have been a strange Chairman—for though not yet absolutely mad, his soul was sorely changed. Perhaps he made some apology, and was not at that Dinner at all—perhaps it was never eaten—but we lose sight of him for a little while; and Emilia, who remains behind; picks up the fatal handkerchief, and, with a strange wilfulness, or worse, says—

“ I'll have the work ta'en out.

And give't Iago.”

Iago snatches it from her—and in soliloquy says—

“ I will in Cassio's lodgings lose this napkin,
And let him find it.”

“ This may do something,—

The Moor already changes with the poison :
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which at the first, are scarce found to distaste ;
But, with a little, act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so :—

Enter OTHELLO.

Look ! where he comes ! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.”

Then follows, without break, all the rest of this dreadful Third Scene. The first dose of the poison—the second, and third, and fourth—are all given on one and the same day. The mineral has gnawed through all the coats of the stomach—and *He has sworn to murder Her*—all in one day. We have Iago's word for it. *Yesterday* his sleep was sweet—how happy he was then we can imagine—how miserable he is *now* we see—“ what a difference to *him*,” and in him, between Saturday and Sunday !

“ O, blood ! Iago, blood !

Now by yond' marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow,
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.

[*Kneels.*

Witness, you ever-burning lights above !
You elements, that clip us round about !
Witness, that here Iago doth give up,
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service ! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soever.”

TALBOYS.

Thou Great original Short-Timeist ! Unanswerable art Thou. But let us look at the close of this dreadful Third Act.

Othello. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't :
Within *these three days* let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead ; 'tis done at your request :
But let her live.

Othello. Damn her, lewd minx ! O, damn her !
Come, go with me apart ; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
To the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever.

In three days—at the longest—for Cassio;—but Iago understood, and did it that very night. And swift means of death for the fair devil were in Othello's own hands—ay—he smothered her that night to a dead certainty—a dead certainty at last—though his hands seem to have faltered.

NORTH.

In the next Scene—Scene IV.—we find Desdemona anxious about the loss of the handkerchief, but still totally unapprehensive of the Moor's jealousy—

"Who—he? I think the sun, where he was born,
Drew all such humours from him."

Othello enters, saying, "Well, my good Lady,"—and mutters aside, "Oh! hardness to dissemble"—and very ill he does dissemble, for he leaves Desdemona and Emilia amazed at his mad deportment, the latter exclaiming—"Is not this man jealous?" Iago had told Othello of Cassio's possessing the handkerchief in the previous Scene, and Othello takes the first opportunity, *that same afternoon*, to ascertain for himself whether she had parted with it. Would he have let an hour elapse before making the inquiry? Can it be for a moment imagined that he passed days and nights with Desdemona without attempting to sound her regarding this most pregnant proof of her guilt? This Scene concludes the Third Act—and the time is not long after dinner.

TALBOYS.

All this being *proved*, it is unnecessary to scrutinise the consecution of the Scenes of Acts Fourth and Fifth—Iago's work is done—one day has sufficed—and what folly to bring in long time after this—when his presence would have been unsupportable—had it not been impossible. Death must follow doom.

NORTH.

Death must follow doom. In these four words you have settled the question of time. Long time seemed necessary to change Othello into a murderer—and all the world but you and I believe that long time there was; but you and I know better—and have demonstrated short time—for at the end of the "dreadful Third Act" Othello is a murderer—and what matters it now *when* he really seized the pillow to smother her, or unsheathed the knife?

TALBOYS.

It matters not a jot. But he did the deed that same night—or he had not been Othello.

NORTH.

There again—or he "*had not been Othello.*" In these four words, you have settled the question of time—now and for ever.

TALBOYS.

It would be a waste of words, sir, to seek to prove by the consecution of the Scenes in Acts Fourth and Fifth—though nothing could be easier—that he *did* murder her that very night.

NORTH.

Very few will suffice. Act IV. begins a little before supper-time. Bianca enters in Scene I. inviting Cassio to supper—"An you'll come to supper to-night, you may." If anything were wanting to connect the closing Scene of Act III. with this opening Scene of Act IV. it is fully supplied by Bianca, who at the end of Act III. gets the handkerchief, in order that she may copy it, and in the scene of this IVth Act, comes back in a fury. "Let the devil and his dam haunt you—what did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me *even now*? I was a fine fool to take it." Cassio had given it to her a little after dinner, and Bianca, inviting him to supper, says he had given it to her *even now*. This Scene I. of Act IV. ends with Othello's invitation to the newly arrived Lodovico—"I do entreat that we may sup together." Scene II. comprehends the interview between Othello and Emilia; Othello and Desdemona—Desdemona, Emilia and Iago. The whole do not occupy an hour of time—they follow one another naturally, and the action is continuous. Scene III. shows Lodovico and the Noble Venetians still at the Castle—but now it is *after* supper. Lodovico is departing—

"I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no farther."

Othello. O pardon me ; 'twill do me good to walk.

O Desdemona !

Desdemona.

My Lord !

Othello. *Get you to bed on the instant, I will be returned forthwith."*

Desdemona obeys—the bed-scene follows—and she is murdered. What say you, Seward ?

"I say ditto to Mr Burke."

SEWARD.

Buller ?

NORTH.

I say ditto to Mr North.

BULLER.

Why have both of you been so silent ?

NORTH.

SEWARD.

I knew it all before.

TALBOYS.

What a bouncer !

BULLER.

I never speak when I am busking Flies. There's a Professor for you—(six red and six black)—pretty full in the body—long-winged—liker eagle than insect—sharper than needle—and with barb "inextricable as the gored Lion's bite." Lunch-gong. To the Deeside.

NORTH.

Verdict: *DESDEMONA MURDERED BY OTHELLO ON THE SECOND NIGHT IN CYPRUS.*

SCENE III.—*Deeside.*

TIME—*At and after Lunch.*

NORTH—TALBOYS—SEWARD—BULLER.

NORTH.

Having demonstrated *SHORT TIME AT CYPRUS*, let us now, if it please you, gentlemen, show forth *LONG TIME AT CYPRUS*.

TALBOYS.

With all our heart. We have *demonstrated* the one, let us *show forth* the other.

NORTH.

And as, in our Demonstration of Short Time, we kept Long Time out of sight—excluded him from the Tent—

BULLER.

Pardon me, sir. I for one was beginning to feel his influence.

NORTH.

How ?

BULLER.

In that contraction and expansion of the jaws denoted by that most expressive and characteristic word *YAWN* ; for Seward and I were but listeners.

NORTH.

I don't believe you heard one word.

BULLER.

I did—several ; and spoiled a promising Palmer in idly trying to audit your discourse at the interesting point of quarrel—just as you, sir, threw yourself back on your Swing, with an angry jerk, and Talboys started up, "like Teneriffe or Atlas removed," endangering the stability of the Tent.

NORTH.

My dear Talboys, I was saying to you, when rudely interrupted by Buller, that as in our demonstration of Short Time at Cyprus, we, purposely and determinedly, and wisely kept Long Time out of sight, on account of the inextricable perplexity and confusion that would otherwise have involved the argument, so now let us, in showing forth Long Time at Cyprus, keep out of sight Short—and then shall we finally have before our ken Two TIMES at Cyprus, each firmly established on its own ground—and imperiously demanding of the Critics of this great Tragedy—Reconcilement. Reconcilement it may be beyond their power to give—but let them first see the GREAT FACT which not one of the whole set have seen—HAND IN HAND ONE DAY AND UNASSIGNED WEEKS! The condition is altogether anomalous—

TALBOYS.

A DAY OF THE CALENDAR, AND A MONTH OF THE CALENDAR! No human soul ever dreams of the dreadful sayings and doings all coming off IN A DAY! till he looks—till he is made to look—as we have made Seward and Buller to look—for they heard every word we said—and finds himself nailed by Act and Scene.

NORTH.

To some FIFTEEN HOURS.

BULLER.

I thought you were going to show forth Long Time at Cyprus.

NORTH.

Why, there it is, staring you in the face everywhere—you may see it with your eyes shut—and as most people read with their eyes shut, they see it—and they see it only—while—

BULLER.

Why, sir, since you won't get on a little faster, Talboys and I must be Ushers to Long Time.

NORTH.

Be—do.

TALBOYS.

Long Time cunningly insinuates itself, serpentwise, throughout Desdemona's first recorded conversation with Cassio, at the beginning of Scene III., Act III.—the "Dreadful Scene." Thus—

"Assure thee,

If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article : my lord shall never rest ;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience ;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift ;
I'll intermingle everything he does
With Cassio's suit : Therefore be merry, Cassio ;
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away."

This points to a protracted time in the future—and though announcing an intention merely, yet somehow it leaves an impression that Desdemona carries her intention into effect—that she does "watch him tame," does make his "bed seem a school"—does "intermingle everything she does with Cassio's suit." The passage recurred to my mind, I recollect, when you first hinted to me the question of time ; and no doubt it tells so on the minds of many—

NORTH.

Inconsiderate people.

TALBOYS.

All people are more or less inconsiderate, sir.

NORTH.

True.

TALBOYS.

Then Desdemona says—

"How now, my lord ?
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure."

I cannot listen to that line, even now, without a feeling of the heart-sickness of protracted time—"hope deferred maketh the heart sick"—*languishes!* even unto death. I think of that fine line in Wordsworth—

"So fades—*so languishes*—grows dim, and dies."

SEWARD.

Poo!

NORTH.

Seward, the remark is a fine one.

TALBOYS.

Far on in this Scene, Othello says to Iago—

"If more thou dost perceive, let me know more :
Set on thy wife to observe."

Iago has not said that he had perceived anything, but Othello, greatly disturbed, speaks as if Iago had said that he had perceived a good deal ; and we might believe that they had been a long time at Cyprus. Othello then says—

"This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds."

In all this, sir, we surely have a feeling of longish time.

SEWARD.

Poo!

NORTH.

Heed him not—English manners. We have—

TALBOYS.

"O curse of marriage !
That we can call those delicate creatures ours—
And not their appetites."

This is the language of a some time married man—not of a man the morning after his nuptials.

NORTH.

The Handkerchief.

TALBOYS.

Ay—Emilia's words.

"I am glad I have found this napkin ;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor—
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it ; but she so loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, she would ever keep it,)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to."

Here we have long time, and no mistake. Iago has wooed her to steal it a hundred times! When and where? Since their arrival at Cyprus.

SEWARD.

I don't know that.

TALBOYS.

Nor do I. But I say the words naturally give us the impression of long time. In none of his soliloquies at Venice, or at Cyprus on their first arrival, has Iago once mentioned that Handkerchief as the chief instrument of his wicked design—and therefore Emilia's words imply weeks at Cyprus,—

"What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?
Iago. What handkerchief?
Emilia. Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona ;
That which so often you did bid me steal."

NORTH.

Go on.

TALBOYS.

"What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust !
 I saw it not—thought it not—it harm'd not me—
I slept the next night well—was free and merry ;
 I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips."

Next night—night after night—many nights—many *wedded* nights—long time at Cyprus.

NORTH.

And then Cassio's dream.

TALBOYS.

"I lay with Cassio—*late*ly." Where, but at Cyprus ? "Cursed fate! that gave thee to the Moor."

SEWARD.

Of that by-and-by.

TALBOYS.

Of that now. What ?

SEWARD.

By-and-by.

NORTH.

Better be a dumb dog, Seward, than snarl so.

TALBOYS.

And on Othello going off in a rage about the handkerchief—what saith Desdemona ?—

"I ne'er saw this before."

These few words are full charged with long time.

NORTH.

They are. And Emilia's—" 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man." True, that is a kind of general reflection—but a most foolish general reflection indeed, if made to a Wife weeping at her husband's harshness the day after marriage.

TALBOYS.

Emilia's "year or two" cannot mean one day—it implies weeks—or months. Desdemona then says,—

*"Something, sure, of state,
 Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice," &c.*

Does not *that* look like long time at Cyprus ? Unlike the language of one who had herself arrived at Cyprus from Venice but the day before. And in continuation, Desdemona's

*"Nay, we must think, men are not gods ;
 Nor of them look for such observances
 As fit the bridal."*

And that thought brings sudden comfort to poor Desdemona, who says sweetly—

*"Beshrew me much, Emilia,
 I was (unhandsome warrior as I am,)
 Arraigning his unkindness with my soul ;
 But now, I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
 And he's indited falsely."*

That is—why did I, a married woman some months old, forget that the honeymoon is gone, and that my Othello, hero as he is, is now—not a Bridegroom—but a husband ? "Men are not gods."

NORTH.

And Bianca ? She's a puzzler.

TALBOYS.

A puzzler, and something more.

*"Bianca. Save you, friend Cassio !
 Cassio. What make you from home !
 How is it with you, my most fair Bianca !
 I'faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house."*

Bianca. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
 What ! keep a week away ! seven days and nights !
 Eight score eight hours ! And lovers' absent hours,
 More tedious than the dial eight score times !
 O weary reckoning !

Cassio. Pardon me, Bianca ;
 I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd ;
 But I shall, in a more continuant time,
 Strike off the score of absence."

Here the reproaches of Bianca to Cassio develop long time. For, besides his week's absence from her house, there is implied the preceding time necessary for contracting and habitually carrying on the illicit attachment. Bianca is a Cyprus householder ; Cassio sups at her house ; his intimacy, which has various expressions of continuance, has been formed with her there ; he has found her, and grown acquainted with her there, not at Venice. I know it has been suggested that she was his mistress at Venice—that she came with the squadron from Venice ; and that her last cohabitation with Cassio had taken place in Venice about a week ago—but for believing this there is here not the slightest ground. "What ! keep a week away ?" would be a strange exclamation, indeed, from one who knew that he had been but a day on shore—had landed along with herself yesterday from the same ship—and had been a week cooped up from her in a separate berth. And Bianca, seeing the handkerchief, and being told to "take me this work out," cries—

"O Cassio ! whence came this ?
 This is some token from a newer friend.
 To the felt absence now I feel a cause."

"To the felt absence," Eight score eight hours ! the cause ? Some new mistress at Cyprus—not forced separation at sea.

NORTH.

Then, Talboys, in Act IV., Scene I., Othello is listening to the conversation of Iago and Cassio, which he believes relates to his wife. Iago says—

"She gives it out that you shall marry her ;
 Do you intend it ?
Cassio. Ha ! ha ! ha !
Othello. Do you triumph, Roman ? Do you triumph ?
Iago. Faith ! the cry goes, that you shall marry her.
Cassio. Pr'ythee, say true.
Iago. I am a very villain else.
Othello. Have you scored me ? Well."

That is, have you marked me for destruction, in order that you may marry my wife ? Othello believes that Cassio is said to entertain an intention of marrying Desdemona, and infers that, as a preliminary, he must be put out of the way. This on the first day after marriage ? No, surely—long time at Cyprus.

TALBOYS.

Iago says to Cassio,

"My Lord is fallen into an epilepsy :
 This is his second fit : he had one yesterday.
Cassio. Rub him about the temples.
Iago. No, forbear ;
 The lethargy must have his quiet course :
 If not, he foams at mouth ; and, by-and-by,
 Breaks out to savage madness."

This is a lie—but Cassio believes it. Cassio could not have believed it, and therefore Iago would not have told it, had "yesterday" been the day of the triumphant, joyful, and happy arrival at Cyprus. Assuredly, Cassio knew that Othello had had no fit *that day* ; that day he was Othello's lieutenant—Iago but his Ancient—and Iago could know nothing of any fits that Cassio knew not of—therefore—Long Time.

NORTH.

"For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when,
He hath—and is again to—"

He does so—and Othello believes what he hears Cassio tell of Bianca to be of Desdemona. Madness any way we take it—but madness possible only—on long time at Cyprus.

TALBOYS.

Then, sir, the trumpet announcing the arrival of Lodovico from Venice, at the close of Iago's and Othello's murderous colloquy, and Lodovico giving Othello a packet containing—his recall!

"They do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government."

What are we to make of that?

NORTH.

The Recall, except after considerable time, would make the policy of the Senate frivolous—a thing Shakspeare never does, for the greatness of political movements lies everywhere for a support to the strength and power of his tragical fable. Half that we know of Othello out of the Scenes is, that he is the trusted General of the Senate. What gravity his esteem with you derives hence, and can we bear to think of him superseded without cause? Had Lodovico, who brings the new commission, set off the day after Othello from Venice? No. You imagine an intercourse, which has required time, between Othello, since his appointment, and the Senate. Why, in all the world, do they thus suddenly depose him, and put Cassio in his place? You cannot well think that the very next measure of the Senate, after entrusting the command of Cyprus, their principal Island, to their most tried General, in most perilous and critical times, was to displace him ere they hear a word from him. They have not had time to know that the Turkish Fleet is wrecked and scattered, unless they sit behind Scenes in the Green-room.

TALBOYS.

We must conclude that the Senate must give weeks or months to this New Governor ere interfering with him.—To recall him before they know he has reached Cyprus—nay, to send a ship after him next day—or a day or two following his departure—would make these "most potent, grave, and reverend Signors," enigmas, and the Doge an Idiot. What though a steamer had brought tidings back to Venice that the Turks had been "banged" and "drowned?" That was not a sufficient reason to order Othello back before he could have well set his foot on shore, or taken more than a look at the state of the fortifications, in case the Ottoman should fit out another fleet.

NORTH.

Then mark Lodovico's language. He asks, seeing Othello strike his wife—as well he may—"Is it his use?" Or did the letters "work upon his blood, and new-create this fault?" And Iago answers, "It is not honesty in me to speak *what I have seen and known*." Lodovico says, "The noble Moor, whom our Senate call all in all sufficient." Then they have not quarrelled with him, at least—nor lost their good opinion of him! Iago answers, "He is much changed?" What, in a day? And again—"It is not honesty in me to speak *what I have seen and known*." What, in a day? Lodovico comes evidently to Othello after a long separation—such as affords room for a moral transformation; and Iago's words—lies as they are—and seen to be lies by the most unthinking person—yet refer to much that has passed in an ample time—to a continued course of procedure.

NORTH.

But in all the Play, nothing is so conclusive of long time as the Second Scene of the Third Act.

"*Othello*. You have seen nothing, then!

Emilia. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

Othello. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emilia. But then I saw no harm ; and then I heard
Each syllable, that breath made up between them.

Othello. What, did they never whisper !

Emilia. Never, my Lord.

Othello. Nor send you out o' the way !

Emilia. Never.

Othello. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing !

Emilia. Never, my Lord.

Othello. That's strange."

If all this relates to their residence at Cyprus, it indicates many weeks.

SEWARD.

Ay—Ir.

NORTH.

What wicked whisper was that ? Did you whisper, Buller ?

BULLER.

No. I have not once whispered for a quarter of a century—My whispering days have long been over.

NORTH.

Then a word about Emilia. "I prythee, let thy wife attend on her," says Othello, going on board at Venice, to Iago. In the slight way in which such arrangements can be touched, this request is conclusive evidence to Emilia's being then *first* placed about Desdemona's person. It has no sense else ; nor is there the slightest ground for supposing a prior acquaintance, at least intimacy. What had an Ensign's wife to do with a Nobleman's daughter ? and now she is attached as an Attendant. Now, consider, first, Emilia's character. She seems not very principled, not very chaste. She gives you the notion of a tolerably well-practised Venetian Wife. Hear Iago's opinion, who suspects her with two persons, and one on general rumour. Yet how strong her affection for Desdemona, and her faith in her purity ! She witnesses for her, and she dies for her ! I ask, how long did that affection and that opinion take to grow ? a few days at Venice, and a week while they were sea-sick aboard ship ? No. Weeks—months. A gentle lady once made to me that fine remark,— "Emilia has not much worth in herself, but is raised into worth by her contact with Desdemona—into heroic worth !" "I care not for thy sword—I'll make thee known, though I lost twenty lives." And that bodiful "Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home" ! what does it mean ? but a dim surmise, or a clear, that what she will disclose will bring the death upon her from his dagger, which it brings. The impure dying a voluntary martyr for the pure is to the highest degree affecting—is the very manner of Shakspeare, to express a principal character by its influence on subordinate ones—has its own moral sublimity ; but more than all, for our purpose, it witnesses time. Love, and Faith, and Fidelity, won from her in whom these virtues are to be first created !

SEWARD.

Very fine. My dear sir, you are not angry with me ?

TALBOYS.

Angry ? Not he. Look on his face—how mild !

NORTH.

Othello, in his wrath, calls Emilia "a closet-lock-and-key of villanous secrets : and yet she'll kneel and pray ; I have seen her do't." Where and when ? It could only have been at Cyprus ; and such language denotes a somewhat long attendance there on Desdemona.

SEWARD.

Ingenuous—and better than so.

NORTH.

"Some of your function, mistress," renewed to Emilia—when, after conversing with Desdemona, Othello is going out—is his treatment of one whom he supposes to have been serviceable to his wife's and Cassio's amour. Where ? There, only there, in Cyprus. by all witnessing, palpably. *She* could not before. He speaks to her as *professional* in such services, therefore long dealing in them ; but this all respects this one intrigue, not her previous life. The

wicked energy of the forced attribution vanishes, if this respects anything but her helpfulness to his wife and her paramour, and at Cyprus—there—only there. Nothing points to a farther back looking suspicion. Iago's "thousand times committed" can only lengthen out the stay at Cyprus. Othello still believes that she once loved him—that she has fallen to corruption.

BULLER.

Antennuptial?

NORTH.

Faugh! Could he have the most horrible, revolting, and loathsome of all thoughts, that he wedded her impure? and not a hint given of that most atrocious pang? Incredible—impossible! I can never believe, if Shakspeare intended an infidelity taking precedence of the marriage, that he would not by word or by hint have said so. Think how momentous to our intelligence of the jealousy the *date* is; not as to Tuesday or Wednesday, but as to before or after the nuptial knot—before or after the first religious loosing of the virgin zone. That a man's wife has turned into a wanton—hell and horror! But that he wedded one—Fah! Faugh! Could Iago, could Othello, could Shakspeare have left *this* point in the chronology of guilt to be argued out doubtfully? No. The greatest of Poets for pit, boxes, and gallery, must have written intelligibly to pit, boxes, and gallery; and extrication, unveiled, after two hundred and fifty years, by studious men, in a fit of perplexity, cannot be the thunderbolt which Shakspeare flung to his audience at the Globe Theatre.

TALBOYS.

You remember poor, dear, sweet Mrs Henry Siddons—the Desdemona—how she gave utterance to those words

"It was his bidding—therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu;
We must not now displease him.

Emilia.—I would you had never seen him!

Desdemona.—So would not I; my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emilia.—I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Desdemona.—All's one: Good father! how foolish are our minds!
If I die before thee—pr'ythee shroud me
In one of those same sheets."

The wedding sheets were *reserved*. They had been laid by for weeks—months—time long enough to give a saddest character to the bringing them out again—a serious, ominous meaning—disturbed from the quietude, the sanctity of their sleep by a wife's mortal presentiment that they may be her shroud.

NORTH.

Long time established at Cyprus.

Verdict—DESDEMONA MURDERED BY OTHELLO HEAVEN KNOWS WHEN.

SCENE IV.—*The Grove.*

Time—After Lunch.

NORTH—TALBOYS—SEWARD—BULLER.

SEWARD.

On rising, sir, to—

NORTH.

Sit down—no gentleman speaks on his legs before, at, or after meals in a private Party.

SEWARD.

Except in Scotland. On sitting down, sir, to state MY THEORY, I trust that I shall not lay myself open to the im—

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NORTH.

Speak with your natural tone as if you were sitting, Seward, and not with that Parliamentary sing-song in which Statesmen, with their coat-tails perked up behind, declaim on the State of Europe—

SEWARD.

I IMAGINE, SIR, THAT SHAKESPEARE ASSUMED THE MARRIAGE TO HAVE TAKEN PLACE SOME TIME BEFORE THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PLAY—SUFFICIENTLY LONG TO ADMIT THE POSSIBILITY OF A COURSE OF GUILT BEFORE THE PLAY OPENS. I imagine that, with this general idea in his mind, he gave his full and unfettered attention to the working out of THE PLOT, which has no reference to the time, circumstances, or history of the Marriage, but relates exclusively to the Moor's Jealousy. Therefore the indications of past time at Venice are vague, and rarely scattered through the Dialogue.

TALBOYS.

A more astounding discovery indeed, Seward, than any yet announced by that Stunner, Christopher North. Pardon me, sir.

NORTH.

We have said our say, Shirra; let the Lord-Lieutenant of his County say his—

TALBOYS.

And the Chairman of the Quarter-Sessions, and President of the Agricultural Society of the Land's End say his.

BULLER.

I can beat you at Chess.

TALBOYS.

You!!!

NORTH.

Gentlemen, let there be no bad blood.

SEWARD.

Supposing that this was Shakspeare's general idea of the Plot, I would first beg your attention to the fact that the marriage has taken place—none of us know how long—*before the beginning of the Play.*

TALBOYS.

The same night—the same night.

SEWARD.

I said—none of us know how long; and as you are a Lawyer, Mr Talboys—

TALBOYS.

For goodness' sake, my dear Seward, don't mister me—

SEWARD.

The only evidence, my dear Talboys, as to the history of the marriage is that given by Roderigo in the First Scene. He, with the most manifest anxiety to prove himself an honest witness, declares that now, at midnight, Desdemona had eloped—NOT WITH *the Moor*, but with no "worse, nor better guard, but with a knave of common hire, a gondolier, *to*," &c., &c. She has fled *alone* from her father's house; and Roderigo, being interrogated, "Are they married, think ye?" answers, "Truly I think they are."

TALBOYS.

What do you say to Iago's saying to Cassio—

"Faith he to-night has boarded a land Carrack:

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cassio. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married."

SEWARD.

It cannot be inferred, from these words, that this was the first occasion on which Desdemona and Othello had come together as man and wife. The words are quite consistent with the supposition that their marriage had taken place some time before; also quite consistent with Iago's knowledge of that event. It was not his cue or his humour to say more than he did. Why should he?

TALBOYS.

It cannot be inferred! It can—I infer it. And pray, how do you account for Othello saying to Desdemona, on the day of their arrival at Cyprus,

"The purchase made—the fruits are to ensue;
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you."

SEWARD.

"The purchase made"—refers to the price which Othello had paid for connubial delight with Desdemona awaiting him at Cyprus. That price was the peril which he had undergone during his stormy voyage. In his exuberant satisfaction, simply expressing a self-evident truth, that his happiness was yet before him. Had Desdemona been then a virgin bride, Othello would hardly have used such language. Iago speaks in his usual characteristic coarse way—so no need to say a word more on the subject.

TALBOYS.

Very well. Be it so. But why should such a private marriage have been resorted to; and if privacy was desirable at first, what change had occurred to cause the public declaration of it?

SEWARD.

Othello had been nine months unemployed in war—the Venetian State was at peace—and he had been in constant intercourse with the Brabantios.

"Her father lov'd me—oft invited me;"

and he "took once a pliant hour" to ask Desdemona to be his wife. That "once" cannot refer to the day on which the Play commences; and that their marriage took place some time before, is alike reconcileable with the character of the "gentle Lady," and with that of the impetuous Hero.

TALBOYS.

Truly!

SEWARD.

Still, a private marriage is, under any circumstances, a questionable proceeding; and our great Dramatist was desirous that as little of the questionable as possible should either be or appear in the conduct of the "Divine Desdemona;" and therefore he has left the private marriage very much in the shade.

TALBOYS.

Very much in the shade indeed.

SEWARD.

Her duplicity must be admitted, and allowance must be made for it. It was wrong, but not in the least unnatural, and perfectly excusable—

TALBOYS.

No.

SEWARD.

And grievously expiated.

TALBOYS.

It was indeed. Poor dear Desdemona!

SEWARD.

It is, you know, part of the proof of her capacity for guilt, that she so ingeniously deceived her father.

TALBOYS.

But why reveal it now?

SEWARD.

Circumstances are changed. The Cyprus wars have broke out, and Othello is about to be commissioned to take the command of the Venetian force.

"I do know, the State

Cannot with safety cast him, for he's embarked

With such good reasons to the Cyprus wars,

Which even now stand in act, that for their souls

Another of his fathers have they not

To lead this business."

It was therefore necessary that the marriage should be declared, if Desdemona

was to accompany her husband to Cyprus. And the elopement from her father to her husband did take place just in time.

TALBOYS.

Is that what people call plausible?

SEWARD.

All the difficulties of Time are thus removed in a moment. In a blaze of light we see LONG TIME AT VENICE—SHORT TIME AT CYPRUS.

BULLER.

LONG TIME AT VENICE—SHORT TIME AT CYPRUS. That's the Ticket. You Scotsmen are not wholly without Insight; but for seeing into the heart of the bole—or of the stone—

TALBOYS.

Give me a Devonshire Cider-swiller or a Cornish Miner.

NORTH.

What! Can't we discuss a Great Question in the Drama without these unseemly personal and national broils. For shame, Talboys.

TALBOYS.

You Scotsmen indeed!

“Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your Honour.”

NORTH.

My dear Seward, let's hear how you support your Theory.

SEWARD.

A great deal of weight, my dear Mr North, is to be attached to the calm tone—the husbandlike and matronlike demeanour of Othello and Desdemona when confronted with the Senate. That scene certainly impresses one with the conviction that they had been man and wife for a considerable period of time.

NORTH.

Very good, Seward—very good.

SEWARD.

I do indeed think, sir, that the bride and bridegroom show much more composure throughout the whole of that Scene, than is very reconcileable with the idea that this was their nuptial night. Othello's “natural and prompt alacrity” in undertaking the wars was scarcely complimentary to his virgin Spouse upon this supposition; and Desdemona's cool distinctions between the paternal and marital claims on her duty seem also somewhat too matronly for the occasion.

NORTH.

Very good—very good—my dear Seward, I like your observation much, that the demeanour of the married pair before the Senate has a stamp of composure. That is finely felt; but I venture to aver, my dear friend, that we must otherwise understand it. The dignity of their spirits it is that holds them both composed. Invincible self-collectedness is by more than one person in the Play held up for a characteristic quality of Othello. To a mind high and strong, which Desdemona's is, the exigency of a grand crisis, which overthrows weaker and lower minds, produces composure; from a sense of the necessity for self-possession; and involuntarily from the tension of the powers—their sole direction to the business that passes—which leaves no thought free to stray into disorder, and the inquietude of personal regards. Add, on the part of Othello, the gravity, and on that of Desdemona the awe of the Presence in which they stand, speak, and act; and you have ennobling and sufficing tragical, that is loftily and pathetically poetical, motives for that elate presence of mind which both show. Now all the greatness and grace vanish, if you suppose them calm simply because they have been married these two months. That is a reason fit for Thalia, not for Melpomene.

TALBOYS.

Let any one English among all the two of you answer that.

SEWARD.

The Duke says—

“ You must hence to-night.

Desdemona. To-night, my Lord !*Othello.* With all my heart.”

This faint expression of Desdemona's slight surprise and reluctance, and no more—is I allow—natural and delicate in her—whether wife, bride, or Maid—but Othello's “ with all my heart ” is—

TALBOYS.

Equally worthy of Othello. You know it is.

NORTH.

My dear Seward—do the Duke—Brabantio—the Senate understand and believe what Othello has been telling them—and that he has now disclosed to them the fact of a private marriage with Desdemona, of some weeks' or months' standing ? Is that their impression ?

SEWARD.

I cannot say.

NORTH.

I can. Or has Othello been reserved—cautious—crafty in all his apparent candour—and Desdemona equally so ? Are they indeed oldish-married folk ?

TALBOYS.

Shocking—shocking. That Scene in the Council Chamber of itself deals your “ Theory ! ” its death-blow.

SEWARD.

I look on it in quite another light. I shall be glad to know what you think is meant by Desdemona's to the Duke

“ If I be left behind,

The rites for which I love him are denied me.”

What are the *rites* which are thus all comprehensive of Desdemona's love for Othello ? The phrase is, to the habit of our ears, perhaps somewhat startling ; yet five lines before she said truly “ I saw Othello's visage in his mind ”—a love of spirit for spirit. And again—

“ To his honour and his valiant parts

Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.

I think they had been married some time.

TALBOYS.

The word *rites* is the very word most fitting the Lady's lips—used in a generous, free, capacious sense—as of the solace entire which the wife of a soldier has, following him ; as to dress his wounds, wind his laurels, hear his counsels, cheer his darker mood, smile away the lowering of the Elements—

SEWARD.

You won't understand me.

NORTH.

No—no—no. It won't go down. I have opened my mouth far and wide, and it won't go down. Our friend Isaac Widethroat himself could not bolt it. The moral impossibility would choke him—that Othello would marry Desdemona to leave her at her Father's House, for which most perilous and entangling proceeding, quite out of his character, no motive is offered, or imaginable. The love-making might go on long—and I accept a good interval since he drew from her the prayer for his history. The pressure of the war might give a decisive moment for the final step, which must have been in agitation for some time—on Desdemona's behalf and part, who would require some persuasion for a step so desperate, and would not at once give up all hope of her father's consent, who “ loved ” Othello.

TALBOYS.

If they were married, how base and unmanly to *steal one's wedded Wife out of one's Father-in-law's house !* The only course was to have gone in the middle of the day to Brabantio and say, “ this we have done ”—or “ this I have done. Forgive us, if you can—we are Man and Wife.” Men less kingly than Othello have often done it. To steal in order to marry was a

temptation with a circumstantial necessity—a gallant adventure in usual estimation.

NORTH.

The thing most preposterous to me in a long marriage at Venice, is the continued lying position in which it places Othello and Desdemona towards her father. Two months—say—or three or four—of difficult deception! when the uppermost characteristic of both is clear-souledness—the most magnanimous sincerity. By that, before anything else, are they kindred and fit for one another. On that, before anything else, is the Tragedy grounded—on his unsuspecting openness which is drawn, against its own nature, to suspect her purity that lies open as earth's bosom to the sun. And she is to be killed for a dissembler! In either, immense contrast between the person and fate. That These Two should truckle to a domestic lie!

TALBOYS.

No. The Abduction and Marriage were of one stroke—one effort—one plot. When Othello says, "That I have ta'en away—that I have married her"—he tells literally and simply that which has happened as it happened, in the order of events.

SEWARD.

Why should not Othello marry Desdemona, and keep her at her father's, as theorised?

NORTH.

It is out of his character. He has the spirit of command, of lordship, of dominion—an *animus imperiosus*. This element must be granted to fit him for his place; and it is intimated, and is consistent with and essential to his whole fabric of mind. Then, he would not put that which belonged to him out of his power, in hostile keeping—his wife and not his wife. It is contrary to his great love, which desires and would feed upon her continual presence. And against his discretion, prudence, or common sense, to risk that Brabantio, discovering, might in fury take sudden violent measures—shut her up in a convent, or turn her into the streets, or who knows what—kill her.

TALBOYS.

Then the insupportable consideration and question, how do they come together as man and wife? Does she come to his bedroom at his private Lodgings, or his quarters at the Sagittary? Or does he go to hers at her father's, climbing a garden wall every night like Romeo, bribing the porter, or trusting Ancilla? You cannot figure it out any way without *degradation*, and something ludicrous; and a sense of being entangled in the impracticable.

NORTH.

The least that can be said is, that it invests the sanctimony of marriage with the air of an illicit amour.

TALBOYS.

Then the high-minded Othello running the perpetual and imminent risk of being caught thieving—slipping through loop-holes—mouse-holes—key-holes. What in Romeo and Juliet is romance, between Othello and Desdemona is almost pollution.

NORTH.

What a desolating of the MANNERS of the Play! Will you then, in order to evade a difficulty of the mechanical construction, clog and whelm the poetry, and moral greatness of the Play, with a preliminary debasement? Introduce your Hero and Heroine under a cloud?

TALBOYS.

And how can you show that Othello could not at any moment have taken her away, as at last you suppose him to do, having a motive? Mind—he knows that the wars are on—he does not know he shall be sent for that night. He does not know that he may not have to keep her a week at his quarters.

NORTH.

My dear Seward—pray, meditate but for a moment on these words of Desdemona in the Council Chamber—

“My noble Father,

I do perceive here a DIVIDED DUTY:
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the Lord of Duty,
I am hitherto your Daughter: BUT HERE'S MY HUSBAND;
And so much duty as my mother showed
To you, preferring you before her Father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my Lord.”

These are weighty words—of grave and solemn import—and the time has come when Desdemona the Daughter is to be Desdemona the Wife. She tells simply and sedately—affectionately and gratefully—the great primal Truth of this our human and social life. Hitherto her Father has been to her the Lord of Duty—the Lord of Duty henceforth is to be her Husband. Othello, up to that night, had been but her Lover; and up to that night—for the hidden wooing was nothing to be ashamed of or repented—there had been to her no “divided Duty”—to her Father's happiness had been devoted her whole filial heart. But had she been a married woman for weeks or months before, how insincere—how hypocritical had that appeal been felt by herself to be, as it issued from her lips! The Duty had, in that case, been “divided” before—and in a way not pleasant for us to think of—to her Father violated or extinct.

TALBOYS.

I engage, Seward, over and above what our Master has made manifest, to show that though this Theory of yours would remove some difficulties attending the time in Cyprus, it would leave others just where they are—and create many more.

NORTH.

Grant that Othello and Desdemona must be married for two months before he murders her—that our hearts and imaginations require it. The resemblance to the ordinary course of human affairs asks it. We cannot bear that he shall extinguish her and himself—both having sipped only, and not quaffed from the cup of hymeneal felicity. Your soul is outraged by so harsh and malignant a procedure of the Three Sisters. Besides, in proper poetical equilibrium, he should have enjoyed to the full, with soul and with body, the happiness which his soul annihilates. And men do not kill their wives the first week. It would be too exceptional a case. Extended time is required for the probability—the steps of change in the heart of Othello require it—the construction and accumulation of proofs require it—the wheel of events usually rolls with something of leisure and measure. So is it in the real World—so must it seem to be on the Stage—else no verisimilitude—no “veluti in speculum.” “Two months shall elapse between marriage and murder,” says Shakspeare—going to write. They must pass at Venice, or they must pass at Cyprus. Place Shakspeare in this position, and which will he choose? If at Venice, a main requiring condition is not satisfied. For in the fits and snatches of the clandestine marriage, Othello has never possessed with full embrace, and heart, overflowing, the happiness which he destroys. If an earthquake is to ruin a palace, it must be built up to the battlements and pinnacles; furnished, occupied, made the seat of Pleasure, Pomp, and Power; and then shaken into heaps—or you have but half a story. Only at Cyprus Othello possesses Desdemona. There where he is Lord of his Office, Lord over the Allegiance of soldier and civilian, of a whole population—Lord of the Island, which, sea-surrounded, is as a world of itself—Lord of his will—Lord of his Wife.

TALBOYS.

I feel, sir, in this view much poetical demonstration—although mathematical none—and in such a case Poetry is your only Principia.

NORTH.

Your hand. But if, my dear Seward, Shakspeare elects time at Venice, he wilfully clouds his two excellent Persons with many shadows of indecorum, and clogs his Action with a procedure and a state of affairs, which your Imagination loses itself in attempting to define—with improbabilities—with impracticabilities—with impossibilities. If he was resolute to have a well-sustained logic of Time, I say it was better for him to have his Two Months distinct at Cyprus. I say that, with his creative powers, if he was determined to have Two Calendar Months, from the First of May to the First of July, and then in One Day distinctly the first suspicion sown and the murder done, nothing could have been easier to him than to have imagined, and indicated, and hurried over the required gap of time; and that he would have been bound to prefer this course to that inexplicable marriage and no marriage at Venice.

BULLER.

How he clears his way!

NORTH.

But Shakspeare, my dear Boys, had a better escape. Wittingly or unwittingly, he exempted himself from the obligation of walking by the Calendar. He knew—or he felt that the fair proportionate structure of the Action required liberal time at Cyprus. He took it; for there it is, recognised in the consciousness of every sitting or standing spectator. He knew, or he felt, that the passionate expectation to be sustained in the bosoms of his audience required a rapidity of movement in his Murder-Plot, and it moves on feet of fire.

SEWARD.

Venice is beginning to fade from my ken.

NORTH.

The first of all necessities towards the Criticism of the Play, Seward, is to convince yourself that there was not—could not be a time of concealed marriage at Venice—that it is not hinted, and is not inferable.

BULLER.

Shall we give in, Seward?

SEWARD.

Yes.

NORTH.

You must go to the TREMENDOUS DOUBLE TIME AT CYPRUS, knowing that the solution is to be had there, or nowhere. If you cast back a longing lingering look towards Venice, you are lost. Put mountains and waves between you and the Queen of the Sea. Help yourself through at Cyprus, or perish in the adventure.

TALBOYS.

Through that Mystery, you alone, air, are the Man to help us through—and you must.

NORTH.

Not now—to-morrow. Till then be revolving the subject occasionally in your minds.

TALBOYS.

Let's off to the Pike-ground at Kilchurn.

BLACKWOOD'S

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FREE-TRADE FINANCE.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer has brought forward the Budget, and the Financial Measures of Government are before the public. It contains matter worthy of the most serious consideration. It is hard to say whether the admission it contains, or the measures it proposes, are most condemnatory of the system of Class Government which the Reform Bill has imposed on the country.

The statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a few words, is this:—"Last year, I calculated upon a small surplus of L.104,000 for the year ending 5th April 1850, but that surplus has swelled to L.2,250,000, by rise in the produce of the taxes, and reductions of the expenditure. Of this sum L.1,500,000 is to be regarded as the real surplus to be relied upon for the measures of this year." Assuming this as the surplus to be dealt with, he proposes to apply L.750,000 in reduction of the last contracted part of the debt, and L.750,000 in reduction of taxation; L.400,000 a-year being applied to the reduction of the duty on bricks, and L.350,000 to that of stamps on conveyances. It is thus that he proposes to alleviate the agricultural distress which, he admits, prevails in the country.

Three things are especially worthy of observation in this statement.

In the first place, it affords another illustration, if another was needed, of the present deplorable subjection of

Government to the pressure from without, which has so often and painfully been exhibited since the new system of government began. It is well known that, during the three disastrous years that preceded the present one, debt to a large amount was contracted. To mention two items only: eight millions were borrowed in 1847 to relieve the Irish famine; L.2,000,000 in the succeeding year, to carry on the current expenses of the year; and in 1841 the deficiency had been such, that no less than L.5,000,000 was borrowed to meet the ordinary expenses of the year. One would suppose, that when a surplus arose in the year 1849, the natural course would have been to have applied it, in the first instance, to extinguish, so far as it would go, the additional debt so recently contracted. Has this been done? Not at all. Only L.750,000 out of a real surplus said to amount to L.1,500,000, is to be applied in this way; and L.750,000 is to be devoted to reduction of taxes. L.10,000,000 is borrowed during two years of distress; L.750,000 only has been devoted to its reduction, in a year, we are told, of unparalleled commercial prosperity.

In the next place, to what object is the L.750,000 a-year of surplus available to reduced taxation, discovered for the first time after three years of deficit, to be applied? Is it to be devoted to remission of taxes pressing

upon the agricultural interest, whom the measures pursued for behoof of towns have reduced to such a state of depression? Not at all. It is to be applied to reduction of the duty on *stamps and bricks*. The first may be admitted to be desirable, because, as so large part of the landed property in the kingdom will soon, to all appearance, change hands, it is an object to render the transfer as little costly as possible. But of what use is the reduction of the duty on bricks to the suffering cultivators? That it is a boon to the master-builders in towns, may be conceded; though it may well be doubted whether it will ever cause a reduction of price to the purchasers from them. But what the better will the farmers and ploughmen, the landlords and yeomen, be of the change? Additional houses are not wanted in the country; on the contrary, there will in all probability not be inmates for those that already are there, from the certain and experienced effect of Free Trade in diminishing the demand for rural labour. It is in the towns and villages that the building is going on; because Free Trade policy is daily more and more forcing the rural inhabitants into the towns in quest of employment or relief. In London, 200 miles of new streets, and 66,000 houses, are said to have been constructed, or to be in course of construction, during the last two years. Is there any increase of houses in the rural districts? Herein, then, lies the injustice of the present measures of Government, that, though prefaced with professions of a desire to relieve all parties, they in reality benefit one class only; and that, introduced at a time when it is admitted the agriculturists are in a state of extreme depression, and the manufacturers are asserted to be in a state of unexampled prosperity, they are mainly calculated to add to the prosperity of the latter, and take nothing from the sufferings of the former. It is not difficult to see where the Reform Bill has practically lodged the power of Government in the British Empire.

In the third place, and what is most material of all, the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer contains an admission in regard to the present state and past direction of

our finances, since we have fallen under Liberal direction, of such moment, that we regard it as the most important statement that has ever yet been given in regard to the effect of the new measures on the national fortunes. It must be given in his own words, as reported in the *Times* of March 16:—

“If honourable gentlemen will refer to what has taken place during the last twenty years—the sums which have been borrowed on the one hand, and the amounts which have been applied to the reduction of the debt on the other—I think they will see that there is good reason for not being indifferent on this subject. In 1835 and 1836, a sum of £20,000,000 was borrowed for the emancipation of the West Indian slave population; to defray the deficiency, in the year 1841, £5,000,000 were borrowed; I was obliged to borrow £3,000,000 to meet the necessities of the sister country in 1847; and when the House refused to increase the income-tax in 1848, I was obliged to borrow a further sum of £2,000,000, to meet the extraordinary expenditure. Since the period I have mentioned, then, a sum of £35,000,000 has been added to the national debt. When I turn to the other side of the account, I find that all the money which has been applied from surplus income to the reduction of debt, in the course of the last twenty years, amounts to only £8,000,000; so that, in a period of profound peace, an increase of debt of no less than £27,000,000 has taken place. (Hear, hear.) When, in 1848, the House refused to accede to the proposal I made for an increased tax upon income, I certainly did hope that, when a turn took place in our financial affairs, they would not, the moment there was a surplus of income, instantly press that the whole of that surplus should be devoted to the reduction of taxation. What should we think of a private individual who acted in such a manner (hear, hear)—a man who, whenever he found his income fall short of his expenditure, borrowed the money necessary to meet his liabilities, but who never thought of paying off that debt when, by a fortunate turn of affairs, he happened to be in receipt of an excess of income? (Hear, hear.) I must say that it will be hopeless for us to maintain that character as a nation which we think indispensable in an individual, if, in a time of profound peace, instead of reducing our public debt, we go on adding to it from year to year.”

Here it is admitted, by the Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer, that

after twenty years of profound peace and unbroken Liberal government, (Sir Robert Peel was essentially Liberal,) not only has there been no reduction of the public debt, but AN INCREASE OF IT TO THE EXTENT OF TWENTY-SEVEN MILLIONS. It has been repeatedly demonstrated that, if the noble sinking-fund of L.15,000,000 a-year, which Mr Pitt's policy left to the Administration at the close of the war in 1815, had been preserved unimpaired by keeping up the indirect taxes from which it arose, the whole national debt would have been extinguished in 1845. When the ruinous monetary act of 1819, and the increasing concession of successive Administrations to urban clamour had rendered that impossible, the semi-Liberal semi-Tory Governments from 1815 to 1830 still contrived to pay off L.82,000,000 of the public debt in fifteen years; and when the Duke of Wellington resigned in November 1830, he left, by the admission of all parties, a real sinking-fund, arising from an excess of income above expenditure, of L.2,900,000 a-year to his successors. But since that time, under his Liberal successors, not only has that surplus on an average of years disappeared, but during twenty years of profound peace L.27,000,000 has been added to the total amount of the debt. Well may Sir Charles Wood say, "What should we think of a private individual who acted in such a manner?" Such is the rule of the urban constituencies, to humour whose fancies, and appease whose clamour, the whole efforts of Government for the last twenty years have been directed.

The important thing in the statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is, that it gives us the result of Whig government and Free-trade finance during so long a period. Every successive quarter, during these twenty years, we have been told by the Liberal press that the finances were in the most flourishing condition; that any deficiency that appeared was more apparent than real; and at any rate, in the most unfavourable view, it was sufficiently explained by temporary causes, and afforded no ground whatever for despondency in the future. Every successive Session, the Minis-

ters came down to Parliament with the most flourishing accounts of the state of the country and of the public finances, and demonstrated to the satisfaction of every reasonable man in the nation that both never were in more hopeful and prosperous circumstances. Even when a deficiency of one or two millions stared the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the face, which was not unfrequently the case, there was always some temporary or transient cause to which it was to be referred. The China tribute had ceased, or some reduction of duties had come into operation, or revolutions in Europe had diminished our exports to the adjoining states. The Irish potato-rot was a perfect godsend to the Liberal financiers. It constituted their stock in trade for the next three years. The ruin of L.15,000,000 worth of agricultural produce in Ireland, out of at least L.260,000,000 worth in the two islands, explained the whole distress of the country and the exchequer for the next three years; and, strange to say, the very men who paraded so ostentatiously the ruinous effects of this comparatively trifling deficiency in a single year, made a boast soon after of their having destroyed L.90,000,000 of agricultural remuneration by the importations they induced of foreign grain.

But nothing is more certain than that error and delusion cannot, by any human effort, be prolonged for a very long period. With the advent of the time when the interest to deceive has ceased, or a new generation of deceivers has succeeded, the whole fabric falls to pieces. As certainly and mercilessly as the vices or follies of preceding monarchs are portrayed by those who have succeeded to the inheritance of their results, are the ruinous consequences of former delusions in democratic Governments exposed by succeeding Administrations who find themselves hampered by their effects. Many a popular Nero is cast down from his pedestal, almost before the vital warmth has left his body; many a republican Necker is exposed by a republican Bailly, when he finds the public finances rendered desperate by the measures which had been pursued with the cordial approbation of the whole Liberal party in the state. It

is the same with our present Chancellor of the Exchequer. He finds the public finances, in the midst of boasted commercial and manufacturing prosperity, in so deplorable a condition, that he is fain to lay the whole blame upon his predecessors; and, after deploing the extraordinary fact, that during twenty years of profound peace, Liberal government, and retrenching Administrations, we have not only made no reduction whatever in the public debt, but added twenty-seven millions to its amount, he very naturally and justly observes, "What should we say to a private individual who should conduct his affairs in this manner?"

We have been so accustomed, during twenty years of Liberal and popular rule, to see every successive Administration live only from hand to mouth, and to be content if they can

get over present difficulties, without bestowing a thought on the future, that the nation has almost forgotten what it was to have a prudent and foreseeing Government at the head of affairs: or rather, nearly the whole generations who have risen to manhood have come to think that such a system of government is impossible, and is to be ranked with the El Dorado of Sir Walter Raleigh, or the Utopia of Sir Thomas More. To enlighten their minds on this subject, we subjoin two Tables, showing what was done by the corrupt old Tory Governments—even during the anxieties and expenditure of a most protracted and costly war, or when the national finances were slowly recovering from its effects—to put the finances on a good footing, and lay, in present fortitude and sacrifice, a solid foundation for future relief and prosperity.

TABLE I., showing the growth of the Money applied to the reduction of the Debt, and the Sums paid off from 1792 to 1815, being twenty-three years of war.

1792, . . .	£1,558,504	Brought forward, . . .	£51,347,378
1793, . . .	1,634,972	1805, . . .	9,406,865
1794, . . .	1,872,957	1806, . . .	9,602,658
1795, . . .	2,143,697	1807, . . .	10,125,419
1796, . . .	2,639,956	1808, . . .	10,681,579
1797, . . .	3,393,210	1809, . . .	11,359,691
1798, . . .	4,093,164	1810, . . .	12,095,977
1799, . . .	4,528,568	1811, . . .	13,073,577
1800, . . .	4,908,379	1812, . . .	14,098,842
1801, . . .	5,528,315	1813, . . .	16,064,057
1802, . . .	6,114,033	1814, . . .	14,830,957
1803, . . .	6,494,694	1815, . . .	14,241,397
1804, . . .	6,436,929		
	£51,347,378		£186,928,399

—PORTER'S *Parl. Tables*, i. 1.

It is a total mistake to allege, as is often done, that this immense and growing sinking-fund was obtained entirely by borrowing with the one hand what was paid off with another. The *funds* thus applied to the reduction of debt were obtained from the *indirect* taxes set apart on the contraction of each loan, in amount adequate not only to defray its annual interest, but also to extinguish, within forty-five years after it was contracted, the principal of the loan itself. That part of the loan was applied in each year, especially du-

ring the latter years of the war, to keep up the sinking-fund, is true, but is immaterial. That was only because the taxes set apart for its support were absorbed, in great part, by the necessities of the contest; and when the *contest and loans ceased*, these taxes were amply sufficient to keep up the sinking-fund without any extraneous aid. This appears from the following Table, also taken from Mr Porter, exhibiting what was actually paid off of the public debt during the next fifteen years of Tory peace-government:—

TABLE showing the Money applied to the reduction of Debt, Funded and Unfunded, from 1815 to 1832.

1816,	.	.	£13,945,117	Brought forward,	£131,821,080
1817,	.	.	14,514,457	1825,	6,093,475
1818,	.	.	15,339,483	1826,	5,621,231
1819,	.	.	16,305,590	1827,	5,704,766
1820,	.	.	17,499,773	1828,	4,667,965
1821,	.	.	17,219,957	1829,	2,559,485
1822,	.	.	18,889,319	1830,	4,545,465
1823,	.	.	7,482,325	1831,	1,663,093
1824,	.	.	10,625,059	1832,	5,696
			£131,821,080		£162,682,256

—PORTER'S *Parl. Tables*, i. 1.

But the Reform Bill, passed in 1832, has entirely put an end to the reduction of the debt. Since that time, as Sir Charles Wood tells us, the debt, so far from having diminished, has increased £27,000,000.

That there was a substantial reduction of debt going on during the period included in the above table, and not a mere juggle, by transferring debt from one denomination to another, though not to the amount which these figures would indicate, is decisively proved by the following Table, showing the general result of the financial operations from 1816 to 1832, when the Whigs introduced the Reform Bill:—

Funded Debt on 5th Jan.

1816, . . .	£816,311,940
Unfunded do., . . .	48,510,501

Total, . . . £860,822,441

Total Debt on 5th Jan.

1832—

Funded, £754,100,549	
Unfunded, 27,752,650	781,853,199

Paid off in sixteen years, £82,969,242

—PORTER'S *Parl. Tables*, ii. 6.

In the next eighteen years, since the Reform Bill changed the Consti-

tution, it has been seen the debt was increased by £27,000,000.

So prodigious and fatal a change in our financial system would be wholly inexplicable, considering the many able and patriotic men who, since that period, have been intrusted with its direction, if we did not recollect the vital change made since that time in the constitution of the country, and the new class which was brought up in overwhelming numbers to return representatives to the House of Commons. That class is the borough and shopkeeping interest, with whom the main object is to buy cheap and sell dear. Not only has this principle, since that time, formed the sole regulator of Government measures in general or commercial policy, but it has operated decisively on our finances, and is the main cause to which their present hopeless condition is to be ascribed. To cheapen everything became the great object; and this was to be done, it was thought, most effectually by taking taxes off articles of consumption. Under the influence of this principle, indirect taxes to the following enormous amount have been repealed since the peace, the magnitude of which renders it noways surprising that the sinking-fund has disappeared:—

TABLE showing the Taxes, Direct and Indirect, Repealed and Imposed from 1816 to 1847, both inclusive.

Year.	REPEALED.			IMPOSED.		Year.
	Direct.	Indirect.		Indirect.		
1816, . . .	£15,000,000	£2,547,000	.	£320,058		1816
1817, . . .	.	36,495	.	7,991		1817
1818, . . .	.	9,564	.	1,336		1818
1819, . . .	.	705,846	.	3,094,902		1819
1820, . . .	.	4,000	.	119,602		1820
1821, . . .	.	471,309	.	43,642		1821

Year.	REPEALED.		IMPOSED.		Year.
	Direct.	Indirect.	Direct.	Indirect.	
1822, .	.	£2,139,101	.	.	1822
1823, .	.	2,190,050	.	£18,596	1823
1824, .	1,300,000	1,704,724	.	45,605	1824
1825, .	.	3,639,551	.	43,000	1825
1826, .	.	1,973,812	.	188,000	1826
1827, .	.	4,038	.	21,402	1827
1828, .	.	51,998	.	1,966	1828
1829, .	.	126,406	.	.	1829
1830, .	.	4,093,955	.	696,004	1830
1831, .	.	1,598,536	.	627,586	1831
1832, .	.	747,264	.	44,526	1832
1833, .	.	1,526,914	.	.	1833
1834, .	1,200,000	891,516	.	198,394	1834
1835, .	.	165,817	.	75	1835
1836, .	.	989,786	.	.	1836
1837, .	.	234	.	3,991	1837
1838, .	.	289	.	100	1838
1839, .	.	66,258	.	1,783	1839
1840, .	.	18,959	.	2,155,673	1840
1841, .	.	27,176	.	.	1841
1842, .	.	1,596,366	£5,529,989	.	1842
1843, .	.	.	.	.	1843
1844, .	.	.	.	.	1844
1845, .	.	4,535,561	.	23,720	1845
1846, .	.	.	.	.	1846
1847, .	.	.	.	.	1847
	£18,060,000	£33,528,623	£5,529,989	£7,743,962	
Imposed, .	5,529,989	7,743,962			
Taxation re-	£12,431,011	£25,779,661			
duced, .					

Thus the balance of indirect taxation, reduced since the Peace, has been above £25,000,000—of direct, above £12,000,000 annually; and till 1842, it was £15,000,000 yearly. Had the sinking-fund been kept up at its amount as it was in 1815—that is, at £15,000,000 sterling out of the indirect taxes, there might have been repealed £15,000,000 of direct, and £14,000,000 of indirect taxes, and still *every shilling of the public debt would have been paid off by 1846*. Why has this most desirable, most vital object for the national safety in future times, not been gained? Simply because the mania of cheapening everything has ruled the State. Successive Administrations, which have succeeded to the helm of affairs, have endeavoured to gain a fleeting popularity, by bidding against each other in the race for popularity, by the sacrifice of the best interests of their country; and because Parliament—composed, so far as its majority goes since 1832, of the members for

boroughs—have shut their eyes entirely to the ultimate consequences of their actions, and looked only to the gratifying their buying and selling constituents by the incessant reduction of the indirect taxes, and lowering the remuneration of industry of every kind throughout the country.

In truth, the chasm made in the finances of the country by this incessant, uncalled-for, and ruinous reduction of the indirect taxes, in pursuance of the mania to cheapen everything, under which the nation has been labouring during the last thirty years, has been far greater and more disastrous than the preceding figures, formidable as they are, would lead us to suppose. The taxes repealed are of course set down at the amount they were *at the time of their repeal*. But that is very far from what they would have produced if they had been kept up; because, in that case, of course they would have shared in the vast increase of wealth and population which has since taken place. At the time when

a large part of these taxes were repealed, the British isles did not contain above from 20,000,000 to 24,000,000 of inhabitants—now they contain 29,000,000. Our exports and imports have more than doubled in amount since the income tax was taken off in 1816. Beyond all doubt, at its original rate of ten per cent, it would now have produced, at the very least, £20,000,000 a-year. The duty on spirits, so fatally lowered in 1826, would now have produced, not £2,000,000, but £3,000,000 or £3,500,000 annually. There cannot be a shadow of doubt that the taxes, which in 1815 produced £72,000,000 a-year, would, if continued at the same rates, have been now producing 50 per cent more, or £110,000,000. There is no man in his senses who would think that the nation either could have borne, or ought to have borne, such a load of taxation. Relief, on the return of peace, was indispensable. But it is one thing to give relief in a reasonable and prudent degree; it is another, and a very different thing, to throw away the public revenue with a reckless prodigality, without either principle or foresight, and for no other reason but to win a temporary popularity for wasteful Administrations.

Indeed, the inevitable effect of the cheapening system, and especially of the repeal of the Corn Laws, in rendering the taxes unproductive, and payment of the interest even of the public debt ere long impossible, was distinctly foreseen and foretold not only by ourselves in this Magazine, but by the most decided apostles of the opposite set of opinions. Hear Mr Cobbett on the subject, in Vol. LI. of his *Register*, No. 2, July 10, 1824—a quotation for which we are indebted to that able and consistent journal, the *Standard*.

“The commercial world’ will, I believe, find it rather difficult to persuade the landlords to ‘modify and alter the Corn-laws,’ much less to ‘do away’ with those laws: but what now is to become of all the pretty doctrine about the inseparable interests of manufacture and agriculture? I trust we shall hear no more of that soft nonsense.

“Now mind, I do not say that the manufacturers ought not to be permitted to

get food from abroad; but I say—and what man in his senses does not say, that in whatever degree this cotton body is supplied with food from abroad, it must and will dispense with food from our own lands.

“I would fain then see the two-legged animal who is quadruped enough still to contend that the interests of the landlords and those of the cotton-lords are inseparable. They are directly opposed to each other; and opposed to each other they must be as long as this debt shall last.

“It will be curious enough to observe how ‘the manufacturing mind’ will work upon ‘the agricultural mind.’ These two minds will now come into direct contact with each other. It will be the business of the cotton mind to convince the landlords that bringing in foreign corn will not make their English corn sell cheaper; or, failing in this, to convince them that wheat at 4s. a bushel will, ‘in the long run,’ be better for the landlords than wheat at 8s. a bushel. A very long run, I believe, indeed! In short, it is a question of rents or no rents. With the present debt and taxes, and with wheat at 4s. a bushel, there can be no rents; so that, when the cotton mind comes forward to get a repeal of the Corn-bill, it comes in fact to pray that there shall no longer be rents in England.

“The cotton-lords, and indeed all the lords of the loom and anvil, are bestirring themselves, and collecting all their forces for a desperate assault upon the jolter-heads (the landlords) who cry aloud for national faith. I wish them success. I will not absolutely join them; but I wish them success; because that success would destroy the *whole system* (the system of paper-money, national debt, and oppressive taxation) root and branch. The Corn Bill, the Small-Note Bill, the laying out of public money in Ireland, the lending of money occasionally to manufacturers and merchants, the Bank advancing money upon big estates—all these shifts and tricks just keep the thing agoing; but come a war, or repeal the Corn Bill, and you will soon see what is to become of the system. Everything seems strained to its utmost: and when that is the case, something must soon give way.”

The alleged advantage which the Free-trade party oppose to the obviously calamitous effects of this incessant surrender of the public revenue, and the now admitted abandonment of all attempts to pay off the public debt, is, that commodities have been cheapened thereby, and the weight which

oppressed them taken off the springs of industry. We utterly deny this advantage. What is the good of this constant cheapening, when confessedly you cannot cheapen our debts and obligations? Is it anything else but diminishing the funds from which the interest of these debts and obligations is to be discharged, and running the nation into the most imminent hazard of incurring a general bankruptcy, public and private? Do not salaries and incomes fall, from the highest to the lowest, in consequence; and if so, what good does the fall of prices do, even to the individuals who apparently profit by it? Suppose we gained our object, and rendered everything as cheap here as it is in Poland or Norway—what should we gain by it, but that we should speedily become *as poor as them*, and that the realised wealth of this nation, now for the most part invested in situations where its interest is paid by the industry of the people, would be lost by that industry having ceased to receive a sufficient remuneration? And is that an object for which the national security should be endangered, and the means of maintaining our independence destroyed?

In truth,—with the exception of some manufactured articles, such as cotton and calicoes, in which the fall of prices has been prodigious, owing to the successive improvement of the machinery employed in their formation,—we are at a loss to see that this immense remission of indirect taxes, which has evidently been fatal to the national finances, has been attended with the slightest benefit to the country generally. We say the country generally—because there can be no doubt that it has been a very great advantage to the *master-manufacturers engaged in the trades affected by the taxes*, who have, in most cases, contrived to put the whole tax lost to the public into their own pockets. That is the real secret of the remission. Individual selfishness, the thirst for gain, was in most cases the moving spring. The parties interested besieged the Chancellor of the Exchequer with memorials, setting forth the hardships they sustained from the tax affecting their branch of industry, immense benefit the *public*

would derive from its abolition; but the public was the very last thing they were really thinking of. It was their own profits to which they were looking; and but for that, they never would have stirred in the matter. The immense fortunes made in many branches of manufactures, during the last quarter of a century, have been in great part owing to the tax remitted having been wholly gained to the master-manufacturers engaged in them. We pay the same now for our shoes and beer as we did thirty years ago, though, since its termination, the whole tax on leather and the war tax on malt have been repealed.

There is no doubt that prices have declined in most articles of consumption to a great degree during the last twenty-five years, and in some to a most extraordinary extent. But where the decline has been great—as, for example, in cottons or calicoes, which are now selling for a fifth of what they cost during the war—it is not owing to the remission of taxation, so much as to the extraordinary perfection to which machinery and the division of labour have been brought. The proof of this is decisive. The fall of price has been fully as great in branches of manufactures in regard to which no remission has taken place, or in a very slight degree, as in those in which it has been most considerable. And in regard to all commodities, the effect of the monetary bills of 1819, 1826, and 1844, must be taken into consideration. Those bills, by contracting the currency to *one half* of what it previously had been in proportion to the industry and population of the country, have effected a revolution of prices so great, that nearly the whole reduction of the cost of articles prior to the last year is to be ascribed to it. The great organ of the money interest, the *Times*, boasts that recent legislation has doubled the value of the sovereign. Unquestionably it has; and of course it has also doubled the whole debt of the country, public and private. It has turned the national debt of £800,000,000 into £1,600,000,000; it has made the annual taxation of £52,000,000 as burdensome as £100,000,000 would have been during the war. Prices have generally fallen;

but it is the contraction of the currency which has done that. As to the remission of taxation, with the exception of a few articles, such as salt and spirits, in which the remission, being very large, was immediately felt by the consumer, the reduction of prices has not been greater than necessarily flowed from the artificial scarcity of money, and would have been the same though no reduction of public duties had taken place. Generally speaking, the tax, lost to the public, has been entirely gained by the master-manufacturer.

Had the system of cheapening, carried into effect by the contraction of the currency on the one hand, and the extensive remission of duties on the other, been attended by beneficial consequences to the people, and resulted in general happiness and prosperity, there would at least have been some set-off against the ruin of our financial prospects which it has occasioned; and we might have consoled ourselves for the evident imposition of the public debt as a hopeless burden upon the nation, by the reflection that at least temporary wellbeing had resulted from the change. Has this been the case? Alas! the fact is just the reverse; and among the many mournful reflections which the present hopeless condition of our finances awakens, it is perhaps the most mournful, that the price paid for it has been, not public happiness, but general and unprecedented misery. In the long and varied annals of English history, there is beyond all question no period which has been marked by such repeated and widespread suffering as the thirty years which have elapsed since the cheapening system was begun, by the contraction of the currency in 1819, and the present time, when it has been carried into full effect by Sir R. Peel's Free-trade policy in 1846. The three dreadful monetary crises of 1825, 1839, and 1847, followed, as each of them was, by several years of devastation and ruin to the trading classes; the repeated recurrence of agricultural distress, especially from 1832 to 1836, and in 1849; the unheard-of agonies of the Irish famine of 1846, perpetuated by the fall of prices, which rendered agriculture unremunerative ever great part of that country,—are

some of the leading features of an epoch which will ever be regarded as at once the most momentous and the most disastrous which the British Empire has ever known.

It has left its traces deeply furrowed and for ever marked in English annals. It has produced consequences which will never be forgotten, and to which the historians of future times will point as the turning-point of British story, an eternal warning to future ages. It has produced the Revolution of 1832; disfranchised our whole Colonies; displaced the government of property, talent, and intelligence in the ruling island, and installed that of buying and selling in its stead. It has severed the public policy from the protection of the Land and Native Industry, the real inheritance and only sure patrimony of the nation, and anchored it instead on the shifting quicksands of Commercial Prosperity. It has destroyed the West Indies beyond the possibility of redemption, and spread discontent so widely through our other Colonies, that it is universally known they are all only waiting for some serious disaster to the parent state, or the advent of a protracted and hazardous war, to declare themselves independent. It has rendered every seventh man in Great Britain and Ireland, taken together, a pauper. It has driven from 250,000 to 300,000 industrious citizens, for the last three years, annually into exile from their native land. It has raised the poor-rate in both islands to an unprecedented height, and, when measured by its true standard, the price of subsistence to double what it ever was before. It has implanted the seeds of ruin in our Mercantile Navy, by the rapid growth of foreign shipping as compared with British in carrying on our own trade. It has rendered our shores defenceless as they were in the days of the Saxon Heptarchy; and made one of our first admirals, Sir Charles Napier, thankful when the winter frosts closed the Baltic harbours, and secured our capital from the insulting visits of the successors of the sea-kings of the north. It has rendered our means of raising a revenue so hopeless, that the "greatest bill-broker in the world," Mr Gurney, has declared that we

must end in national bankruptcy; and the leader of the Free-traders himself, Mr Cobden, has publicly said that there is no resource but to disband our troops, sell our ships of war, and trust the national security to the justice and moderation of our enemies, and the total absence of envy in our rivals. Such, and not public and passing felicity, is the price which the nation has paid for the ruin of its finances, the abandonment of the sinking fund, and the imposing of the public debt *for ever*, as a burden, hopeless of redemption, on the country.

The destruction of property which has taken place in the British Empire during the thirty years that this cheapening process was going on, exceeds probably anything recorded during a similar period in the annals of mankind. It has much exceeded all that was produced by the confiscations of the Convention, or the devastation of the wars of Napoleon. Each of the three great monetary crises of 1825, 1839, and 1847, occasioned the destruction at once of two or three hundred millions worth of mercantile property, and halved the fortunes of persons to double that extent. The intervals between them were, with the exception of a few brief gleams of perilous prosperity, periods of anxiety, gloom, and depression, during which all persons engaged in business, with the exception of the great capitalists, who were daily getting richer, found their property melting away under the ceaseless and progressive fall of prices. It was exactly the obverse of the vast impulse given to industry over the whole world by the discovery of the mines of Mexico and Peru, and the consequent rise of prices which everywhere ensued. One class, and one only, flourished amidst the general distress; but, unfortunately, in that class the government of the nation for the time was vested, viz., the *moneyed interest*. So immensely had this interest grown under the protective policy of the preceding hundred and fifty years, that it was able to set all other interests in the State at defiance, and to pursue the system of making the sovereign worth two sovereigns, despite the evident ruin

which that system was bringing on all the industrious classes in the state. Future ages will ask what were the devastating wars, the stunning calamities, the loss of provinces, the severance of colonies, which inflicted such deep and irremediable wounds on the British nation during these memorable periods? and they will be answered, it was thirty years of unbroken peace at home, a series of brilliant colonial conquests abroad, and ONE SYSTEM.

But that one system was amply sufficient to break down the most wisely-conceived system of finance, to ruin the most flourishing revenue, to render beggarly the richest nation, to destroy the greatest empire. It is the system, originating with the Roman empire, as a necessary and just consequence of its universal conquest, of universal free trade—a system which ruined the empire. It is the more dangerous that it recommends itself to the people in the first instance by the alluring prospect of cheapening everything, of making money daily go farther, rendering every one apparently richer and more comfortable than he was before. It is readily adopted by the shop-keeping and trading class, because it enables them, in the first instance, to purchase the goods at a less cost; forgetting that if they buy cheap they must also sell cheap, and that their customers' means of payment are melting away from the effects of that very cheapness. It is long, however, before this truth, how obvious soever, is generally understood. It is by slow degrees, and after much suffering only, that it is discovered that this system of general cheapening does not stop short with people's *expenditure*; that it speedily comes to affect their *incomes* also, and that in a still greater degree; that, if shopkeepers buy cheap, they must sell little or sell cheap also; that wages must fall with the decline in the price of commodities; and that the last condition of the people is worse than the first. But while this great and eternal truth is in the course of being brought home to the nation by suffering, the national pre-eminence is lost, the national security is endangered, the national spirit is weakened. Multitudes become desperate in regard to their own

and their country's fortunes, from the scenes of suffering and distress which they perpetually see around them; the selfish feelings acquire a fatal preponderance, from the general experienced impossibility of indulging in the generous. Meanwhile the national income melts away under the effects of the general cheapening of the remuneration of industry—all steady or foreseeing system of finance is abandoned, and every successive Government, like a needy spendthrift, deems itself happy if it can get through the year without a financial crisis, never bestowing a thought on the future, either as regards the national security, its finances, or its means of defence.

One memorable instance of the way in which, under the cheapening system, the public revenue has been recklessly and needlessly thrown away, is to be found in the Penny Postage. It is well known that, prior to the change, the Post-office income, after paying *the whole charges of the Packet Service*, yielded a clear surplus revenue to the nation of £1,500,000 or £1,600,000 a-year. The postage of letters, however, was decidedly too high; a reduction was loudly called for by the public; and, if cautiously and judiciously applied, the increase of letters might have compensated the reduction of rates of postage, and a boon have been conceded to the community, without any detriment to the public service. A uniform 2d. or 3d., or even 4d., postage would have been hailed with unmixed satisfaction by the people, who had been paying 10d. or 1s. for their letters, and no material diminution of that important branch of the revenue experienced. Instead of this, what did the Government, urged on by the cheapening party, actually do? Why, they reduced the postage at once to a penny for all letters, from all distances within the two islands. We were told, that not only would there be no loss, but a certain gain, after a few years had elapsed, from the vast and certain increase in the number of letters that would be transmitted. How have these expectations been realised? The revenue set down as coming from the Post-office, immediately after the change, was only £500,000 or £600,000 a-year; and, after having been nine years in opera-

tion, it has only risen, in the year ending 5th April 1850, to £803,000; much less than half of what it would have been under the former system, when the increased population and transactions of the country are taken into consideration, if either the old rates had been continued, or a reasonable reduction to 2d. or 3d. had taken place. It is to the embarrassment produced by this great defalcation that we are mainly indebted for the renewal of the income-tax.

But this defalcation, great and serious as it thus appears on the face of the public accounts, was little more than a *half* of what really occurred in consequence of the change. To conceal the effects of this great innovation, the Free-trading party, who had now got entire possession of the Government, had the address both to get the expense of the Packet Service, *previously borne by the Post-office, thrown upon the Navy*, and to keep that important change a secret among the Government officials. In this way a double object was gained. The disastrous effect of the reduction was kept out of view, and the increased charges of the Navy afforded a plausible ground for demagogues to assail the Government for alleged extravagance in that department. But that which one demagogue had done, another demagogue brought to light. Mr Cobden made so violent a clamour about the increase of expenditure in the Navy since 1835, when it had been reduced, under the pressure of the Reform mania, to its lowest point, that the Admiralty, in their own defence, let out the important fact, that, since the penny-postage system began, they had been saddled with the whole cost of the Packet Service, which they never had been before; and, in the debate on the Estimates, Lord John Russell stated that this cost now amounted to £737,000 a-year. Thus the real Post-office accounts stand thus:—

Apparent surplus for year ending 5th April 1850,	£803,000
Deduct cost of Packet Service, thrown on Navy,	737,000
Real Post-office revenue,	£66,000
And it has been raised to this level only during a year of extraordinary	

manufacturing activity, when our exports turned £60,000,000. On the whole, since the postage was reduced in 1841, the Post-office has not yielded a farthing to the country, but, on the contrary, has occasioned a loss of some hundred thousand pounds.

We have heard enough from the Free-traders of the disasters which accumulated on the year 1848, and commencement of 1849, when a monetary crisis, the Irish famine, the European revolution, the Irish rebellion, and the Chartist sedition, com-

bined to reduce the revenue to an unprecedented degree. We have heard enough, also, of the unexampled prosperity of the year 1849, when these extraneous disasters had ceased, and the blessings of Free Trade and the cheapening system were still in undiminished lustre. Be it so. Let us compare the public revenue of this year of unprecedented disaster with that obtained in the next year of unexampled prosperity, as appearing from the finance accounts of April 5, 1850:—

	Year ending 5th April 1849.	Year ending 5th April 1850.
Ordinary revenue,	£48,490,002	£48,643,042
China money,	84,284	...
Imprest and other monies, . .	665,293	656,855
Repayment of advances, . .	427,761	553,349
	£49,667,430	£49,853,246
	49,853,246	
	£185,816	

Increase in 1849,

—*Times*, April 1850.

So that the increase in a year of extraordinary and unprecedented prosperity, as we are told, over one of unexampled and overwhelming suffering, is *only* £185,000, for £128,000 of which we are indebted to an excess in the repayment of advances in 1849 over 1848. We care not to what this extraordinary fact is to be ascribed, whether reduction of duties, the continuance of distress, or any other cause. We rest on the fact that Free-trade finance and the cheapening system have brought the revenue of the country, *in a year of what the Free-traders call its highest prosperity, to a level with what it had been in a year of its greatest adversity.* History cannot, and will not, overlook these facts. The leaders of the Free-traders say they live for posthumous fame. Let them not be afraid. Posterity will do them full justice.

The financial problem of the Free-traders is—"Given a cheapened nation, to extract an adequate revenue out of their unremunerated industry." We recommend this problem to the study of the Free-trading Chancellor of the Exchequer. If he solve it, we shall assign him a place superior to that of Bacon in physical—to Bacon

this mournful

decay of the national resources, and ruin of the national strength, from the effects of a theory acted upon by the Legislature under the influence of a class majority in Parliament, would a truly catholic and national policy, protective alike to all interests, have afforded! An adequate but not redundant currency, cautiously administered, and relieved from the fatal liability to abstraction from a great increase of imports in any particular year, would at once have afforded free scope to national industry, and avoided the frightful vicissitudes in the demand for labour, which the opposite system of making the currency entirely dependent on the most evanescent of earthly things—gold—of necessity occasioned. The terrible monetary crises of 1825, 1839, and 1847, would have been unfelt. They would have been surmounted, as that of 1810 had been, by an extended issue of paper when the gold was for a time abstracted, without their existence being known to the nation. Industry, protected in every department by adequate but not oppressive fiscal duties, would have generally and steadily flourished. Periods of extravagant speculation and exorbitant wages, followed by commercial depression and general suffering, would have

been unknown. The national revenues, sustained by an adequate currency and unbroken industry, would have afforded an ample surplus to Government, both for the public service and the promotion of objects of general utility, after providing for the maintenance of the sinking-fund. Emigration, supported, so far as the destitute are concerned, by the Government resources, and conducted in Government vessels, would have poured a ceaseless and prolific stream into the Colonies, at once vivifying their industry, and converting the paupers of England and Ireland into consumers of our manufactures, at the rate of six or seven pounds a-head per annum. Pauperism at home, relieved in the classes where it originates by this wise and paternal policy, would have been arrested. Crime itself would have been made to minister to the general good: the jails of Great Britain would have been converted into industrial academies for behoof of the Colonies. The industry of the Colonies, encouraged by the protective policy of the mother country, and supported by the ceaseless streams of its emigration, would have advanced with rapid strides, and afforded a rising and inexhaustible mart for domestic manufactures. The ocean would have become a British lake: the navy of England, the floating bridge which at once united and protected its distant dependencies.

Colonial discontent would have been unknown. The West Indies, Canada, and Australia, would have been the most loyal and contented, because the most flourishing and justly governed parts of the Empire. The foreign trade of the world would have been to the British Empire what Adam Smith justly called the most profitable of all trades, a home-trade. We should have raised the raw material for all our staple branches of industry within ourselves; wool from Australia, cotton from the East and West Indies, grain from the British

isles and Canada. Agriculture at home and abroad would have advanced abreast of manufactures; commerce and shipping would have risen with the increase of their productions; the Navy, fed by an ample and protected commercial marine, and sustained at an adequate amount by a well-filled treasury, would have secured our independence, and enabled us to attend to the interests and anticipate the wants of our remotest dependencies. We should have been alike independent of foreign nations for the materials of pacific industry, and superior to them in warlike resources. Great Britain, though grey in years of renown, would have retained for centuries the vigour of youth, because she would have been continually renovated by the energy of her descendants. The paternal hall would have been constantly cheerful and happy, because it would have been always filled with children and grandchildren, or enlivened by their exploits. Amidst general prosperity and unceasing progress, the National Debt—constantly encroached on by a sustained sinking-fund—would have disappeared. Before this time it would have been all extinguished; and the taxation of the Empire, reduced to £30,000,000 or £35,000,000 a-year, would have enabled us for ever to maintain the national armaments on such a scale as would have qualified us to bid defiance alike to the covert encroachments of our rivals, or the open hostility of our enemies. Under the opposite or cheapening system, the public debt has, on the admission of its ablest supporters, been virtually doubled; the sinking-fund has, amidst general and almost constant distress, disappeared; Colonial discontent threatens the Empire with dismemberment; agricultural distress will speedily render it dependent for its daily bread on its enemies; and the maintenance of the national independence, if the present system is persisted in, has been rendered, for any length of time, impossible.

GREECE AGAIN.

" If, Cassandra-like, amidst the din
Of conflict none will hear, or, hearing, heed
This voice from out the wilderness, the sin
Be theirs, and my own feelings be my need."

Prophecy of Demic.

GREECE is a most unfortunate country. She has only escaped the Turks to be plundered by her rulers and ruined by her protectors. Seventeen years ago, Lord Palmerston placed King Otho on his throne; he has since been occupied in making that throne an uneasy seat. King Otho refuses to answer Lord Palmerston's letters; in revenge, Great Britain ruins a number of Greek shipowners, and leaves the Greek ministers unpunished. The Duke of Wellington has said that he never bombarded a town, and never saw the necessity for committing such an act of cruelty; and the saying does him even more honour than his long career of victory. We had hoped that no Englishman would ever have forgotten this saying; yet Lord Palmerston bombards the merchants of Greece for the faults of King Otho's ministers. We are irresistibly reminded, by this last display of our Foreign Secretary's warlike propensities, of Mr Winkle's fight with the small boy.

Though much has been written on the subject of this quarrel, both at home and on the Continent, no clear statement of the exact relations between England and Greece has been published; nor can it be gathered even from the papers recently laid before Parliament.* We believe, therefore, that our readers will thank us for devoting a few pages to a serious examination of the political relations between the two countries, which will tend to place the recent coercive measures in their true light. This is the more necessary, because Ministers, both in debates and Parliamentary papers, have it in their power to conceal everything relating to the past; and the Opposition must hunt long before they can spring a single truth in the thickets of official deception.

A view of the subject, under the guidance of truth and common sense, free both from party views and national prejudices, has been rendered necessary by the speech of Mr Piscatory, the late French Minister in Greece. The spoken pamphlet of Mr Piscatory was prepared with considerable skill; but it communicates hardly a single fact that has not been perverted by being removed from its true context, or by having only half its concomitant circumstances narrated. Indeed, Mr Piscatory having been bellows-blower in the disputes between Sir E. Lyons, the English envoy at Athens, and King Otho's ministers, for four years, is not a famous witness; he has his own secrets to conceal. His oratorical display did not impose on the good sense of General Cavaignac, who parodied Sylla's speech to a wordy Athenian ambassador, by hinting to the French ex-minister plenipotentiary, "that it seemed France had sent him to Athens to study rhetoric, not to collect information."

The papers laid before Parliament prove the worthlessness of Mr Piscatory's diplomacy; but the conduct of Lord Palmerston cannot be correctly appreciated, unless we trace the connexion of England and Greece since the convention of 1832, appointing Prince Otho of Bavaria King of Greece, under the protection and guarantees of England, France, and Russia. That treaty, it must be recollected, was the work of Lord Palmerston. King Otho was selected by Lord Palmerston; he was conveyed to Greece by Lord Palmerston's favourite diplomatist, Sir E. Lyons; and it was under Lord Palmerston's special protection that the Anglo-Bavarian Regency was furnished with £2,400,000, and allowed to destroy

* Correspondence respecting the demands made upon the Greek Government, and respecting the Islands of Cerei and Sapienza. Presented to both Houses of Parliament, by command of Her Majesty. February 1850.

the institutions of the Greek nation. These facts embrace the history of British connexion with Greece from 1832 to 1837. Great Britain, or, to speak more correctly, our Foreign Secretary, is morally responsible for the government of the Greek kingdom by Count Armasperg, who ruled far more absolutely than King Otho has ever done, for the simple reason that he had a better filled purse. Sir E. Lyons supported him with vigour alike against Russian and French opposition, Greek patriotisms, and constitutional principles, as may be seen by a reference to the papers laid before Parliament in July 1836.

In 1837, Armasperg was dismissed from office; but Greece is still suffering from the loss of the institutions he destroyed, and the political corruption he introduced. Colletti, it is true, imitated his political system in the internal government with singular aptitude, but with diminished funds and resources for corruption. Where Armasperg could appoint an amnestied brigand a captain of infantry, Colletti could only make some old friend a policeman, or peradventure a counsel.

In 1837 the Government of Greece broke off its intimate connexion with England, and the English Minister at Athens became involved in a succession of quarrels with the court. It is not necessary for us to prove that the Bavarian Administration from 1837 to 1843 was bad. All parties agree that it was intolerable; and the Greeks were universally applauded when they expelled the whole tribe of Bavarian officials. King Otho had fallen into an error that might have been expected from a Whig-created king; he had neglected all the real duties of royalty, and transacted the business of his under-secretaries of state.

The circumstances that have determined the position of our relations with Greece, since the Constitution of 1844, occurred in the preceding period. Lord Palmerston's first quarrel with the Greek court dates from 1837, and originated in the dissatisfaction then felt, because the British Minister at Athens did not possess as much influence with King Otho's Government as he had possessed with Count Armasperg's. The avowed object of

British diplomacy, at that period, was to force the adherents of the English party into office; and King Otho incurred the enmity of England for preferring the counsels of France and Russia. The first pitched battle between Greece and England was fought about the waistcoat of the British Minister's groom. The question was, whether the waistcoat worn by Sir E. Lyons' groom in his stable dress, and in which he had been carried off to prison for squirting water on a policeman, was or was not a livery waistcoat. After several weeks' deliberation, the Greek court decided, that, although they did not consider the waistcoat in question to be a livery waistcoat, yet, in consideration of the fact that the British Minister called it his livery, the Government of Greece was ready to make every concession that could be required to heal the wounded honour of Great Britain. Parliament had a narrow escape of seeing the waistcoat laid before both Houses. Now this is very silky. Yet there is no doubt that the arrest of the groom was an intentional insult.

This affair was enacted to lower the English minister in the eyes of the populace, and compel the English Government to change him. Everybody in Greece knew that the groom was sent to prison; few Greeks believed that the Government had apologised for the insult; indeed, nothing but the sight of a policeman chained before the British legation for twenty-four hours could have reintegrated the name of England at Athens, so stoutly did all Government officials declare that no apology was ever made. Another scene was exhibited for the satisfaction of the court and the *corps diplomatique*. At a private theatrical representation in King Otho's palace, the British minister was left without a chair in the circle, and remained standing during a long comedy. Some ambassadors would have been sorely distressed by this species of physical torture; but the ambassador in question is said to have consoled himself, during this public exhibition of the feelings of protected Greece to protecting England, by the reflection that his turn came next.

A blow was shortly after inflicted

on the royalty of Greece, from which it can never recover; but Lord Palmerston is accused of tolerating the use of forbidden weapons by some of his adherents, in his eagerness to make the Greek monarch sensible of the impolicy of the conduct of the Hellenic court. Attacks on the person of King Otho, more bold and unsparing than the most malignant vituperation of Junius, appeared in a London morning paper, then supposed to be allowed to imbibe some of its inspiration from Downing Street. These communications pretended to come from an anonymous correspondent in Athens, but it was evident the unknown writer was aware of many things that could hardly be known beyond the Bavarian court and the sanctuaries of Downing Street. At least, King Otho drew this conclusion, and apparently on good grounds. This correspondent informed the world, that his Hellenic Majesty, who had been selected by Lord Palmerston, and supported with a loan of £2,400,000, was nevertheless unfit to govern his kingdom; and that a certificate to this effect had been signed by several officers, civil, military, and medical, who were then at Athens in the service of King Otho, and that this certificate had been placed in the hands of King Louis of Bavaria. This strange communication would have passed unnoticed in Greece, had it not been made the subject of conversation by all the English officials, and the attention of Greek statesmen called to it by the British legation and consulates. At last, it was publicly noticed by the Greek press, and an outcry produced. Three of the Bavarians named as having signed the certificate, published a declaration contradicting the statement, in a document bearing date the 11th-23d June 1839, which was printed in the Greek newspapers. The medical and military officers who signed this counter-certificate were dismissed from all their places, and immediately quitted Greece. Very little has been said on this subject since. All parties seem heartily ashamed of their share in the transaction, and the public never discovered the key of the mystery. It is certain, how-

ever, that King Otho has given Lord Palmerston and Sir E. Lyons good proof of the falsity of the certificate, if they were ever led into the belief that such a document really existed; for, during ten years, he baffled them both in every diplomatic move, and made their vaunted constitutional policy tend more to the injury of their own reputation than to the diminution of his power.

This episode of the certificate, whether its existence be a fact or a fable, placed an impassable barrier between Lord Palmerston and King Otho. Right or wrong, his Hellenic Majesty held the English foreign secretary responsible for the publication, for he believed that the English Government possessed the power of dragging the calumniator to light, and that it would have used the power had the anonymous correspondent not been protected by a powerful patron. Besides, the King of Greece might well ask, who in England could have acquired the knowledge which enabled this correspondent to attack the person of a monarch under the special protection of Great Britain, without fear of investigation or reply, unless the information came directly from some high diplomatic authority. We need not wonder, therefore, when we find that, from June 1839, hatred to England was the prominent feeling displayed by the Greek court in all its relations with the British cabinet. Lord Palmerston, finding all hope of acquiring influence in the Greek court vain, changed his policy, and became the advocate of constitutional government.

The revolution in 1843 afforded the British cabinet an opportunity of putting our relations with Greece on a proper footing; but the opportunity was lost. Instead of English influence being employed to restore the national institutions destroyed by the Bavarians, it supported the establishment of what is called the constitutional form of government. One of those compilations of political commonplace which the lawgivers of our age are ready, at a week's notice, to prepare either for Greenland or China, was translated from French pamphlets, and entitled the *Constitution of Greece*. Lord Aberdeen, who was

then foreign secretary, committed as great a blunder in engaging Great Britain to stand godfather to this constitution, as Lord Palmerston had done in making Old England guardian to King Otho. The following are the words in which the British Government thought fit to record its approbation of this inane waste of time and paper,—“Her Majesty's Government have viewed with no less satisfaction the admirable temper which appears to have generally prevailed in the Constituent Assembly, throughout the whole of her deliberations on the deeply interesting and important act on which they have been engaged. Such self-command in a popular Assembly, convoked under very exciting and critical circumstances, is highly creditable to the Greek nation. Nor is the result of their labours, as a whole, less entitled to credit for the general soundness of the constitutional principles therein established.”

This, being the deliberate opinion of a British statesman of high character, not supposed to be infatuated by a blind love of revolutionary doctrines, demands serious examination. Let us see, therefore, what are the principles which received the sanction of the British Government on this occasion. In our opinion, they are precisely those principles that lead with certainty to political anarchy and national demoralisation. This vaunted constitution revived no local habits of business, re-established no parochial usages, improved no provincial institutions, corrected no political immoralities, restored no religious authority, and insured no education to the clergy. It proclaimed universal suffrage to an armed people, and vote by ballot to a mob that cannot write; and these are the principles held up to public approbation for their *general soundness*! While, as to the proofs of admirable temper and self-command displayed by this assembly, these feelings were surely not expressed in the decree by which this good-tempered assembly excluded all their countrymen, who had immigrated to the Greek territory since the year 1823, from official employments. There are, perhaps, some who may feel inclined to ob-

serve to us, as Rob Roy did to his kinsman, Bailie Nicol Jarvie, when they met in the Tolbooth of Glasgow, “Hout, tout! man, let that flee stick in the wa’; when the dirt’s dry it will rub out.” Be it so; but there are political blunders that leave a stain, which neither time nor repentance can efface.

We believe that the source of Lord Aberdeen's error arose from his wish to treat Greece as an independent state. But Greece under the protection of the three powers, and loaded with debt, could not be an independent power. False appearances always produce evil consequences. Lord Palmerston had been in too great a hurry to make the bantling monarchy of the treaty of 1832 walk without a baby-jumper, and his rivalry with Warwick the king-maker was not more glorious than his emulation of Mr Winkle. He ought to have perceived that sundry Kleptopiratic excrescences, like the protuberances on the body of a young bear, required to be carefully licked into shape. Our Foreign Secretary delayed the operation too long; and, when he perceived the dangers that had resulted from his negligence, he erroneously fancied that a licking of a different kind, applied by Admiral Parker to King Otho's Government, would set all right.

When the Greek monarchy was founded in 1832, it was the duty of Lord Palmerston to have laid before Parliament detailed answers to the following questions, as a justification of the course he had pursued in engaging Great Britain to protect the new state, and furnish it with a loan of £2,400,000. The questions, in perfect ignorance of which the character of England was compromised, and the money wasted, were:—

1. What were the actual means of government in the country, and the nature of the parochial, communal, borough, provincial and central administrative institutions, which had enabled the Greeks to maintain a war against Sultaun Mahmoud and Mahommed Ali for seven years? Enthusiasm and patriotism are good words in a debate, and may explain the events of a single campaign; but common sense tells every one that a

people must possess some administrative institutions, in order to persist in a desperate struggle for many successive years. If Greece had no institutions in 1832, she was clearly unfit to receive a king; and the duty of the Three Protecting Powers was to frame a system of administration, not to choose a monarch. But on the other hand, if the foundations of political government already existed, it was especially the duty of Great Britain to see that these foundations or local institutions were improved, and not destroyed, by the new Government.

2. What were the land and sea forces necessary to maintain order on shore, and guard the Grecian seas from piracy; and how could these forces be immediately subjected to the system of discipline, which the protecting powers might consider indispensable?

3. What measures were requisite, in order to enable the mass of the population to turn their attention to profitable branches of industry without loss of time?

And 4. What were the financial resources of the country? What was the amount of the debts contracted by the Government during the revolutionary war? What sum would be required to supply the deficit in the annual expenditure for the first year of the new monarch's reign; and what sum would be required to be set apart annually for paying the interest of the debts of the Greek state, now converted into a European kingdom?

Strange as it may seem, there is not the slightest information on these important questions in the papers laid before Parliament in 1832; and we believe that, had Lord Palmerston taken the trouble to collect even the limited information we have specified, before he involved Great Britain in a guarantee of King Otho's throne, he would have perceived that it was not necessary to burden Greece either with a new debt or the presence of a foreign army. Great Britain would then have prevented the regency from destroying the existing institutions, and saved the country from the administrative corruption that ruined the despotic royalty of King Otho,

and promises very soon to annihilate his constitutional monarchy.

One advantage might have been obtained for Greece by the constitution of 1844, if either the Greeks or their sovereign had known how to profit by it. The direct influence of the protecting powers in the internal affairs of the country was greatly diminished. Unfortunately, Mr Coletti did not avail himself of this circumstance to lead the Greeks to make one single improvement in the interior. Not a road was made, or a packet established. Coletti was, nevertheless, a favourite minister with King Otho, for he fomented the King's aversion to England, and carried on an active warfare with Sir E. Lyons.

When Mr Wyse arrived at Athens last year, as British minister, he found the train laid to the mine Lord Palmerston was about to spring. He tried in vain to persuade the Greek ministers to make such concessions as would prevent an open rupture. His conciliatory conduct misled the Greek court into a belief that Lord Palmerston was afraid to come to blows, and, in an evil hour, it deemed itself secure of victory. The only alternative left to Great Britain, in King Otho's opinion, was to withdraw the English minister from Athens. But, even if Lord Palmerston's disposition had made him inclined to take this course, King Otho ought to have remembered that the convention of 1832, which created the Greek kingdom, bound England to watch over it. So infatuated was the court of Athens at this time, that the modifications which it would be possible to make in the Greek constitution, after the departure of the English minister, became a subject of conversation. Yet when the hour arrived, and Lord Palmerston's demands were communicated, the Greek ministers felt the folly of resistance; and they would have capitulated, had the minister of the French Republic not availed himself of the conjuncture to flatter King Otho's private prejudices, and assumed the direction of affairs. The Greek minister of foreign affairs, Mr Londres, was a man utterly unfit for the place. His communications to the Chambers, on the subject of the quarrel, are a tissue of erroneous statements. M. Thouvenel persuaded

this unlucky minister to brave Lord Palmerston, and trust to the protection of France and the European press. The French minister knew that he would gain for himself the star and the broad blue ribbon of King Otho's Order of the Redeemer, and he knew equally well that he would inflict a serious injury on the commerce and revenues of Greece, and that he would cause the ruin of many Greek merchants. There can be no doubt, that ambassadors ought never to be allowed to receive Orders from the sovereigns to whose court they are accredited. The interests of nations are often sacrificed by honourable men for stars and ribbons. In finally coming to an open rupture with Greece, Lord Palmerston probably only did what any other minister who had placed himself in a similar position must have done. But though we believe that it was King Otho who made the cup run over, we have shown our readers that Lord Palmerston had already filled it pretty full; and we are far from approving of the measures he adopted for the coercion of the Greek Government. In our opinion, it was cruel to punish the Greek people for the faults of their rulers, since those rulers were selected and protected by the Three Powers, of which England is one. The coercion ought to have been confined to measures that would have directly affected the King and the Government.

We have now laid before our readers the history of all the causes, supposed and real, of Lord Palmerston's war with Greece. It was neither the livery waistcoat of Sir E. Lyon's groom, the missing chair at the royal comedy, Mr Pacifico's furniture, Mr Finlay's garden, no, nor the constitutional policy of the English Government, that brought our fleet to Salamis. It was the anonymous correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* in 1839, be that individual who he may. Lord Palmerston's conduct to Greece since that period, it is true, has been generally unwise, and often unjust; but that correspondence having been once placed to the account of the British Cabinet by the King of Greece, he consequently acted in such a spirit towards England, that we acknowledge a collision became unavoidable, without

a sacrifice of the dignity of the British Crown. The papers laid before Parliament show, that the communications of the English Government were left unanswered for years.

We are bound also to observe, that the conduct of King Otho has so completely disorganised the finances of Greece, that his throne is in imminent danger, and a great change in the government of Greece must take place in the present year. In the year 1848, a serious rebellion took place in Greece. The diplomacy of England was accused of encouraging the insurgents, and, for some days, the flight of King Otho from Athens was an event hourly expected. When the full extent of the evil, and the anarchy which threatened the country in consequence of the insane conduct of the Greek Opposition, was known in England, Lord Palmerston frankly changed his policy, and sent our ablest and best English diplomatist, Sir Stratford Canning, to save King Otho's throne. If a throne be of any value, the King of Greece owed some thanks to England for the great services of Sir Stratford Canning, who had to encounter a virulent and unfair opposition from the English officials at Athens during his exertions to save Greece from anarchy.

We have no time to point out the connexion of the events we have noticed with the general movement of European diplomacy since 1833. Our space compels us to confine our observations to Greece; and we must now hastily examine the state of society in the country, in order to enable our readers to judge of the manner in which the civilisation of the people affects the administration of public affairs. The Greeks themselves think that their great political want is a good systematic central administration. We believe, on the contrary, that their great political deficiency is the want of municipal institutions, that would admit of their making some exertions to improve their own condition. Every one who has travelled much in Greece must have seen, that every little town and island contains two or three individuals capable of fulfilling the duties of a local magistracy with honour to their country; while everybody who has had anything to do with the ministers of King Otho, or with the

members of his council of state, knows that there is not a statesman in Greece capable of filling a ministerial post, in a period of political difficulty, without disgracing his country. It would be invidious to name respectable men as instances of incapacity; but every one, who has followed the political history of Greece, is aware that every Greek statesman has had opportunities of disgracing it, and repeating the same blunders several times. The despotic government of King Otho failed from the utter incapacity of his ministers; the constitutional monarchy is hastening to ruin from the same cause. In the present state of Greece, it is not possible to find men capable of conducting the King's Government with the necessary ability. The people are greatly in advance of their rulers.

The conclusion of the revolutionary war left the nation divided into several classes of society, as different in their ideas and habits of life as if they had formed parts of different nations. These classes were, first, the peasantry—for so the cultivators of the soil are generally called, though a large portion of them are landed proprietors, and often the only persons of substance in the provinces. Second, the primates, or proprietors, who did not cultivate their own lands. These men managed public business, and acted as collectors of the revenue under the Turks: they frequent coffee-houses, and form political societies under the centralised constitutional system of government. This class, however, possesses some education, but its moral character is vitiated by a firm conviction that it is entitled to be maintained in a state of idleness at the public expense. It has gained considerable political influence by means of the election law of 1844. Coletti, by intimidating the weak, bribing the active, and creating innumerable places, purchased this class wholesale, and rendered himself master of nearly all the electoral districts in Greece. The third class is composed of that numerous body of Greeks who have emigrated to the Hellenic territory from different provinces of Turkey. This class includes the greater part of the ablest and best educated men in the country; but the abject principles of the Pha-

nariotes, or Greeks educated for the public service in Turkey, and the base avidity displayed by this class in place-hunting, which is their principal means of life, rendered them very unpopular, and enabled their rivals, the primates, to exclude them from official employments by a decree of the national assembly of 1844. The fourth class is the military. This class is very numerous, as its ranks are swelled by crowds of individuals who never served in a military capacity, but who have received military rank as a payment for political services. King Otho makes generals of secretaries, and colonels of commissaries; while farmers of the revenue, muleteers, and officers' servants, form about one half of the unattached officers of an army which counts an officer for every two privates and a quarter, if we can trust the Greek Budget and the Greek newspapers.

There is also a remarkable difference between the social condition of the inhabitants of the country and of the towns; and this difference must be taken into consideration in estimating the political state of Greece. The principal towns contain as many persons of education, and as high a degree of mental cultivation, as can be found in any towns of a similar size in other countries; but in the rural districts, on the contrary, there is a want of material civilisation, a degree of rudeness in every process of industry, which places the agricultural population far below the people of every other European country, even including the Greek population in Turkey. The Hellenic peasant cultivates his *zeugari*, or yoke of land, in a manner that only enables him to live, to rear a family to replace his own, and to pay his taxes. No improvements take place on his farm—nor, indeed, can any take place under the system of taxation and administration actually in force. Fruit trees are annually destroyed, and forests are burnt down, but none are ever planted. The depopulation caused by the war of the revolution may still admit of the location of some additional families on uncultivated land; but no improvement has yet been commenced in agricultural industry or transport, that will give one family

the means or the time to cultivate more land than its predecessors have cultivated, or that will make the same extent of land to yield any additional produce.

Here, then, we find precisely the state of things which produced the stationary condition of European society during the middle ages, and which still keeps the greater part of the East in its immutable condition. The land under the windows of King Otho's palace, and the fields around the university of Athens, are more rudely cultivated than any other portion of the soil of Europe; yet neither king, senators, deputies, nor professors, appear to have perceived that the turning point of national civilisation is not marked by the splendour of court balls, the regularity of the payment of official salaries, or the number and quality of scholastic lectures, but by the creation of a state of things in which capital is advantageously employed in augmenting the produce of the soil. When this is not the case, generations of agriculturists succeed one another for ages, treading in the footsteps of their predecessors in the same numbers, and in the same state of barbarism.

Coexistent with this rude peasantry, there is an educated class whose numbers are also limited by the fixed amount of rent and taxes, on which they depend for their support, and by means of which they perpetuate themselves by the side of the rude agriculturists, giving the towns all the appearance of civilisation. This unfortunate state of society is not new in the history of the Greek nation: it has now existed for more than 1000 years, and it forms the prominent feature in the internal organisation of the Byzantine empire. Judging from the records of that government, it is a state of society that presents greater obstacles to change than any social combinations which the history of the human race reveals to the west of China. The cultivators of the soil cannot improve their condition or increase in number; the educated classes are interested in opposing change, and have influence enough to prevent it: poverty in the country, and meanness in the towns, render the universal moral degrada-

tion an element of stability in the political condition of a nation whose social state is such as we have described.

There remains an important class of society in Greece, which we have not yet mentioned, because it has been excluded from all political influence since the formation of the Hellenic monarchy. This is the mercantile class. Before the revolutionary war, and during the contest with the Turks, it was the Greek merchants and shipowners who formed the aristocracy of the nation; but this class is now almost null in the movement of political affairs at Athens. The greater part of the able, respectable, and wealthy merchants have quitted the country, and are to be found at Odessa, Trieste, Marseilles, London, and Manchester, not in King Otho's dominions. A small fraction of shipowners remain, but the small schooners that now compose the mercantile navy of Greece cannot be compared with the fine ships that Hydra, Spetzia, and Psara formerly sent out to engage the Turkish fleet; and the comparative increase of the tonnage of the trading vessels of large size in Greece and Turkey, since 1840, shows that the trade of the Levant is extending more rapidly under the Turkish than under the Greek flag.

We have now described the state of society with sufficient accuracy to enable us to examine the value of the measures adopted for founding a monarchy in Greece. From what we have said, it must be evident that constitutional government, as the Continental liberals and English political lecturers understand the term, could not be an object of much interest to those classes that were called upon to exercise universal suffrage. It probably never engaged their attention more seriously than the laws of gravitation or the number of the fixed stars. They felt that they wanted permanent and systematic administration, in place of the inconstant and arbitrary measures from which they suffered; they demanded security of property, liquidation of the public debt, and employment for labour, but they knew not how to arrive at the consummation of their wishes. Instead of attending to these commonplace matters, the British Government

and its allies gave the Greeks a king, a court, a regency less united than their own Capitani, civil wars, additional debts, and an order of knight-hood to corrupt foreign diplomatists; but not a road, a bridge, or a ferry-boat, was introduced into a country full of mountains and dangerous torrent-beds, and consisting, in great part, of peninsulas and islands. King Otho, who has spent £3,000,000 sterling on civil wars, and £1,000,000 on palaces, does not possess fifty miles of road practicable for a donkey-cart, in his whole dominions. There is not a carriage-road from Athens to Corinth, nor a ferry-boat to the islands of the Archipelago. Need we wonder, then, if the Greeks despise their own Government, and suspect the intentions of the three protecting powers that support it in its evil conduct? The consequence is, that fifteen thousand military and police officials fail to preserve order in a population of nine hundred and twenty thousand souls. The result of this political experiment, in the foundation of monarchies, certainly reflects little credit on the statesmen of England, France, and Russia.

We must examine the error that was committed, in giving the countenance of Great Britain, as a protecting power, to the absurd constitution established in 1844; and while we blame what was then badly done, we shall point out what common sense, when not warped by party interests, dictated ought to have been done. Of course, we can only offer the suggestions urged by a wise minority at Athens. The nation, in making the revolution in 1843, did not want a constitution, for they possessed institutions which a written constitution is only valuable as a means of attaining. The Greeks, as we have said before, sought to reform the system of administration. The method of carrying on the executive government, under the hourly control of an elective chamber, called constitutional government, was forced upon them by accident, as France lately became a republic. Without the assistance of this *pons asiaticum* of French politicians, the Greeks had saved the liberty of the press from the attacks of Count Armandsperg, and established

trial by jury in spite of Austria and Russia.

The constitutional system of government, as it has laid hold of the public mind on the Continent, is a very imperfect political contrivance: practically, it has proved a delusion—a mere form, figured in empty space by a mass of thick clouds, impelled hither and thither by unseen currents of wind, the precursor of an approaching storm, not the source of beneficial showers. When examined in detail, with its tribunes; its orators, pamphlet in hand; its galleries, and its ministers playing at see-saw between social democracy and court corruption, what hope does it hold out of establishing a sense of moral responsibility and firmness of purpose in individual statesmen, or the deep conviction that creates patriotic feeling, and the power of self-sacrifice, in a whole people? What collection of men, chosen by a mob which can never hear the names of the wisest and best in their immediate vicinity, can, in the actual state of education, morality, and religion, either possess the qualifications necessary to make laws, or the experience required to control and direct the executive government? English institutions, or what we call, in conversation, the English constitution, is even now something totally different from this spawn of modern political quackery. Yet even among men of education, at home as well as among demagogues and itinerant orators, we now find some who pretend that our political system would be improved by allowing Gregory the poacher, and Herman the tinker, to take an active share in legislation, by the adoption of universal suffrage, annual Parliaments, and the vote by ballot. We doubt whether a British *Codex Gregorianus* or *Hermogenianus*, so framed, would do our country much honour. Things are bad enough as they are. We already make laws faster than lawyers can read them; and the electors care very little about the legislative labours of the elected. They seem contented to know that the work has been done in such a hurry, that half of it must be done over again next year. The people of England, like the Continental constitutionalists, are begin-

ning to fancy that the proper function of our legislators is to make themselves the real executive. A true constitutional chamber, according to the modern theory of government, ought to use the king's ministers as its own head-clerks. The evil is manifest. Ministers know that their masters, the chambers, have no administrative plans, and a very defective memory, so they themselves remain without any settled policy. This state of things is a vice of our age. It is as apparent in the embryo constitutionalism of Greece, as in the premature decrepitude of Liberalism in France.

Constitutional government, where no educated and independent class exists in the provinces, must always turn out, as it has done in Greece, to be injurious to the cause of liberty, unless it be neutralised by powerful municipal institutions, and an able and disinterested monarch. The prominent vices of the Greek constitution are, universal suffrage, vote by ballot, and a servile, ignorant, and useless Senate, as a satire on a House of Peers. Without entering into any general examination of the value of similar measures in other countries, we shall show that they are unsuited to the actual state of society in Greece. Universal suffrage evidently supposes that the people intrusted with it is entitled to self-government; yet the constitution of Greece, which gives the people universal suffrage, does not allow them any practical influence even in the affairs of their smallest towns and rural districts. Every person in Greece is supposed to be capable of choosing legislators, but not mayors, aldermen, and provincial councillors. The Greeks possessed great power in the local administration under the Turks. This power contributed in a high degree to the preservation of their national existence, but it alarmed the weak-minded Bavarians; and, under the shield of the three protecting powers, the Greeks were robbed of their municipal institutions by the Regency. A system of local oligarchies was introduced, which prevails at present.

The election of the mayor and aldermen is vested in an electoral college, one half of which is composed

of the persons who pay the greatest amount of taxes. Here is an element of respectability; but in order to dilute it with one of servility, a certain number of individuals, decorated with crosses, is admitted. Even this respectably servile body is not allowed to elect the mayor; it is only empowered to name three candidates, from which the King chooses the individual who is to direct the interests of the little community. The mayor so chosen enjoys his office for three years, and receives a good salary from the municipal funds. Let us now examine how this system is worked, in conformity with constitutional principles, in the capital of the Hellenic kingdom. Attica, it must be observed, sends four deputies to the Legislative Chamber; and as these deputies receive two hundred and fifty drachmas a-month, and have succeeded in making the sittings of the Greek Chambers perpetual, the place of deputy is worth as much as the best estates in Greece. Now, as these interminable sitters are chosen by universal suffrage, but are required to support the minister, it became absolutely necessary to job the elections, by means of the oligarchy holding office in the municipalities. This was not very difficult, for the number of persons who can read and write among the Albanian population of Attica, which outnumbers the Greek, is very small. Even among the Greek population of the city of Athens, the proportion of government officials and street porters, who pay no taxes, exceeds the number of the independent citizens. The middle classes, and the friends of order, are excluded from all local influence, by being excluded from any share in the municipal government. A town-council party is formed, and this party is allowed to employ the whole local revenues of Attica, amounting to between three and four hundred thousand drachmas annually, in jobbing, on condition that they support the ministerial candidates at the elections.

The constitutional system of political corruption, to make universal suffrage profitable to the court, runs thus: The mayors are selected from men without character or local influence. This is brought about by

naming the third candidate mayor, he being generally some insignificant person, whom both the leading parties agree to admit on the list. This individual, when appointed, is nothing more than a creature of the prefect or of the court, which alone possesses the power of protecting him in office, and in the receipt of a good salary for three years. The duty of the mayor is to bribe the aldermen, by allowing them to arrange with the municipal councillors how to divert the revenues of the city into their own pockets, or that of their relations, by the creation of places. The extent to which the court have brought jobbing, is testified by the shifts and tergiversation employed to prevent the publication of any regular accounts of the receipts and expenditure of the municipalities; and the municipal revenues exceed the sum of two millions of drachmas. Athens, with a revenue of three hundred thousand drachmas a-year, would be the filthiest town in Europe, were nature not kinder to it than its magistrates.

A single instance of how matters are carried on in the provinces, is sufficient to describe the whole system. A rural commune, placed on an important line of communication, wished to make a good mule road over a mountain pass. It voted the sum of six hundred drachmas in its budget, hoping, by its example, to produce similar votes in the neighbouring communes. The central government was then invited to send an engineer, to trace the best line of road. The deputy of the province was a creature of the court; he and the minister of the interior put their heads together, and sent down an inspector of the road, before it was surveyed or commenced, with an order on the commune which had put six hundred drachmas in its budget, to pay him a salary of fifty drachmas monthly for a year. This ministerial exploit put an end to all projects of road-making on the part of the municipalities.

The vote by ballot is converted into a constitutional method of counteracting any evil effects that might otherwise arise to ministerial candidates from the use of universal suffrage; for man is fallible, and the Greeks felt inclined, in some places, to oppose the

system of Coletti. We recommend the plan adopted to the attention of an eminent historian of ancient Greece, who has more faith in the wood of the ballot-box than in the moral responsibility of the elector. When the number of electors in a district was about five thousand, and it was feared that three thousand might vote against the government candidates, and only two thousand in their favour, the ballot-boxes were doctored beforehand, by having one thousand votes placed in them before the process of the public ballot commenced. Intimidation was resorted to, to prevent at least one thousand of the real voters from attending, and it was generally successful with the middle classes; but, in one unlucky district, which contained only about four thousand voters, six thousand tickets were found in the ballot-box. At times, the success of the opposition was so great, that nothing could be done at the time of voting. The persons charged to convey the ballot-box to the place appointed for the scrutiny, were, in such cases, waylaid by armed bands, and the ballot-boxes were destroyed. These scenes were enacted even in Attica. We believe that, in order to secure free institutions to any people, it is more necessary to create a feeling of moral responsibility, than to protect the electors from the effects of intimidation and fraud merely when they exercise the franchise. National liberty cannot be protected by a wooden box; it must be fought for boldly before the face of all mankind. The vote by ballot injures the nation more than it protects the individual; and it can only cease to do harm in a state of society where perfect equality reigns among the electors themselves, and between the electors and the elected.

With regard to the Greek Senate, we have little to say. In a country where not one single element of an aristocracy exists, and where it was impossible to secure superior education in the members of a chamber appointed for life, it was evident that one chamber would afford a better guarantee against bribery and corruption than two. No nobles, no independent gentlemen, no dignified clergy, no learned lawyers, can enter the

Greek Senate. The qualification of a senator is a certain period of service in official appointments, which have been generally held by men who can neither read nor write. The consequence is, that the Senate is utterly useless as a legislative body, from the ignorance of its members; while the nature of the materials from which it is composed, render it a more servile instrument, in the hands of every minister, than the elective chamber. It was yesterday a tool in the hands of Coletti—to-morrow it may become one in those of Mavrocordatos. It would be an object of contempt, were it not an expensive instrument of oppression.

We have now shown what the constitution has effected; let us turn to consider what measures Great Britain ought to have recommended to the attention of the national assembly, when it was occupied in framing this constitution. The first great national question was municipal reform. Unless the people could be intrusted with the direction of the affairs of their own districts, it was unwise to entrust them with a direct control over the national legislation and expenditure. Men take a more lively interest in the trifling details of their own households, and in affairs that pass under their own eyes, and with which they are perfectly cognisant, than they do about more distant though more important matters. Had the people in Greece been allowed to administer their local affairs, they would have drawn much of their attention from party struggles about which they knew very little, to devote it to business they perfectly understood. No guarantee for the permanent existence of Greece, as an independent and free state, can exist, until the present oligarchical constitution of the municipalities throughout the country is destroyed. The mayors must be annually elected by the people, and not removable by the minister of the interior. The accounts of the municipal expenditure must be published quarterly.

The next step towards giving Greece some practical liberty is to abolish universal suffrage. In a country where the election of provincial councillors is regulated by a census, surely the same guarantee ought to be

required in the election of legislators. In Greece, everybody is expected to know how to read and write except the national legislators and the King's ministers. Oligarchy prevails in the municipal institutions, aristocracy in the provincial, democracy in the legislative, and ignorance in the executive; and British statesmen, under whose protection matters have arrived at this condition, express surprise at the anarchy they have themselves nourished, instead of blushing at their own negligence or political incapacity. The vote by ballot had better be abolished, and the senate replaced by a deliberative council of state, composed of men of education capable of preparing laws. The actual representative chamber must only be allowed to sit for two months annually, in order to put an end to the jobbing in which its members have acquired an alarming degree of experience.

The question arises, How are the changes necessary to save Greece to be effected? We believe that there is not moral force in the country to produce the necessary reforms. Greece is now very much in the situation in which England was during the reign of Charles II.; she is exhausted with civil war and party struggles. Besides, she does not possess a body of statesmen, or any statesman, of superior abilities or commanding character. In the present state of things, any ministry that attempted to clean the Augean stable of the administration, would create a degree of opposition, on the part of the court and of the officials in Athens, that would drive him or them from office in less than six months.

If Lord Palmerston desire to save Greece, and secure her a place among independent states, he must lose no time in convoking a conference of England, France, and Russia; and this conference must decide on a practical scheme of administration for the Greek government, and impose a budget on the ministers. The army must be reduced; a navy of packets must be created; roads must be made; the taxes in kind must be gradually commuted; and a field must be opened for the improvement of agriculture. If this is not done, the first great convulsion in the East will put an end to the monarchy created

by Lord Palmerston in 1832, and Greece will separate into a number of small cantons, like ancient Hellas and modern Switzerland, or fall under the domination, direct or indirect, of some foreign power. The reputation of Great Britain for political wisdom is, throughout the East, connected with the growth and prosperity of the monarchy she founded: hitherto she has gained very little honour by the share she has taken in the affairs of Greece.

We cannot conclude without making a few observations on Lord Palmerston's attempt to conquer the islets of Cervi and Sapienza for the Ionian republic. We never knew Lord Palmerston undertake a worse case, nor conduct one in a worse manner. Whether the islands in question belong to King Otho or Sir H. Ward, is a matter about which neither can feel very positive, as it turns on the interpretation of obscure treaties that make no mention of the thing in dispute; and these treaties were in part framed before either of the states now appearing as claimants had an existence.

The facts are, Greece is in possession of two islands. The Ionian republic advances a claim to them. Greece takes no notice of this claim, even when backed by the powerful intervention of England. Lord Palmerston, considering the British Government is not treated with proper courtesy by King Otho, gives orders to seize the islands and deliver them to Sir H. Ward; but, before these orders are executed, he receives an answer from the Greek Government, and recalls his orders. Still he boldly tells the world that he had given these orders, as may be seen in the last despatch printed in the Parliamentary papers. Now this announcement was quite uncalled for, and has very naturally given great offence to the Russian Government, for it was a gratuitous violation of the diplomatic courtesy due to our allies, the joint protectors of Greece. When England found that Greece was withholding property supposed to belong to the Ionian republic, it was clearly her duty, as protector of the Ionian republic, to lay the case before Russia, France, and England, the three protectors of Greece. No want of cour-

tesy on the part of Greece, in leaving the communications of England unanswered, could ever warrant England forgetting what was due to Russia and France, and even to herself. England alone could not pretend to decide whether Cervi and Sapienza belong to Greece or to the Ionian republic. Russia, from her earlier connexion with the Ionian islands, and her more intimate knowledge of Greek and Turkish affairs, was the power best qualified to decide the question; and both Russia and France had a right to take part in deciding it. Had the imprudent order of Lord Palmerston been unfortunately carried into execution, it might have seriously troubled our relations with Russia; even as it is, the unnecessary publicity given to the fact that such an order had been issued, has been viewed as an intentional slight.

These two islands, it must be remembered, have been in the possession of the Greek Government ever since its formation. King Otho found them a part of the Greek territory when it was delivered over to him by the protecting powers in 1833; and as they are within cannon-shot of the shores of Greece, he could hardly doubt that he was their lawful sovereign. But, at all events, we cannot understand what object could be gained by Great Britain taking forcible possession of these paltry little islands, when it was evident that the final decision concerning their property could only be given by Russia and France.

We hope Lord Palmerston has some better argument to plead before these two powers than he has communicated to Greece in his despatch of the 9th February last, as given in the correspondence presented to Parliament. If not, his case is lost. The geography and the logic of this document are equally defective. As a proof that these islands belong to the Ionian state, he cites an act of the Ionian legislature dated in the year 1804, in which they are enumerated as portions of the territory of the republic. This act, however, does not even prove that they were ever occupied by the Ionian government. The legislature of Great Britain, when Lord Palmerston was a young man, was in the habit of enumerating France as an appendage of

the crown of England; the King of France used to boast of himself as King of Navarre, without Europe attaching much importance to the enumeration of territory in the possession of others. The Sultan does not trouble his head about the pretensions of the Kings of Sardinia and Naples to the kingdom of Jerusalem; so that King Otho may be excused for not paying more attention to the Ionian claim to Cervi and Sapienza, than he does to the Spanish claim to the Duchy of Athens and New Patras.

Nor does Lord Palmerston strengthen his argument when he declares, that no island belongs to Greece except those expressly enumerated in the protocol of the 3d of February 1830. If this dictum of his lordship be correct, neither Hydra, Spetzia, Poros, Ægina, nor Salamis, would belong to Greece, which is manifestly absurd; unless, indeed, Lord Palmerston supposes these islands are included under the name of Cyclades, which would be still more absurd, for it is wiser to quarrel with King Otho than with Strabo.

This imprudent attack on Greece lays the despatch open to reply; for though Lord Palmerston is proved to be wrong when he says that no island, except those expressly enumerated in the protocol of 3d February 1830, can belong to Greece, he is right in maintaining that the legislative act of the Ionian republic in 1804 cannot advance a claim to any island not enumerated in it. Now only one island of Cervi is mentioned in that act, and that island will be found laid down on the west side of Cerigo, with the Greek name of Elaphonisi, which is identical with the Italian name Cervi, in the map of Greece published by Arrowsmith, which we believe was the one used at the conference on the 3d February 1830. It corresponds in size, form, and value, with the island of Dragonera, situated on the east side of Cerigo, which is enumerated immediately before it in the legislative act of 1804. The island of Cervi on the coast of Greece does not, therefore, belong to the Ionian republic.

THE MODERN ARGONAUTS.

I.

You have heard the ancient story,
How the gallant sons of Greece,
Long ago, with Jason ventured
For the fated Golden Fleece;
How they traversed distant regions,
How they trod on hostile shores;
How they vexed the hoary Ocean
With the smiting of their oars;—

Listen, then, and you shall hear another wondrous tale,
Of a second Argo steering before a prosperous gale!

II.

From the southward came a rumour,
Over sea and over land;
From the blue Ionian islands,
And the old Hellenic strand;
That the sons of Agamemnon,
To their faith no longer true,
Had confiscated the carpets
Of a black and bearded Jew!

Helen's rape, compared to this, was but an idle toy,
Deeper guilt was that of Athens than the crime of haughty Troy.

III.

And the rumour, winged by Ate,
To the lofty chamber ran,
Where great Palmerston was sitting
In the midst of his Divan:

Like Saturnius triumphant,
 In his high Olympian hall,
 Unregarded by the mighty,
 But detested by the small;
 Overturning constitutions—setting nations by the ears,
 With divers sapient plenipos, like Minto and his peers.

IV.

With his fist the proud dictator
 Smote the table that it rang—
 From the crystal vase before him
 The blood-red wine upsprang!
 "Is my sword a wreath of rushes,
 Or an idle plume my pen,
 ✓ That they dare to lay a finger
 On the meanest of my men?
 No amount of circumcision can annul the Briton's right—
 Are they mad, these lords of Athens, for I know they cannot fight?"

V.

"Had the wrong been done by others,
 By the cold and haughty Czar,
 I had trembled ere I opened
 All the thunders of my war.
 But I care not for the yelping
 Of these fangless curs of Greece—
 Soon and sorely will I tax them
 For the merchant's plundered Fleece.
 From the earth his furniture for wrath and vengeance cries—
 Ho, Eddisbury! take thy pen, and straightway write to Wyse!"

VI.

Joyfully the bells are ringing
 In the old Athenian town,
 Gaily to Piræus harbour
 Stream the merry people down;
 For they see the fleet of Britain
 Proudly steering to their shore,
 Underneath the Christian banner
 That they knew so well of yore,
 When the guns at Navarino thundered o'er the sea,
 And the Angel of the North proclaimed that Greece again was free.

VII.

Hark!—a signal gun—another!
 On the deck a man appears
 Stately as the Ocean-shaker—
 "Ye Athenians, lend your ears!
 Thomas Wyse am I, a herald
 Come to parley with the Greek;
 Palmerston hath sent me hither,
 In his awful name I speak—
 Ye have done a deed of folly—one that ye shall sorely rue!
 Wherefore did ye lay a finger on the carpets of the Jew?"

VIII.

"Don Pacifico of Malta!
 Dull, indeed, were Britain's ear,
 If the wrongs of such a hero
 Tamely she could choose to hear!"

Don Pacifico of Malta!
Knight-commander of the Fleece—
For his sake I hurl defiance
At the haughty towns of Greece.
Look to it—For by my head! since Xerxes crossed the strait,
Ye never saw an enemy so vengeful at your gate.

IX.

“Therefore now, restore the carpets,
With a forfeit twenty-fold;
And a goodly tribute offer
Of your treasure and your gold:
Sapienza, and the islet
Cervi, ye shall likewise cede;
So the mighty gods have spoken,
Thus hath Palmerston decreed!
Ere the sunset, let an answer issue from your monarch’s lips;
In the meantime, I have orders to arrest your merchant ships.”

X.

Thus he spake, and snatched a trumpet
Swiftly from a soldier’s hand,
And therein he blew so shrilly,
That along the rocky strand
Rang the war-note, till the echoes
From the distant hills replied;
Hundred trumpets wildly wailing,
Poured their blast on every side;
And the loud and hearty shout of Britain rent the skies,
“Three cheers for noble Palmerston!—another cheer for Wyse!”

XI.

Gentles! I am very sorry
That I cannot yet relate,
Of this gallant expedition,
What has been the final fate.
Whether Athens was bombarded
For her Jew-coercing crimes,
Hath not been as yet reported
In the columns of the *Times*.
But the last accounts assure us of some valuable spoil:
Various coasting vessels, laden with tobacco, fruit, and oil.

XII.

Ancient chiefs! that sailed with Jason
O’er the wild and stormy waves—
Let not sounds of later triumphs
Stir you in your quiet graves!
Other Argonauts have ventured
To your old Hellenic shore,
But they will not live in story,
Like the valiant men of yore.
O! ’tis more than shame and sorrow thus to jest upon a theme
That, for Britain’s fame and glory, all would wish to be a dream!

MY PENINSULAR MEDAL.

BY AN OLD PENINSULAR.

PART VI.—CHAPTER XV.

EARLY in the morning I was surprised by a visit from Mr Chesterfield. He had received information, which he wished to communicate. From other British officers, then in the town, he had learned that the state of the country through which we had to pass was far from satisfactory; and one or two had even told him that, in the course of this day's march, we should certainly be attacked. Mr Chesterfield added that he had attempted, under the circumstances, to obtain an addition to our escort, but without success; there were but few troops in the place, and none could be spared. He wished, therefore, to know what course I thought preferable; whether to wait till fresh parties bound to headquarters came up, or to proceed at once.

I was quite for proceeding. Begged to ask, Did he know what was the character of the road we should have to travel?

Mr Chesterfield had inquired. It was for the most part through an open country. "Any villages?"—If there were, no doubt parties of troops were stationed in them, and their presence would be a check on the population.

These replies confirmed my previous views; and, as my orders were to conform to the written route, not only with regard to places, but with regard to time, I gave my voice decidedly in favour of going on. If plans against us were in process of concoction, delay on our part would both give encouragement, and afford time for the mischief to come to a head. With a convoy like ours, holding out so many temptations to irregular enterprise, it seemed far better to pass quickly on, ere reports could spread, and an attack be organised. Admitting that there was danger if we proceeded, there was also danger if we remained stationary. If we incurred any disaster by remaining, we incurred it by a breach of orders; if by pro-

ceeding, we met it in the path of duty.

Fully concurring in these views, and agreeing that we should proceed, Mr Chesterfield then suggested—might it not be proper to adopt some precautions? He thought, as soon as we were out of the town, the men should load.

This I fully concurred in, not only as a defence, but as likely to keep the men steadier, by letting them see that we were preparing for business in earnest. Here were two inexperienced youths, the one raw from college, the other from school, thrown on their own resources, and laying their heads together to meet an emergency, by the most prudent measures their united stock of wisdom could suggest. Suffice it to say, we both spoke with oracular gravity; and gave dignified evidence of our perfect self-possession, by blowing copious puffs of fragrant smoke.

The conference between our two high mightinesses, though, was suddenly interrupted. Enter Corporal Fraser, evidently in a little bit of a flurry. The sight of Mr Chesterfield brought him at once to a halt. He saluted, and seemed to check himself in something that he was going to say. In short, he looked flushed and anxious—not altogether himself—breathed hard between his clenched teeth—stood silent. The visit being to me, Mr Chesterfield gave me a look; so I asked the corporal what he wanted.

"I am sorry, sir," said he, "to be the bearer of disagreeable intelligence."

"Well, corporal, out with it."

"The men, sir, I regret to say, are in a state of beastly intoxication."

The corporal, it was clear, wishing to shield the men, had come to my billet, intending the information for my ears only. But finding Mr Chesterfield with me, and not being at the

time in the absolute possession of his faculties, (for, though quite unconscious of the fact, he was himself partially under the influence of liquor,) he had no resource but to tell out all, though not by any means one of those petty officers "as likes to get poor fellows into trouble."

Beastly intoxication? What! at this early hour of the day? It was a strange circumstance, and excited ugly apprehensions. How could they have become so? Who made them drunk? Under other circumstances, I should have applied to the corporal for an explanation forthwith; but I saw indications, in the corporal's eye, that it would not be kind to question him at the moment before an officer—so proposed, instead, that we should go and look for ourselves. We went. The case was much as Fraser had stated it. We reached a large old house with a *porte cochère*, within which was a court. On entering this court we found the men—happily the infantry only, for the cavalry had quarters just by—all, with one exception, more or less in a state of intoxication. Some were laughing; others were wrangling; one or two were crying—mandrin drunk. Some were making a show of cleaning arms and accoutrements, with profound bows and sagacious nods. All tried, on our arrival, to look as sober as they could. On any morning this would have been a serious state of things, at the hour of mustering to start; but now, when we expected hostility, it was worse than ever. Neither did I like the look of the inhabitants. There was no exact throng, indeed; but parties were standing near in groups, evidently cognisant of our present fix, watching, and making their remarks among themselves. In that old house, guarded by those drunken soldiers, were sixty mule-loads of silver and gold! Things looked still worse, though, when we entered the quarters. Three or four men, who were most overcome, had deliberately laid themselves down again for a snooze. There they were, wrapped up in their blankets, stretched and snoring on the floor; while Corporal Fraser, himself a little "disguised," flushed in the face, and in a high state of indignation and excitement, was storming

and kicking them up; and a fellow, who found it easier to lean against the wainscot than to stand upright, was expostulating—"You haven't no business to kick a poor soger in that 'ere way."

To this general boskiness, I have said, there was one exception. It was Jones. In fact, with all his faults, I never, on any one occasion, saw Jones overcome with liquor; which was the more remarkable, because he got more than any other soldier of the detachment. His own ration—all that he could appropriate of mine—occasional contributions from Coosey—all he could get from every quarter, (and he never missed an opportunity,) all went down his throat without visible effect. In short, he seemed brandy-proof. I never saw him affected, nor had he the appearance of a hard drinker. Observing that he looked much as usual, while all around were looking so different, I applied to him for an explanation. "Why, Jones, what's the cause of this disgraceful scene? How did the men get it?"

"Please, sir, the fellows is very sorry for it, sir. Hadn't no intentions to get drunk now, sir."

"Well, but how did it happen, man?"

"Please, sir, the jeddleham stood treat, sir; treated 'em all, sir."

"What gentleman?"

"Please, sir, the same as treated me the night before last, sir: give me a tumbler of hot punch what was all a-fire, sir; brought it out into the inn-yard all of a blaze, sir. Told me the French soldiers got that twice a-day, sir. Said, if the Hinglish soldiers had their rights, they'd get the same, sir."

"The night before last? What gentleman treated you the night before last?"

"Please, sir, it was the same jeddleham as aast to speak to you, sir; the jeddleham what you went into the house to speak to him, sir."

"Oh, that fellow! Why, you might have seen him again yesterday. Didn't you notice him among the people at the ferry?"

"Please, sir, when we come to the ferry, I was in the rear, sir; halted there, and remained till we turned the hinnying over the ford, sir. Didn't

git a sight on him, sir. Only wish I had, sir."

"Well, but how comes it some of the other men didn't know him again? They must have seen him yesterday, if you didn't."

"Please, sir, I s'pose it's 'cause this morning he was dressed different, sir. Had a large hat pulled over his eyes, sir; and muffled up in a long cloak, sir. Shouldn't not have knowed him myself, sir, only if it hadn't not a-been for his nose, sir."

"Stood treat, though? How?—did he treat the whole party?"

"Please, sir, I won't tell you no lie, sir. Jest after the fellers turned out in the morning, sir—jest as I was a-washing my face in this 'ere horse trough, sir—there come along a man with a couple of barrils, sir; which the barrils was slung on a-top of a donkey, sir. So he took and stopped the donkey close to that 'ere gateway, sir, which some of the fellers was standing at it, sir. So they knowed at once it was wine, sir—in course they did, by the look on it, sir—so they got a-bargaining with him for a drink, sir. So, jest as they was a-bargaining come along that 'ere Nosey, sir; which, as soon as he see the fellers a-talking to the man what belonged to the donkey, sir, he looked very pleasant, and stopped and spoke to him, sir. Then he spoke to the fellers, sir, and told 'em they might drink as much as they pleased, sir; might drink it all, if they liked, sir; and he'd stand it, sir."

"Did he speak English, then?"

"Yes, he did, sir; sitch Hinglish as they speaks here, sir; not sitch as you and I speaks, sir. I won't tell you no lie, sir."

The case was too clear. Hookey was still on our traces. Disappointed in his two previous attempts to turn us from our route, he meant to keep near us, watch his opportunity, and act accordingly. Making the men drunk just when we were about to start on a dangerous part of the road, was as unquestionably part of some more extensive plot as it was palpably Hookey's doing. I briefly stated the matter to Mr Chesterfield, adding, "We shall see that fellow again to-day."

"If he comes once more within the

range of a firelock," said Mr Chesterfield, "we must not let him get off so easily."

Meanwhile, the immediate question was a practical one: What course was best, under existing circumstances? In spite of the state of the men, I was still for proceeding.

"Very well," said Mr Chesterfield; "then let the packing commence. We will take all the infantry who are fit to march when the mules are loaded, and go on with them and the cavalry. Such as are too bad must remain behind, and come up afterwards with other parties, as they can."

Mr Chesterfield then went to see after his own men; the mules arrived, and the muleteers began loading. Jones stepped up to me: he had apparently overheard our conversation.

"Please, sir, none of the fellers won't not stay behind, sir."

"How do you know?"

"'Cause, sir, when the mules is ready, they'll be ready, sir."

"Ready? How ready, if they 're beastly drunk?"

"Please, sir, they won't be beastly by that time, sir."

"How can you tell that?"

"Please, sir, 'cause I knows they won't, sir; 'cause it's only that 'ere wine, sir. Please, sir, that 'ere hasn't not got no varchy in it, like the sperrits has, sir. 'Cause, please, sir, when a feller gets drunk on sperrits, sir, they makes him rale drunk, sir; but that 'ere wine only jest makes him drunk-ish-like, sir; 'cause it's only jest for a time, sir, and then it goes off again, sir; 'cause there's no good in it, sir, if you drink a butt of it, sir. Hope no offence, sir."

"Common country wine, was it?"

"Please, sir, it was new wine, sweetish-like, sir. That's what did it, sir. Sitch new wine gits into a feller's headpiece at once, sir; makes him silly drunk directly instant, sir; but then he soon gits sober agin, sir. Consickvent, I considers the fellers will all be sober agin in an hour or two, sir; and then they'll be able to fall in, sir. 'Cause I knowed it was new, sir; 'cause it sparkled like cider do when it's drawed frish from the barril, sir."

Jones's prognosis, though not very

clearly expressed, was verified by the result. Ere the loading was completed, all the men had become either sober or nearly so. Even those who had been most affected fell in, and mustered with the rest; and though our rank and file displayed some set and gummy eyes, only two or three of the worst betrayed the disaster by their gait. Hookey had thus outwitted himself. By dosing the men with new wine, (which, as all persons acquainted with the wine countries are well aware, flies at once to the head, even if taken moderately,) he had, indeed, succeeded in making them drunk at once; but not in making them drunk for a continuance. "Let alone it's new," said Jones, "it isn't no wine, sitch as the fellers gits, as would make 'em rale drunk; nayther Spanish wine, nor yit Frinch wine, except it's the jinny-wine."

The men having somehow discovered that they were likely to be put on their mettle during the day's march, were all, in appearance, truly sorry for what had occurred. They became aware, through Jones, of Hookey's real character; saw through his contrivance to make them all drunk; and, feeling that they had been in a measure his dupes, were savage at the artifice, and burned for an opportunity to retrieve their character in the course of the day. Mr Chesterfield now returned: he glanced at the men, and afterwards took an opportunity of speaking to me.

"That fellow with the nose," said he, "according to your account of him, must be a dangerous character. Should not steps be taken for his apprehension?"

"If you like, I will go to the Mairie, and make inquiries about him."

"I fear," said he, "you will not be very cordially seconded in that quarter, judging, at least, from my own last night's experience, when I applied for billets. However, it can do no harm."

"Well, then, the sooner I go the better. I will take with me the Spanish Capataz. As soon as we have gone in, be so kind as to keep an eye on the entrance. If Sefior Roque puts his head out, send me three or four dismounted dragoons. We must see if we can't teach those fellows good manners."

I took with me Sefior Roque, and explained to him, by the way, what I wished him to do. If, after we entered the bureau of the Mairie, I gave him a look, he was to go down to the door, and bring up the dragoons.

We entered; and, as at a previous interview the night before, found three gentlemen busily employed in writing, each at his desk. The interval had wrought no improvement in their manners. When I saluted them, neither of the three took the least notice—all went on writing. I addressed the head man of the party.

"I have the honour of waiting on you, Monsieur, for the purpose of soliciting your co-operation."—Still he writes. Wait awhile. Try again.

"I must soon be leaving this place, Monsieur, and have duties which will occupy me in the interval. May I claim a moment's attention?"—Scribble, scribble, scribble.

One or two similar attempts were similarly met. I then gave friend Roque the concerted look; and he, nothing loath, went off to fetch the dragoons. Meanwhile, no seat having been offered me, I took one, and remained quiet. The three official gentlemen, though so dreadfully busy, just before, that they could not notice my application, now began jabbering amongst themselves upon some indifferent topic, as if no one else had been in the room. When a Frenchman really wishes to treat you with insolence, I must say he has a neat, quiet way of doing it, which no other people on earth can equal. An Englishman, I admit, can beat him in vulgarity; but for *elegance* of execution, there is no intentional rudeness like the rudeness of a Frenchman.

Presently was heard on the stairs a stumping—ha!—a hoof-like tread!—the tramp of heavy feet! With it ascended the clatter of accoutrements! Four scabbards were mounting the stairs, each scabbard marking each step by a bang! The three officials started—exchanged looks—wrote on in silence with redoubled energy, while their faces twitched.

The door opened! Four big fellows entered the bureau, with clattering accoutrements and resounding steps. Sefior Roque, his face burnished with exultation—for he hated the French

—followed, and closed the door. The bold dragoons ranged themselves in line, with their backs to the wall. Nay, more: their four right hands, probably by a hint from the Capataz, moved simultaneously towards their left sides; four enormous swords leaped from their scabbards, flashed in the air, and slumbered on the bearers' shoulders. The writing was now intense.

The display of arms in such a place, though, might compromise us with our own authorities. I made a sign, and the swords were sheathed.

Having so often spoken in vain, I was determined that the civic dignities should speak first. I therefore quietly took out a cigar. Quick as lightning, my friend the Capataz whipped out his smoking gear, and went to work with flint, steel, and junk. At the first click, my three polite entertainers almost jumped from their stools. The twinkle of the jolly old Spaniard's eye, as he handed me a light, was worth a dollar any day. The four dragoons, much to their credit, maintained the most perfect gravity throughout. I lit, and blew a cloud.

The panic of the three writers increased. They were evidently telegraphing. At length the chief turned round on his seat, and, with alarm and courtesy comically mingled in his visage, begged to be informed in what way he could be of service to me.

"I interrupt you, Monsieur. Pray, finish the business you have in hand."

"Monsieur, I have no business so cherished as to expedite yours."

I then told my object—that there had been in the place a suspicious *sujet*, whom I described. Should he again make his appearance, he must be apprehended *tout-de-suite*, and kept in safe custody, till he was surrendered to the normal authorities. "Messieurs, has he presented himself here?"

Three voices answered simultaneously—"Yes"—"No"—"Yes."

"Do you know anything of him?"

"He is an Englishman—a courier from Madrid."—"He bears despatches to the British headquarters."—"Nothing whatever."

"He is neither an Englishman nor a courier; consequently, he must be provided with a passport. Has he presented it here?"

"Viewing him as attached to the British service, we did not consider it our affair."

"Where is he now?"

"He is not here."—"He didn't state his intended route."—"He has left this place."

"By what route?"

"We don't know."—"He went, within the last hour, towards St Sever."

"Is that an ascertained fact?"

"Yes, Monsieur, yes," they all answered; "he is gone in the direction of St Sever."

"If, Messieurs, what you have now stated should prove correct, and if I find that you have told me all you know, I trust I shall not feel it necessary to report the matter to our commander-in-chief."

These gentlemen, I felt, could have told me more, had they chosen; and I, with time at my command, could have extracted more. But in our case it was touch and go. We could not, with such a charge, stop to pursue investigations. So I took my leave, deeming it, at any rate, something to have ascertained that friend Hookey, in accordance with my anticipations, though not in accordance with his own statements, had preceded us by the route which we were so soon to follow.

The civic trio were as courteous at my departure as they were rude at my entry. First stumped out the cavalry—who had really done the business; then followed the old unctuous Capataz; and I, with a horizontal tripartite bow, closed up the rear. Ere I had fairly quitted the room, the three were all at work again, intently scribbling. The "dressing" of a *procès-verbal*, with formal and full details of the whole transaction, was probably their occupation for the rest of the morning. I was sorry that we had compromised ourselves by the exhibition of cold steel. But, under all the circumstances, I felt little apprehension, to borrow an expression from Jones, of their "telling that 'ere to my Lord Valentine."

The mules were loaded, the men fell in; and, though some of them were still a little the worse for the disaster of the morning, we were quite in a condition to lick any Frenchmen

that might come across us, and made a very respectable march of it to the outskirts of the town. There we were again joined by Pledget and Gingham; and shortly after, Fraser, by Mr Chesterfield's direction, made the infantry load, and saw that each had a supply of cartridges—a process which caused the muleteers to look a little queer. We then proceeded on our march.

Passing through an open country, Mr Pledget and Mr Chesterfield rode on side by side in conversation, at the head of the line; while Gingham and I followed close, in similar guise. Suddenly was heard, in the rear, the crack of a musket! A ball whistled close over our heads, and struck the road, a few yards before us. Mr Chesterfield immediately called a halt of the whole party; and he and I proceeded to the rear. As we were riding back, Corporal Fraser came running forward to meet us, and soon explained. Our Yorkshire lad, it appeared, had been larking with another soldier, one of those whose early sobriety the wine had most disturbed,

and had got him into a scrape. The result was, that the musket of the half-tipsy soldier had gone off, and had so nearly done execution amongst us in front. It was evident our infantry were not yet in a state to be trusted with loaded arms; it wouldn't do. Mr Chesterfield gave directions at once, that they should all draw their charges. And as our route for some distance appeared perfectly level and open, so as to afford no cover for a sudden attack, (it was that sort of country so common in France, cultivated to the road-side, but totally bare of hedges, copse, or trees,) it was settled that they should not load again till circumstances rendered it necessary. The man whose musket had caused the alarm looked stupid and bewildered—could give no explanation, but that "it went off." I observed, however, that Mr Chesterfield quietly spoke a few words to the Yorkshireman. What they were, I did not hear; but they certainly had the effect of making that worthy a better-behaved, though not a merrier man, during the rest of our march.

CHAPTER XVI.

Finding no foe to fight withal, we began to suspect that Mr Chesterfield, as a new-comer, had been hoaxed, in our last halting-place, by some military wag; and Gingham and I fell into a long conversation, which he commenced by reminding me of our arrangement to campaign together, entered into a year before, at Falmouth. All obstacles, he said, were removed; he hoped, therefore, the plan would now be carried out. To this I readily consented; the advantages, indeed, were all on my side. Gingham then, in his own way, introduced a discussion respecting his plans and mine. Be it however premised, we had dined together the night before; and I had shown him some methods—more expeditious than those in common use, which were the only ones he knew—of reducing one denomination of coin to another: *e.g.*, dollars to pounds sterling, pounds sterling to francs, &c. He expressed, as before, his high gratification; and begged my MS. calculations "in the

strictest confidence," depositing them in the recesses of his writing-desk. He now, as we were riding along, commenced an important, and, on his part, highly diplomatic conference, by a friendly examination as to the nature of my official duties at Lisbon. I described them, as I have described them to the reader a few chapters back.

"Then, in fact," said Gingham, "your last year has been employed to as good purpose as it could have been in any London counting-house." (That was Gingham's standard.) "You have had the keeping of a distinct account, and that in all its parts, from the items to the account current. Of course, it occupied your whole time."

"Not the whole," said I. "There was some to spare, for which I had other employment."

"Indeed!" said Gingham, with interest. "Will you, Mr Y—, as a particular favour, permit me—confidentially of course—to make an inquiry?"

"Make any inquiry you like: I shall feel pleasure in answering it."

"Would you, then," said Gingham, "have the kindness to inform me—that is, unless you feel it a violation of official confidence—what were your other duties?"

"No violation whatever. I kept the letter-books; managed the correspondence: not the whole correspondence of the department, but that of the branch I belonged to—the account office."

"Your duty, then," said he, "was to arrange and enter all letters received, and to keep copies of all letters sent?"

"Sometimes to copy, sometimes to make the draughts. A man soon gets into the way, you know."

"One entire account," said Gingham, speaking to himself, "and one whole branch of correspondence! What an excellent introduction!"

Not understanding in what sense he used the word "introduction," I made no reply.

"Of course," he proceeded, "the correspondence was in English?"

"Almost exclusively. I should scarcely feel equal to any other, except perhaps Portuguese."

"Might I not," said Gingham, "add Spanish and French?"

"Well, if I get a little polishing, perhaps you might. Italian I hope to be able to add ere long; and, in due time, German."

Gingham now turned half round in his saddle, and addressed me with great gravity. "Mr Y—, my dear sir, I venture, as a friend, to offer one suggestion. If a person, not older than yourself, applied for an engagement in the corresponding line, I would say to him—that is, in the strictest confidence, speaking as a friend—'Say only three languages; wouldn't advise you to say more.' The principal, however unjustly, might suspect—excuse me, I speak candidly—might suspect a little romancing. In short, if a person under eight-and-twenty or thirty said five languages, it might prevent an engagement."

Gingham, I should observe, talked just as he always did. There was still the touch of mannerism, the quiet earnestness blended with courtesy. I never viewed any man with more un-

feigned respect and esteem; and yet there were moments, in the course of our present conversation, when I could scarcely refrain from laughing in his face. True, I was one year farther removed from boyhood than when our acquaintance commenced; and more than one incident had taught me, in the interval, the necessity of respecting "time, place, and circumstances." But the trial was great; a gravity that even Liston could not shake, would have been shaken by Gingham. Still there was his comical solemnity. Still there was his politeness, touched off with formality. Still there were his green barnacles, and his two little winky-pinky eyes. Still, still there was his irresistible nose. Stand everything else, I would defy you to stand that. Great, please to observe, was the difference between Gingham's nose and Hookey's, though both arrested the beholder. When Hookey and Gingham met on board the packet, each observed of the other that he had a very odd nose. The first meeting of the two noses, and the look exchanged by the two wearers, beat anything in Molière—so much more comical in nature than fancy. Hookey's, unquestionably the most marked feature of a very marked countenance, did nevertheless so far maintain the unities, that it perfectly harmonised with the rest of his physiognomy. It was an eagle's beak, and his whole face was aquiline. Gingham's, on the contrary, was conspicuous by contrast. It had no appearance of belonging to his face. You might fancy him one of the triumphs of Talicotins—a man (on which subject see Lavater) with a false nose. Neither broad nor massive, yet prominent and conspicuous, it was slightly crooked, flattened on one side; as if, when a baby, he had slept too much on his right cheek, and his nose, from its thinness, had got bent towards his left. This nose, I say, from its peculiar expression, or rather want of expression, appeared no part or parcel of the face in which it stood. And, what was unfortunate, its extraneous appearance was most marked when Gingham was most in earnest; so that it provoked you to laugh just at the time when a man is least disposed to be laughed at.

Well, Gingham having thus accom-

plished his first object, by ascertaining all that he wished to ascertain concerning myself, now went on, in the second place, to develop his own plans.

"You are, I believe," said he, "to a certain extent aware of the scheme which brought me out from England. By the public prints, and still more by my private correspondence, I am now led to conclude that Napoleon's day is near its close, and that the war will soon be terminated. In that event, my plan falls to the ground. But should we carry on the war here another twelvemonth, I shall have time to try it; and, if we go on permanently, I mean to carry it out."

"I have some general idea of your plan, and that is all. You wish to meet the monetary difficulties connected with the operations of our army, by a method which you have concocted; and which you intend to start, for self and friends, as a private speculation. Don't see how you can make a beginning: where's the opening?"

"An opening is afforded by the necessity of the case," replied he; "which necessity my plan will meet."

"Don't see how. Look here; the difficulty is just this: Here are certain headquarters transactions, which require ready money; and that ready money must be current coin. Credit will not do; bank notes will not answer the purpose; no, nor yet bills, nor any kind of available security. It must be specie, minted gold and silver, hard cash. For example, the troops have hitherto been usually paid in dollars. When we have got dollars in the military chest, the troops can be paid; when our dollars are gone, they must wait till we get more. And though we had power to draw at will on the British treasury, for three months' pay to the whole army, not a stiver can the army receive till we have more dollars."

"That's just it," said Gingham; "and I beg to ask, is such a state of things desirable? The efficiency of our army depends, not on the solvency of our Government, but upon the activity of money-dealers in raking up specie in the four quarters of the globe. That is the state of

things which my plan proposes to remedy."

"Do that, and you will effect a great object. The mode, though, is quite beyond me."

"I mean to do it, sir," said Gingham, almost sternly, (for the little man, as he sat on his splendid horse, swelled with the grandeur of his conceptions)—"I mean to do it, sir, by a twofold method: not by two independent methods, operating simultaneously; but by the united operation of two systems combined in one." His eyes looked full in mine; but his nose pointed at Pledget, who was riding before. I didn't laugh—in face at least I didn't—though suddenly seized with a dreadful twitching of the intercostal muscles. "I shall effect my object, sir, partly by paper, partly by hard cash. I shall issue notes payable at sight; and I shall get all the dollars I can into my own keeping. You, when you want dollars to pay the troops, come to me. I, on receiving what I deem an equivalent, let you have them. What will be the result? Instead of requiring a fresh supply of dollars from the coast every time you give the soldiers their pay, you will pay them with the same dollars twice over, nay, over and over again."

"Why, that's a bank! You will be banker to the British army!"

"Exactly," said Gingham, subsiding all at once into his ordinary style of speech: "I mean to establish a headquarters bank. Suggest a title."

"Suppose," said I, "as of course you will move with the army, you borrow a suggestion from the military hospitals of the French, and call it 'The Ambulatory Bank.' No, that title doesn't go well. Let me see. A good title requires time and consideration."

"To be candid, sir," said Gingham, "you need not trouble yourself: the title is already decided. I won't tell it, I'll show it you. Have the kindness to draw up by the roadside."

We halted, the convoy passed, the cart came on in the rear, and was stopped by Gingham. He then dismounted, gave the bridle to Coosey, stepped up into the cart, opened the tarpaulin at its back, raised a lid, and exhibited a green baize frame fitting

into the top of a box, which frame contained a large and splendid brass plate.

"It wouldn't exactly do," said Gingham, "to borrow this title at home. Here, though, I mean to make free with it."

In bold, broad letters, excavated in the burnished brass, I read

"THE BANK OF ENGLAND."

Really the largeness of Gingham's plans was too much for my limited capacities. We rode forward again to the head of the column; and I, for a while, rode on in silence, digesting. At length, one idea leading to another, I ventured to say something about "authority—concurrence."

Gingham, big with his scheme, was now like a gladiator prepared for every thrust. "At home," said he, "I have all the concurrence, all the authority I need, with many good wishes to boot; and, as to pecuniary support, I can have whatever amount is required. All that I settled before I left Falmouth, or have since arranged by correspondence. Here I ask for countenance only so far as my plan is found, on trial, to aid the public service. Let that once become manifest, and I doubt not we shall find all the favour we want."

"Only sorry your plan was not thought of before. It might have spared our Commander much anxiety, and our soldiers many privations."

Swelling with the plenitude of his anticipations, Gingham began to dogmatise. "In London," said he, "credit is equivalent to cash. Here, at headquarters, the case is different. In London, so long as my banker will honour my cheques, I have cash at command. Here, I may possess unlimited power to draw bills, yet not be able to raise a rap. What makes the difference?"

"Here, your resource is at a distance; there, your banker is close at hand." I was more disposed, though, to chew upon Gingham's ideas than to discuss them, and we again rode on in silence. At length I bolted out a difficulty.

"Well, we make an issue in cash—say a hundred thousand dollars, for the pay of the troops. These dollars are distributed, and spent; the whole

sum evaporates. How do you get them together again, for a second payment?"

"I don't expect to get them all," said Gingham, scornfully. "But suppose I can get a part of them, say half. That, I think, I shall manage; for, observe, ten dollars are quite as many as you can carry about your person without annoyance. Undoubtedly, then, many individuals, receiving a payment in dollars, will be glad enough to lodge them in a bank, when there's a bank at hand. And when I have issued my paper, payable at demand, many, I make no question, will much rather take it, than burden themselves with a load of specie."

The reasonableness of Gingham's expectations was fully borne out, by scenes which I afterwards witnessed, when accompanying the military chest, as it moved from place to place with the headquarters of the British army. A gentleman, say a Frenchman or a Spaniard, has a claim for payment, on account of provisions, forage, or other necessities, supplied for the service of the troops—the amount, suppose, ten thousand dollars. After long following headquarters from place to place, till he is far distant from his own home, he has at length established his claim: it's all right, he has got a written order for payment, and enters our office elated, bearing it between his finger and thumb, eager to receive the cash. The cashier takes the bill, points to five deal boxes, each containing two thousand dollars, and tells him, "There's the money." I have seen a man, under such circumstances, knocked down in a moment, perfectly dumfounded. He has not brought a horse and cart, and every available conveyance has been impressed by the troops. One of the five boxes is as much as a man can carry; two are a load for a mule. If he has a lodging in the place, he possesses no means even of taken them there; but probably he has none—the whole town is full of soldiers. But to-morrow it will be worse: the army will have swept on; headquarters will be three or four leagues in advance; and the troops will be succeeded by stragglers, camp-followers, marauders, and all

the lawless tribe that close up the rear of an advancing host. Poor man! what an alteration in his looks! He sees, in an instant, the full amount of his difficulties. Two minutes ago, he was dying to realise; now, he has got the cash, and doesn't know what to do with it. I remember an instance when an acquaintance of mine, a Frenchman, came to receive five thousand dollars, which, with the aid of an attendant, he removed from the office. Presently he reappeared at the door, caught my eye, intimated by bows and simpers his request for a private interview. It was easy to guess the subject of his communication, but I followed him out. He had got his five bags in a cow-house. His home was distant a two days' journey. How was he to get them there? Could he have gold instead of silver? Would gladly make any sacrifice in the way of *agio*. Couldn't I *arrange* it?—How he managed at last, I never learned—whether he got his dollars to a place of safety, or was robbed and murdered on the road. Sometimes the claimants would come eagerly demanding their money, and, the next moment, would most earnestly entreat permission to leave it in our keeping. If a man so circumstanced, instead of hard dollars, could have had paper securing him cash at demand, at a time more convenient for receiving it—in short, Gingham's plan just meets a case like this. And Gingham, who knew headquarters well, especially in respect to financial details and the attendant difficulties, had devised his scheme as a practical remedy. The claimant gives his bill to Gingham, and takes Gingham's bank-notes, or, if he prefers it, part notes and part specie. Gingham, at his own convenience, gets the official dollars on the bill. Then comes the other advantage. So much hard cash as has not been paid away to the claimant remains at headquarters, available, by monetary arrangements with the authorities, for the payment of the troops, or for any other headquarters purposes. What an improvement from the state of things when cash was so low, that, the commander-in-chief wishing to communicate with a distant point, it was necessary to

raise a private loan for the expenses of the courier!

In short, twenty practical difficulties occurred to my mind, all which Gingham took off, as fast as I started them. "After all," said he, "the only real difficulty will be this: that whereas now, at headquarters, there sometimes is not a dollar disposable for public purposes, we shall then, especially if the army is on the move, have more dollars than we know what to do with." His plan, indeed, contemplated a large concern, for the cash transactions of headquarters were immense; but it was clear he had viewed the scheme in every light, and was prepared to carry it out. No question, Gingham would have made a good thing of it, both for himself and for his backers in London. Yet it was a concern which Government could not undertake; and which, if Government had undertaken it, would have infallibly broken down. Private enterprise alone could prosperously conduct the scheme.

Gingham had laid out our conference in three parts, and two were now disposed of. First, he had ascertained the progress of my financial education in the past year; secondly, he had developed his own plans; but there yet remained the third topic of discussion, into which he now led with all his usual elegance, straightforwardness, and good feeling. The long and the short of it was this,—he had two gentlemen in London, ready to come out to Bordeaux whenever he commenced operations; they would arrive, like a letter, by return of post; but there was a question respecting myself. Did I feel so far interested in his plan that I might be willing, on due reflection, to relinquish my actual appointment, and work with him? He asked it "in the strictest confidence," and begged me to consider all that now passed "as merely conversation."

"Have the kindness to excuse me for a few moments. I'll presently tell you just exactly my own prospects and plans, and then we'll talk the matter over. In the mean time, accept my best thanks for this proof of confidence."

While listening with the profoundest attention to Gingham, I had,

it must be confessed, been taking a look, from time to time, at the country round. Hitherto our route had been across an open level, and we had always seen the road before us. Now, first, we reached a spot where we could not discern what was in front. The table-land, over which we had been marching, terminated in a brow or declivity. The road dipped, and disappeared; where it led us there was no perceiving. The road itself also became hollow—that is, it descended between two high banks, and these were covered with underwood. This was the part of our way on which we were now about to enter.

Just at this moment, while I was debating with myself whether we ought to go on without a little exploration, Jones stepped up to me rather hastily. "Please, sir," said he, "I'm a-thinking Nanny siz something as we doesn't see." I should mention that, in the course of our march, when we approached any eminence that afforded a view of the road and country in front, Nanny would trot off from the party, run to the summit, and make her observations—in short, see all that was to be seen. Goats, if you observe, never, unless compelled, venture on new ground, till they have first halted, and taken a view of it. Even sheep, if not over-driven, will not turn down a lane, till they have stopped and turned their heads, for the purpose of taking a look with *both* eyes. Cows, on the contrary, look and advance at the same time; and your nag, contenting himself with a *one-eyed* view, appears to advance without looking at all. Your dog, who has more sense than all the others put together, when you come to a place where the road forks—dear old Burruff!—*looks up in your face*. Well, Nanny, in the present instance, had done as she always did. The ground rose to our left, and the elevation *commanded* the valley in front. On that elevation Nanny was now standing, and Jones's observation was evidently correct. She saw something, or somebody, unseen by us. There she stood—not, though, as on previous occasions, quietly taking a survey of the road before us: her tail, the "upward curl" of which was more than perpendicular—*re-*

trousse—from time to time vibrated rapidly. She uttered, at intervals, a sharp, anxious bleat, and ever and anon stamped with a movement so quick, the eye could scarce discern it. "What d'ye think, then, she *sees* down there?" said I to Jones—"other goats?"

"Please, sir," said Jones, "I'm a-thinking it's not goats, sir; 'cause then she wouldn't stop up there, sir. Please, sir, she'd come back at once, and keep close, sir; 'cause she knows as how I'd protect her varchy, sir; 'cause for fear the Billies should make too free, sir; 'cause, when the Nannies is in milk, sir, they doesn't not permit hinnerst libbities, sir."

Nanny now adopted a new style of attitude—rearing, as when at play, with arched neck and combative front, still, at times, subsiding into the quadruped; now bleating, now stamping, now wagging her tail with intense vivacity; then walking back, stamping again, advancing; gazing all the while on the low ground in front. "If Nanny takes a view, why shouldn't Sancho?" I cantered up, and speedily cantered down again. "Mr Chesterfield, I think, sir, we had better halt."

Indeed there was reason. In front was the enemy, drawn up to receive us, in military array. The road, I must explain, led down to a lower level. Just at the bottom, another road crossed it; and, where the two roads cut, they spread out round a large pond. About this pond, but principally in advance of it, appeared a large concourse of the rural population. "*Tout Français est soldat*." I never felt the force of the phrase as I did at that moment. They were armed, and stood in line; their number formidable, their aspect decidedly pugnacious. Oh, you plucky villains! won't we be down upon you presently? I stated to Mr Chesterfield what I had seen, and he immediately halted our whole party. "If you will ride up with me," said I, "you may see the whole lot of them."

I returned to Nanny's look-out post, but Mr Chesterfield did not follow. Had I known what he was about to do, I should certainly have remonstrated. He chose to take a nearer look at the enemy, and for that

purpose rode forward alone. On the eminence on which I stood, I heard the rattle of his horse's hoofs in the hollow way; and presently I saw him emerge below, at its further extremity. He then reined in his horse, and sat viewing the foe, who greeted his appearance with shouts and yells. Having quietly made his observations, he turned, and began to come back at a walk. As he withdrew, three or four shots were fired after him from below, but without effect. After he again disappeared in the hollow road, though, on his way to rejoin us, I heard, with great uneasiness, other shots fired—the report much nearer. They were evidently from rascals ambushed in the underwood of the two banks, between which he was passing. I rejoined the convoy just as he rode up. His look was perfectly calm and self-possessed, but pale as ashes. He held the bridle in his right hand, while his left hung helpless at his side. Pledget at once tumbled off his mule, stepped up, and addressed him with a tone and aspect of unfeigned concern—"Not serious, sir, I hope?"

"Oh, nothing," said he, his manner a little hurried; "a mere graze—nothing. Corporal Fraser, the infantry must load immediately. Let them fix bayonets, though. We must begin by clearing those two banks."

Scarcely were the words out of his lips, when his face became ghastly like death, his eyes half closed, his mouth half opened. His head drooped; and speechless, almost fainting, he sank down gradually from his saddle into Fraser's arms. The corporal carried him to the roadside—why, he was but a boy—and seated, or rather laid him upon the bank. Pledget was promptly in attendance, got off the patient's coat, and examined the wounded arm, amidst the clatter of fixing bayonets and ramming down cartridges. "Oh, ain't we going at it in earnest, though?" said Jones.

"The system," said Pledget, with all his usual deliberation—"the system has received a severe shock; that is the cause of these alarming symptoms—they will not last. So it often happens with gunshot wounds. The wound itself is not dangerous. The ball has gone clean through the arm,

and at short distance too, but without fracturing the bone or injuring any important vessel."

Oh, had you seen that lad languishing on the sod, with the black blood trickling from two holes at once, and joining in a sluggish stream which went rippling down his arm, and dripped into the grass! I don't know what he thought of; I thought of his mother. Enough: the foe is in front.

But affairs now assumed a new phase. While I was anxiously surveying our wounded commander, Corporal Fraser stepped up to me, saluting in due form, *à la militaire*! He stood waiting and looking at me, as if he expected to receive directions.

The nature of the position in which I was so unexpectedly placed, broke upon me in a moment. I'll tell you just everything, exactly as it occurred. Mr Chesterfield was *hors de combat*. Pledget, in discharge of his professional duty, was wholly occupied in attending upon him. The corporal, and, it was clear, the men also, looked to me for direction in our present fix. Gingham, when the corporal approached me, backed his horse. From many persons such an action might have gone for nothing. But Gingham had a reason for all he did; and, from him, it seemed to say, "Now, Mr Y—, take the management of this little business, and go through with it. Don't you see, my dear sir? It has devolved upon you."

"The men are ready, sir," said Corporal Fraser; "shall we now proceed to clear the banks?"

It was evident I must direct, or nothing could be done. "Wait a minute, Fraser."

I beckoned to the cavalry sergeant, and desired him to place a few of his men, with swords drawn, in the rear of the convoy, giving them strict directions to suffer no one to fall behind, mule or muleteer. He was then to divide the rest of our mounted force into two equal parties, under his two corporals, who, when the infantry advanced, were to descend along the top of the banks, and halt at its extremity. I then gave the word to Corporal Fraser to move forward at once with the infantry, and clear the underwood, but to halt where the cavalry

halted, and by no means to go beyond.

"Then, to prevent that," said the corporal, "I will go first myself, sir."

He dashed forward, and the infantry followed, with a shout. Thus we moved down to the extremity of the hollow road. The infantry led the way, gallantly headed by General Fraser, and dislodged some ten or a dozen fellows from the banks, who bolted successively, and cut away, making good their retreat to their own party below. This movement was not effected without some firing on both sides, but nobody was hurt on either. The cavalry, supporting the infantry, walked quietly down the two edges of the cutting: and I put the convoy in motion to follow. Mr Chesterfield now rallied for a few moments, and was eager to remount. But the faintness returned; it was evident he could neither ride nor walk; so he was brought down in Gingham's cart, with every attention both from Gingham and Pledget.

While we were thus moving down through the hollow, I heard, close behind, an angry shout from our dragoons on the banks above. Then followed three shots in quick succession, one from the underwood, on the side, two from the summit. A bullet whizzed by my head, and spat into the opposite bank. A rustling was then distinguishable among the bushes, and presently a peasant, in a blue gabardin, slid down stiff into the road, and there doubled up. Eluding Fraser and the foot soldiers, he had remained in ambush till we came along, when he had selected me for a passing compliment, as the head of the party, intending no doubt to climb up the bank, if pursued, and escape above. Just as he was taking aim, though, he was seen by the dragoons, who, unheard by him, were quietly moving down at a walk over the ploughed ground. Two of them fired their carbines, and one or both of their shots taking effect, prevented the effect of his.

Too green to know that it was un-military, I returned a few paces to take a view of the dying foe. A Frenchman to the last, he must needs find something to say, though life was now ebbing apace. Slowly, and with apparent difficulty, he raised his eyes

till they were fixed full on mine; and then, with quivering features, and a strange snapping of the jaw, began to speak. "*Ah, Monsieur — j'ai pensé—vous.*"—He was dead!

We now gained the extremity of the hollow way, and stood looking down on the enemy ranged in order of battle at the pond. Fraser had drawn up the infantry across the road, and the cavalry, with the exception of the rearguard, formed on our two flanks. Our first movement was thus effected. All our men were perfectly steady, but burning to fall to, and savage on account of Mr Chesterfield's casualty.

Gingham now suggested, as the enemy were so numerous—two hundred and fifty at least, if not three hundred—that it might be prudent to wait a while, in the hope that other parties, bound to headquarters, might come up. But I happened to know that none were coming that day; and Gingham, on hearing this, withdrew his motion. What, then, was our course? How were we to deal with these Mounseers? No doubt we could lick them; and, had fighting been our object, nothing would have given our men greater satisfaction. But we had dollars in charge, and our first care must be to get safe through, and deliver them safe at headquarters. My decision, then, was taken. We must advance—we must continue our march—and we mustn't let those fellows hinder us; but we must, if possible, effect our purpose, without coming to close quarters. A *mêlée* we must shun; for, though the issue would be glorious—no doubt of that—yet, if once mixed up with our convoy, the enemy, when they took to flight, might persuade some of our mules to go with them. Our object, then, reduced itself to this: we must disperse the foe, without coming to close quarters with them. Gingham quite adopted this view of the subject, and now prepared for further operations by drawing his pistols from the holsters, and examining their priming. He next called to Coosey to get him his sword out of the cart, girded it on, and drew it forth from the scabbard—a formidable Andrea Ferrara, equally available for cut and thrust. He bore it bolt upright, with great gravity, and with an air half military, half

civic, which, on his showy Spanish horse, would have rendered him a highly ornamental addition to a Lord Mayor's procession.

We were now immediately in front of the enemy; and I rode a few yards forward, to take a full view of their position, previous to our advance. They favoured me with a great deal of noise, and, on my turning, with a few shots, which I acknowledged by taking off my hat. Many of them returned the compliment; while others expressed their civility by a courteous gesture, vernacular in most civilised countries.

The enemy, it was clear, had no idea that we marched with a Nanny-goat in company, and had intended that we should walk into them unawares. In that case, we should probably have come off second best. As matters stood, our position was far more favourable: and theirs, less advantageous in the same degree. The worst of it was, though, that to the left of the main road—that is, on the enemy's right—a wood came down to within two hundred yards of them; which same wood, further on, extended close up to the road we were to proceed by, and seemed to skirt it for some distance. The danger was that, when we attacked the enemy, and drove them before us, some of them, perhaps the greater number, might escape into this wood; in which case we might afterwards find it difficult to get rid of their agreeable company. These considerations, then, indicated the plan of our attack. I desired the sergeant of cavalry to select seven or eight of his steadiest men, and gain at once the skirts of the wood, at the point nearest the enemy. He was to advance at first as if intending to attack their right; but, when he got nearer, was to quicken his pace, and make at once for the wood. Immediately after, when he saw the general attack commence, his party, also, were to advance and fire; but not to advance so far that fugitives, escaping from the enemy's rear, might be able to enter the wood. The infantry were to advance, firing, down the road; and the remainder of the cavalry was to spread out on our flanks, and act in concert with us: our whole party pressing more on the enemy's right than left,

in order that their retreat might be from the wood, not to it. These matters I explained distinctly. One other point remained.

"Corporal Fraser, step this way. Your duty is the most responsible of any." I knew it would be a bitter pill for the corporal, so endeavoured to gild it.

"I am ready for any duty you may assign me, sir," said the corporal, whose blood was up.

"You must take two or three of the infantry to the rear—we shall want all the cavalry—and see that no muleteer loiters behind, or falls out—bring all up."

"As you please, sir," said Fraser; "but in action, the rear is not the place to which I have been most accustomed." The poor fellow looked so dismally blank, I really felt for him.

"Never mind that, corporal. Remember you have had your turn already, and have done well. Depend upon this," I added, with a consolatory wink, "should there be any real business in front, though I don't expect it, you, if possible, shall have your share." The clouds were now dispelled from the corporal's face, and he retired to his station in the rear.

Our preparations being thus completed, I forthwith sent forward the cavalry sergeant with his party, to gain the wood. The movement was well executed. They advanced steadily down upon the enemy's right, without answering his fire; then turned suddenly to the left, and trotted off to the trees. Having reached the point assigned them, they pulled up, faced round, and formed in line. Immediately upon this commenced our general movement in advance, Fraser following the train of mules and muleteers, and "keeping them up behind." Infantry and cavalry marched down to the attack; while both the contending armies maintained a brisk fusillade. As far as I then discovered, none of the enemy's shots took effect, while some of ours appeared to tell. The foe stood his ground manfully at first; but, as we got closer, some of them began to run from the rear, and all soon joined in the flight. The retreat was as rapid as it was general; and we, as the convoy could not be left, abstained from pursuit. The cavalry

advancing from the wood, though, got a little too forward. The consequence was that a few of the fugitives, running down the main road, attempted to escape into the wood. But a few carbine shots soon turned them back on the main body; and the whole mass then made their escape down the road to our right, which was just what I wanted. Long after we had ceased to fire, they continued to run, without stopping to look behind, alarmed probably by the apprehension of a cavalry pursuit. Half a mile off, in remarkably short time for the distance, I saw some of them, like a scattered flock of sheep, scampering up a hill, and disappearing over its summit. What execution was done by our fire, did not immediately appear. Some decamped slower than others; one or two were carried. Some made their escape through the pond; and of these, some fell over in the water, as if they had been hit. One fell, the men said, and didn't get up again. A few of the enemy halted awhile to take a look, in their run down the cross-road, as if they would like to make an attempt on the extremity of our convoy, which probably appeared to them unprotected. But, receiving the fire of our rearguard, they again took to flight. We assembled at the pond, and there halted in a body, convoy and escort.

Mr Chesterfield had not yet recovered from the first shock of his wound; and was obliged to remain in the cart, unable to sit up. Gingham administered some brandy, with good effect. We had, however, one other wounded man. I noticed several of our fellows, horse and foot, assembled in a group, from which proceeded loud jeers, and shouts of laughter. There was something in the midst of them, the occasion of their mirth, which I could not see. Presently, however, I caught a sight of poor Jones, the picture of woe. He was standing in a posture very far from upright, and leaning with his elbows on the back of a spare mule—his aspect cadaverous. Advancing, I heard the talk.

"Why, Taffy, old feller, how come ye to get hit there?" A roar of laughter drowned Jones's indignant reply.

"Taffy, my lad, why, I didn't think you vos the chap as would turn tail."

"It's a lie," roared Jones, in a voice of extreme agony and exasperation. "I didn't turn tail; nor I haven't not never turned tail. Only jest turned round to load, and felt all at wance jest as if somebody had bin and give me a kick——" A universal roar drowned the conclusion of the sentence.

"Mr Pledget," said I, "there seems to be here another case, soliciting your attention."

The men made way. Pledget advanced with great seriousness; and the laughter, though less vociferous, became tenfold in intensity, at the rich idea of Pledget's investigating and doctoring Jones's wound. Jones, at the sight of the doctor, in his alarm and anguish set up a regular hullabaloo, almost running into a cry. The doctor, regardless of Jones's fears and lacerated feelings, began gravely to question him—made serious attempts and approaches to ascertain particulars. Two or three of the fellows, positively overcome with the scene, threw themselves down by the roadside in an agony. One, I really thought, would have laughed himself into a fit. He turned red, crimson, purple, almost black in the face; still, in his bursts, casting his eyes, from time to time, towards Jones and the doctor. Jones, leaning on the mule's back, screwing and twisting first this way then that, evaded and defeated all the doctor's approaches; while the men, taking a little extra freedom after our glorious victory, renewed their vociferous merriment. Pledget, at length, began to lose his patience. "Come, my good fellow," said he; "this won't do, you know."

He then looked round at the soldiers, and made a sign. Four of them stepped forward, seized Jones by the arms and legs, and bore him off to the road-side—struggling, fighting, kicking, roaring, screeching, his agony increasing as he saw the moment at hand when he must be doctored. Pledget humanely pointed to some bushes close by, and the men carried Jones behind them. There the bullet was extracted at once. But how Pledget proceeded, or what was the precise character of the wound, of course we, who remained in the road,

had no opportunity of perceiving. The progress of the operation, however, was marked by occasional shouts and yells from Jones; and in five minutes he hobbled forth with a rueful aspect, but looking "as well as could be expected." Pledget almost immediately followed, and handed the bullet to Jones. "There, my man," said he; "put that in your pocket."

There still was something, though, upon Jones's mind. He limped down to the edge of the pond with an eager, anxious look; and began prowling about, examining among the reeds and bushes, right and left.

"Jones, hadn't you better keep yourself quiet? Sit down, man."

"Please, sir, if you've no objections, sir, I'm noways inclined to sit down just at present, sir, 'cause it would be rayther ill-colveliet, sir; rayther be excused, sir. Hope no offence, sir." He continued on the prowl.

"What are you looking for, Jones? Lost any part of your kit?"

"Please, sir, I'm a-looking for that 'ere Nosey, sir."

"What! the man that stood treat this morning? You don't expect to find him here."

"Please, sir, I see him here, sir; and I marked him too, sir. See him drop somewhere hereabouts, sir."

This intelligence was "important, if true;" and I also began to look.

There was nothing, however, on this part of the field of combat, to indicate that a wounded man had fallen. Jones, though, was positive.

"Sure you were not mistaken, Jones?"

"No, sir; it wasn't no mistake, I'm sartain, sir. I'm sartain as I see him, and I'm sartain as I marked him, sir. Knowed him by his — Oh, there he is, sir."

Jones pointed to something in the pond that looked like a package or bundle, half immersed in the water, at the edge of the reeds, a little out from the side.

A soldier stepped in, and examined more closely. "It's a dead man, sir."

"Dead! Get him out, that's a good fellow. Perhaps he's only wounded, and not past recovery."

"He's past that, sir," said the soldier, as he turned him, face upwards, on the bank.

The face had a mask of mud. The soldier knelt down, felt in the dead man's pockets, brought out a white handkerchief of French cambric—wiped away the mud. Yes, it was Hookey! The features retained their general expression—harsh by temperament, but composed to blandness. Oh, what a look was that! Hookey shot through the neck! The brow was slightly knit; the lips were parted; the teeth clenched. His perpetual smile had set his face, at last, in a fixed, unmeaning smirk—the dead man's simper! The two corners of his semicircular mouth, drawn up high on the cheeks, were flanked by two furrows, rigid and profound! It was the sort of look which, seen but for a moment, stamps on the memory an impression that we can recall at will, and that sometimes comes unbidden!

"Just hold up that handkerchief, my man. Spread it out, will you? Oh, there's the mark—*Christophe*."

"Any papers?" said I to Jones, who was rummaging in the dead man's pockets.

"Only this here, sir," said Jones, holding up an envelope, which had been emptied of its contents. It was the cover of my letter, which Hookey had undertaken to deliver at headquarters. The letter itself he had probably sent in a different direction.

Jones, meanwhile, had found a leathern purse, which, without any remarks, he was quietly secreting about his own person. The soldier, though, who had landed the dead man, detected this act of conveyance, and demanded "snacks." A discussion arose, and a squabble seemed inevitable. "Corporal Fraser," said I, "just see all fair here." I then turned Sancho's head, and withdrew from the scene. Sancho had more than once brought down his nose, slowly and cautiously, into close proximity with the object that lay stretched out before him. He now, ere he obeyed the bridle, pawed, tossed his head, and snorted; as though fain to get rid of the very air that he had just been inhaling, and to blow out of his nostrils the smell of blood!

Mr Chesterfield, now considerably recovered, stood by the cart, with his arm slung in a silk handkerchief. He thought he was able to sit his horse—

at any rate, wished to try. Pledget objected—wanted him to come on in the cart. A discussion arose; and it was settled at last, that Pledget should mount the horse, while Mr Chesterfield rode Pledget's mule. Gingham then gave directions to Coosey and Joaquim, who helped Jones into the cart. Coosey had already been won upon by Jones. But now, when Jones came out fresh from the field, with a memorial of the combat that would follow him to the day of his death, Coosey's admiration knew no bounds. I saw him pass something to Joaquim, who took an early opportunity of passing it to Jones. "You don't think," said I to Gingham, "Coosey will give him more than will do him good?"—"No, no," said Gingham; "you may depend on Coosey's discretion."

It was time to be getting on again. First, however, Mr Chesterfield deemed it advisable to see all right respecting the wood. For this purpose, he sent forward Corporal Fraser with part of the infantry. After they entered the wood, we heard a single shot. In about ten minutes the whole party returned, the Corporal riding a clumsy French cart-horse, with a rope bridle. They had found a horse and cart. The shot was fired to bring up the driver, who had, however, got off. The object of the horse and cart was pretty evident. It no doubt had occurred to Hookey that, in case of his making a successful foray, and securing part of our dollars, such a conveyance might do good service in carrying off the "swag." There was no convenient way of getting the cart to us out of the wood; it appeared to have been brought from another direction; so Fraser had taken out the horse, which he considered his own lawful prize. All being now arranged, we proceeded on our march.

Jones rode on in the cart. He lay along at full length; not on his back, though, but in the opposite position, which he preferred under existing circumstances. I observed him—like a recumbent bull-terrier, with muzzle protruding from his kennel—keenly watching as we proceeded—now forwards, now right, now left, looking out for the *hussary*, and eager to have another slap at a Frenchman.

With regard to the enemy's posi-

tion, it will probably occur to the military reader, that they might have chosen a better. A more skilful opponent, probably, would have concealed himself in the forest, and attacked us in flank; and a bolder one might have ventured to occupy the hollow way with all his force—a plan which, if detected, would have been attended with greater risk to himself, but, if successful, with greater damage to us. As it was, the ambuscade was too far in front of the main body, and we were able to deal with it before we were further engaged. Still, I think, it must be admitted, on the whole, the arrangements of the enemy were not badly made. Had we not kept a good lookout—or rather, had not our four-legged attendant providentially put us on our guard—we might not have discovered our opponents till it was too late to avoid a conflict at close quarters, the probable consequence of which would have been the loss of some of our mules; while the cross-roads afforded facilities for driving them off, with the choice of four directions. And, some of their party being concealed in the two banks between which we had to pass, we might have discovered an enemy at hand only by finding ourselves under fire. On the whole, we had reason to be thankful that our loss was so small.

With regard to our fallen opponent, Hookey or Christophe, in lately turning over Colonel Gurwood's volumes, I met with something which appears, curiously enough, to identify him. In a letter from our Commander-in-Chief, bearing date 2d January 1814, that is, two or three months before our rencontre, I find that a person, calling himself Christophe, had been arrested and sent to General Freyre, to be forwarded to Madrid; that, in the November previous, this Christophe was at Bilbao; that he had letters from King Ferdinand; that he showed a draft or order on the Biscayan Provinces to pay him seventy thousand dollars; that he was advised to present himself to the Government; and that, as the opinion entertained of him was not very favourable, and he remained at St Jean de Laz, he was at length arrested, and sent off.

Now, I am not prepared to assert

that this was the same individual with my Christophe or Hookey; but, supposing it so, we may give some such sketch of his services as the following. In the early part of 1813, the period of my voyage from Falmouth to Lisbon, the French authorities in Spain, civil and military, were not a little perplexed as to our Commander's plans for the ensuing campaign. This mystery he solved ere long, by breaking forth from the north of Portugal, advancing on the line of the Douro, marching across the north of Spain, winning the battle of Vittoria, investing San Sebastian and Pampeluna, liberating the Peninsula, crowning the Pyrenees, completing the great circle that was closing round Napoleon, and menacing the south of France. Precisely when we may suppose the curiosity of the Gallic leaders to have been most intense, that is, in the early spring of 1813, just previous to Lord Wellington's advance, Hookey—Christophe, said his cambric handkerchief—came off to us in the Oporto boat, and, under the assumed character of a courier, obtained a passage by the Falmouth packet from Oporto to Lisbon—in other words, from the left to the right of the position then occupied by the British troops. Subsequently, a Christophe makes his appearance at Bilbao, in the November of the same year; and, on account of his suspicious conduct there, and afterwards at headquarters, is arrested, and delivered over to the Spaniards, for transmission to Madrid. The Spaniards, of course, let him escape; and he then returns to his old trade. He cannot, however, appear again at headquarters, therefore hangs about the line of march on the look-out for a job; falls in with a greenhorn in charge of treasure; gets out of him all the information he can; tries to divert him from his route; tampers with his personal attendant; opposes his passage

of a river; makes his escort drunk; and musters a rural force, with the aid of which he hopes to realise more by ready cash, than he did by his cheque on the "Biscayan provinces." Thus he went on, prying, plotting, and meddling, till he found his end.

We proceeded quietly on our march, Gingham and I riding side by side, while Pledget and Mr Chesterfield preceded us.

"Yes," said Gingham, resuming the thread of our conversation where our rencontre with the enemy had broken it off; "I know that you have formed schemes connected with military service; and those, I presume, are the plans you allude to."

I really did not understand, at the moment, what Gingham meant; and, fancying he referred to our recent operations in the presence of the foe, answered wide of the mark.

"No, no," said he; "I was not speaking, sir, with regard to the little affair which has just come off; though, give me leave to say, Mr Y—, you acquitted yourself in a way that does you credit. I allude to what fell from you within the last hour, when you mentioned some plans that you had formed, and which, you were kind enough to say, you would communicate for my information."

We now resumed the conversation, which the "little affair" had interrupted. I stated my plans, hopes, difficulties, without reserve; and Gingham, in reply, from his own knowledge and observations, drew, with equal force and feeling, a not very agreeable picture of the discouragements, disappointments, toils, hardships, sufferings, privations, wrongs, and snubbings, incidental to the life of a marching officer on actual service. He was still eloquently descanting on these topics, when we reached the termination of our day's journey.

GERMAN POPULAR PROPHECIES.

LETTER FROM PROFESSOR GREGORY TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,—The following notice of certain popular prophetic traditions, widely current in the country to which they refer, may perhaps prove interesting to your numerous readers.

All widely-spread opinions, however apparently absurd, have, or have had at some time, a foundation in nature or in historical fact; and it cannot be uninteresting, with a view to the history of popular traditions, to place on record those which I have here collected, even although we cannot at present trace them satisfactorily to their origin. The whole subject of trances, and the various phenomena connected with them, including the second-sight, is one hitherto very imperfectly studied, and for that reason I have not entered into detail on that part of the question; but I may possibly do so at a future period.—Believe me, very truly yours,

WILLIAM GREGORY.

• EDINBURGH, April 16, 1850.

It is well known that in all ages, and in most countries, prophetic traditions have been said to exist; and although it may often have happened that such traditions have arisen from spurious prophecies, written after the event, and falsely said to have existed before it, yet it would also appear that genuine prophecies have from time to time appeared, and become traditions before the events took place. Of course, we do not here allude to the Scriptural prophecies, but to such as have no pretensions to a divine origin. There can be little doubt that the Sybilline Books contained prophecies of the future fate of Rome; and although we cannot now ascertain, even if this were the case, whether they were accurate predictions, or merely sagacious guesses, nor whether the event confirmed them, yet the tradition of their existence is in itself curious. We cannot here enter into an enumeration of the various prophecies which are said to have existed, in ancient or modern times, before the events occurred, but on some future occasion we may return to that subject: in the mean time we may allude, as a modern example of popular prophecy in our own country, to the prediction of the extinction of the male line of the house of Seaforth, in the person of a deaf Caberfae—a prediction which Mr Morritt of Rokeby, the friend of Scott, heard quoted in Ross-shire at a time when the last Lord Seaforth, who became quite deaf, had several sons in

perfect health. We have no doubt our Highland readers are acquainted with many analogous cases.

Our present object is to direct attention to the fact, that in Germany, more especially on the Rhine and in Westphalia, there exist many remarkable popular prophecies concerning public events, of various dates, and originating in various quarters, but exhibiting a remarkable coincidence in many of the chief points. Many of these have been printed at various times; others exist as traditions among the peasantry; others, again, are said upon good evidence to have been in modern times taken down from the lips of the prophets themselves, all or most of whom are now dead. Yet they generally predict, and often with strange minuteness of detail, events which were to occur about this time,—viz. in 1848, 1849, and 1850. Political and religious convulsions, wars, and finally peace and prosperity, form the burden of them; and we shall see that the events of 1848 and 1849 supply apparently strong confirmation of their truth, their previous existence being admitted.

Having spent some months in Rhenish Prussia during the summer of 1849, we made many inquiries on the subject, and found everywhere, and among all classes, a firm conviction of the *genuineness* of many of the popular prophecies; while it was admitted that they had long been known and believed by the people. As the

matter, considered under any point of view, is a curious and interesting one, we procured the latest work on the subject, which in fact appeared while we were in Germany. It is entitled, "Prophetic Voices, with Explanations. A collection as perfect as possible, of all Prophecies, of Ancient and Modern date, concerning the Present and Future Times, with an explanation of the obscure parts," by Th. Beykirch, licentiate in Theology, and (R.C.) curate in Dortmund. The worthy Curate is often too brief in his accounts of the prophecies themselves, and very diffuse in his explanations, which, for the most part, tend to extract from the predictions the comfortable assurance of the complete re-establishment of the Roman Catholic religion, and the utter discomfiture of Protestantism. He even treats his readers to a disquisition, altogether out of place, on Scriptural prophecies, and an interpretation, by Holzhäuser, of the Apocalypse, in which he applies to Protestantism the same passages which Protestants apply to the Papacy, and does so, apparently, very much to his own satisfaction. We shall not touch on these parts of his work, but use it as a storehouse, from which we may draw the predictions themselves, without regarding them through the theological medium of the reverend author.

The first we shall mention is of an ancient date. It is the vaticination of Brother Herrmann, a monk of the monastery of Lehnin, who flourished circa A.D. 1270, and died in the odour of sanctity. It is written in a hundred leonine hexameters, rhyming in the middle and end of each verse, and was printed in 1723 by Professor Lillenthal, from what was said to be an old MS. His prophecies chiefly concerned the future fate of his own monastery of Lehnin in Brandenburg, and of the monastery of Chorin in the Uckermark, a part of Brandenburg. But as that fate depended on public events, more especially on the history of the princes of that country, his vaticination assumes the form of a brief prophetic history of the house of Hohenzollern, that is, the now royal house of Prussia. Our readers will probably readily dispense with the whole of the original hexameters of the

good monk, but we shall give a few specimens: he begins—

1. "Nunc tibi, cum cura, Lehnin !
cano fata futura,

2. Quæ mihi monstravit Dominus, qui
cuncta creavit," &c.

"Now, oh Lehnin ! I sing with sorrow
to thee thy future fates,

Which the Lord, the creator of all, has
shown to me."

He proceeds to describe the prosperity of Lehnin under the race of Otto I., and its decay after the extinction of this family, which took place in the person of Henry III., 1320. These princes were from Anhalt, of the race called the Askaniæ in German history.

At verses 14 *et seq.*, he describes Brandenburg as becoming a den of lions, while the true heir is excluded. After Margrave Henry III., the Dukes of Pomerania, Mecklenburg, Brunswick, Anhalt, Electoral Saxony, and Bohemia attacked the Mark, (Brandenburg,) and committed horrible devastations. The Emperor Louis of Bavaria seized it for himself, excluding the princes of Saxony, the nearest heirs to the former princes.

After various details concerning the fate of Brandenburg, plundered by robber knights and barons, who were to be put down by a strong emperor, as happened under Charles IV. who died in 1378,—he comes to the accession of the Hohenzollerns, and describes the first prince of that family as rising to distinction by holding two castles or Burgen. The Emperor Sigismund sold Brandenburg to Frederick, Burggraf of Nuremberg, of the house of Hohenzollern. He belonged to the lower nobility, but now became more important by the possession of two castles—those of Nuremberg and Brandenburg. These examples are sufficient to give an idea of that part of Brother Herrmann's prophecy, concerning events which preceded the printing of it in 1723, and in which he describes *seriatim*, without giving the names, and very briefly, but in striking language, the fate and character of the successive Margraves, Electors, and Kings, till he comes to Frederick William I., who died in 1740, seventeen years after the prophecy was printed, and whose character and death he de-

scribes. Then follows Frederick the Great, whose career, with its vicissitudes, is indicated with tolerable clearness. One line is curious,

84. "*Flantibus hinc Austris, vitam vult credere claustris.*"

"When the south wind blows, he trusts his life to the cloisters."

In fact, Frederick, when hard pressed by the Austrians, was once compelled to conceal himself in a monastery.

Auster signifies south wind, but is probably here used for Austria.

After his successor, Frederick William II., whom the good monk truly describes as vicious, sensual, and oppressive, but not warlike, comes this line—

89. "*Natus florebit; quod non sperasset habebit.*"

"The son shall flourish; he shall possess what he did not hope for."

The application of this to the late king, Frederick William III., is obvious. Under him, Prussia, after having been reduced to the lowest ebb by Napoleon, became, unexpectedly, far more powerful than it had ever been.

90. "*Sed populus tristis flebit temporibus istis.*"

92. "*Et principes nescit quod nova potentia crescit.*"

"But the sad people shall mourn in these times;

"And the King knows not that a new power is arising."

These lines also apply well to Frederick William III.

93. "*Tandem sceptrum gerit, qui ultimæ stammatis erit.*"

"At length he bears the sceptres, who shall be the last of his race."

Now this is very remarkable. In line 49, he had said—

49. "*Hoc ad undecim durabit stemma venenum.*"

"This poison * shall last to the eleventh generation."

The present king, Frederick William IV., is the eleventh from Joachim III., the first Protestant prince of

Brandenburg, in reference to whom the above line is written. But why did the writer (even supposing the prophecy not to have existed earlier than 1723, when it was printed) stop at this point? We shall see that other prophecies coincide with this one in predicting that the present will be the last King of Prussia.

Then comes the remarkable line—

95. "*Et pastor gregem recipit, Germania regem.*"

"And the shepherd receives his flock, Germany a king."

The worthy curate of Dortmund explains this as pointing out the submission of Europe to the Pope, and of Germany to one sovereign. Brother Herrmann goes on to predict peaceful times, and the restoration of Chörlin and Lehnin to their pristine splendour.

We have omitted many curious lines, but the reader will probably feel satisfied that the brief and obscure vaticinations of Brother Herrmann are worthy of notice, especially that part of them relating to the last hundred and twenty years, bearing in mind that they were printed in 1723.

The next prophet mentioned by our author is Joseph von Görres, who died in January 1848—that is, before the last revolution in France, which shook the thrones of Europe. On his deathbed he lamented the misfortunes about to come on Poland, described Hungary as appearing to him one huge field of carnage, and wept over the approaching downfall of the European monarchies. The events of February and March 1848, the insurrection in Posen, the devastations committed by the Prussians in suppressing it, and the war in Hungary, would appear to be the events to which he referred. But he was a man deeply read in history, and there are some of those prophetic hints which may possibly have occurred to him as reflections on probable events, and have assumed a certain degree of vividness in his mind.

We now come to a peasant prophet, namely Jaspers, a Westphalian shepherd, of Deininghausen, near the ancestral seat of the Lord of Bodel-

* Protestant heresy.

schwing. He was a simple-minded pious man. In 1830, soon after which time he died, he publicly predicted as follows:—

“A great road (said he) will be carried through our country, from west to east, which will pass through the forests of Bodelschwing. On this road, carriages will run *without horses*, and cause a dreadful noise. At the commencement of this work, a great scarcity will here prevail; pigs will become very dear, and a new religion will arise, in which wickedness will be regarded as prudence and politeness. Before this road is quite completed, a frightful war will break out.”

These words, to the astonishment of the natives, have nearly all been fulfilled. The railway from Cologne to Minden has, since his death, been carried through the very district he mentioned in 1830, before the first English railway had been opened, and when the primitive shepherds of Westphalia were little likely to know anything about railways. The scarcity took place at the time specified; and his remark as to a new religion is supposed to apply to a deterioration of manners among the simple natives, consequent on the opening up of their district. A personal friend of Jaspers collected the following sayings, which the author, after minute inquiry on the spot, considers as genuine.

1. “Before the great road is *quite finished*, a dreadful war will break out.”

The railway has for a year or two been in operation; but, up to the end of 1849, as we saw by advertisements, the second line of rails was not laid down. It is probably still only in progress. Now in 1848 and 1849, we have seen war in Schleswig-Holstein, Hungary, Italy, Posen, and Baden.

2. “A small northern power will be conqueror.”

Probably the Danish war, and the success of Denmark, is here meant.

3. “After this another war will break out—not a religious war among Christians, but between those who believe in Christ and those who do not believe.”

Here we must remember that the simple and ignorant peasants of Westphalia have strong religious feelings and prejudices, and are apt, like some

nearer home, to apply the term Infidel somewhat rashly. Possibly Russia and the Greek church may be here alluded to.

4. “This war comes from the East. I dread the East.”

5. “This war will break out very suddenly. In the evening they will cry ‘Peace, peace!’ and yet peace is not; and in the morning the enemy will be at the door. Yet it shall soon pass, and he who knows of a good hiding-place, for a few days only, is secure.”

The probability of a war, in which Russia shall take an active share, cannot escape any observer of the signs of the times; and, with the aid of railways, which were not known at the date of Jaspers’ death, the sudden outbreak is quite possible, even in Westphalia.

6. “The defeated enemy will have to fly in extreme haste. Let the people cast cart and wheels into the water, otherwise the flying foe will take all carriages with them.”

7. “Before this war, a general faithlessness will prevail. Men will give out vice for virtue and honour, deceit for politeness.”

8. “In the year in which the great war shall break out, there shall be so fine a spring, that in April the cows will be feeding in the meadows on luxuriant grass. In the same year, wheat may be harvested, (in his district,) but not oats.” (This appears to be likely to apply to 1850.—W. G.)

He seems here to hint that the harvest of oats will be interrupted by the war; if so, the war occurs in autumn.

9. “The great battle will be fought at the birch-tree, between Unna, Hamm, and Werl. The people of half the world will there be opposed to each other. God will terrify the enemy by a dreadful storm. Of the Russians, but few shall return home to tell of their defeat. Jaspers described this battle as terrific.”

We shall by and by hear more of this birch-tree.

10. “The war will be over in 1850, and in 1852 all will be again in order.”

11. “The Poles are at first put down; but they will, along with other nations, fight against their oppressors, and at last obtain a king of their own.”

12. “France will be divided internally into three parts.”

It is curious to notice, that at present, although the state of matters in

1830 was very different, there are three parties in France, all of them powerful: namely, the Buonapartists, (with at least a part of the Orleanists,) and the moderate as well as the *pro tempore* Republicans, headed by Louis Napoleon; the party of the old Bourbons and the priests, led by Falloux and the old nobility, such as Laroche-Jaquelein and Montalembert; and lastly the Red Republicans, Socialists, and Communists. These three parties hold each other in check, and no one of them can at this moment do much.

13. "Spain will not join in the war. But the Spaniards shall come after it is over, and take possession of the churches.

14. "Austria will be fortunate, provided she do not wait too long.

15. "The papal chair will be vacant for a time.

16. "The nobility is much depressed, but in 1852 again rises to some extent.

17. "When asked as to the future of Prussia, he maintained an obstinate silence, saying only that King Frederick-William IV. would be the last."

This agrees with Brother Herrmann, as formerly stated. A man named Potgiesser, in Dortmund, long since dead, drew up a genealogical tree of the royal house, in which he says of the present king—to whom he gives no successor—"He disappears."

18. "There will be one religion. On the Rhine stands a church which all people shall aid in building. From thence, after the war, shall proceed the rule of faith. All sects shall be united; only the Jews shall retain their old obstinacy."

The dome at Cologne is obviously alluded to. We shall see, hereafter, that Cologne is expected to become the seat of ecclesiastical rule by other prophets.

19. "In our district priests shall become so rare, that, after the war, people will have to walk seven leagues in order to attend divine service.

20 "Our country will be so much depopulated, that women will have to cultivate the soil; and seven girls shall fight for a pair of inexpressibles.

21. "The house of Ikern shall be set on fire by shells.

22. "The soldiers shall march to battle (or to war) first, then return, decked with the cherry blossoms. And only after that shall the great war break out."

In spring 1848, troops marched to Baden, at the time of the first insurrection there, in which war General von Gagern was killed; and they returned home decked with cherry blossoms.

23. "Germany shall have one king, and then shall come happy times.

24. "He spoke also of an approaching religious change, and warned his children, when that time should come, to go to Mengede."

When jeered on his prophetic powers, Jaspers often said—

"When I have long been in the grave, you will then often remember what I have said."

There is a prophet in Dortmund, who, among other curious things, said, in 1840, "When the Prussian soldiers shall be dressed like those who crucified our Lord, then war shall break out with great violence." It is worthy of notice that, since that time, the whole Prussian army, with the exception of the Hussars, have been armed with helmets of Roman form. Their new Waffenrock, or military coat, is also a short plain surtout, buttoned to the throat, and probably not unlike a Roman tunic.

The predictions of Jaspers are curious—first, on account of their minuteness; secondly, because they specify dates yet future. We shall see that they coincide, in many of the chief points, with other popular prophecies.

The next prophet is Spielbähn, a Rhenish peasant. "Spielbähn" signifies, in the dialect of his countrymen, "the fiddler;" and this name was given to him on account of his skill as a rustic performer on the violin. He was employed as messenger and servant in the convents of Siegburg and Heisterbach. His predictions have been published by Schrattenholz, and widely circulated; but, as we could not procure this work, we can only give such extracts as our author has selected.

Spielbähn died in 1783 in Cologne. He is said to have been rather addicted to the wine-flask, and to have occasionally indulged in predictions of doubtful authenticity, possibly from interested motives. But he is thought, in the main, to have uttered what he really believed to be true predictions,

and he gave them out as visions. He predicted the imprisonment of the Archbishop of Cologne, which took place a few years ago, with many less interesting local occurrences, which our author passes over. Speaking of the present time, (1848-50,) and of what should follow, he said—

1. "In that time it will be hardly possible to distinguish the peasant from the noble."

In Rhenish Prussia, where the Code Napoleon prevails, there is hardly a trace of the splendour of the old aristocracy to be found. The nobles of old family who remain have lost all exclusive privileges, and are poor.

2. "Courtly manners and worldly vanity will reach to a height hitherto unequalled. Yea, things will go so far, that men will no longer thank God for their daily bread.

3. "Human intellect will do wonders, (or miracles,) and on this account men will more and more forget God. They will mock at God, thinking themselves omnipotent, because of the carriages, which shall run through the whole world, (or everywhere,) without being drawn by animals.

4. "And because courtly vices, sensuality, and sumptuousness of apparel, are then so great, God will punish the world. A poison shall fall on the fields, and a great famine shall afflict the country."

In Nos. 3 and 4, railways and the potato blight seem meant.

5. "When a bridge shall be thrown across the Rhine at Mondorf, then it will be advisable to cross, as soon as possible, to the opposite shore. But it will only be necessary to remain there so long as a man will take to consume a 7 lb. loaf of bread; after which (that is, in less than a week,) it will be time to return."

This coincides with Jaspers' prediction of the shortness of the last great struggle.

6. "Thousands shall conceal themselves in a meadow among the seven mountains, (opposite Bonn.)

7. "I see the destruction of the heretics, with dreadful punishments; of those who dared to think their puny minds could penetrate the councils of God. But the long-suffering of God is at an end, and a limit is put to their wickedness."

The worthy curate dwells with peculiar satisfaction on this prediction.

8. "Observe well, thou land of Berg! Thy reigning family, which proceeds from

a Margraviate, shall suddenly fall from its high station, and become less than the smallest Margraviate."

The grand-duchy of Berg, on the Lower Rhine, of which Düsseldorf is the chief town, was given by Napoleon to Murat, and was afterwards part of the kingdom of Westphalia, but, since the peace, has formed part of Prussia, the royal family of which, as we have seen, descends from the Margraves of Brandenburg; but in 1783 all this was as yet in the womb of time. See also Jaspers, No. 17, and Brother Herrmann, verse 93.

9. "The false prophets (heretic clergy!) shall be killed with wife and child.

10. "The holy city of Cologne shall then see a fearful battle. Many, of foreign nations, shall here be killed, and men and women shall fight for their faith. And it will be impossible to avert from Cologne, up to that time spared by war, all the cruel extremities of war. Men will then wade in blood to the ankles.

11. "But at last a foreign king shall arise, and gain the victory for the good cause. The survivors of the defeated enemy fly to the *birch-tree*; and here shall the last battle be fought for the good cause."

See Nos. 9 and 33 of Jaspers' sayings, as to the birch-tree and the German king; also verse 95 of Brother Herrmann.

12. "The foreign armies have brought the 'black death' into the land. What the sword spares the pestilence shall devour. Berg shall be depopulated, and the fields without owners; so that one may plough from the river Sieg up to the hills without being (Scotie!) challenged. Those who have hid themselves among the hills shall again cultivate the land."

See No. 20 of Jaspers' predictions.

13. "About this time France will be divided internally."

See Jaspers, No. 12.

14. "The German Empire shall choose a peasant for Emperor. He shall govern Germany a year and a day."

The Archduke John, late regent of the empire, had long lived, banished from court, as a Styrian peasant, adopting the costume and manners of the peasantry. He also married a peasant girl. His regency lasted little more than a year, and, indeed, after the year had expired, he only returned to Frankfort in order to resign his power to the present commission.

15. "But he who after him shall wear the imperial crown, he will be the man for whom the world has long looked with hope. He shall be called Roman Emperor, and shall give peace to the world. He shall restore Siegburg and Heisterbach, (two convents, above mentioned.)

16. "Then shall there be no more Jews in Germany, and the heretics shall beat their own breasts.

17. "And after that shall be a good happy time. The praise of God shall dwell on earth; and there shall be no war, except beyond the seas. Then shall the fugitive brethren return, and dwell in their homes in peace for ever and ever.

"Men should heed well what I have said, for much evil may be averted by prayer; and although people jeer me, saying I am a simple fiddler, yet the time will come when they shall find my words true."

See Jaspers' predictions, Nos. 18 and 23. Brother Herrman, also, in verses 96-100, prophesies happy times, and the restoration of the convents of Chorin and Lehnin.

The next seer is Anton (Anthony), called the Youth of Elsen, a village near Paderborn, in Westphalia. He had the gift of the "second sight"—that is, he saw visions—and has a great reputation in that country as a true seer. His predictions were first collected by Dr Kutscheit, from whose work the author extracts as follows. The date is not given by our curate.

1. "When the convent of Abdinghof is occupied by soldiers, armed with long poles, to which little flags are attached, and when these troops leave the convent, then is the time near."

At this time (1849) Prussian lancers occupy the convent, which has been converted into a barrack. This was not the case when the prediction was made.

2. "From Neuhaus, houses may be seen on the Bock, (Buck,) and a village is founded between Paderborn and Elsen. Then is the time near."

The Bock is a wooded eminence near Paderborn, where an inn was built. To obtain a fine view from the inn, the wood was lately cut through, and thus the buildings have become visible from Neuhaus. The village or *dorf* is a newly-founded country house, or rather farm-house, with its appurtenances—*Scoticæ*, a town.

3. "When people see, in the Roman

field, houses with large windows; when a broad road is made through that field, which shall not be finished till the good times come, then shall come heavy times."

In the Roman field, on the high road to Erwitte, the Thuringian Railway was begun in 1847, and a terminus, the buildings of which have very large windows, has been laid down on the spot. The works have been, from the necessity of the times, suspended for the present. See Jaspers, No. 1, and Spielbähn, No. 3.

4. "When barley is sown on the Bock, then is the time close at hand. Then shall the enemy be in the land, and kill and devastate everything. Men will have to go seven leagues to find an acquaintance. The town of Paderborn shall have eight heavy days, during which the enemy lies there. On the last day, the enemy shall give up the town to plunder. But let every man carry his most valuable property from the ground floor to the garret; for the enemy will not have time, even to untie his shoestrings, so near will succour be."

In the summer of 1848, the first attempt was made to grow barley on the Bock, a cold, high-lying district.

5. "The enemy will try to bombard the town from the Liboriberg, (a hill close to Paderborn; but only one ball (or shell) shall hit, and set on fire a house in the Kampe. The fire, however, shall soon be extinguished.

6. "The French shall come as friends. French cavalry with shining breastplates (*cuirassiers*) shall ride in at the Westergate, and tie their horses to the trees in the Cathedral close. At the Giersthor, (another gate) soldiers with gray uniforms, faced with light blue, shall come in. But they will only look into the town, and then immediately withdraw. On the Bock stands a great army, with double insignia, (or marks—possibly the two cockades, Imperial German and Prussian, now worn by the Prussians,) whose muskets are piled in heaps.

7. "The enemy shall fly towards Salzkotten, and towards the heath. In both places a great battle shall be fought, so that people shall wade in blood to the ankles. The pursuers from the town must take care not to cross the Alme bridge; for not one of those who cross it shall return alive.

8. "The victorious prince shall enter, in solemn procession, the castle of Neuhaus, which shall be repaired (for the

occasion!) accompanied by many people with green boughs in their hats. On the Johannes Bridge, before Neuhaus, there shall be such a crowd that a child shall be crushed to death. While this goes on a great assembly shall be held in and before the Rathhaus (Town House.) They shall hurry (or drag) a man down from the Rathhaus, and hang him on a lamp-post before it.

9. "When all these things shall have come to pass, then shall there be a good time in the land. The convent (of Abdinghof) shall be restored; and it will be better to be a swineherd here, in our land, than a noble yonder in Prussia (proper)."

Next comes an old traditionary prophecy concerning Münster.

"Woe to thee, Münster! Woe to you, priests, doctors, and lawyers! How shall it be with you in the days of sorrow!

"For three days they shall go up and down thy streets. Three times shall the city be taken and lost.

"Let every man keep in the garret; thus shall he be safe. A dreadful fire shall break out in and destroy Ueberwasser, so that it may be seen from the cathedral place to the castle.

"The enemy shall be beaten, and shall fly through Kinderhaus so fast that they leave their cannon on the street. All this shall happen in the same year in which an illustrious person dies in the castle.

"The conquering prince shall make his entry through the Serrath-Thor, (a gate.)"

Part of this prophecy has been spread over the district of Münster for sixty years; part of it comes from the tailor at Kinderhaus, who also prophesied much to Blücher. He was one of the seers, or, as they are called in that country, "Spoikenkikers." "Spuck," in high German, signifies ghost or spirit; "Kiker" is our Scotch word "Keeker,"—in high German, "Gucker."

The next is an old prophecy concerning Osnabrück.

"Osnabrück shall suffer much for fourteen days, and see a bloody contest in her streets.

"Even the service of the Greek Church shall be performed in the churches of Osnabrück."

This is quite possible, should Russians enter Westphalia. See Jaspers, No. 9.

"A violent contest shall arise between Catholics and Protestants. All the churches shall be again taken possession of by the Catholics.

"A priest, in the act of carrying the most Holy (the Host) into the Lutheran Church, shall be killed by a ball at the church door."

The three preceding prophecies are very remarkable, from the minute details which they contain, and which seem to indicate that the seers described *what they saw* in visions or in dreams. Of course, most of these visions, referring to events yet future, cannot be at present verified. But the signs given by Anton, to know when the time approaches, have come to pass.

The following traditionary prophecy about Cologne, was found by Magister Heinrich von Judden, pastor of the small church of St Martin, in the convent of the brethren of the Holy Virgin of Carmel, (in Cologne?) :—

"O happy Cologne! when thou art well paved, thou shalt perish in thine own blood. O, Cologne! thou shalt perish like Sodom and Gomorrah; thy streets shall flow with blood, and thy relics shall be taken away. Woe to thee, Cologne! because strangers suck thy breasts and the breasts of thy poor,—of thy poor, who therefore languish in poverty and misery."

Old tradition concerning Coblenz :—

"Woe! woe! Where Rhine and Moselle meet, a battle shall be fought against Turks and Baschkirs, (Russians!) so bloody, that the Rhine shall be dyed red for twenty-five leagues."

Traditions of battles in Westphalia :—

"A prodigious number of people shall come from the east towards the west.

"The whole west and south shall rise against them.

"The armies shall meet in the middle of Westphalia.

"A dreadful battle shall take place on the Strünheide, (a heath,) near Ahaus.

"At Riesenbeck, a bloody combat shall be fought.

"At Lidinghausen," said a seer, "I saw whole hosts of white-clad soldiers. (Austrians!)"

"Ottmarabocholt will have much to suffer.

"On the Lipperheide (a heath) a bloody battle is fought.

"Also in Rittberg, and the whole country round, a battle shall be fought.

"But the chief engagement shall be at the Birch-Tree."

Every one, says the author, who takes the trouble, can hear all this from the mouths of the peasantry. In

many places, the seers have even described the positions of the troops, and the direction in which the cannon are pointed.

Prophecy of a Capuchin monk in Düsseldorf, of date 1672:—

"After a dreadful war (Napoleon's wars!) shall there be peace; yet there shall be no peace, because the contest of the poor against the rich, and of the rich against the poor, shall break out.

"After this peace shall come a heavy time. The people shall have no longer truth nor faith.

"When women know not, from pride and luxuriousness, what clothes they shall wear—sometimes short, sometimes long, sometimes narrow, sometimes wide; when men also change their dress, and wear everywhere the beards of the Capuchins,* then will God chastise the world. A dreadful war shall break out in the south (Hungary!) and spread eastward and northward. The kings shall be killed. Savage hordes shall overflow Germany, and come to the Rhine. They shall take delight in murdering and burning, so that mothers, in despair, seeing death everywhere before their eyes, shall cast themselves and their sucklings into the water. When the need is greatest, a preserver shall come from the south. He shall defeat the hordes of the enemy, and make Germany prosperous. But, in those days, many parts shall be so depopulated, that it will be necessary to climb a tree to look for people afar off."

An old prophecy concerning the battle of the *Birch-Tree*:—

"A time shall come when the world shall be godless. The people will strive to be independent of king or magistrate, subjects will be unfaithful to their princes. Neither truth nor faith prevails more. It will then come to a general insurrection, in which father shall fight against son, and son against father. In that time, men shall try to pervert the articles of faith, and shall introduce new books. The Catholic religion shall be hard pressed, and men will try with cunning to abolish it. Men shall love play and jest, and pleasure of all kinds, at that time. But then it shall not be long before a change occurs. A frightful war shall break out. On one side shall stand Russia, Sweden, and the whole north; on the other, France, Spain, Italy, and the whole south, under a powerful prince. This prince shall come from the south. He wears a white coat, with buttons all the way down. He has a cross on his

breast, rides a gray horse, which he mounts from his left side, because he is lame of one foot. He will bring peace. Great is his severity, for he will put down all dance-music and rich attire. He will hear morning mass in the church at Bremen. (According to some traditions, he will read mass.) From Bremen he rides to the Haar, (a height near Werl;) from thence he looks with his spyglass towards the country of the Birch-Tree, and observes the enemy. Next, he rides past Holtum, (a village near Werl.) At Holtum stands a crucifix between two lime-trees; before this, he kneels and prays with outstretched arms, for some time. Then he leads his soldiers, clad in white, into the battle, and, after a bloody contest, he remains victorious.

"The chief slaughter will take place at a brook which runs from west to east. Woe! woe! to Budberg and Söndern in those days! The victorious leader shall assemble the people after the battle, and address to them a speech in the church."

So runs the above prophecy, according to the concurring testimony of many peasants of that country. It was long ago printed in a small pamphlet, in the convent at Werl. But, at the removal of the convent, all its books were lost or destroyed. The tradition, however, remained among the peasantry, and has even penetrated into France; for when French (troops?) came to Werl, they inquired for the Birch-Tree. In Pomerania also, natives of Westphalia, when quartered there, have been questioned about its position. It stood long between Holtum and Kirch-Hemmerde, villages lying between Unna and Werl. When it withered, a new one was, by royal order, planted on the spot. This proves that the Government knew of the prophecy or tradition, and felt an interest in it. The people believe so firmly in the prophecy, that the peasantry near Werl even opposed the introduction of new hymn-books, under the impression that they were the predicted *new books*. Bremen, Holtum, Budberg, and Söndern are villages near Werl. A crucifix stands at Holtum between two young lime-trees; and a brook there flows from west to east.

Another old prophecy of the battle of the Birch-Tree. This prophecy was printed at Cologne in 1701, in Latin. The title, translated, is as follows:—

* This is now the case in Germany.

"A prophecy concerning the frightful contest between South and North, and a terrific battle on the borders of the duchy of Westphalia, near Bodberg, (Budberg.) From a book, entitled, A treatise on the heavenly regeneration (or restoration), by an anonymous author, illuminated (or enlightened,) by visions. With permission of the Officialate at Werl. Cologne, 1701."

It was translated and printed in German by the monks of Werl, but, as already stated, their library was destroyed or dispersed.

"After these days shall dawn the sad unhappy time, predicted by our Lord. Men, in terror on the earth, shall faint for expectation of the coming events. The father shall be against the son and the brother against the brother. Truth and faith shall no longer be found. After the nations, singly, have long warred against each other, after thrones have crumbled, and kingdoms been overthrown, shall the entire South take arms against the North. (Auster contra Aquilonem.) Then country, language, and faith shall not be contended for, but they shall fight for the rule of the world."

“They shall meet in the middle of Germany, destroy towns and villages, after the inhabitants have been compelled to fly to the hills and the woods. This dreadful contest shall be decided in Lower Germany. There the armies shall pitch camps, such as the world has not yet seen. This fearful engagement shall begin at the *Birch-Tree* near Bodberg. *Woe ! woe ! poor Fatherland !* They shall fight three whole days. Even when covered with wounds, they shall mangle each other, and wade in blood to the ankles. The bearded people of the seven stars (!) shall finally conquer, and their enemies shall fly ; they shall turn at the bank of the river, and again fight with the extremity of despair. But there shall that power be annihilated, and its strength broken, so that hardly a few will be left, to tell of this unheard-of defeat. The inhabitants of the allied places shall mourn, but the Lord shall comfort them, and they shall say, It is the Lord's doing.”

The two preceding prophecies, both old, and printed long since, have probably a common origin, whatever that may be. The tradition has probably come to the people from the monks of Werl.

Some predictions or visions, connected with the prophecy of Werl:—

A seer, named Rölinsk, of Steinen, who has been dead some time, prophesied of three processions in Kirch-Hemmerde.

"The first shall be a funeral procession. The names of several men shall be hung up on the church."

This happened when, in the war of 1813-15, some brave men of this district fell in battle.

"The second procession shall go from the old church to the new one."

This took place when the Catholics of Kirch-Hemmerde built a new church; and the Host was carried from the Simultankirche into the new edifice.

"The third shall be after a dreadful war. Then shall Catholics and Protestants again go together in procession into the old church, and have one religion."

He said further, —

"When two towers are built between Söndern and Werl, then shall a frightful war soon break out."

The towers are now there, having been lately built. One is a chimney for the Salt-Works; the other a Bohrthurm, (a tower over the pit whence the salt spring is pumped up.)

Another seer, named Ludolf, saw the whole order of battle of both armies, and pointed out in a corn-field near Kirch-Hemmerde the spot, near the *Birch-Tree*, where he saw in his vision a colonel fall from his horse, struck by a ball. The horse, he said, would run to a sheaf of oats, (therefore late in autumn,) snap at it, and in the same moment fall, also pierced by a shot.

A third seer, Hermann Kappelmann, of Scheidengen, near Werl, prophesied as follows, thirty years ago (1819,) before a whole company.

“The times are yet good, but they shall change much. After many years a frightful war shall break out. The signs shall be : When in Spring the cowslips appear early in the hedges, and disturbances prevail everywhere ; in that year the explosion does not take place. But when, after a short winter, the cowslips bloom very early, and all appears quiet, let no man believe in peace.

"When great wisps of straw stand on the Bärenwiese, (Bear's meadow,) then shall the war break out."

The Bärenwiese is a large common meadow at Scheidingen. Soon after the French and Polish revolutions of 1830 it was divided, and on that account wisps of straw were ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~used~~. The people believed the great

then at hand. Now there are once more wisps of straw set up, to mark the line of the railway to Cassel, which is in progress.

"When you then hear cannon from the side of Münster, then hasten to cross the Ruhr, and take bread (a loaf) with you sufficient for three days. He who only puts his foot in the water shall be safe from harm. Then you may return, but whether you shall find your posts (or poles) again, I cannot say. (Probably marks of agricultural subdivisions.) After a short contest shall follow peace and quiet. The peace shall be announced at Christmas from all the pulpits."

Numberless traditions speak of the burning of the town of Unna, round which, and not through it, the armies will march, on account of the conflagration. Others speak of the burning of Dortmund, on the east side. Others, again, describe how the remains of the enemy fly to Erwitte and Salzkotten, and are there totally cut to pieces. All the towns and villages from Paderborn to the Rhine have similar traditions. There is a very old one concerning the Marienheide, (a heath,)—namely, that there the Whites shall drive the Blues before them, and through the Lippe, in which many shall be drowned.

Traditions concerning the years 1846-1850 :—

"1846, I would not be a vine."

"1847, I would not be an apple-tree."

"1848, I would not be a king."

"1849, I would not be a hare, a soldier, or a gravedigger."

"1850, I would not be a priest."

In 1846, the crop of grapes was too heavy for the vines.

In 1847, the apple-trees broke under the weight of their fruit.

In 1848, as we know, kings were at a discount.

In 1849, the hares suffered from the suspension or abolition of the game laws in Germany; the soldiers had much to suffer; and the gravediggers, in consequence of war and cholera, were overwhelmed with work in many places.

As to the priests in 1850, we heard from several quarters, of an old prophecy that there shall be a fearful massacre of priests, against whom the people shall be much embittered. One says declares, that such will be of the peasantry towards

the priests, that a peasant, sitting down to dinner with his family, and having just stuck a fork into the fowl, shall, on seeing a priest pass by the house, lay down his fork, rush out, beat out the priest's brains with his club, and then return to his meal with satisfaction.

Another tradition, of which we heard from several well-informed persons, states that a pope shall come as a fugitive to reside at Cologne, with four cardinals, and there exercise his ecclesiastical functions.

A prophecy, of date 1622, concerning certain months of a year not named.

"The month of May shall earnestly prepare for war. But it is not yet time. June shall also invite to war, but still it is not time. July will prove so cruel, that many must part from wife and child. In August, men shall everywhere hear of war. September and October shall bring great bloodshed. Wonders shall be seen in November. At this time the child is twenty-eight years old, (the powerful monarch) whose wet nurse shall be from the east. He shall do great things."

Prophecies of the "Powerful Monarch :"—

One prophet says,—“He shall be of an ancient noble house, and descend from the top of the rocks. His mother shall be a twin. He will be Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, (the German Empire.) Holzhauser says, ‘He shall be born in the bosom of the Catholic Church; his name shall be, ‘The Help of God.’”

See the preceding prophecies, *passim*.

We have now given a sufficient sketch of some of the more curious and definite popular German prophecies. The curate of Dortmund adds a considerable number of others, more vague, mystical, and in some cases theological, which we omit, as not adapted to our present purpose; and others not bearing on Germany, of some interest—especially a long one concerning Italy, by the Franciscan monk, Bartolomeo da Saluzzi—which want of space prevents us from discussing at this time.

Let us now consider the foregoing prophecies in general. We must admit, as it seems to us, that there exist in Germany unfulfilled popular prophecies, the authenticity of which

is respectably attested and generally admitted.

We further observe, that, taking the whole of them, as far as known to us, we can trace the following points pervading the entire series, more or less :—

1. A great war after a peace, about this time.

2. It is preceded by political convulsions, and lesser wars.

3. The East and North fight against the South and West.

4. The latter finally prevail, under a powerful prince, who unexpectedly rises up.

5. The great struggle is short, and occurs late in the year.

6. It is decided by the battle of the Birch-Tree, near Werl.

7. After horrible devastations, and murders, and burnings, caused by this war, peace and prosperity return.

8. Priests are massacred and become very rare ; but

9. One religion unites all men.

10. All this takes place soon after the introduction of railways into Germany.

11. The present King of Prussia is the last.

12. The "powerful prince" from the South becomes Emperor of Germany.

13. France is, about this time, inwardly divided.

14. The Russians come as enemies to the Rhine, the French enter Germany as friends—without entering into further details.

We see moreover, that, admitting the genuineness of the prophecies, partial fulfilment has in several cases taken place. Here it must be noted, that our curate has chiefly confined himself to the unfulfilled parts, and has avowedly omitted many fulfilled predictions. While we attach considerable importance to the general impression among the people of the truth of these prophecies, which in part depends on their partial fulfilment in past times, our chief object has been to put on record the more remarkable of the unfulfilled predictions, in order that they may be compared with future events.

If we seek to form any idea of the origin of these prophecies, we find that there are three sources, from which the people may have derived the traditions.

1. They may possibly be, in some cases at least, derived from the reflections of sagacious men. Even Napoleon predicted dreadful wars, and that Europe must become either Cossack or Republican. But although some things may thus be explained, we do not see how the minute details, in other cases, can be thus accounted for.

2. Scriptural prophecies may have been applied to modern events, which, indeed, are no doubt foretold in them, in a general way. We cannot avoid observing the tolerably frequent occurrence of Scripture language in the predictions ; but this also does not account for all the details.

3. The seers or prophets may have had genuine visions, or dreams, in which they saw what they describe : it has been seen that various prophets use language implying this. And, while the general resemblance of the different visions naturally leads us to suspect that the popular traditions have a common origin ; we can at most conclude from this, that the original seer or seers lived long ago, which only increases the difficulty. They were probably, like Brother Herrmann, monks and ascetics, their imaginations exalted by religious fervour : in other words they were nervous and excitable, and predisposed to visions. Supposing their visions known to the people, the feeling of the marvellous, if excited along with religious sentiments, may have led to visions or second sight among the peasantry, and thus visions may have been multiplied and expanded in details.

If we reflect on the many known instances of prophetic dreams, and on the alleged and respectably attested cases of somnambulistical prevision, we shall see reason to hesitate before we deny the possibility of the occurrence, in certain individuals, of prophetic visions. We are far from imagining that, if such have been the case with our German seers, they have enjoyed direct communications from Heaven ; on the contrary, were we satisfied of the fact, we should regard it as a phenomenon depending on some obscure physical cause, which may in time be discovered and traced ; and which, at all events, exists by Divine permission.

Here we may allude to

able prophecy of Monsieur de Cazotte, who, some years previous to 1787, predicted to a large company of persons of rank, science, and literature, with much detail, the atrocities of the Reign of Terror. He likewise told many of those present, both male and female, that they should perish on the guillotine. To Condorcet he said, that he should die in prison, of the effects of a poison which he should long, with the view of escaping a public execution, have carried about his person—which happened. He also predicted the fate of Louis XVI. and his Queen. This prophecy caused much amazement, and soon became known. Persons are yet alive, both in France and England, who heard it detailed before 1789. We have seen one of them. Now, it might be said, that Cazotte merely exercised a rare sagacity, in judging of the course of events, at a time when all France was enthusiastically looking forward to the blessings of liberty, and while yet no one dreamed of violence or bloodshed. But this would hardly account for the details he gave. On the other hand, he often uttered predictions; and it is very remarkable, although it has been too much overlooked, that those who report his prophecies, including the above one, always state that, when about to predict, he fell into a peculiar state, *as if asleep*—yet not ordinary sleep. It can hardly be doubted that this was a trance, in which he saw visions. That they were fulfilled to the letter is surely, if only a coincidence, a most wonderful one. If, again, it was merely the result of sagacious reflection, how came it that Cazotte alone, of all the able thinkers then in Paris, made these reflections, and was laughed at for his pains?

The laborious, minute, and conscientious researches of the Baron von Reichenbach have proved, beyond a doubt, that we are far from being acquainted with all the physical influences which surround us; and he has even referred to a physical cause—one source of the belief in ghosts—by proving that luminous appearances are visible, to sensitive persons, over recent graves. No one can fail to

see the resemblance between the Sensitives of Baron von Reichenbach, who are far from rare, and the Spokenkiker, or ghost seers, of the curate of Dortmund.

We consider it probable, therefore, that at different periods seers have had visions, more or less distinct and detailed, of what appeared to their minds likely to happen; that these visions have occurred in a state of trance; that among ascetic monks, who may be regarded as liable to such trances, it may often have happened that extensive knowledge of history and of mankind has enabled them to foresee the probable course of events; that their predictions, becoming known to the peasantry, have given a tone to their visions, in which the events are generally localised in the immediate vicinity of the seer; and that thus, by degrees, more detailed predictions have arisen. Considering the general ignorance and superstition of the peasantry in all countries, it is not wonderful that such predictions, generally bearing on violent political convulsions, war, and religion, the subjects most interesting to their minds, should acquire a hold over them such as is found to exist in many parts of Germany, in reference to the prophecies above described. It is even probable that the existence of the predictions may have had a considerable influence in preparing the people for such sudden outbreaks as those of 1848, and may thus, in some measure, have contributed to their own fulfilment.

We must admit that these remarks do not much assist in explaining the occurrence of minute details in these predictions, many of which are said, on good authority, to have been fulfilled. But we do not feel ourselves in possession of sufficient evidence to justify us in arguing on the alleged fulfilment as certain; and we have therefore satisfied ourselves with laying before the reader a brief sketch of these predictions, the existence of which, as an article of belief with many thousands of people at this day, is, under whatever point of view it may be considered, very interesting.

W. G.

THE HISTORY OF A REGIMENT DURING THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.

THE Russian Campaign of Napoleon is unquestionably the most wonderful episode in the history of war. We are not only interested, but astounded, by its study. It comprises a series of events gigantic and unparalleled in the annals of human strife. From the note of preparation to the final wail of despair, the reader's imagination is continually on the stretch to realise and comprehend the prodigious scale of its circumstances. At the word of the great military magician, half-a-million of men, levied from half Europe, mustered in arms for aggression. From France they came, from Italy and Poland: Austria and Prussia dared not refuse their contingents; Illyria and Dalmatia sent forth their infantry; to their astonishment and dismay, Spanish and Portuguese battalions were marched into the dreary north under the banners of the man against whose generals their brothers and fathers were at that moment contending on the mountains of their native peninsula. The West was arrayed against the East. Since the birth of discipline and civilisation, such an army had never been seen. The events of its first and only campaign were in proportion to its unprecedented magnitude. In six months the mighty armament returned, a shattered wreck, having fought the most desperate battle the world ever saw, having witnessed the self-destruction of a vast and wealthy capital—suicide for the country's salvation—and having endured sufferings which may have been equalled on a smaller scale, but which certainly never before or since fell to the lot of so numerous and powerful a host.

After reading that delightful work of Count Ségur, which combines the fascination of a romance with the value of history, few persons much care to consult any other French account of the great campaign. It was with something of this feeling, and with slender expectation of interest, that we opened General de Fezen-

sac's recently-published Journal. But its perusal agreeably disappointed us. Narratives of personal adventure have a peculiar charm; and the unadorned tale of a soldier's hazards will often rivet the attention of those who would not persevere through the more copious and important history of a great war. M. de Fezensac has not attempted the history of the campaign. He confines himself to his own adventures and those of the regiment he commanded. At most does he include in his delineations the exploits of the 8d (Ney's) corps, (to which his regiment belonged,) at the time when cold, famine, fatigue, and the sword had reduced it to little more than the ordinary strength of a brigade, and, subsequently, to a mere handful of jaded, frost-bitten warriors. By a few lines here and there, he supplies, with true military brevity, that outline of the operations necessary to connect and complete the interest of his journal. He avoids controversy; he is slow to censure acts or impute motives; his style is remarkably free from that fanfarronade into which many French writers unconsciously run when recording the military achievements of their countrymen. He tells only what he himself saw, and he tells it modestly and well, without attempt at rhetorical adornment; rightly believing that the events he witnessed and shared in are sufficiently remarkable to need no factitious colouring.

M. de Fezensac commenced the campaign upon the staff. In the capacity of aide-de-camp to Berthier, he joined the headquarters of the Grand Army at Posen, and marched with them to Wilna. It was in the month of June. Already, although the campaign had been opened but a few days, during which the Russians had everywhere receded before the invaders, certain ominous circumstances contradicted, to observant eyes and reflecting minds, those anticipations of triumphant success so confidently and universally entertained, a few short

weeks before, at Dresden. The fervent heat was succeeded by torrents of rain; mortality amongst the horses commenced; the army, living upon the country, suffered from want of food and forage; already the number of stragglers was great, and acts of pillage and violence were frequent. As an instance of these, when the Poles, with Napoleon's approval, organised a civil government of Lithuania, one of the sub-prefects, repairing to his post, was plundered by the French soldiers, and arrived almost naked in the town he was sent to preside over. The French Emperor's seventeen days' halt at Wilna, so severely censured by historians, gave M. de Fezensac opportunity to observe the details and composition of the monstrous staff and retinue that attended Napoleon, of which he furnishes the following curious account:—

"The Emperor had around him the grand marshal, (Duroc,) the master of the horse, (Caulaincourt,) his aides-de-camp, his orderly officers, the aides-de-camp of his aides-de-camp, and several secretaries attached to his cabinet. The major-general (Berthier) had eight or ten aides-de-camp, and the number of clerks necessary for the great amount of work occasioned by such an army; the general staff, composed of a vast number of officers of all grades, was commanded by General Monthion. The administration, directed by Count Dumas, intendant-general, was subdivided into the administrative service properly so called, comprising directors, inspectors of reviews, and commissaries; the service of health, including physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries; the service of provisions in all its branches, and workmen of every kind. When the Prince of Neuchatel passed it in review at Wilna, it looked, from a distance, like a body of troops ranged in order of battle, and, by an unfortunate fatality, notwithstanding the zeal and talents of the intendant-general, this immense administration was almost useless from the very commencement of the campaign, and became noxious at its close. Let the reader now picture to himself the assemblage, at one point, of the whole of this staff; let him fancy the prodigious number of servants, of led horses, of baggage of

all kinds that it dragged along with it, and he will have some idea of the spectacle presented by the headquarters of the army. Also, when a movement was made, the Emperor took with him but a very small number of officers; all the rest set out beforehand, or followed behind. At a bivouac, the only tents were for the Emperor and the Prince of Neuchatel; the generals and other officers slept in the open air, like the rest of the army.

"There was nothing irksome in our duty as aides-de-camp to the major-general. . . . In his personal intercourse with us, the Prince of Neuchatel exhibited that mixture of goodness and roughness which composed his character. Often he appeared to pay no attention to us, but, upon occasion, we were sure to find his sympathy; and during the whole of his long military career, he neglected the advancement of none of the officers employed under his orders. The best house in the town, after that taken for the Emperor, was allotted for his accommodation; and as he himself always lodged with the Emperor, the house belonged to his aides-de-camp. One of these was charged with the household details, whose regularity was a pattern; the Prince of Neuchatel himself, in the midst of all his occupations, found time to give his thoughts to these matters; he wished his aides-de-camp to want for nothing, and had often the goodness to inquire whether such was the case. . . . We saw little of him, having no duty to do under his immediate eye; he passed almost the whole day in his cabinet, dispatching orders agreeably with the Emperor's instructions. Never was there seen greater exactness, more complete submission, more absolute devotion. It was by writing during the night that he reposed from the fatigues of the day; often he was roused from his sleep to alter all that he had done on the previous day, and sometimes his sole recompense was an unjust, or, at least, a very severe reprimand. But nothing slackened his zeal; no amount of bodily fatigue, or of assiduity in the cabinet, exceeded his powers; no trials wearied his patience. In short, if the Prince of Neuchatel's position never gave him an opportunity to

develop the talents essential to the commander-in-chief of great armies, it is at least impossible to unite, in a higher degree, the physical and moral qualities adapted to the post he filled near such a man as the Emperor."

The peculiar talents of Berthier, his patience, industry, and wonderful habit of order, have been often admitted, but we do not remember to have seen his character placed in so amiable a light as here by his former aide-de-camp. M. de Fezensac continued upon his staff until after the battle of Borodino, when he was promoted by the Emperor, on Berthier's recommendation, to the command of the 4th regiment of the line, vacant by its colonel's death in that murderous fight. He was doubly grateful for this promotion, because it placed him under the orders of Marshal Ney, with whom he had served some years previously. As to the regiment itself, it was in no very flourishing state. Of 2800 men who had crossed the Rhine, 900 remained, so that the four battalions formed but two upon parade. The equipments, and especially the shoes, were in bad repair; supplies of provisions were irregular; and constant change of place was indispensable, for the troops ravaged within twenty-four hours the country they traversed. The majority of the officers were raw youths from the military schools, or old sergeants, whose want of education should have retained them in the ranks, but who had been promoted to sustain emulation, and to fill the enormous gaps occasioned by destructive campaigns. For the 4th was an old regiment, formed in the first years of the Revolution, and had fought through all the German wars, and numbered Joseph Buonaparte amongst its colonels. Its present shattered and unprosperous condition extended to the whole of Ney's corps, which was reduced to a third of its original numbers. The losses were unparalleled, and so was the depression of the soldiers. Their gaiety had disappeared; a mournful silence replaced the songs and pleasant tales with which they formerly beguiled the fatigues of the march. The officers themselves were uneasy; they served for duty and for honour's sake, but without ardour or

pleasure. After a victory that opened the road to Moscow, this universal discouragement was strangely ominous.

With his regimental command commences the interesting portion of M. de Fezensac's journal, of which his staff experience occupies but a couple of chapters. Often as it has been described, he yet contrives to give freshness to his details of Moscow's appearance after the terrible conflagration, at whose flame was sealed the doom of the Grand Army.

"It was both a strange and a horrible spectacle. Some houses appeared to have been razed; of others, fragments of smoke-blackened walls remained; ruins of all kinds encumbered the streets; everywhere was a horrible smell of burning. Here and there a cottage, a church, a palace, stood erect amidst the general destruction. The churches especially, by their many-coloured domes, by the richness and variety of their construction, recalled the former opulence of Moscow. In them had taken refuge most of the inhabitants, driven by our soldiers from the houses the fire had spared. The unhappy wretches, clothed in rags, and wandering like ghosts amid the ruins, had recourse to the saddest expedients to prolong their miserable existence. They sought and devoured the scanty vegetables remaining in the gardens; they tore the flesh from the animals that lay dead in the streets; some even plunged into the river for corn the Russians had thrown there, and which was now in a state of fermentation. . . . It was with the greatest difficulty we procured black bread and beer; meat began to be very scarce. We had to send strong detachments to seize oxen in the woods where the peasants had taken refuge, and often the detachments returned empty-handed. Such was the pretended abundance procured us by the pillage of the city. We had liquors, sugar, sweetmeats, and we wanted for meat and bread. We covered ourselves with furs, but were almost without clothes and shoes. With great store of diamonds, jewels, and every possible object of luxury, we were on the eve of dying of hunger. A large number of Russian soldiers wandered in the streets of Mos-

cow. I had fifty of them seized ; and a general, to whom I reported the capture, told me I might have had them shot, and that on all future occasions he authorised me to do so. I did not abuse the authorisation. It will be easily understood how many mishaps, how much disorder, characterised our stay in Moscow. Not an officer, not a soldier, but could tell strange anecdotes on this head. One of the most striking is that of a Russian whom a French officer found concealed in the ruins of a house ; by signs he assured him of protection, and the Russian accompanied him. Soon, being obliged to carry an order, and seeing another officer pass at the head of a detachment, he transferred the individual to his charge, saying hastily—'I recommend this gentleman to you.' The second officer, misunderstanding the intention of the words and the tone in which they were pronounced, took the unfortunate Russian for an incendiary, and had him shot."

The retreat commenced. After the affair of Wiazma, Ney's corps relieved the 1st corps as rearguard, and the 4th regiment, rearmost of Ney's corps, had to repel the repeated attacks of the Russian van and of the swarming Cossacks. They were hard pressed ; but still the Emperor's order was to march slowly and preserve the baggage. In vain Ney wrote to him there was no time to lose, and that he risked being anticipated by the Russians at Smolensko or Orcha. At Dorogobuje the marshal formed the design of arresting the progress of the Russians for a whole day ; but the attempt was unsuccessful, and the French rearguard was driven onwards. The cold had set in, and the sufferings of the troops were terrible. Famine was superadded to their other miseries. The road resembled a battle-field. Some, with frozen limbs, lay dying on the snow ; others fell asleep in the villages, and perished in the flames lighted by their comrades.

"At Dorogobuje I saw a soldier of my regiment, in whom hunger had produced the effect of intoxication. He stood close to us without recognising us, inquiring for his regiment, naming the soldiers of his company, and at the same time speaking to

them as to strangers ; his gait was tottering, his look wild. He disappeared at the commencement of the affair, and I saw him no more. In two days from Dorogobuje, we reached Slobpnowa, on the bank of the Dnieper. The road was so slippery that the ill-shod horses could hardly keep their legs. At night we bivouacked amidst the snow in the woods. Each regiment in turn formed the extreme rearguard, which the enemy unceasingly followed and harassed. The army continued to march so slowly, that we were on the point of overtaking the 1st corps, which immediately preceded us. The encumbrance on the bridge over the Dnieper was extreme : for a quarter of a league beyond, the road was still covered with abandoned carriages and ammunition-waggons. On the morning of the 10th November, before crossing the river, measures were taken to clear the bridge and burn all these vehicles. In them were found a few bottles of rum, which were of great service. I was on the rearguard, and during the whole morning my regiment defended the road leading to the bridge. The wood through which this road passes was full of wounded whom we were obliged to leave to their fate, and whom the Cossacks massacred almost by our sides. M. Rouchat, sub-lieutenant, having imprudently approached an ammunition-cart that was to be blown up, was shattered to pieces by the explosion. Towards night the troops passed the Dnieper ; the bridge was destroyed."

It was important to delay the enemy's passage of the river, and Ney prepared to do so.

"That night he walked for a long time in front of my regiment with General Joubert and myself. He pointed out to us the unfortunate results of the failure at Dorogobuje. The enemy had gained a day's march ; had forced us to abandon ammunition, baggage, wounded : all these misfortunes would have been avoided had we held Dorogobuje for twenty-four hours. General Joubert spoke of the weakness of the troops, of their discouragement. The marshal replied quickly, that the worst that could have happened was to be killed, and that a glorious death was too fine a thing to

be shunned. For my part, I contented myself with remarking that I had not left the heights of Dorogobnje till I had twice received the order."

The "bravest of the brave" could see no terrors in death. His own insensibility to it made him slow to sympathise with others. A few days later, M. de Fezensac learned the death of M. Alfred de Noailles, who had been one of his brother aides-de-camp to Berthier.

"He was the first friend I had lost in this campaign, and it caused me very deep sorrow. Marshal Ney, to whom I spoke on the subject, told me, for sole consolation, *that apparently it was his turn; and that at any rate it was better we should have to regret him than if he had to regret us.* In similar circumstances he always showed the same insensibility: on another occasion I heard him reply to an unfortunate wounded man, who begged to be carried away—'*What would you have me do? You are a victim of war;*' and he passed on. Most assuredly he was neither cruel nor devoid of feeling; but the frequency of the misfortunes of war had hardened his heart. Penetrated with the idea that the fate of all soldiers is to die upon the field of battle, he thought it quite natural they should fulfil their destiny; and it has been seen in this narrative that he prized not his own life more highly than the lives of others."

The passage of the river was defended for twenty-four hours. Two days later, those of the weary rear-guard who were not prevented by frozen limbs or the cold hand of death from rising from their ice-bound bivouac, joyfully beheld, at half a league's distance, the towers of Smolensko. Joyfully, because they had long looked for that town as the term of their misery. Repose and food, so greatly needed, were there anticipated. But there, as on every occasion during the retreat where alleviation was hoped for, disappointment ensued. Wittgenstein was pressing southwards from the Dwina, Tchitchagoff northwards to Minsk, the Austrians had retreated behind the Bug, and the French were in imminent danger of being intercepted at the Beresina. A halt at Smolensko was impossible, and orders were given to continue the march.

Smolensko contained large stores of provisions; but these availed little to the famished troops, for the general disorganisation had extended to the commissariat, and waste was the result. The Guard, which arrived first with Napoleon, received abundant supplies of all kinds; but then came pouring in stragglers and undisciplined bodies; the warehouses were broken open and plundered, and rations for several months were squandered in a day. When the 3d corps, after defending the approaches to the town, entered in its turn, the work of destruction was at an end, and Colonel de Fezensac could find nothing either for his regiment or himself. But though they had nothing to eat, they were expected to fight; for Ney, the indefatigable, prepared obstinately to defend the town. On the 15th November, a severe combat occurred in the suburb, in which the 4th regiment was alone engaged, and during which its colonel received from Ney the order that daring leader was most rarely known to give—namely, not to advance too far. M. de Fezensac records this order with as much honest pride as he does the warm eulogium which his regiment's conduct elicited from the marshal. For three days Smolensko was held, and then the 3d corps resumed its march. Meanwhile the Emperor, Eugene, and Davoust, with the Guard, the 4th and 1st corps, were hard pressed at Krasnoi, the two latter, especially, suffering most severely.

"The Emperor, having not a moment to lose to reach the Beresina, saw himself compelled to abandon the 3d corps, and precipitated his march to Orcha. During the three days' fighting (at and near Krasnoi,) no information was sent to Marshal Ney of the danger about to menace him. . . . On the morning of the 18th November, we set out from Koritnya, and marched upon Krasnoi: on approaching that town, a few squadrons of Cossacks harassed the 2d division, which headed the column. We attached no importance to this; we were accustomed to the Cossacks, and a few musket-shots sufficed to drive them away. But soon the advanced guard fell in with General Ricard's division, belonging to the 1st corps,

which had remained behind, and had just been routed. The marshal rallied the remains of this division, and under cover of a fog, which favoured our march by concealing the smallness of our numbers, he approached the enemy until their cannon compelled him to pause. The Russian army, drawn up in order of battle, barred our further passage; then only did we learn that we were cut off from the rest of the army, and that our sole chance of salvation was in our despair."

We know not whence M. de Fezensac derives his statements of numbers, but they frequently require correction. At Borodino, for instance, he gives, as an exact detail of the French loss, 6547 killed, and 21,453 wounded—making a total of about 28,000. Alison and other historians rate it nearly twenty thousand higher; and certainly nothing in the events of the battle argues it as much less than that of the Russians, which M. de Fezensac estimates at about 50,000—figures confirmed by other authorities. In like manner, he states the entire strength of the 3d corps, when it first entered the fire of the Russian batteries at Krasnoi, as barely 6000 combatants, with six guns, and a mere picket of cavalry. This is extraordinarily discrepant with other accounts, which make Ney's loss, in the immediately ensuing engagement, to be nearly as great as the whole number of bayonets allotted to him by M. de Fezensac. Doubtless it was most difficult to ascertain numbers correctly during that confused retreat, where there can have been little question of muster-rolls and morning-states, and many seeming contradictions may be explained, by some writers estimating only the effective fighting men, and others including the unarmed and stragglers who dragged themselves along with the columns. But we attach no importance to differences of this kind as regards the *Journal*, which we here notice, not as a work of historical value—a character to which it makes no pretensions—but as the interesting memoir of a brave gentleman and soldier, who has written down, modestly and unaffectedly, his own and his regiment's share in a most extraordinary campaign.

"Hardly had Marshal Ney withdrawn his advanced guard from under the enemy's guns, when a flag of truce, sent by General Miloradowitsch, summoned him to lay down his arms. All who ever knew him will understand with what disdain the proposal was received. . . . For sole reply, the marshal made the messenger prisoner; a few cannon-shot, fired during this species of negotiation, serving as a pretext; and then, without considering the masses of the enemy and the small number of his own followers, he ordered the attack. The 2d division, formed in columns by regiments, marched straight to the enemy. Let me here be allowed to pay homage to the devotedness of those brave soldiers, and to congratulate myself on the honour of having marched at their head. The Russians beheld them, with admiration, marching towards them in the most perfect order, and with a steady step. Every cannon-ball carried away whole files—every step rendered death more inevitable; but the pace was not for an instant slackened. At last we got so near to the enemy's line, that the first division of my regiment, crushed by the grape-shot, was thrown back upon that which followed, and disordered its array. Then the Russian infantry charged us in its turn, and the cavalry, falling on our flanks, completely routed us. Some sharpshooters, advantageously posted, checked for an instant the enemy's pursuit; the division of Ledru deployed into line, and six guns replied to the numerous artillery of the Russians. During this time, I rallied the remains of my regiment upon the high road, where the cannon still reached us. Our attack had not lasted a quarter of an hour, but the 2d division no longer existed: my regiment lost several officers, and was reduced to two hundred men; the regiment of Illyria, and the 18th, which lost its eagle, were still worse treated; General Razout was wounded, and General Lenchantain made prisoner. The marshal now made the 2d division retire on Smolensko; at the end of half a league, he turned it to the left, across country, at right angles with the road. The first division, having long exhausted its strength by sustaining the shock of the whole hostile

army, followed this movement with the guns and some of the baggage; those of the wounded who could still walk dragged themselves after us. The Russians cantoned themselves in the villages, sending a column of cavalry to observe us.

"The day declined: the 3d corps marched in silence; none knew what was to become of us. But Marshal Ney's presence sufficed to reassure us. Without knowing what he would or could do, we knew he would do something. His self-confidence equalled his courage. The greater the danger, the more prompt was his determination; and when once he had made up his mind, he never doubted of success. Thus, in that terrible hour, his countenance expressed neither indecision nor uneasiness; all eyes were fixed upon him, but none dared question him. At last, seeing near him an officer of his staff, he said to him in a low voice: *We are not well.—What shall you do?* replied the officer.—*Pass the Dnieper.—Where is the road?*—*We shall find it.—And if the river is not frozen?*—*It will be.—So be it,* said the officer. This singular dialogue, which I here set down word for word, revealed the marshal's project of reaching Orcha by the right bank of the river, and so rapidly as still to find there the army, which was making its movement by the left bank. The plan was bold and ably conceived; it will be seen with what vigour it was executed.

"We marched across the fields, without a guide, and the inexactness of the maps contributed to mislead us. Marshal Ney, endowed with that peculiar talent of the great soldier which teaches how to take advantage of the slightest indications, observed some ice in the direction we were following, and had it broken, thinking it must be a rivulet that would lead us to the Dnieper. It really was a rivulet; we followed it, and reached a village, where the Marshal feigned to establish himself for the night. Fires were lighted and pickets thrown out. The enemy left us quiet, expecting to have us cheap the next day. Under cover of this stratagem, the Marshal followed up his plan. A guide was wanted, and the village was deserted; at last the soldiers discovered a lame peasant; they asked him where was

the Dnieper, and if frozen. He replied, that at a league off was the village of Sirokowitz, and that the Dnieper must there be frozen. We set out, conducted by this peasant, and soon reached the village. The Dnieper was sufficiently frozen to be traversed on foot. Whilst they sought a place to cross, the houses rapidly filled with officers and soldiers, wounded that morning, who had dragged themselves thus far, and to whose hurts the surgeons could hardly apply the first dressings; those who were not wounded busied themselves in seeking provisions. Marshal Ney, forgetful alike of the day's and the morrow's dangers, was buried in a profound sleep.

"Towards the middle of the night we crossed the Dnieper, abandoning to the enemy artillery, baggage, vehicles of every kind, and those wounded who could not walk. M. de Briquerville, (aide-de-camp of the Duke of Placentia,) dangerously wounded the day before, passed the river on his hands and knees; I gave him in charge to two sappers, who succeeded in saving him. The ice was so thin that very few horses could pass; the troops re-formed on the other side of the stream. Thus far success had attended the marshal's plan; the Dnieper was crossed, but we were still fifteen leagues from Orcha. It was essential to reach it before the French army left; we had to traverse a 'strange country, and to repel the attacks of the enemy with a handful of exhausted infantry, unsupported by cavalry or artillery. The march began under favourable auspices, with the capture of some Cossacks, surprised asleep in a village. At dawn on the 19th we were following the road to Liubavitschi. We were scarcely delayed for a moment by the passage of a torrent, and by some Cossack detachments which retired on our approach. At noon we reached two villages situated on a height, and whose inhabitants had scarcely time to escape, leaving us their provisions. The soldiers were giving themselves up to the joy occasioned by a moment of abundance, when there was a sudden call to arms. The enemy was advancing, and had already driven in our pickets. We left the villages,

formed column, and resumed our march. But we had no longer to deal, as heretofore, with detached parties of Cossacks; here were whole squadrons, manœuvring in regular order, and commanded by General Platow himself. Our skirmishers made head against them; the columns accelerated their march, making their arrangements to receive cavalry. Numerous as these horsemen were, we feared them little, for the Cossacks never ventured to charge home a square of infantry; but soon a battery of several guns opened fire upon us. This artillery followed the movements of the cavalry, upon sledges, wherever it could be of use. Until nightfall, Marshal Ney never ceased to struggle against all these obstacles, skilfully availing himself of the least advantages the nature of the ground afforded. Amidst the balls which fell in our ranks, and in spite of the Cossacks' yells and feigned attacks, we marched at the same pace. Darkness approached; the enemy redoubled his efforts. We had to quit the road, and to throw ourselves to the left into the woods fringing the Dnieper. But the Cossacks already held these woods; the 4th and 18th regiments, under command of General d'Henin, were directed to drive them thence. Meanwhile the hostile artillery took position on the further brink of a ravine we had to pass. There General Platow reckoned on exterminating us.

"I entered the wood with my regiment. The Cossacks retired; but the wood was deep, and tolerably dense, and we had to face every way to guard against surprise. Night came, we no longer heard anything around us; it was more than probable that Marshal Ney was continuing his advance. I advised General d'Henin to follow his movement; he refused, lest he should incur reproach from the marshal for quitting, without orders, the post assigned to him. At this moment loud shouts, announcing a charge, were heard at some distance in our front; giving us the certainty that the column was continuing its march, and that we were about to be cut off from it. I redoubled my entreaties, assuring General d'Henin that the marshal, with whose way of

serving I was well acquainted, would send him no order, because he expected commanding officers, thus detached, to act according to circumstances; besides which, he was too far off to be able to communicate with us, and the 18th regiment had assuredly moved on long ago. The general persisted in his refusal; all I obtained from him was to move us on to the place where the 18th ought to be, and unite the two regiments. The 18th had marched, and in its place we found a squadron of Cossacks. Tardily convinced of the justice of my remarks, General d'Henin determined to rejoin the column; but we had traversed the wood in so many directions, that we no longer knew our way. The officers of my regiment were consulted, and we took the direction the majority thought the right one. I will not undertake to describe all we had to endure during that cruel night. I had but one hundred men left, and we were more than a league in rear of our main body, which we must overtake through a host of enemies. It was necessary to march quick enough to make up for lost time, and in sufficient order to resist the attacks of the Cossacks. The darkness, the uncertainty of our road, the difficulty of making way through the wood, all augmented our embarrassment. The Cossacks called to us to surrender, and fired pointblank into the midst of us: those who were hit remained behind. A sergeant had his leg broken by a carbine ball. He fell at my side, saying coolly to his comrades—*Another man done for; take my havresack, you will profit by it.* They took his havresack, and we moved on in silence. Two wounded officers had the same fate. I observed with uneasiness the impression our position made upon the soldiers, and even upon the officers, of my regiment. Men who had shown themselves heroes in the battle-field, now appeared anxious and troubled; so true is it that the circumstances of danger have often greater terrors than the danger itself. Very few preserved the presence of mind that was then more necessary than ever. I needed all my authority to maintain order and prevent straggling. An officer even ventured to say, that we should perhaps be obliged to

surrender. I reprimanded him aloud, and the more severely that he was an officer of merit, which made the lesson more striking. At last, after more than an hour, we emerged from the wood and found the Dnieper on our left. We were in the right track, therefore; and this discovery gave the men a moment's joy, of which I took advantage to cheer them up, and inculcate coolness, which alone could save us. General d'Henin moved us along the river's bank to prevent the enemy from turning us. We were far from out of our difficulties; we knew our way, but the plain over which we marched permitted the enemy to fall on us in a large body, and to use their artillery. Fortunately it was dark, and the guns were fired rather at random. From time to time the Cossacks approached with loud cries; we stopped to drive them away with musketry, and then set off again. This march lasted two hours over the most difficult ground, across ravines so abrupt, that it required the utmost efforts to ascend the opposite side, and through half-frozen rivulets, where we had water to our knees. Nothing could shake the constancy of the soldiers; the utmost order was preserved; not a man left his rank. General d'Henin, wounded by a fragment of shell, concealed his hurt in order not to discourage the soldiers, and continued to command with unabated zeal. Doubtless he may be reproached with too obstinate a defence of the wood, but in such difficult circumstances error is pardonable; and what cannot be disputed, is the bravery and intelligence with which he led us during the whole of this perilous march. At last the enemy's pursuit slackened, and on an eminence in our front fires were seen. It was Marshal Ney's rearguard, which had halted there, and was now resuming its march: we joined it, and learned that upon the previous evening the marshal had advanced against the Cossack artillery, and forced it to yield him passage.

"Thus did the 4th regiment extricate itself from a position seemingly desperate. The march lasted another hour. The exhausted soldiers required repose, and we halted in a village where we found some provisions. But

we were still eight leagues from Orcha, and General Platow would doubtless redouble his efforts for our destruction. The moments were precious; at one in the morning the assembly sounded, and we set out. . . . We marched unmolested till the dawn. With the first sun-rays came the Cossacks, and soon our road led us over a plain. General Platow, desirous of profiting by this advantage, advanced that sledge-artillery which we could neither avoid nor overtake; and when he thought he had disordered our ranks, he commanded a charge. Marshal Ney rapidly formed each of his two divisions into a square; the 2d, under General d'Henin, being the rearmost, was first exposed. We forced all stragglers who still had a musket to join our ranks; severe threats were required to do this. The Cossacks, but feebly restrained by our skirmishers, and driving before them a crowd of unarmed fugitives, strove to reach the square. On their approach, and under fire of the artillery, our soldiers hastened their march. Twenty times I beheld them on the point of disbanding and flying in all directions, leaving us at the mercy of the Cossacks; but the presence of Marshal Ney, the confidence he inspired, his calmness in the moment of such great danger, kept them to their duty. We reached an eminence. The marshal ordered General d'Henin to hold it; adding, that we must know how to die there for the honour of France. Meanwhile, General Ledru marched to Jokubow, a village on the edge of a wood. When he had established himself there, we marched to join him: the two divisions took up a position, mutually flanking each other. It was not yet noon, and Marshal Ney declared he would defend this village till nine at night. General Platow made twenty attempts to take it from us; his attacks were constantly repulsed, and at last, fatigued by such a tenacious resistance, he himself took position opposite to us.

"Early in the morning the marshal had sent off a Polish officer, who reached Orcha and described our condition. The Emperor had left the town the day before: the Viceroy and Marshal Davoust still occupied it.

At nine that night we resumed our march in profound silence. The Cossack pickets, distributed along the road, retired at our approach. The march continued with much order. At a league from Orcha, our vanguard fell in with an advanced post, which challenged in French. It was a division of the 4th corps coming to our assistance with the Viceroy. One must have passed three days between life and death to judge of the joy this meeting gave us. The Viceroy received us with lively emotion, and warmly expressed to Marshal Ney his admiration of his conduct. He congratulated the generals and the two remaining colonels. His aides-de-camp surrounded us, and overwhelmed us with questions on the details of this great drama, and the part that each of us had played in it. But time pressed; after a few minutes we again moved on. The Viceroy formed our rearguard: at three in the morning we entered Orcha. Thus terminated this bold march, one of the most curious episodes of the campaign. It covered Marshal Ney with glory, and to him the 3d corps owed its salvation; if, indeed, the term of *corps d'armée* may be applied to the 800 or 900 men who reached Orcha, remnant of the 6000 who had fought at Krasnoi."

For eighteen days, over a distance of sixty leagues, the 3d corps had formed the rearguard. Diminished as its numbers now were, it was no longer available for that dangerous duty, and it joined the main body. Scarcely had it taken three hours' repose in some wretched houses of the faubourg of Orcha, when the Russians, from the other side of the Dneper, set fire to the town with shells, which were more particularly aimed at some conspicuous buildings, serving as provision-stores. It was impossible to serve out rations; at the risk of their lives, a few soldiers brought off some brandy and flour; but Davoust, now in command of the rearguard, hurried the troops' departure, and by eight o'clock the unfortunate 3d corps was on the march to Borisow. A broad, good road facilitated their progress, and Colonel de Fezensac, no longer occupied in repelling the enemy, was able to investigate the state of his

regiment. Eighty men remained, out of the 2800 that began the campaign; eighty tattered, famine-stricken, despairing wretches. They lived from hand to mouth, almost by a miracle; sometimes on flour steeped in water; at others, with a morsel of honeycomb or fragment of horseflesh; their sole drink the melted snow. "At some distance from Orcha, I fell in with M. Lanusse, a captain of my regiment, who had lost his sight by a shot, at the taking of Smolensko; a sutler belonging to his company was leading and taking the greatest care of him. He told me that after having been taken and plundered by the Cossacks at Krasnoi, he had contrived to escape, and that he and his guide would do their utmost to keep up with us. Soon afterwards they were found dead and stripped upon the road."

Bad as the state of things already was, it became worse after the passage of the Beresina; for the cold, abated for a while, resumed all its severity, and heavy snow almost stifled the scanty fires kindled by the unhappy fugitives. "I myself was at the end of my resources. I had but a horse left; my last portmanteau had been lost at the Beresina; I had nothing but what I stood in, and we were still fifty leagues from Wilna, eighty from the Niemen; but, amidst so many misfortunes, I took little account of my personal sufferings and privations. Like us, Marshal Ney had lost everything; his aides-de-camp were dying of hunger, and I gratefully remember that more than once they shared with me the scanty food they managed to procure." On the 29th November, during a brief halt of the 3d corps, a confused stream of stragglers poured by, all of whom had to tell of a miraculous escape at the Beresina. "I remarked an Italian officer, who scarcely breathed, borne by two soldiers, and accompanied by his wife. Greatly touched by this woman's grief, and by the care she lavished on her husband, I yielded her my place at a fire the men had lighted. It needed all the illusion of her affection to blind her to the inutility of her care. Her husband had ceased to live, and still she called and spoke to him; until at last, no longer able to doubt her mis-

fortune, she fell fainting upon his corpse."

"There would be no end to the task," continues M. de Fezensac, "if one attempted to relate all the horrible, affecting, and often incredible anecdotes that signalised that terrible time. A general, exhausted with fatigue, had fallen upon the road. A passing soldier began to pull off his boots; the general, raising himself with difficulty, begged him to wait till he was dead before stripping him. 'General,' replied the soldier, 'I would willingly do so; but another would take them; I may as well have the benefit.' And he continued to take off the boots.

"One soldier was being plundered by another; he entreated to be allowed to die in peace. 'Pardon me, comrade,' was the reply, 'I thought you were dead;' and he passed on. For the consolation of humanity, a few traits of sublime devotion contrasted with the innumerable ones of egotism and insensibility. That of a drummer of the 7th regiment of light infantry has been particularly cited. His wife, sutler to the regiment, fell ill at the beginning of the retreat. The drummer brought her to Smolensko in her cart. At Smolensko the horse died; then the husband harnessed himself to the cart, and dragged his wife to Wilna. At that town she was too ill to go any farther, and her husband remained prisoner with her.

"A sutler of the 33d regiment had been brought to bed in Prussia, before the beginning of the campaign. She followed her regiment to Moscow, with her little daughter, who was six months old when the army left that city. During the retreat this child lived by a miracle: her sole nourishment was black pudding made of horses' blood: she was wrapped in a fur taken at Moscow, and often her head was bare. Twice she was lost; and they found her again, first in a field, then in a burnt village, lying on a mattress. Her mother crossed the Beresina on horseback, with water to her neck, holding the bridle in one hand, and with the other her child upon her head. Thus, by a succession of marvellous circumstances, this little girl got through the retreat without accident, and did not even take cold."

For many many leagues before reaching the Niemen, the harassed remnant of the great French army had looked forward to that river as the term of pursuit. The idea that the Russians would not pass the Niemen had taken a strong hold of the imaginations of both officers and soldiers. At Kowno, a stand was made by the rearguard; no very steadfast one, certainly; but then, as ever, Ney proved equal to the emergency. An earthen work, hastily thrown up, seemed to him sufficient to check the foe for a whole day. Here were posted two pieces of cannon, and some Bavarian infantry; and the marshal sought a moment's repose in his quarters. But the very first discharge of the Russian artillery dismounted a French gun; the infantry took to flight—the gunners were about to follow. Another minute, and the Cossacks might enter the streets unopposed. Just then Ney appeared upon the ramparts, musket in hand. His absence had been nearly fatal; his presence restored the fight. The troops rallied, and the position was held till night, when the retreat recommenced. The bridge was crossed, and each man, as he set foot south of the Niemen, deemed himself safe. Great then was the consternation of all, when, at the foot of a lofty hill, over which winds the road to Königsberg, an alarm was given, and, at the same moment, a cannon-ball plunged into their ranks. The Cossacks had crossed the river on the ice, and had established themselves on the summit of the mountain. This fresh danger, so totally unexpected, completed the demoralisation of the troops. Brave spirits, which, till then, had steadfastly held out, lost their firmness in face of this new calamity. There is something very affecting in the following passage:—

"Generals Marchand and Ledru succeeded in forming a sort of battalion by uniting the stragglers to the 3d corps, (again on rearguard.) But it was in vain to attempt to force a passage; the muskets were unserviceable, and the soldiers dared not advance. There was nothing for it but to remain under fire of the artillery, without daring to take a step

backwards, for that would have exposed us to a charge, and our destruction was then certain. This position drove to despair two officers, who had been a pattern to my regiment during the whole retreat, but whose courage at last gave way under long physical exhaustion. They came to me and said, that as they were no longer able either to march or to fight, they should fall into the hands of the Cossacks, who would massacre them, and that, to avoid this, they must return to Kowno and yield themselves prisoners. I made useless efforts to dissuade them, appealing to their feelings of honour, to the courage of which they had given so many proofs, to their attachment to the regiment they now proposed abandoning; and I conjured them, if death was inevitable, at least to die in our company. For sole reply they embraced me with tears, and returned into Kowno. Two other officers had the same fate; one was intoxicated with rum, and could not follow us; the other, whom I particularly loved, disappeared soon afterwards. My heart was torn: I waited for death to come and reunite me to my unhappy comrades, and I should perhaps have wished for it but for all the ties which, at that time, still bound me to life."

Once more Ney came to the rescue. No accumulation of difficulties could cloud his brow with uneasiness. Once more his promptness and energy saved his shattered corps. A flank march was the means resorted to. On the 20th December, the 3d corps reached Königsberg. It then consisted of about one hundred men on foot, about as many cripples on sledges, and a handful of officers.

"Monsieur le duc," wrote Marshal Ney to the Duke of Feltre, Minister of War, from Berlin, on the 23d January 1813, "I avail myself of the moment when the campaign is, if not terminated, at least suspended, to express to you all the satisfaction I have received from M. de Fezensac's manner of serving. That young man has been placed in very critical circumstances, and has always shown himself superior to them. I commend him to you as a true French chevalier, (*véritable chevalier Français*,) whom you may henceforth consider as a veteran colonel."

M. de Fezensac almost apologises for subjoining to his journal this extract from a letter now in his possession. He has no need to do so. He may well and honestly exult in such a testimonial from such a man.

THE PENITENT FREE-TRADER.

TUFNELL! For the love of mercy,
 Let me go for half an hour—
 I'll be back before that proser
 Hath discussed the price of flour.
 Don't you hear, he's just beginning
 To investigate the rate
 Of the Mecklenburg quotations,
 Metage, lighterage, and freight?
 Next, I know, he'll pass to Dantzic,
 With a glimpse at Rostock wheat—
 I have seen the whole already
 In his Economic sheet.
 See! upon the backward benches
 There reposes stealthy Peel—
 Dreaming, doubtless, that he's smothered
 In an atmosphere of meal.
 Palmerston's recumbent yonder—
 Hawes is sleeping by the door;
 Even Russell's tiny nostril
 Quivers with a nascent snore.
 Let me go—nay, do not hold me
 So intensely by the coat;
 I assure you, on my honour,
 I'll be back in time to vote.

Oh, the night-winds wander sweetly
 O'er my hot and throbbing brow!
 What a contrast is the moonlight
 To the scene I left just now!
 Let me walk a little onward
 Underneath the budding trees,
 Where the faint perfume is wafted
 On the pinions of the breeze:
 Overhead a thousand starlets
 Glisten in the robe of night,
 And the earth is wrapped in slumber
 With a pure and calm delight.
 By your leave, good Master Tufnell,
 I shall stay a little here;
 You have plenty noodles yonder
 Who are safe enough to cheer
 Wilson's dunderhead discourses,
 Or the cant of Labouchere!

What a dolt was I to credit
 All these wild free-trading schemes!
 Cobden's calico predictions,
 Porter's importation dreams!
 For I loathed the mean alliance,
 Even when I chose to wheel
 In the wake of him who led us,
 Pinning foolish faith to Peel.
 Was I mad, to place my honour
 In this most disgusting fix?

Half the world was rather crazy
 In the days of Forty-six.
 O the happy times of premiums !
 O the balmy touch of scrip !
 Would that I had sold my bargains
 Ere they had me on the hip !
 Every day a new allotment
 Promised shining heaps of gold ;
 Every day the mounting market
 Swelled my hopes a hundredfold.
 I remember old Sir Robert,
 With his shirt-sleeves rolled on high,
 Lust of speculation gleaming
 In his gray and greedy eye ;
 Turning sods with silver shovel,
 Celebrating that event
 With a speech on competition
 At the opening of the Trent.
 I have dined with royal Hudson,
 And may dine again, perhaps,
 Should another exaltation
 Follow on this drear collapse.
 All had drunk the wine of gambling,
 All had quaffed the share champagne,
 Wisdom's warnings were rejected,
 Prudence preached to us in vain.
 Madness, frenzy, lust of riches,
 Reigned within the minds of all,
 That, we thought, must answer Peter
 Which had served the turn of Paul.
 If, by scorning honest labour,
 Men made fortunes in a trice,
 What might be the luck of Britain,
 Casting with Free-traders' dice ?

I am strongly of opinion—
 Looking to my country's good—
 That I've stuck by him of Tamworth
 Rather longer than I should.
 As concerning next election,
 I've received some pregnant hints,
 Both from country correspondents,
 And the leading public prints.
 Cultivation's at a discount,
 Rents are very slowly paid :
 Some aver that sly Sir Robert
 Has contrived to coin his spade ;
 Neither is there much progression
 In the wool and cotton trade.

What the deuce would men be after ?
 If those fellows had their will,
 England would be straight converted
 To a monstrous cotton-mill.
 Everywhere would ghastly chimneys
 Vomit forth their odious mist,
 Settling, like the breath of Satan,
 O'er this island of the blest ;
 When the only occupation
 Would be spinning yarn and twist !

Spin away, my brave compatriots !
Spin as largely as you can ;
Who shall dare to set a limit
To the sale of shirts for man ?
Whilst the raw material's granted,
Spin away with might and main ;
Use the time that's still vouchsafed you,
For it may not come again.
There's a smartish kind of notion
Running in the Yankees' head,
That they need not be indebted
To your kindness for their thread.
In the meanwhile go for cheapness,
Smite the farmers hip and thigh—
Making honest people bankrupt
Is the way to make them buy.
Starve the masses of the nation,
Drive them all into the mills ;
Clear the plains and sweep the valleys,
Desolate the Highland hills.
Let the rough hard-fisted yeoman,
All too clumsy for the loom,
Migrate to the western prairies,
Where for labour still there's room.
Let the peasant and the cottar
Quit the useless plough and spade—
Built for them are costly mansions,
Raised for them are rates in aid.
To the workhouse let them gather,
Or by theft attain the jail ;
Honesty has bread and water,
Crime is fed on beef and ale.
O the glorious consummation
Of this truly Christian scheme,
Such as never saint or prophet
Witnessed in ecstatic dream !
Wasted fields and crowded cities,
Swarming streets and desert downs,
All the light of life concentrated
In the focus of the towns !
Yea, exult, ye foes of England !
In the downfall of the race
That of yore, in fiery combat,
Met your fathers face to face :
For the pride of lusty manhood,
And the giant Saxon frame,
Never more shall be embattled
In the coming fields of fame ;
Shrunken sinews, sallow faces,
Twisted limbs, and factory scars—
These shall mark your next opponents
In the European wars.
Not such yeomen as with Alfred
Won their freedom long ago—
Such as on the plain of Crecy
Triumphed o'er a worthy foe—
Such as drove invasion backward,
Have their homes in Britain now !

This at least our sons may utter,
Blushing for their fathers' shame—

Brain me with a billy-roller,
 If I longer play this game,
 Either for the crimp of Tamworth,
 Or his first lieutenant, Graham !
 No, by Jove ! I will not suffer
 Degradation of the kind—
 What care I for Johnny Russell,
 With his hungry host behind ?
 Let them blunder on insanely,
 Digging holes within the sand,
 Thinking, like the stupid ostrich,
 To escape the hunter's hand.
 Let them shirk the facts before them,
 Comforting themselves the while,
 That their Economic asses
 Can the public ear beguile.
 Lord ! to hear the blockheads braying,
 Spite of proof before their eyes—
 " I assure the house," quoth Wilson,
 " Wheat must very shortly rise.
 It was so-and-so at Dantzie
 More than twenty years ago ;
 Therefore wait a little longer—
 'Twill be up again, I know."
 Jolly Villiers, on the other
 Hand, with exultation vows,
 More than one-and-ninety millions
 Have been plundered from the ploughs ;
 And he hopes before another
 Year shall run its destined course,
 To congratulate the public
 That affairs are worse and worse.
 I, for one, am sick and weary
 Of these everlasting prigs ;
 Quite disgusted with the shuffling
 Of the miserable Whigs ;
 With their impudent averments,
 And their flagrant thimblerrigs !

Hark, the midnight chimes ! I fancy
 The palaver's nearly over :
 For to-night let Johnny Russell
 And his colleagues rest in clover.
 But, upon the next occasion,
 When there's talk about a tax,
 Whether it shall weigh on foreign
 Or on native British backs,
 Master Tufnell must excuse me,
 If I seek another lobby
 Than the one that's now frequented
 By my former chief, Sir Bobby !

TENOR OF THE TRADE CIRCULARS.

Liverpool, April 19, 1850.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—That a period of severe commercial suffering is approaching us, in which the ruinous condition of the agricultural classes will recoil disastrously, not only upon the selfish Free-trade agitators in the manufacturing districts, but also upon the importers of foreign produce, the broker, the factor, the shopkeeper, and the labourers in our towns, has for some months been patent to all who have dispassionately watched the current of events, and been able to draw correct conclusions from what is going on before their eyes. It is not to official tables of exports and imports that such men look as the indices of the nation's prosperity. They turn rather to the results of these operations, as disclosed in our commercial circulars; to the degree of confidence displayed by bankers in their dealings with their customers, and by merchants in their transactions with each other; to the movements of produce in our leading markets, and to the amount of activity which characterises the internal trade and the consumption of the country. They are guided, too, very materially, by the general feeling of merchants and traders, expressed in their daily communications with each other, on 'Change, or in the intercourse of private life. Such a mode I propose to employ, in investigating the real condition of the cotton manufacturing districts of the north of England; and the result of this investigation, which I shall now proceed to lay before your readers, will, I fear, dissipate somewhat rudely the dream of prosperity in which her Majesty's

Ministers, and their supporters in Parliament and throughout the country, are just now indulging.

In pursuing such an inquiry, the condition of the port of Liverpool, the great mart of this portion of the kingdom, naturally suggests itself as of prominent interest. In this port, by the result of our vast operations in imported foreign and colonial produce, the actual results of our export trade in manufactures, and the consuming power of the large population which draw their supplies from it, can be tested with considerable fairness. In an article in your last Number, I find a quotation from the monthly circular of Messrs T. and H. Littledale & Co., whom you truly designate as perhaps the greatest brokers in the world. A portion of this I must re-quote, in order to enable your readers the better to appreciate some later observations of these gentlemen. On the 4th of March, Messrs Littledale wrote:—

"Great complaints are made of the bad state of the country shopkeepers in the agricultural districts. We have closely questioned some of our wholesale grocers and tea-dealers, who assure us that there is no disguising the fact, that such is the case, and that the general answer received from their travellers is, that 'they can get neither money nor orders.' The serious falling off in the deliveries of sugar, coffee, tea, and cocoa, for the two months of this year, compared with those of the last, but too truly confirms these complaints, and are perhaps the most alarming features in our present prospects. As given in Prince's public prices current of the 1st inst., they stand as follows:—

	1850.	1849.	1848.
Sugar, . . .	37,006	43,408	42,368 tons
Coffee, . . .	3,795,712	4,907,691 pounds	
Cocoa, . . .	450,774	558,888 ...	
Tea, . . .	5,375,648	5,502,931 ...	

The circular of this house, dated the 4th of April, has since been published, in which they confirm their previous statement; and indeed show that the condition of the country, as tested by its consumption of imported

produce, is retrograding. We quote the following as their summary:—

"General Remarks.—Another month of dull spiritless trade, as well in our produce markets as in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire. The demand for

consumption has somewhat improved from exhaustion of stocks in the hands of dealers ; but we regret to find the deficiency in deliveries of the principal articles noticed in our circular of last month (tea excepted) has still further increased, which speaks ill for the internal state of the country ; in fact, we believe the small tradesmen and shopkeepers in the rural districts were seldom or never in a worse position than at the present.

"Corn has fallen so low in value, that the farmers, anxious to secure their rents, are not in a position to pay their tradesmen's bills ; and we have been assured that, in numberless instances, their Christmas accounts for last year are still unpaid. This falls immediately on the wholesale dealers, from them on the importing merchants, and eventually, if no revival take place, must act with double force on the manufacturers in a diminished home trade and in crippled exports, which latter must ever depend on our power to take the products of other countries as returns for our manufactures. To what class, then, are the present ruinous low prices of grain a blessing ? We emphatically say to none ; indeed it is quite impossible for so large a portion of the community as that connected with agriculture to be depressed, and the other portions long to continue prosperous ; and probably the best impulse we could receive, in the present inactive state of our colonial markets, would be an advance of 5s., to 10s. per qr., in the price of wheat. There is no doubt, also, that the fearful depreciation of railway property, which appears a bottomless abyss of mismanagement and ruin, tells cruelly on the available resources of a very large proportion of the people, and adds seriously to the embarrassment of trade."

In glancing over this circular in detail, we find opposite nearly every important item the words, "has moved off at easier prices," "is less inquired for," "is dull," or some other phrase significant of commercial depression ; yet, during the preceding month, the stocks on hand, owing to the prevalence of easterly winds, which had kept a large number of vessels windbound outside the Channel, had received very little augmentation. It must be borne in mind that the dealings of this firm extend over nearly every description of foreign produce—certainly every large one, timber and iron excepted ;—and that the money amount of their annual transactions may be reckoned by many

millions sterling. Further inquiries amongst other houses enable me to state confidently that, with the exception of a few trifling articles, the mass of the produce, which is pouring into Liverpool, arrives at an unprofitable market. In cotton alone, amongst the leading imports, a small margin of profit may at present be secured, the abundance of unemployed money in the hands of the banks allowing the speculators, for a short crop, to inflate prices. Such a case, however, tells nothing in favour of a sound state of things. The question of most material import is, whether either the foreign demand, or the home consumption, is so urgently requiring supply, as to enable the manufacturer of cotton goods to concede the advanced rates demanded for the staple, by the American grower, or the speculator at home. Present appearances scarcely warrant such an expectation. The following opinion upon the subject, given by a leading firm in the trade, Messrs George Holt & Co., in their circular of the 12th April, expresses the opinion of all except the most sanguine :—

"We can hardly account for this tendency of prices,"—(they had slightly advanced during the week)—"or lay before our readers any new circumstances affecting the value of the staple. No doubt confidence in the shortness of the American crop remains, and probably is on the increase. We may add also that stocks in spinners' hands are at a low ebb. Still we have, from day to day, discouraging reports from Manchester as to the state and prospects of a very large part of the spinning and manufacturing trade. This depression, which has been so long in existence, must be got rid of, or modified, before we can have any permanent well-doing in the raw material."

"Depression so long in existence!" A great majority of the public, with the speech from the Throne, and the prosperity-speeches of movers and seconders of the Address before them, imagined that the cotton districts, at all events, were flourishing !

A later circular of the produce market, published upon the authority of the entire brokers of the port, exhibits the state of the general produce market in even a worse light than that of Messrs Littledale, quoted above. I append it here :—

"LIVERPOOL PRICES CURRENT, IMPORTS, &c. for the week ending April 12, 1850. Arranged by a Committee of Brokers.—T. M. MYERS, *Secretary*.

"SUGAR.—Holders continuing to offer freely, there has been a fair amount of business, but at rather lower prices; 450 hhds. B. P., of which 300 were new Barbadoes, sold at 34s. 6d. to 41s., 3500 bags Bengal at 34s. to 40s., 1600 bags Khaur at 28s. 6d., and 3500 bags Mauritius at 36s. to 36s. 6d., being a decline of 6d. to 1s. per cwt.—*Foreign*.—180 hhds. Porto Rice, of the new crop, sold at 40s. per cwt. duty paid; the export demand continues slack, and sales are only 24 cases, 150 bags and brls. Brasil and 100 boxes Havanna.—MOLASSES.—The new arrivals coming in have induced holders of last year's crop to take much lower prices than have been hitherto accepted; the sales are 500 puns. Porto Rico at 15s. 6d., 400 Cuba at 15s. 6d. to 16s., and 300 Barbadoes at 15s. per cwt.; the two cargoes of new Porto Rico, just arrived, have been sent to store, the importers not being willing to accept the low price offered by the Trade; the quotations are reduced accordingly.—COFFEE.—The recent import of Jamaica has been freely offered, and the slight improvement that existed ten days ago is entirely lost, prices being now as low as ever. 80 tierces have been sold, at 46s. 9d. to 54s. for low to fine ordinary, and 62s. to 100s. for low to fine middling—the latter quotation being 15s. below the rates of January. 100 bags native Ceylon were sold early in the week at 52s. 6d., but that price is not now obtainable, the nominal value being about 48s. per cwt.—A small parcel of Bahia Cocoa sold at 33s. per cwt.—Nothing done in GINGER or PEPPER, but a small lot of PIMENTO brought 6½d. per lb., being an extreme price.—RICE.—No sales of Carolina; 13,000 bags East brought 7s. 6d. for broken, and 8s. 6d. to 9s. 9d. for low to good white, being a decline of fully 6d. per cwt.—RUM is difficult of sale, except at lower prices; the business consists of 200 puns. Demerara, 32 to 37 per cent O. P. at 2s. 2d. to 2s. 4½d. per gallon."

There is a further decline, it will be seen, in every important article; and the most experienced houses, I find, are at a loss to tell at what point it will stop. It is generally admitted that, but for the accommodation which the large holders can command, there must have been a general crash long ere this, which would have overwhelmed half the mercantile commu-

nity in ruin. This would have reacted fearfully upon the shopkeepers in the interior of the country, whose credits would have been suddenly stopped, whilst their overdue accounts would necessarily have been sternly exacted. In fact the bulk of this class at present stand upon the verge of an abyss, into which a sudden panic may hurry them at any moment.

It will doubtless be urged that this state of the produce market is only temporary; that importations, having become profitless, will be discontinued, and the supply thus become equal to the demand. This would be the natural course of things under a sound system; but no sign of cessation of imports is at present to be seen; and it is much to be questioned whether any such cessation can take place, without throwing a large portion of our manufacturing population into very serious distress, if not into anarchy and outbreak. If importation of produce is restricted, exportation must be restricted in proportion. The manufacturer has thrown himself into almost total dependence upon the foreign buyer of his wares. With a flourishing home market for manufactures, a glut of produce might be got rid of without difficulty. But the same cause—an inability of the masses to consume—which depresses the prices of produce, now exists equally with respect to the home market for manufactured goods; and to stop production and exports, with a view to enhance the value of the stocks of produce already received in remittance from the foreigner, would add another element to the perplexity in which the nation is plunged. This portion of the subject, however, it is not for me to discuss here. I only refer to it in order to express the opinions which are beginning to be mooted in influential commercial circles.

In order to be enabled to state, as much as possible upon my own knowledge, the extent to which the internal markets of the country are depressed, and the consumption of produce is declining, I have instituted inquiries among some of the leading houses in Liverpool, who send travellers into the country, and the reports given are fully as discouraging as those given by *Messrs.*

Littledale, as to the difficulty both of making sales and collecting accounts. From a gentleman connected with a leading firm in the tea trade, I learn that in the country over which their travellers prosecute their business, the orders which they receive are for very limited quantities, and are, in fact, demonstrative of what, in mercantile parlance, is styled "a hand to mouth" business. Excessive caution and want of spirit characterise the feelings of the retail trade everywhere.

Some of these parties, he suggests, may have locked up a portion of their capital in railway investments, or perhaps lost it. Still, hand to mouth orders—orders for a week's instead of a month's consumption, would tell in the long run, if they served to make up the aggregate of past years. But they do not. The consumption of this necessary article is found to be declining; and the objection of the retail dealer to order as largely as usual is accounted for, in the majority of cases, by the inability of the farming and middle classes to pay their accounts as punctually as heretofore. It must be borne in mind, in treating of the consumption of such an article as tea—and I may include coffee, sugar, &c.—that they frequently form the substitute for the poor man's meal. When the consumption of tea declines, in times acknowledged to be bad, it is the worst sign of the condition of the community.

Another gentleman connected with an extensive firm in the grocery trade, gives still more discouraging accounts. The travellers of this firm extend their operations over the whole of the Midland Counties and the North of England. Their reports to their employers are most lugubrious. For example, one of them, a few weeks ago, remitted home £120, whereas his accounts due were about £1500. As to sales, these are most difficult to make. Consumption is gradually and rapidly declining. Retail dealers in the country towns complain that the farmers no longer expend the money they have been accustomed to do, when visiting markets; but confine their consumption of food more and more to the products raised upon

their own lands. One of the travellers of this firm journeys through the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, in which for many years an extensive trade has been carried on in the curing of bacon and hams. This trade he represents as now almost extinct, or rapidly becoming so—the parties engaged in it being unable to compete with the importers of the low-priced hams and bacon of America. Of this class are the farmers of the country which owns Sir James Graham as their feudal lord, and of whom that distinguished statesman asserted, in the debate on the Address, that they must be in a state of plethoric prosperity, inasmuch as he had never had his rents better paid than at his last rent-day. The worthy baronet forgot to say that rent is the last debt that a tenant farmer will omit to pay, the landlord having a power which overrides the claims of all other creditors. If he could have added that his farmers' tradesmen's bills had been equally well paid, he would have imparted some information most gratifying to the community. Neither this house, nor any other that I have conversed with, can see any termination to the present declining state of things. It is becoming admitted, amongst the circles with which their travellers mix, that reductions of rent are wholly unequal to meet the emergency of the present crisis.

It is proper that I should refer to one trade in Liverpool which is most prosperous—in fact, the only prosperous one. This is the trade of the merchants engaged in, and others connected with, the emigration of our fellow-countrymen, to seek a home in foreign lands. The following are the statistics of this trade, kindly furnished me by a gentleman officially connected with the shipping of emigrants from Liverpool:—

	Ships.		Emigrants.	
Emigration in 1847	514	.	128,447	
Do. 1848	519	.	124,522	
Do. 1849	565	.	146,162	

During the present year the emigration has been—

January,	.	.	6943 Persons.
February,	.	.	8779 "
March,	.	.	16,788 "
Cabin emigrants,	.	.	705 "

At the present moment, notwithstanding the large increase in the shipping—principally American—provided for the trade, berths, and these at very high prices, are most difficult to be got, unless detention is submitted to. Moreover, a great change has taken place in the kind of persons emigrating. Last year, the same gentleman informs me, four-fifths of the parties emigrating consisted of substantial small farmers from Ireland and elsewhere, and skilled artisans from this country. This year, a very superior class of English farmers are leaving a land which no longer affords them a living in exchange for their honest industry. The quays of Liverpool daily present a scene, which few thinking men can rejoice in, and which the country will have to regret. The aged as well as the mature, mothers with infants at the breast, and stalwart youths and maidens, going from vessel to vessel, to select that particular one whose departure from our shores will cut for ever their connexion with the country which they have loved, and in which they leave behind the graves of their fathers. It is melancholy to think upon the misery there must be amidst all this activity, with the momentary absence of regret for old scenes, and enjoyment of the new ones, into which these poor people find themselves thrown. Yet we cannot but feel satisfied that they are about to be bettered in condition by the change.

The depression complained of, as existing in Liverpool, is by no means confined to the classes immediately connected with the staple commerce of the port, but pervades all classes of the community without exception. The produce of half a world is stored in the warehouses of Liverpool, or floating in her magnificent docks. The capital of her merchants is embarked in every clime, and her shipping crowds every foreign port; yet her industrious population are plunged in suffering and embarrassment, and a portion of them—her labouring classes, pressed down by the influx of pauper competition from the hordes of immigrants from ruined Ireland—are continually upon the verge of actual starvation. It is distressing to witness the shifts to which

tradesmen are compelled to resort, from time to time, in order to meet engagements, and to stave off, by sacrifices of their goods, the day of ruin. "Selling off" announcements, under all kinds of pretexts, meet the eye in every direction, and yet tempt in vain. The whole community appear to be economising; and tardily paid bills, and reduced expenditure in the comforts, and even in some of the necessities of life, is the rule, not the exception. The extent to which this is carried, and the suffering existing amongst the middle classes, may be judged of by the fact that it has already affected the incomes of many of the clergy of the town, by diminishing the numbers of their congregations and the yield of pew-rents. In one instance which has been mentioned to me, the income of a clergyman, universally beloved, has been thus cut down from £600 a-year, to little more than half; and this is far from being a solitary case.

The result of this state of things is already being felt in a strong reaction, amongst those once the loudest in its advocacy, against the system of Free Trade. Doubts are freely hazarded with respect to the soundness of a policy which has produced such fruit; and the question is upon the lips of numbers,—“Where is the prosperity which was promised to us?” If Mr Cobden or Sir Robert Peel were to present themselves in Liverpool at the present moment, they would have to answer this question, not to the uninquiring crowds who would have cheered their fallacies three years ago, but to men who have reflected deeply, and had deep cause for such reflection. The Right Hon. Baronet, in particular, would perhaps have to reply to another question, and to go a little back in the history of his political life. He would be asked not only, Who had benefited by his Free Trade measures?—a difficult one enough to answer—but what class of the community had been aggrandised by his currency measures of 1819 and 1844. To this vital subject the minds of the intelligent mercantile community of Liverpool, of all shades of politics, are being rapidly directed. The Free-trader sees, in the operation

of our monetary laws, one leading source of the evil brought upon the country by the carrying out of his favourite measure. He is prepared to acknowledge that Free Trade and a Restricted Currency are incompatible things. And the mercantile body of all political parties still remember the disasters of 1847 and 1848; and the insulting manner in which their prayer, in the October of the previous year, for relief from the unexampled money pressure, which was then prostrating the most extensive and solvent firms, was denied by a flippant and shallow Chancellor of the Exchequer, although at that moment the nation was within a few days of bankruptcy. These things are not forgotten; and, from the impressions which I have been able to form, from a close examination of popular opinion, I should not be surprised to see the influential community of Liverpool throwing politics and party to the winds, and uniting their efforts to procure a relief from the monstrous system which at present withers and strangles in its grasp the industry of England—which tempts us one day, by its lavish kindness, to erect vast structures of commercial enterprise and usefulness; and the next day dashes them into wrecks before our eyes, to be scrambled for by greedy extortioners and selfish asurers.

It is the fear of this power which, to a great extent, is at the present moment paralysing the enterprise of the commercial communities, which would otherwise have succeeded in neutralising a portion at least, but certainly only a portion, of the ruinous effects of Free Trade. A few years ago, no community embarked more largely in those railway investments, so strongly recommended to them by the fosterer of the system, Sir Robert Peel, than the mercantile people of Liverpool. The extent to which such investments were encouraged by the lavish offer of banking facilities to merchants and others, may be judged of by the fact, that the Directors of one Liverpool Bank were, a few weeks ago, compelled to acknowledge to their shareholders, that nearly the whole of their subscribed capital was advanced upon

railway stock; and that their *Rest*, amounting to £100,000, had *entirely* disappeared. This species of security is now, by the caution with which capitalists act, rendered *totally* unavailable for the purpose of raising money, when required for legitimate commercial purposes. Hence the timid apprehension with which men, thus situated, regard the accumulation of stocks of produce, for which no remunerative market at present offers itself; and the consumption of which is so obviously on the decline. Hence also the pressure to sell, when they see cargo after cargo pouring in to augment those stocks; the unwillingness to part with funds, for which the shopkeeper and the tradesman are eagerly longing, to enable them to sustain their tottering credit; and that total suspension of all internal enterprise and improvement, which is driving so many thousands of our skilled workmen to other countries, and the labourer to that desolate resort for the very poor—the Union Workhouse. To the attempt to carry out a Free Trade, involving the holding of large stocks of produce and extended operations in foreign markets, with a currency artificially restricted by the last Banking Act of Sir Robert Peel, and further restricted by the caution with which bankers are now conducting their business, since the severe warning inflicted upon them in 1847, is attributable not only the commercial depression already noticed, but also that fearful sacrifice of realised capital, which has taken place from the decline in the saleable value of railway shares, and which, in Liverpool alone, has rendered hundreds of once wealthy men comparatively poor ones, and brought many, in the decline of their days, to a condition lower than that even in which they began the world.

Such is the condition generally of the mercantile community of Liverpool—that port of all others in the kingdom which was most largely to be benefited by the advent of the Free-trade system. From the apex to the base of the social fabric all is uncertainty, fear, and suffering, too intense any longer to be concealed from the most superficial observer; and the

crisis has not yet been reached. The reaction has still to come from the manufacturing districts, which, up to within the past few months, in the enjoyment of a moderate amount of activity, caused by a temporary revival of the export demand, are only now beginning to feel the results of the system which, in their selfishness, they invented for their own aggrandisement, at the expense of the industry of the whole empire.

The avowed object of the Free-trader was to stimulate the export trade in cotton goods, which it was always boasted was the most valuable to the manufacturer. So far as regards the quantity of the raw material consumed for the export trade, this is an undisputed

fact; but that the amount of skill and labour employed in it is equal to that expended upon goods consumed in the home market is not true. In order to arrive at an idea of the relative value of the two trades, it will be necessary for me to bring before the reader a few figures and authorities. In the excellent *Commercial Glance*, compiled for many years by the late Mr John Burn of Manchester, and now continued by his son, the following statement was given, as the mode in which the cotton spun in 1845 was disposed of. I take that year as being one of great prosperity in the home market, and as showing the state of things antecedent to the introduction of free trade in corn.

STATEMENT OF THE COTTON SPUN IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND IN 1845, AND OF THE QUANTITY OF YARN PRODUCED, SHOWING ALSO HOW THE QUANTITY SPUN IN ENGLAND WAS DISPOSED OF.

	Lbs.
Total cotton consumed, in lbs.,	555,527,283
Allowed for loss in spinning, 1½ oz. per lb.,	60,760,796
Total yarn produced in England and Scotland,	494,766,487
Deduct spun in Scotland in 1845,	27,737,022
Total spun in England in 1845,	467,029,465
	Lbs.
Exported in yarn during the year,	131,937,935
Do. in thread do.,	2,567,705
Do. in manufactured cotton goods,	302,360,687
Estimated quantity of yarn sent to Scotland and Ireland,	10,734,859
Exported in mixed manufactures, consumed in cotton banding, heads, candle and lamp wick, waddings, socks, calender bowls, paper, umbrellas, hats, and loss in manufacturing goods,	31,655,250
Balance left for home consumption and stock, 1st January 1846,	87,773,049
	467,029,465

I have the most perfect confidence in the correctness of Mr Burn's calculations, being personally acquainted with that gentleman, and knowing the excellent sources from which he derives his information, and the care which he devotes to the accuracy of all his facts. The result to which the above statement leads is, that the consumption of raw cotton in goods sold in our home markets is 18·36 per cent only, upon the total quantity of yarn spun in England. This, a superficial observer will say, is a very trivial quantity for our boasted home consumption. Let us see, however, in what stage of manufacture, and in what description of goods, the cotton

taken off by foreign markets principally consists. In the first place, 131,937,935 lb., or 28 per cent of the total cotton spun, was exported, as shewn in the table above, in the shape of yarn, an article but one remove from the raw material, and the manufacture of which employs machinery principally, and leaves only a small margin of profit to the country. With respect to the description of goods, in the manufacture of which for the foreign market the remainder of the raw material is consumed, little difficulty is felt by persons acquainted practically with the subject. Mr M'Culloch, in his *Dictionary of Commerce*, page 456 of the edition of 1847—the

latest I have before me—remarks upon the facts as striking, that, notwithstanding the superiority of our machinery, and this branch thus being one in which we most greatly excel our foreign rivals, the proportion of fine to coarse yarns spun has materially decreased; and that, in fact, the actual quantity of fine yarns has decreased, whilst the total consumption of cotton has quadrupled during the last twenty-five years. That the quantity has decreased to this extreme extent may well be doubted, although the cheapening which has taken place in silk and other fabrics during this period has, we know, to a great extent caused the disuse, for home consumption, of many once highly prized articles of the cotton manufacture. We may accept, however, the admission of Mr M'Culloch, as bearing upon the quality of those goods which are taken off by the foreign trade, and of which the great increase in the manufacture must consist. These are, confessedly, the coarse, heavy fabrics, into the manufacture of which the *minimum* amount of skill and labour enters. We approach then, from this point, to a view of the comparative value to the country of the home and the export trade in cotton goods. In the same work, Mr M'Culloch estimates the total annual value of the cotton manufacture of the kingdom at £36,000,000 sterling, of which £10,000,000 is put down for the cost of the raw material, £17,000,000 for wages, and £9,000,000 for profits, wages of superintendence, and cost of machinery, coals, &c. I am a little inclined to believe that this calculation is underdrawn, the leaning of the author being to exaggerate the importance of the export trade, the declared value of which in 1845 was £26,119,231, leaving a little under £10,000,000 as the consumption of the home market, or about two-fifths of the consumption of the foreign. In estimating the value to the country, however, of the home trade, we have a right to take into consideration the fact that the great component material of the goods which we consume at home consists of labour; for, whilst the proportion of the raw material consumed in the home trade was little over one-fifth of that

consumed in the foreign, the value of the goods was two-fifths.

Admitting, however, Mr M'Culloch's version of the case to be correct, but at the same time bearing in mind the fact of his being a somewhat prejudiced authority, let us apply the figures given to the present condition of the manufacturing interest. The average quantity of cotton taken weekly from Liverpool for consumers' use, was, from 1st of January to 12th of April 1849, 29,475 bales. It has been this year, up to the same date, 23,176 bales—a falling off of 6299 bales weekly, or a little above a fifth of the preceding year's importations. Perhaps a portion of this decline in apparent consumption may be accounted for by the fact that the stock in the hands of spinners has, to a considerable extent, been allowed by them to become exhausted, through their unwillingness to pay the advanced prices recently demanded for the raw material. With respect to the prudence of this policy, and its probable effect in still further increasing the embarrassment of affairs, I shall have something to say by and by; at present, the question which presses is—In what market has this decreased consumption occurred? The answer must be—In that market which pays for the greatest amount of labour expended upon the manufacture of cotton goods—in the home market. I have not within my reach the most authentic record of the Cotton Trade, for the period up to which I should desire to extend my inquiries—viz., *Burn's Commercial Glance*, which is only made up half yearly. I have, however, before me this gentleman's *Monthly Colonial Circular*, dated March the 18th, in which I observe a considerable increase in the exports of plain calicoes, printed and dyed calicoes, and cotton yarn to the following markets, with a few exceptions, for the first two months of the present year:—Calcutta, Bombay (increase in printed and dyed and in yarn, and small decrease in plain only); Madras (considerable increase in plain and printed and dyed, and small decrease in yarn); Singapore and Manilla (small decrease in printed and dyed and in yarn only); Batavia (large increase in all kinds); Hong Kong and Canton (large increase in plain, and

small decline in printed); Shanghai (trade removed to other Chinese ports in which there is a large increase); Australian Colonies (increase in all kinds); Mauritius (stationary); Cape of Good Hope (increase in all); Coast of Africa (decline in all); Jamaica (decrease in plain and increase in printed); Honduras (increase); other West Indian ports (decrease); Cuba and St Thomas (both increase); French West Indies (increase in printed and small decline in plain); Brazils (large increase); Chili and Peru (large decrease); Colombia (decrease); River Plata (considerable decrease); Mexico (increase in plain, and decrease in printed); British North America (season for shipments not commenced); and United States (increase in both printed and plain, and a large business done, the shipments for the two months being upwards of half of the entire quantity exported in 1849.) Compared with the average of the same period of the preceding three years, there is an increase to nearly every market. With respect to the shipments to European markets, I cannot speak with precision as to quantities, from the circumstance, which I have named, of the accounts not having been yet made up. From the monthly return from the Board of Trade, however, it appears that a general increase has taken place in the declared value of cotton manufactures to all markets, the amount being in 1850, £3,264,350 for the two months, against £2,837,300 last year. There is a very trifling decline in the export of yarns. From my own observation, I should augur that the increase has extended over March, to the United States and the markets of the Pacific especially—an unusual stimulus having been given to the consumption of these markets by the Californian discoveries. By the bye, I ought to mention, in connexion with the increase in the declared value of our exports this year, the fact that, owing to the advance in the price of the raw material, the value of goods exported will be rated higher than last year. To some extent, however, the severe winter of this year preventing the early opening of the navigation of the rivers of the north of Europe, as compared with the mild season last year,

may be a set-off. The Mediterranean trade, and the operations of the Greek houses, have also been limited by our petty quarrel in this part of Europe.

Assuming, however, the actual quantity of cotton consumed by the Export Trade to have been equal to that consumed last year up to this period, and allowing for 40,000 bales, alleged by spinners to have been drawn from their own stocks instead of the Liverpool market, there will remain a deficiency, as compared with last year, of 5000 bales per week, or 70,000 bales, in the consumption of the raw material manufactured into goods for the Home market. When it is considered that these goods consist of the finer fabrics, in which the greatest amount of labour is employed, and upon which the largest percentage of profit is realised, whilst those consumed in the foreign markets are sold at the lowest margin of profit, and when exported frequently result in heavy losses to the shipper, the extent of the sacrifice made by the manufacturing community, in their mad adoption of a policy which has destroyed the Home market, may readily be seen.

The correctness of these calculations has been borne out by the general character of the Home Trade during the past four months, in which stagnation, and difficulty in accomplishing sales to consumers and retailers throughout the country, early manifested themselves. In the month of January, strong hopes were entertained, by the majority of the houses engaged in this branch of the business, that the worst of the embarrassment which had so long hung over the cotton manufacturing districts had passed over; and that a wholesome and active trade was before them. The circulars of the month of February, and the reports given week by week in the local journals published in the manufacturing districts, resumed their gloomy statements; and the home demand, it became clear, had returned to its previous lethargic state. From communications entered into with some of the country houses, I have derived intelligence respecting the result of their operations, almost precisely similar to those

sent home by the representatives of produce houses as given above. The country buyers who come to the market display an entire want of their accustomed spirit, and buy sparingly an inferior class of goods to those which they have been, in former years, in the habit of consuming. The universal complaint of these parties, and of commercial travellers engaged in the Home Trade, is of declining consumption and ill-paid accounts, especially throughout the purely agricultural districts. One circumstance has tended in some measure to prevent the trade becoming absolutely ruinous—viz., the fact that cotton fabrics are now resorted to by many classes from motives of economy. The farmer's and the tradesman's wife and daughters make a fashion of necessity, and substitute printed cotton dresses for more expensive articles. A cotton shirt supplies moderately well the place of a linen one. Articles of elegance and luxury, however, even of this material, are complained of as most difficult of sale. In some of the large towns, a few houses are doing a fair business in heavy fabrics, such as fustians, moleskins, and other articles worn by the artisans and other working classes; and in some fancy goods of the same description for the middle classes. This fact, however, is in a great measure an *exemplar* of the declining condition of the country generally, the articles in question being worn, in a majority of cases, as substitutes for the more costly woollen fabrics. Moreover, no profit accrues to the manufacturer from these goods, their production at existing rates of the raw material being, on the contrary, attended with absolute loss.

The retail trade in the manufacturing towns themselves, represented as being in such a satisfactory condition, is anything but good, a considerable portion of the population being employed only two or three days in the week, and the whole having been compelled during the past two or three years to submit to reduction of wages, as the price of their boasted boon of Free Trade. This is particularly the case in the districts of Rochdale, (John Bright's district,) Heywood, Bury, Middleton, &c. The effect of preceding years' short-time working

is still severely felt, last year having been the only one since 1846—when we had the boasted measure of Sir Robert Peel, and the "heavy blow and great discouragement" was inflicted upon British agriculture and our sugar-growing colonies—that the manufacturing population have been fully employed.

Such being the acknowledged condition of the home market for manufactured goods, the question naturally presents itself—what has been the result, so far as profit is concerned, of the operations generally of the manufacturing community during the past four months? In reply to this question, it will be very easy to prove that thus far, in the present year, they have been the reverse of remunerative. The following extract from the circular of Messrs M'Nair, Greenhow, and Irving, of Manchester—one of the best published, although putting rather the best face upon things—dated the 31st of December last year, will show the prospects with which manufacturers entered upon the present year:—

"MANCHESTER, Dec. 31, 1849.

"Exactly twelve months ago we represented the transactions of the closing month as having been almost unprecedented in extent, considering the season of the year; and to-day we are happy to have in our power to communicate a pretty similar statement with regard to the present month, repeating what we have often remarked, that *December* in ordinary years is generally marked by dullness and inactivity.

"The position of the market, as indicated in our last (monthly) circular, continued for about ten days afterwards gradually acquiring greater force and depression, and accompanied with a decline in the value of many descriptions of cloth and twist. At that period, from a very prevalent belief that the commencement of the new year would be characterised by improvement, an active and vigorous demand for export and the home trade ensued, which has, notwithstanding the interruption of the holiday season, continued up to the present time, rendering the stocks of all kinds of light goods, as well as of some numbers of mule twist, exceedingly light, and placing many manufacturers and spinners under contract for some time hence."

Another authority, Messrs Hollinshead, Tetley, & Co., an old-established

cotton firm of Liverpool, who are generally in the possession of the best information, remarked upon the prospects of the district in their circular of the first of January as follows :—

“Prospects for the general trade of the country, at least as regards the principal articles of export, more particularly cotton fabrics, were perhaps never more promising; and it is evident that the late disturbing causes, political and social, in Europe and India, with the effects produced upon other countries, reducing the consumption of cotton to 22,230 weekly in 1847, and 27,602 in 1848, (previously upwards of 30,000 bales weekly,) created a vacuum which has not been filled up by the increased consumption of 30,512 bales weekly in the present year; indeed it would seem that this large quantity (and it has been proportionately great in other cotton manufacturing countries) has only been sufficient to supply the increasing wants of the world, as we no longer hear of glutted markets, but the report is of light stocks almost everywhere. And when we take into consideration the low price of all articles of food, corn particularly, (a questionable advantage, perhaps, when unnaturally low, if the home market is to be considered of any value,) the great abundance of money, its low value, not exceeding, perhaps, $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per annum in the London market, with a larger amount of gold, &c. (£17,000,000) in the Bank of England than was ever known before, it is evident that a great stimulus may be given to the trade of the country, and that with the disfavour shown to railway property it is most likely the usual effects will follow—viz., extensive speculation and greatly enhanced prices of all articles of import, and of cotton in particular.”

The whole of the trade circulars, indeed, both from Liverpool and Manchester houses, expressed similar views with respect to the prospects of the present year; and seemed to expect an increase in the aggregate manufactures of the country. In reviewing the actual state of things which has taken place, I would direct your attention particularly to the fact of spinners and manufacturers being “under contract” at this period, as stated in the first circular from which I have quoted. Such contracts could only have been entered upon, consistently with prudence at least, in the anticipation of a continuance of the then existing prices of the raw material, or upon

the assurance of a stock already in hand. To a considerable extent spinners did hold stock sufficient for the fulfilment, profitably, of a portion of their contracts, as is shown by the circumstance that they have, since the commencement of the year, worked up about 40,000 bales of cotton more than they have drawn from the Liverpool market. That in the majority of cases, however, the stocks held were only sufficient to complete a portion of the contracts entered into is a fact which is quite beyond dispute; and these parties have consequently been driven into the market to purchase the raw material at the ruling prices of the day. In order to ascertain their position, it will be necessary to trace the relative prices of cotton and of goods during the interval between December 1849 and the present time. Up to the commencement of that month, the prices of the raw material had been gradually rising; and the almost universal complaint of spinners and manufacturers had been of the unwillingness of buyers to pay a proportionate advance upon goods. Thus, on the 1st of June last year, the price of fair bowed cotton was $4\frac{1}{4}$ d. per lb., from which it advanced gradually, owing to reports of a short yield of the crop in America, until on the 1st of January this year it stood at $6\frac{1}{4}$ d., being an advance of $2\frac{1}{4}$ d. per lb. The price of best seconds water twist, No. 20 was on the 1st of June $6\frac{1}{4}$ d., and on the 1st of January $8\frac{1}{4}$ d. The price of best second mule, No. 40, was at the same dates respectively $8\frac{1}{4}$ d. and $10\frac{1}{4}$ d. We had therefore—

Advance upon cotton,	$2\frac{1}{4}$ d. per lb.
Do. upon yarn, No. 20, $1\frac{1}{4}$ d.	“
Do. upon yarn, No. 40, $2\frac{1}{4}$ d.	“

This was obviously a losing trade; and it is acknowledged that, during the whole of this period business was only profitably carried on by the fortunate few who had laid in stocks at the low prices. On the 1st of February the highest price was attained, fair bowed cotton being quoted at $6\frac{1}{4}$ d., with No. 20 yarn at $8\frac{1}{4}$ d., and No. 40 at $11\frac{1}{4}$ d.—being an advance of $\frac{1}{2}$ on the raw material, $\frac{1}{4}$ d. on the No. 20 yarn, and $\frac{1}{4}$ d. on No. 40. To counteract the upward tendency of the market, a

resort to the working of short time was resolved upon, principally by the spinners of coarse numbers; and the consumption was thus materially reduced, spinners and manufacturers drawing upon their stocks on hand, and thus keeping out of the markets for the raw material. A gradual decline in the price of cotton was the result—goods, however, sharing in the depression; and on the 1st of April fair bowed was quoted at 6½d., or ¾d. per lb. lower than in February. No. 20 yarn, the stocks having been reduced by short-time working, had declined only ¼ per lb.; No. 40, however, had fallen to the same extent as cotton. There was therefore no increase of prosperity brought about thus far by the short-time movement, the price of goods remaining at the same unsatisfactory point as compared with the raw material.

At this date, Messrs Robert Barbour and Brother of Manchester, in their monthly circular, speak as follows with respect to the general trade of the cotton manufacturing districts:—

“We have to report a very dull and unsatisfactory state of business in this district during the month. There has been a gradual decline in prices varying from 2½ to 7½ per cent, so that some kinds of goods can now be bought fully 10 to 12 per cent under the rates which were demanded in January. These reduced quotations have induced some parties to enter the market, but still the demand has been much under the average of what is usually experienced at this season of the year. The working of ‘short time’ is now generally adopted by the producers of coarse yarn and heavy goods, and several large mills continue closed. The drooping tendency of some descriptions of the finer fabrics has been slightly counteracted during the last week by more favourable intelligence from Calcutta and China; still, however, our market is unsteady, and it is more than usually difficult to form any idea of what is likely to be the future course of prices.

“In the goods market a general quietness has prevailed throughout the month, buyers acting with extreme caution, purchasing only in small parcels for the supply of their more pressing wants: prices, consequently, have been irregular, and some considerable sales have been made by needy manufacturers at very low rates.”

The dulness here spoken of is particularly observable in the staple articles consumed by the home trade. Messrs Barbour and Brother state that—

“36-inch shirtings have participated in the general depression, and stocks are beginning to accumulate. 66-reeds, 7½ lb., have receded in value 6d. to 9d. per piece, having been sold in February at 8s. to 8s. 4½d., whilst now they are worth only 7s. 6d. to 7s. 9d.

Again:—

“Domestic T cloths and stout long cloths continue neglected, notwithstanding the curtailed production, and can now be bought on easier terms. Average qualities of domestics have been sold at 9d. per lb., which is by no means remunerative to the maker.”

The concluding paragraph of the circular is very decisive as to the comparatively profitless nature of the manufacture:—

“Cotton has now declined about 1d. per lb. during the last three months. It is still, however, much higher than is warranted by the prices which can be obtained for the manufactured article. Indeed, at several periods during the last few years, prices of yarns and goods have been quite as high as those now current, with cotton at 1d. to 2d. per lb. lower than at present.”

Since the date of the circular containing these gloomy accounts, an important change has taken place, and the tide has set in strongly against the manufacturing community. Immediately subsequent to its publication, the arrival of the American mail-steamer brought news confirmatory of the anticipations of a short crop of cotton, and prices immediately advanced, leaving the spinners and manufacturers to recruit their exhausted stocks at a further loss, as compared with the prices of goods. On the 5th of April, the receipts of cotton at the ports of America were shown to be 310,000 bales less than at the same period of the preceding year; whilst the stock computed to be held in Liverpool was 511,000 bales, as compared with 447,300 bales held at the same date in 1849, or only 63,700 bales more than last year, although spinners had decreased their consumption by 6300 bales per week, and taken

40,000 bales from their own stocks. The total crop of the United States, which had been estimated in the beginning of the year at from 2,250,000 to 2,300,000 bales, was only estimated in the advices by the steamer at 2,100,000 bales.

I fear that, to some readers, these statistics may be rather tedious. They are necessary, however, to enable us fully to understand the position in which this important branch of the manufactures of the country, and the large population dependent upon it, have been placed by the intelligence brought by another later mail from the United States, which arrived in the Mersey on the morning of the 16th ult. I have stated that the estimates formed of the probable crop in America, at the beginning of the year, varied from 2,250,000 to 2,300,000 bales. These had been reduced, up to the arrival of the steamer in the first week of April, to 2,100,000 bales. With this progressive decline going on in the amount of the crop, as estimated by competent judges upon the spot, and with the fact of decreased receipts at the American ports before their eyes, the spinners of this country have, with few exceptions, resolutely refused to give credit to the representations made to them, and kept further exhausting their stocks on hand, or buying only to supply their immediate wants. The arrival of the Niagara, however, has put the question at rest, and not only confirmed the statements as to the crop being a short one, but established the fact that it is likely to be much shorter than was by anybody anticipated. The following is the startling disclosure made by Mr T. J. Stewart of New York, one of the best authorities in the United States, upon the subject, in his circular of the 2d ult. :—

"The crop proves to be a short one—and if measured by the ability of the world to consume, the shortest one since '41—'42. The falling off in the receipts regularly exceeds the progressive estimate I made some time since, and on which I made up my table of 2,100,000 bales. It will close under two millions of bales. How far below, I cannot at present say, but the interior of the country is exhausted of supplies to so great a

degree, that it is evident that such a figure is totally impracticable."

The decrease in the stocks arrived at the ports of America is put down by him now at 470,000 bales. Of this very insufficient crop of less than 2,000,000 bales—that of the preceding year, I may remark, was 2,728,000—Mr Stewart reminds us that *America will require above 600,000 bales to supply her own mills, or nearly two-fifths of the total quantity consumed in Great Britain last year.* This, of itself, is a somewhat startling fact, and proves the rapid strides which America is making toward depriving this country of its manufacturing pre-eminence.

It is obvious, from the above circumstances, that the American planters, and the holders of cotton in that country and in Liverpool, have the manufacturer at this moment within their grasp, and will be enabled to extort from his necessities still higher prices than those which have for months past rendered his business a losing one. The stocks of cotton held in the manufacturing districts are unprecedentedly light, and those of goods have been of late considerably reduced. But can an advance be secured on the manufactured article, corresponding with that demanded for the raw material? Few people believe this to be practicable. With the exception of a little temporary activity in the demand of goods for the East Indian market, towards the middle of last month, the gloomy feeling existing in every branch of the trade had deepened, and the demand for nearly every article perceptibly lessened. The accounts received by export houses from foreign markets are not of a character to encourage further operations; and the demand for the home trade remains very limited. In broad terms, the *leading foreign markets are glutted for months to come, and the population throughout the agricultural districts, and in the large towns of the kingdom as well, are diminishing their consumption of cotton and other fabrics to the lowest possible point.* With respect to the foreign trade, the worst feature is the falling off in the demand from the United States, to which I showed that, in the first two months of this year, ~~was had~~

shipped goods equal to the one-half of last year's exports. The returns for these shipments may be expected to be very unsatisfactory. On this subject, the last steamer (the Niagara) brought the following report:—

"The spring trade of New York had disappointed all classes. Early in January there was an unusually active demand. High prices were obtained, and large sales were made; since then business had fallen off, and the month of March, which ought to have been the best, had been extremely dull—more so than had been known for many years. The stock of British and other foreign dry goods was not large, but the demand was small."

From this market, expectations of the most sanguine character had been previously indulged in, which are thus rudely dashed to the ground.

As yet the manufacturing community, stunned by the conviction which has been forced upon them of their desperate position, have formed no definite resolution as to the course to be pursued. For a week or two longer, it is possible that a portion of them may make further fruitless efforts to keep down the market for the raw material, which will now be held by speculators, aided by the abundant funds in the hands of bankers, with the certainty of ultimately realising higher rates. In the opinion of parties acquainted intimately with the whole circumstances of the trade, the only available course for spinners is to decrease consumption still further, by an extension of the system of working short time, or by closing a considerable portion of the mills altogether. Profitable working, even without an increase in the price of the raw material, is out of the question, with markets in their present depressed condition. But with such an advance as must be paid, if even the present reduced rate of consumption is to go on, the business would be perfectly ruinous.

It is painful to reflect upon the severe suffering which must be entailed upon the operative and middle classes, throughout the manufacturing districts, by a general suspension of operations, or even by an increase of short-time working. These classes, greatly reduced as their wages have been during the past two years, have

not, I may repeat, recovered as yet from the effect of the suspension of manufacturing activity to which they were forced in 1847 and 1848; and are consequently in a much worse position to be thrown again upon their own resources. The neatly furnished cottage no longer remains to be dismantled for the purpose of providing food for their families. The little savings' bank boards disappeared in those years, and have not since been replaced. A few employers, no doubt, may be disposed to allow to their hands a pittance sufficient to provide against actual deprivation; but it is to be feared that the mass will act with no such humane considerations. Another result of such a course must be still farther to decrease the consumption, and depress the prices, of our large stocks of imported produce, and thus to inflict heavy losses upon their holders.

It is to me perfectly clear, and the fact is tacitly admitted by a large portion of the community engaged in mercantile and manufacturing pursuits, that a most trying and fearful crisis is at hand; and that the present summer will not end without her Majesty's Ministers, and the Free Trade party, being compelled to acknowledge that the speech from the Throne, and the representations of prosperity made by them at the opening of Parliament, were, if not deliberate perversions of the truth, at all events most ill-considered and hasty. We had in February last, it is now evident, no such thing as even prosperous manufactures, or a healthy state of commerce. Whilst these representations were being made, and agricultural pursuits alone pointed to as being in a state of temporary depression, the leading manufacture of the country was being carried on without profit, and our merchants and traders were feeling the ground shake beneath their feet. It is of no use, however, to refer to the past. The questions for the nation now to consider are—first, What is it which has brought about this general prostration of the country? and next, Where is the remedy to be applied? It is idle for the Free-traders to point any longer to potato rot, to railway manias, or to high prices of cotton, as

the cause of the failure of their predictions of coming general prosperity. The truth is palpably before the world that the foreign trade, stimulate it as we may, will not employ the industry of the country; and that a prosperous home trade is indispensable necessary to render the foreign trade a profitable one. It is equally idle to tell us that the present state of things is only temporary, and that a different result of our recent policy will be attained by and by. In what direction are we to look for the change? Is any new world about to be discovered? Is there a single outlet to be found for our manufactures, which we cannot close up in a month? I confess that I cannot discern a gleam of hope for the future, or a prospect of the restoration of this great nation to its wonted prosperity, except in a total reversal of the legislation of the past few years, by which, and by which alone, has been caused that prostration of its industry and enterprise, which we are now witnessing on every side—in our own once happy land, and throughout the length and breadth of that vast colonial empire, once the pride of Great Britain, and the envy of the world, but now her shame, rained and robbed as it has been by the legislation of designing or incapable statesmen. With our agricultural population fast sinking into pauperism and insolvency, or taking flight from our shores, as from those of an infected land, to fertilise with their capital and enterprise other soils, which own protective governments and a kindred people; with the landed aristocracy of the kingdom, and squirearchy and the yeomen, stripped of half their possessions—the baronial hall no longer distributing its hospitality to thousands, and pinching poverty and thrift marking the household arrangements, where of old there was plenty, a cup for the needy, and consolation and succour for the afflicted; with the middle classes in our towns forced down in the social scale, and hovering over the gulf of insolvency and ruin, and the labourer turned out, a desperate man, to wrest with the strong hand the food which we deny him the means to purchase, whilst we mock him with its cheapness—the manufacturing body will strive in vain for the

consummation of that object which, in their selfishness, they proposed to themselves as the result of the boasted Free-trade policy—viz. the setting up of their houses over those of the time-honoured names of the land. Blindly and madly they have detached the handful of snow from the summit of the mountain; with mocking jeers of hideous and idiotic glee, they have seen its gathering bulk, and watched its progress as it rolled, prostrating the cottage and the farmstead, and spreading devastation over the vineyard and the waving corn; and they stand now shuddering at the mighty avalanche which is thundering above the tall chimney and the smoky town, and will shortly involve themselves in the general calamity and devastation. Yes, the fears of these men are at length beginning to be effectively roused by the contemplation of the work of their own hands. I say *beginning*, because the day of retribution is only now coming upon them, and making itself felt. The philosophers of the loom and spindle talk now “with bated breath” of the efficacy of their universal specific. There are doubting anxious faces on ‘Change, gloomy greetings as they meet in the streets, and idle hands in the once busy salerooms and warehouses. Many, whose voices were lately loud in cheering the flattering tales and sophistries of their Cobdens and Brights—some of those even whose subscriptions enabled the former to buy his Woodland farm, and whose votes and influence boasted the blustering Quaker into a seat in the Legislature, are now ready to acknowledge, in private, that “there is some mistake;” that they have, perhaps, gone too far; and that, after all, Free Trade is “only an experiment.” Alas! it is one whose fatal effects will have to be deeply deplored, and from which the country will not recover for years to come. A quarter of a century of toil will scarcely replace the capital which has been swept away, up to the present period. More remains to be swept away; but now it will be the capital of the authors of the calamity.

And this portion of these philosophers are busily and eagerly striving to persuade the farmer that he is fool-

ishly nervous under the apprehension of permanent low prices; and that these have now reached the level at which the foreigner can no longer supply us profitably. Unfortunately, whilst they are sagely assuring the world of this fact, grain and flour keeps steadily pouring into our ports, at still further reduced prices; and additional evidence is daily being afforded of the total ignorance of the subject displayed in their statistics and calculations: supplies are reaching us daily from countries which were left altogether out of the catalogue of those from whose growers we were led to anticipate competition. Thus from France, a country which it was always said was not able to grow sufficient for its own consumption, the receipts at the port of Liverpool during two weeks, in which alone the quantity is quoted separately, were as follows:—

Week ending March 19,	French flour.
... April 9,	6000 barrels.
and 2419 American.	6166 ...

And from that country, and the whole of the ports of the North of Europe, distant from us by only a few days' sail—by a voyage made in less time than the average consumed in those made from port to port on our own coasts—supplies will continue to come, at rates with which the British grower can never hope to compete. In fact, the farmer of the North of Europe may in future be treated as a British subject—enjoying all the immunities of one, without contributing towards his burthens. He is nearer the London or the Liverpool markets than a Norfolk or a Lincolnshire farmer; and that he frequently pays less for the conveyance of his produce than it will be seen from the following table, which contains the rates actually paid in Liverpool by importing houses during the years beginning in 1847 to this year, such farmer pays:—

COASTING AND FOREIGN FREIGHTS OF WHEAT TO LIVERPOOL.

	1847.	1848.	1849.	1850.
	Per quarter.	Per quarter.	Per quarter.	Per quarter.
	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.
From Stettin, . . .	5 0	...	4 0 to 2 9	3 0
" Dantzig, . . .	4 6	4 0	4 0	3 0
" Rostock, . . .	6 0	4 0	4 0	...
" Hamburg, . . .	4 0 to 3 6	4 0 to 3 0	3 0	1 9
" Rotterdam, . . .	...	2 6	2 0 to 1 9	1 9
" Antwerp, . . .	...	3 0 to 2 6	2 6 to 1 6	1 3 to 1 0
" Bremen, . . .	...	3 3 to 3 0	...	1 6
" Bruges, . . .	...	...	1 6	1 6
" Ghent, . . .	...	...	1 6	1 6
" New York, (last rates,) . . .	...	...	...	3 0
<i>From Coasts of England to Liverpool.</i>				
Colchester, . . .	2 0	2 0	...	1 6
Woodbridge, . . .	2 6	2 6	1 9	1 6
Salcombe, . . .	2 6	2 6	...	2 0
Kingsbridge, . . .	2 6	2 6	2 0	...
Lynn, . . .	2 6	2 1	...	...
Ipswich, . . .	2 3	1 9	1 9 to 1 6	1 6
Yarmouth, . . .	2 1	...	1 10	...

Yet the freight on wheat was to be a sufficient protection for the farmer!

I must here, sir, leave the subject to your own powerful pen. I have given you the facts as I have collated them from the most authentic sources,

and the observations which I have made personally; and they have more than confirmed the impressions with which I entered upon this inquiry.—I have the honour to be, &c.

ALISON'S POLITICAL ESSAYS.

THE collection of scattered periodical essays, especially such as are of a strictly political character, is an adventure far more perilous to the reputation of an author than the issue of any single work deliberately planned, and laboriously executed in the closet. The historian, dealing solely with the records of the past, reviving or recreating pictures which have long ago appeared upon the ancient canvass, may without difficulty arrange his scattered portraits and groups in such an order, that they shall impress the public mind with a feeling of absolute novelty. A historical paradox, if ingeniously conceived and plausibly conveyed, is sure to command attention. The fickleness of the Athenians was by no means idiosyncratic to that volatile nation. All men weary of hearing the same phrase and the same judgment invariably repeated. They suspect the justice of Aristides, or the perfidy of Crookback Richard, on account of the unanimous verdict, and are by no means displeased when any daring casuist steps forward, armed with a tolerable array of proof, to detract from the rigid virtue of the one, or to palliate the vices of the other. In truth, the materials of all history are so various and conflicting in their character, that an artist of consummate skill, who is withal not over-scrupulous, may easily pass off fictions under the disguise of broad reality. Historical sketches, therefore, which relate to past events, may be viewed in the light either of lively episodes or of profound commentaries; and their republication, after a term of years, can in no way affect the soundness of the author's judgment.

To republish criticisms, especially such as relate to the works of cotemporaries, is certainly a more delicate task. It is easy to comment upon an author whose works have been long before the public, and frequently and

diligently scanned. High criticism may discover beauties or detect faults which have escaped the notice of less keen and scrutinising observers; but, in the aggregate, certainly in the majority of cases, the broad opinion which has been expressed by others is allowed to remain unchallenged. The influence of previous judgment invariably sways the critic. None are rash enough to deny the genius of Shakspeare; at the same time, nothing is more certain than that, were another Shakspeare to arise amongst us at this moment, there would be no kind of unanimity as to his deserts. In all ages and in all countries this has been the rule. Personal spite, unacknowledged and possibly unperceived envy, party difference of opinion, disparity of station, prejudice of education—all these, in their turn, have passed, like so many clouds, between the sun of living genius and the critics who surveyed its orbit. Nor ought we to overlook the fact that, in many instances, meteors have been mistaken for suns, and the eyes of the critic been dazzled by a glare, to which his own willing imagination lent at least one half its brilliancy. Therefore it is that contemporary criticism, when republished in an abiding form, rarely satisfies the expectation of the reader. His own judgment has been formed, apart from the considerations and prejudices which are so apt to beset the critic; and he conceives an unfavourable impression of the literary acuteness of the writer, when he finds a gross discrepancy between the older and the later estimate.

But far more trying to an author is the republication of political essays, composed during the progress of great national events. This branch of composition is peculiar to our own age, in which periodical literature is so marked and eminent a feature. Pamphleteering is of venerable date. Sir Thomas More, Milton, Marvell,

Essays; Political, Historical, and Miscellaneous. By ARCHIBALD ALISON, LL.D. Author of "The History of Europe," &c. Three vols. 8vo. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

Swift, and Defoe, were all notable pamphleteers; but periodical writing, in the highest sense of the term, is the invention of the present century. That great and influential organs of public opinion, ranking among their contributors the men of the highest intellect and the most laborious acquirements, should have been established in our time, marks not only the development of the influence of the press, but the importance of the events which such men are imperatively summoned to discuss. It marks even more, for it has established a power beyond the boundaries of the old constitution, which, as it is used or misused, cannot fail to affect materially the destinies of Great Britain.

Every political treatise referring to events which have engrossed the attention of the day, either as modifications or as changes of our social system, must be valuable in later years. It must necessarily recommend or condemn measures on account of their probable operation in the time to come; it must in some degree be a prophecy, or else it is practically worthless. The politician studies the past merely as his guide for the future. If he is learned, wise, and at all an adept in the science which he professes—than which no other is of so momentous an import—he will consider past history as the barometer which must guide him in predicating the approach either of a tempest or a calm. Temporary clamour or occasional obstruction will not lead him to forsake clear principles of action, or to recommend a grand constitutional remedy in the case of a trifling local disease. He must look forward beyond the sphere of immediate action—resolute in this belief, that one false step, however small, may upset the equilibrium of the State. Expediency, the modern idol, finds little favour in the eyes of the true and sagacious statesman. He tests measures by their intrinsic value, regardless of the "pressure from without;" and he looks upon Parliamentary majorities as of less moment than the maintenance of the real interests of his country.

If we apply these remarks to our later political history, and to the con-

duct of those men whom circumstances have elevated to the highest stations in Government, we shall at once perceive that the first great principles of practical statesmanship have been abandoned. The welfare and integrity of the Empire has been made a subsidiary object to the triumph of party ambition; and accordingly, consistency, that grand test of a politician's sincerity and soundness, is the very quality which is wanting. To consistency, indeed, neither Lord John Russell nor Sir Robert Peel, for many years the rival chiefs of party, can lay the slightest claim. They have been playing a long, and, doubtless, an interesting game, with the map of Britain and its dependencies before them as a chess-board: they have directed the whole of their energies to giving checkmate to one another; and with this view they have again and again altered the relative positions of king and queen, bishops, knights, castles, and pawns. To counteract the last move of his adversary was the great object of each of these ingenious players. It was a pretty trial of dexterity and finesse; but we trust, for the sake of the chessmen, that the match is finally concluded. Talent of this kind may, indeed, be available when it is necessary to contend with a foreign adversary; but it is worse than mischievous when practised systematically at home.

To have surveyed the political events of the last twenty years with a calm and dispassionate eye—to estimate the consequences of each concession to popular clamour, and each move for party purposes—to form inductions as to the future from the indelible history of the past—to trace the causes of social misery and disquiet to their remote and recondite source—to discern the coming cloud of adversity in the midst of apparent abundance—required more than common thought, learning, sagacity, and prescience; and the man who has done all this, cannot fail to be ranked, in the estimation of those whose judgment is of real value, among the first masters of political and economic science. Many brilliant commentaries upon passing events, which at the first blush were received as abso-

lute oracles of wisdom, have utterly failed in their predictions, and are now consigned to oblivion. They failed—if from no other cause, at least assuredly from this—that they flowed from the pens of partisans, whose whole energies were devoted to the advancement of themselves and their faction. Party spirit, indeed, has of late years almost entirely overshadowed that patriotism which was once our highest boast. Truth may be spoken of an opponent—and very often more than truth; but it is seldom expressed with regard to the political conduct of those whom men are accustomed to regard as their friends. Private motives are allowed to interfere with the more rigorous functions of the censor; the moralist is changed into the apologetic rhetorician; the judge becomes the interested advocate.

Were the present crisis of our political history less momentous than it truly is—were not the great and final struggle for a return to the principles, by means of which our national greatness was achieved, so near at hand—we might, from motives and considerations easily appreciable, have left this volume of Mr Alison's collected political essays without any special notice. For a long period of years, embracing the most important changes which have been made in the institutions and relations of this country, Mr Alison has been a constant contributor to the *Magazine*, adopting his own views, enforcing his own opinions, without reference to the distinctions of party or the position of individual statesmen. We believe that, in some respects, the attitude of the *Magazine* has differed from that assumed by any periodical publication in the country. It has never been the organ of a Party, and never subservient to a Government. Many times we have been compelled to differ from those whose political opinions have been thought most closely to approximate to our own; and never have we hesitated to express that difference in clear and unambiguous terms, knowing that a true and honourable conviction never ought to be concealed, or can be without affecting the integrity of those who entertain it.

The present publication sufficiently

discloses the part which Mr Alison has taken in the political discussions which have arisen during that eventful period. They are valuable to the rising generation for two especial reasons. In the first place, they are a faithful record of the impressions which passing events made upon the mind of a highly-gifted, generous, and independent man, the object of whose life was apart from those pursuits which inflame the passions, whilst they warp the judgment, of the mere partisan. In the second place, they will enable the reader to trace, step by step, the innovations which modern Liberalism has made upon the older limits of the constitution; and to estimate the consistency of those who at one time affected to be the opponents of that Liberalism, and at another, whether through weakness, or treachery, or ambition, came forward to assist in its blind and infatuated progress.

Perhaps the most interesting papers in the present volume are those which refer to the memorable and exciting era of the Reform Bill. They are not only interesting, but highly instructive in a constitutional point of view, as showing the utter disregard of the Whig faction to the maintenance of that political framework which, when in power, they affect to worship with almost superstitious veneration. Never, probably, was there a period in our history when the passions of the populace were more dexterously and deliberately excited by men of high station, and by no means contemptible intellect. Treason was then in vogue: sedition openly encouraged. Most of us can recollect the ugly and ominous emblems which were paraded through the streets of the larger towns, and the violence with which every one supposed to be hostile to the popular measure was assailed. Haughty aristocrats, like the late Earl Grey, condescended to treat with Jacobin clubs and political unions; the physical power of the masses was appealed to as an argument of irresistible weight, and Whig officials were privy to the plan of a projected Birmingham insurrection. The voice of reason was entirely stifled amidst the general democratic howl, and all suggestions as to a modifica-

tion of the grand electoral scheme were treated with fierce hostility. The framers of the measure had no wish that its details should be narrowly sifted, or submitted to the test of principle. There was a deep meaning in the phrase, which at that time passed into a proverb, "The Bill—the whole Bill—and nothing but the Bill!" No other method of reform, however large and comprehensive, would have suited the junta who then deemed themselves secure of an interminable lease of power. And why? Because any other measure which might have embraced the claim of the Colonies to a share in the Imperial representation, would have interfered with their special project of lowering the landed interest, and giving a decided preponderance in Parliament to the votes of the urban population.

We are far from wishing to maintain that the spirit which animated the councils of the Conservative leaders of the day was in all respects the most prudent; or that they did not to a certain extent accelerate the movement by withholding minor concessions, which might have been gracefully and advantageously given. But in justice to them it must be remembered, that they had a great principle to contend for—a principle too little understood then, and perhaps only now becoming generally appreciated on account of the pernicious effects which have resulted from its violation. The older Representative system of Great Britain might appear to the casual eye artificial, unequal, and therefore unjust; but it had this grand and wholesome advantage, which we look for in vain in its successor, that, by means of it, not only were the great classes of the community at home adequately represented, but our fellow-subjects of the Colonies could, and did, exercise a direct influence within the walls of St Stephen's. To allow this influence to be encroached on, however covertly or plausibly, seemed tantamount to an abandonment of the principle by which the Conservative party had been guided throughout; and subsequent events have shown that no exaggerated estimate was formed of the tendencies of democratic rule. This conviction of the prospective danger of the Reform measure to the

integrity of the British Empire was, we know, the main cause of that early, though perhaps injudicious, resistance to the extension of the electoral suffrage, which finally gave way before the impulse added to popular excitement by the example of foreign revolution. As regarded the welfare of our Colonies, the Reform Bill was virtually a death-blow. It laid the foundation for a rapid succession of measures, selfish in their tendency and grossly impolitic, which have already gone far to pervert the loyal feelings of the Colonists, by teaching them that the mother country has decided upon a policy altogether injurious to their interests as subjects of the British Crown. They have had no voice, no direction in the legislative enactments which have since that time so deeply affected their prosperity: they have been governed rather as tributaries than as portions of the Empire; and their complaints have been too often treated with undisguised contumely, or, at best, with haughty indifference. Our opinion as to the importance of the maintenance of our Colonial dominions, and the imminent necessity which exists of securing that maintenance by giving them some effective voice in the legislative councils of Great Britain, has been repeatedly expressed. No other step will suffice to stay the tide of disaffection; and happy will it be for all of us, if the practical refutation of the Free-trade delusion, now becoming every day more obvious and acknowledged, shall lead to such prudent measures, with regard to our dependencies, as may again consolidate into one great and united mass, inspired by the same feelings and actuated by the same interests, the scattered elements of British greatness and renown.

But apart altogether from Colonial considerations, the Reform Bill has been productive of the most serious consequences to the internal economy of this country. Under its benign operation the National Debt, instead of being diminished, is augmented; whilst, at the same time, by a system of ruinous cheapness, induced by the free admission of foreign produce to compete in the home market with our own, incomes have been lowered by

nearly a half, and the means of paying the increased taxation have been proportionably curtailed. We do not believe that the Whigs, while straining every energy to carry the Reform Bill, meditated the possibility of any such results. We have their own statements—at least those of Lords Melbourne and John Russell—to the contrary; and even were it otherwise, we are not disposed to attribute to that party so great a share of political prescience, as to assume that they foresaw the consequences of their own deliberate act.

It was, however, foreseen by others. In 1831, Mr Alison, arguing from historical precedents, predicted that the natural effect of the passing of the Reform Bill would be the repeal of the Corn Laws.

"When it is recollected," wrote he, "that 300 English members of the Reformed house are to be for the boroughs, and only 150 for the counties, it may easily be anticipated that this effect is certain. And in vain will the House of Peers strive to resist such a result: their power must have been so completely extinguished before the Reform Bill is past, that any resistance on their part would be speedily overcome.

"This first and unavoidable consequence of this great change will at once set the manufacturing classes at variance with the agricultural interest; and then will commence that fatal war between the different classes of society, which has hitherto been only repressed by the weight and authority of a stable, and, in a certain degree, hereditary government, composed of an intermixture of the representatives of *all* interests. When it is recollected that wheat can be raised with ease in Poland at prices varying from 17s. to 20s. a quarter, and that it can be laid down on the quay of any harbour in Britain at from 38s. to 40s., it may easily be anticipated what a revolution in prices will, in the *first instance*, be effected by this measure. We say in the *first instance*—for nothing seems clearer than that the *ultimate* effect will be, by throwing a large portion of British land out of cultivation, and in its stead producing a more extensive growth of grain on the shores of the Vistula, to restore the equilibrium between the supply of corn and its consumption, and, by means of destroying a large portion of

British agriculture, raise the prices again to their former standard."

We have lately been favoured, from certain quarters, with ingenious disquisitions touching the probable future price of grain in this country—disquisitions to which we by no means object, as, apart altogether from their truth or their falsity, they manifest a growing uneasiness as to the possibility of maintaining the Free-trade system for many months longer. We may perhaps be allowed to take some credit to ourselves for having effected this change in the tone and sentiments of gentlemen who, not long ago, were clamorous in their praise of cheap food and diminished agricultural prices. In our January Number, by the aid of the most intelligent, skilful, and experienced agriculturists of Scotland, we proved, beyond the power of refutation, that no British farmer could stand his ground against the present influx of foreign corn, and that no possible reduction of rent, short of its annihilation, would enable him to meet the deficiency. We were met, as might naturally be expected, by the double weapons of rancorous abuse and deliberate falsification.* But these having utterly failed in their purpose, our antagonists have since changed their ground altogether, and are now attempting to argue, against the experience of each successive week, that the present fall of prices is merely temporary, and that wheat must again rise to something like its former level. How long they may continue in their endeavours to propagate this fresh delusion we know not. They cannot mislead the farmers, at whose door ruin is at present knocking with an unmistakeable sound. The only men they can mislead are their unhappy dupes, who have been taught to believe that the prosperity of Britain depends solely upon one of the weakest, most unstable, and most precarious of its manufactures.

In the same article from which we have just quoted, Mr Alison wrote as follows:—

"Now, the misery arising from the reduction of the resources of the farmer could not be confined to his own class in society; it would immediately and

* Vide the *Economist* newspaper of January 19, 1850.

seriously affect the manufacturing and commercial interests. The great trade of every country, as Adam Smith long ago remarked, is between the town and the country : by far the greatest part of the produce of our looms is consumed by those who, directly or indirectly, are fed by the British plough. Not the haughty aristocrat only, who spends his life in luxurious indolence among his hereditary trees, but the innumerable classes who are maintained by his rents and fed by his expenditure—the numerous creditors who draw large parts of his rents through their mortgages, and live in affluence in distant towns upon the produce of his land—the farmers, who subsist in comparative comfort on the industry which they exert on his estates—the tradesmen and artisans, who are fed by his expenditure or the wants of his tenantry—all would suffer alike by such a change of prices as should seriously affect the industry of the cultivators. Every shopkeeper knows how much he is dependent on the expenditure of those who directly or indirectly are maintained by the land, and what liberal purchasers landlords are, compared to those who subsist by manufactures ; and it is probable that the first and greatest sufferers by the repeal of the Corn Laws would be many of those very persons whose blind cry for Reform had rendered it unavoidable.

“Now, the discouragement of British agriculture consequent on a free trade in corn would be *permanent*, although the benefit to the inhabitants of towns could only be temporary. After the destruction of a large portion of British agriculture had been effected, by the immense inundation of foreign grain, prices would rise again to their former level, because the monopoly would then be vested in the hands of the foreign growers ; and the bulky nature of grain renders it *physically* impossible to introduce an *unlimited* supply of that article by sea transport. But the condition of British agriculture would not be materially benefited by the change ; because prices would rise *solely* in consequence of the British grower being, for the most part, driven out of the field ; and could be maintained at a high level only by his being *kept* from an extensive competition with the foreign cultivator. Should the British farmers, recovering from their consternation, recommence the active agriculture which at present maintains our vast and increasing population, the consequence would be, that prices would immediately fall to such a degree, as speedily to reduce them to their natural and unavoidable state of inferiority to the farmers of the Continent.

“In considering this subject, there are

two important circumstances to be kept in view, proved abundantly by experience, but which have not hitherto met with the general attention which they deserve.

“The first of these is, that, in agriculture—differing in this respect from manufactures—the introduction of machinery, or the division of labour, can effect no *reduction whatever* in the price of its produce, or the facility of its production ; and perhaps the best mode of cultivation yet known is that which is carried on by the greatest possible application of human labour, in the form of spade cultivation. The proof of this is decisive. Great Britain, with the aid of the steam-engine, can undersell the weavers of Hindostan with muslins manufactured out of cotton grown on the banks of the Ganges ; but it is undersold in its own markets by the wheat-grower on the banks of the Vistula, or in the basin of the Mississippi. It is in vain, therefore, for a state like England, burdened with high prices and an excessive taxation—the natural consequence of commercial opulence—to hope that its industry can, in agriculture as in manufactures, withstand the competition of the foreign grower. Machinery, skill, and capital can easily counteract high prices in all other articles of human consumption : in agriculture, they can produce no such effect. This is a law of nature which will subsist to the end of the world.

“The second is, that a comparatively small importation of grain produces a prodigious effect on the prices at which it is sold. The importation of a tenth part of the annual consumption does not, it is calculated, lower prices a tenth, but a *half*—and so on with the importation of smaller quantities. This has always been observed, and is universally acknowledged by political economists. Although, therefore, the greatest possible importation of foreign grain must always be a part only of that required for the consumption of the whole people, yet still the effect upon the current rate of prices would be most disastrous. The greatest importation ever known was in 1801, when it amounted, in consequence of the scarcity, to an *eighteenth* part of the annual consumption ; but the free introduction of much less than that quantity would reduce the price of wheat in the first instance, in an ordinary year, to 45s. the quarter.

“The repeal of the Corn Laws, therefore, is calculated to inflict a *permanent* wound on the agricultural resources of the empire, and permanently injure all the numerous classes who depend on that

branch of industry, and confer only a temporary benefit, by the reduction of prices, on the manufacturing labourers. The benefit is temporary, and mixed up, even at first, with a most bitter portion of alloy; the evil lasting, unmitigated by any benefit whatever."

We are now in the course of enduring that precise phase of suffering, arising from the repeal of the Corn Laws, which was predicted by Mr Alison more than eighteen years ago; and it is solely from the extent of that suffering that we are inclined to form a better augury for the future than we could have ventured to have done in the course of the bygone year. Three months have not passed since, at the opening of Parliament, the Whig Ministry with unparalleled audacity ventured to congratulate the country on its general prosperous condition! Themselves indeed they might congratulate, that, by means of an income and property tax, imposed under false pretences by a former Premier, the public revenue was still sufficient to meet its ordinary engagements; but what other ground of congratulation there was, no host of witnesses could tell. Could they venture to congratulate the country now on the state of the manufacturing districts? Has this little interval of three months, at a time of universal peace and unparalleled cheapness, sufficed to change universal prosperity into widespread and acknowledged depression? Not so. The depression had begun long before—it commenced so soon as falling prices warned the agricultural consumers of the fate which was in store for them; and if Ministers did not know this, they are utterly unfit to retain their places longer. The continuance of that depression can be only measured by the existence of the Free-trade system. If that is allowed to go on, and if there be indeed, as is now the common cant of the Liberal journalists, no possibility of retracing our steps, the next move will be one of plunder. No foreign trade can compensate for the tithe of the loss sustained by the depreciation of property at home. That cheapness which means nothing else than curtailment of individual profits, from the highest to the lowest, cannot possibly coexist with expen-

sive government and enormous taxation. The public creditor will be marked for the next blow; and his situation is the more precarious from the peculiar monetary history of the country, and the first important measure—pity also that it had not been the last!—which Sir Robert Peel was instrumental in carrying through the House of Commons.

We are not only hopeful but sanguine as to the power of Great Britain in extricating herself from a difficulty, not transient as before, but settled in its character, because we believe that the downfall of a wretched, presuming, and ignorant faction cannot be much longer delayed. We have been cursed, for many years back, by the predominance of a race of quacks, impostors, sham economists, and political adventurers, who, through favour of the Reform Bill, have forced their way into Parliament, after having failed in the ordinary occupations of trade, and have succeeded in palming their crude and pestilential doctrines upon Ministers too occupied with individual ambition to care much for the public welfare. Does any one believe that such men have any interest in maintaining the public credit, or that they would not, did an opportunity occur, attempt to defraud the creditor, as they have already succeeded in diminishing the means of the debtor? Surely a thoughtful review of the political events which have occurred within the last five years is enough to remove any lingering credulity on this point. We do not ask any one to adopt our views, or to accept our construction. Let him deliberately reflect upon the language of these men in 1845, when the political and commercial fever was at its height—when private individuals were persuaded that they might rear fortunes without the drudgery of industry, and when statesmen were preparing to recommend the same false principle for the general guidance of the nation. How the upstart economists swaggered, strutted, and cackled then! Not a whit less incompetent and treacherous, as guides in their own path, than were the mushroom clerks and pimply adventurers of the Stock Exchanges in another, they stood forth like so many political John Laws,

proclaiming that unbounded wealth, increased demand for labour, and endless influx of capital would be the immediate result of their magnificent free-trading schemes. They had figures and blue-books, returns, calculations and balance-sheets, painfully concocted by plodding theorists, ready at hand to back up their asseverations, and to satisfy the doubts of the most sceptical. This is peculiarly an age in which men are befooled by figures. A century ago, it was enough that a statement should pass from writing into print, and be included in the columns of a journal, in order to secure its currency as a point of popular belief. The increase of journalism has in some respects remedied this, most men being now alive to the fact that typography possesses no peculiar immunity from falsehood. But figures are—or at least were a few years ago—untainted in their reputation. Few people were cautious enough to resist a tempting calculation. It never entered into their heads to suppose that there lay gross error, radical fallacy, and often deliberate fraud, in the imposing array of cyphers which were ostentatiously paraded for their inspection. If half-a-dozen unscrupulous swindlers determined to start a railway, nothing more was required to secure a rush for the scrip, than a summary of phantom traffic, exhibiting a clear return of some fifteen or twenty per cent after deduction of the working expenses. We all know what has been the result of that widespread infatuation. In precisely the same manner did the economists concoct their accounts, when they issued their Free-trade prospectus. Less honest, or perhaps more daringly fraudulent than the railway projectors, they did not propose to grant any compensation for the land at all, but their traffic tables were undoubtedly an arithmetical *chef-d'œuvre*! Two millions per week of clear gain was about the smallest estimate; and to this result various persons, whose previous biography, now that they have emerged as public characters, might be interesting, pledged their valuable reputations!

That they imposed upon the leaders of party, as well as upon a large section of the nation, is no matter of

marvel. Statesmen are not exempt from folly, imprudence, or delusion, any more than private persons. One may be cold, selfish, and greedy; another rash, unscrupulous, and obstinate; but, as there are few fish which will not take a bait, so there seem to be few modern statesmen proof against the temptation of altering their policy, if, by doing so, they believe that they can secure possession of an unlimited lease of power. In the present case the bait was dexterously spun between the two rivals, and the anxiety of both to secure it was so great, that neither took the precaution of examining curiously into the nature of its actual texture.

There is hardly a man in the country, from the peer to the artisan, who is not asking himself at this moment, what he has gained by Free Trade. So far as the agricultural interest is concerned, there is no dubiety on the point. The landlord is dummed for reduction of rent, is discontinuing his improvements, reducing his establishment, and setting his house in order for an altered style of living. The tenant is wellnigh ruined, furious that he has been betrayed, economising labour as he best can, or seriously meditating emigration. The labourer finds his wages reduced, his small comforts curtailed or abolished, work scarce, and the workhouse at no great distance. Let them all take comfort. According to our hopeful economists, this is a mere "transition state of suffering." What the next state is to be, no prophet of them all can foretell. Meantime certain Solons advocate a wholesale emigration—rather a strange panacea for a nation about to be so prosperous!

Go to the towns or the manufacturing districts, and ask how they are prospering. The cotton trade is threatening to shut up. The travellers are returning disconsolate to their employers with the news that orders are every day becoming more scarce, and money payments even scarcer. There is no joy or exultation now in Leeds or Bradford. The journeymen operatives are combining against the slop system. The *Morning Chronicle* harrows up the feelings of its readers, by tearful tales of the misery and destitution which prevails throughout

the large towns of the empire, and no human being can deny the truth of the appalling statements. Scottish philanthropists, on their midnight visits to the wynds of Edinburgh, are struck with amazement at the squalor and vice which they encounter, and not less with the shoals of destitute creatures who are hurrying, with perverse infatuation, from the free open country to the fated atmosphere of a loathsome city garret. They want to check the stream, and drive the current back again. But whither? In the country there is no work for these people. Machinery has forced the hand-loom from the villages; Free Trade is reducing the wages of the spade to nothing. From the Western Highlands, and from Ireland, those who have money enough left to secure a passage on ship-board are emigrating by thousands—it is, we are told by a correspondent, the briskest trade in Liverpool. Those who have no money left are trooping to the towns, with the prospect before them of a fate which might rend the heart of the most callous. Who would wish to be a statesman, if for the consequences of all his deeds he must be held accountable hereafter?

Ask the master-manufacturers themselves how they are getting on, now that they have succeeded in their darling scheme of securing cheap food, and paralysing the home trade? You may ask if you will, but you will hardly obtain an answer, save through the medium of the trade circulars, all filled with dismal forebodings. Were another Cobden testimonial to be proposed just now, the subscriptions would scarcely purchase many shares in the most depreciated of the lines.

Ask the gentlemen of the railway interest, what cause is in operation to crush down their traffic and annihilate their dividends? They will tell you to a man that it is the universal agricultural depression. Ask the iron-masters how they are thriving? At this moment they are trembling for the stability of their colossal fortunes.

It is utterly impossible that this state of matters can continue much longer. If we do not reverse our mad and desperate policy—and that soon—the pressure of taxation, still

retaining its former money-level, whilst the production which contributes to it is depreciated by a half, will become so unendurable, that any remedy, however desperate, will find numerous advocates; and amongst the foremost and most clamorous of these will be the leading sham economists. The stateliest ship, when the water is gaining upon her hold, must perforce part with her guns—the parallel case is being practically exhibited just now, by the efforts of the financial reformers to get rid of our warlike establishments. If we cannot part with our defences, we must do without something else. There is in the mean time a talk of reducing salaries, paring down judicial emoluments, and retrenching diplomatic expenses. Lord John Russell, with no very good grace, has been forced to refer these matters to a committee, for the evident purpose of securing the longest possible period of delay. But the tax-gatherer will not be idle in his function, and still the clamour will increase. Superfluities will go first—but no surrender of superfluities will meet the exigency. Men, when pressed to the last extremity, become reckless of their personal obligations; and we have already heard from various quarters intimations that, if the land is to be permanently depreciated, the creditor who has lent his money on the security of that land must be prepared to share the burden of the loss with the owner. There is a smack of wild justice in this, not at all unpalatable to the taste of a burdened debtor. Sir Robert Peel's favourite question, "What is a pound?" will be argued afresh, after a fashion little likely to secure the approval of the original propounder of the query. We shall be told, truly enough, that the pound is the mere conventional representation of a certain amount of produce; and a very large body of men will begin to talk of paying off their debts, both private and public, upon a principle which, if once adopted, would destroy the whole credit of the country. Three years ago, Mr Doubleday demonstrated that, if the repeal of the Corn Laws should have the effect of reducing the price of wheat on the average to 4s. or 4s. 6d. per bushel, only two courses

are left—either to repeal the taxes down to five-and-twenty millions at most ; or to alter the currency law of 1819, and reduce the value of money to half the present value. We have now almost touched the mark.

All this was clearly foreseen and foreshadowed by Mr Alison, in his memorable paper of 1831 ; and we beg of our readers to peruse with attention the following extract, as of primary importance at the present juncture of affairs :—

“ Such a change of prices might be innocuous, if individuals and the public could begin on a new basis, and there were no subsisting *money engagements*, which must be provided for at a reduced rate of incomes. But how is such a state of things to go on, when individuals and the State are under so many engagements, which cannot be averted without private or public bankruptcy ? This is the question which, in a complicated state of society such as we live in, where industry is so dependent on credit, is the vital one to every interest.

“ There is hardly an individual possessed of property in the country who is not immediately or ultimately involved in money engagements. The landlords are notoriously and proverbially drowned in debt, and it is calculated that *two-thirds* of the produce of the soil finds its way ultimately into the pocket of the public or the private creditor. Farmers are all more or less involved in engagements either to their landlords or to the banks who have advanced their money ; merchants and manufacturers have their bills or cash-accounts standing against them, which must be provided for, whatever ensues with regard to the prices of the articles in which they deal ; and private individuals, even of wealthy fortunes, have provisions to their wives, sisters, brothers, or children, which must be made up to a certain money-amount, if they would avert the evils of bankruptcy. Now, if the views of the Reformers are well founded, and a great reduction is effected in the price of grain, and consequently in the money-income of every man in the kingdom, through the free trade in corn, how are these undiminished money-obligations to be made good out of the diminished pecuniary resources of the debtors in them ! Mr Baring has estimated that the change in the value of money, consequent on the resumption of cash-payments, altered prices about 25 per cent ; and everybody knows what widespread, still existing, and irremediable private distress that

change produced. What, then, may be anticipated from the far greater change which is contemplated as likely to arise from a free trade in grain ?

“ But, serious as these evils are, they are nothing in comparison with the dreadful consequences which would result to *public credit* from the change, and the widespread desolation which must follow a serious blow to the national faith.

“ It is well known with what difficulty the payment of the annual charge of the National Debt is provided for, even under the present scale of prices ; and how much these difficulties were increased by the change of prices, and the general diminution of incomes, consequent on the resumption of cash-payments. Indeed, such was the effect of that change that, had it not been counterbalanced by a very great increase, both of our agricultural and manufacturing produce at the same time, it would have rendered the maintenance of faith with the public creditor impossible. Now, if such be the present state of the public debt, even under the unexampled general prosperity which has pervaded the empire since the peace, and with all the security to the public faith which arises from the stable, consistent, and uniform rule of the British aristocracy, how is the charge of the debt to be provided for under the diminished national income arising from the much hoped-for change of prices consequent on the Reform Bill and repeal of the Corn Laws, and the increased national impatience, arising from the consciousness of the power to cast off the burden for ever !—Great and reasonable fear may be felt, whether, under any circumstances, the maintenance of the national faith inviolate is practicable for any considerable length of time : no doubt can be entertained that, under a Reform Parliament, and a free trade in grain, it will be impossible.”

We forbear quoting the picture which our author has drawn of the awful consequences which must instantly follow on a crash of the national credit—not because we consider it in any degree overcharged, but because we are now satisfied that the country is alive to its danger. We are too well accustomed to the brag-gadocio of modern journalism to attach much weight to the expiring vociferations of men who have done their utmost to lead us into the present dilemma ; and who now, finding themselves powerless to advise, are

vainly attempting to keep up a delusion which the experience of each succeeding week is dissipating with extraordinary rapidity. The most talented of the Free-trading journals virtually confess that the experiment has altogether failed. They are not able to point out one single iota of advantage which has resulted from it, beyond the purely supposititious one that, for a time, it secured the tranquillity of Great Britain. This is at best an ignoble argument in behalf of a bad measure; but we believe it to be utterly without foundation, inasmuch as there probably never was a great question agitated in which less interest was evinced by the masses of the nation than in that of the Corn Laws. But we should be sorry, indeed, to rank the loyalty of the British people so low, or to suppose that the crown of these realms rested upon so weak a foundation, as the adoption of such a view as this must necessarily infer. The journals to which we allude are by no means unconscious of the loss which we have incurred, or of the danger in which we presently stand. The insane boast of Mr Villiers, at the opening of the session, that a depreciation of ninety-one millions had taken place in the annual produce of British labour, found no echo in the columns of our more sharp-sighted contemporaries. They are now attempting to show that this calculation was an utter mistake; that importations are gradually diminishing; and that prices must necessarily rise. Most glad should we be if their views upon this subject were sound; but, unfortunately, stern experience points to a different result. We complain, and that with perfect justice, that they will not face the difficulty, and tell us what is to be done, supposing prices remain as they are. Agricultural quackery has done its utmost, and has been extinguished by the shout of general derision. No man in his senses believes that production can be artificially stimulated, or the earth so manured as to yield double crops to supply the frightful deficiency in the annual balance-sheet of the farmer. Both arms of husbandry are shattered. Cattle-feeding has been made, by Sir Robert Peel's tariff, as profitless as tillage; and all

countries have been invited, and are availing themselves of the invitation, to inundate our markets with their produce. Under such a state of things, what hope is there of recovery—what chance of manufactures reviving, so long as the best customers for manufactures are borne down? Are they not borne down? Let us see. The depreciation of food was stated by Mr Villiers at £91,000,000. The whole land rental of the United Kingdom is, according to a late statistical authority, £58,753,615. Let us suppose that rents are reduced by one-third—a reduction which, considering that mortgages and public burdens still remain undiminished, will cripple the means of most of the proprietors in the kingdom—and the rental will fall to about £39,169,000. Still there will remain a loss of nearly £52,000,000 annually, to be borne by the tenant; in other words, low prices will have to that extent affected their power of purchase. The real case is even stronger than the hypothetical one, because the farmers, who constitute the larger consuming body, are at present receiving no such remission of rent. Of £178,000,000, the estimated amount of British manufactures, we export £58,000,000, and there remain for home consumption goods to the value of £120,000,000. Upon the sale of these depends not only the prosperity, but the existence of the manufacturers; and yet people are astonished that their wares do not go off as formerly! How, in the name of common sense, can they be expected to go off, when no margin of profit is left, in his own trade, to the great consumer? What these reasonable gentlemen anticipate is this—that the proprietor shall have no surplus from his rent, or the farmer any remuneration from his toil and capital; and yet that they shall continue to purchase all articles of manufacture as before!

We observe that a contemporary journal, which naturally feels rather sore on the subject of the Corn Laws, has twitted Mr Alison with a failure of prophecy, in not having allowed for a sufficient lapse between the passing of the Reform Bill and the notable era when the lion and the lamb coalesced—when Sir Robert Peel finally became

a convert to the dazzling discoveries of Mr Cobden. Our respected brother seems to think that Mr Alison must feel disappointed that the march of democracy has been so slow; that the avatar of Free Trade was so long in coming; and that our fields were not, several years ago, abandoned by the disappointed husbandman. For the satisfaction of the kindly critic, we shall quote the following passage, penned in 1832, immediately after the passing of the Reform Bill, and then, perhaps, refresh his memory as to the manner in which the later measure was carried :—

“ Dark and disastrous, however, as is the future prospect of the British empire, we do not think its case hopeless, or that, after having gone through the degradation, distraction, and suffering which must follow the destruction of the Constitution, it may not yet witness in the decline of its days some gleams of sunshine and prosperity. The laws of nature have now come to aid the cause of order; its usual suffering will attend the march of revolution; experience will soon dispel the fumes of democracy; the reign of Political Unions, of Jacobin Clubs, and tricolor flags, must ere long come to an end; the suffering, anxiety, and distress consequent on their despotic rule, the suspension of all confidence, and the ruin of all credit, must consign them to the dust, amidst the execrations of their country, if they are not subverted by the ruder shock of civil warfare and military power. The distress, misery, and stagnation, in every branch of industry, already consequent on the Reform Bill, have been so extreme, that they must long ago have led to its overthrow, not only without the resistance, but with the concurrence, of all the Reformers who are not revolutionists, had it not been for the delusion universally spread by the revolutionary journals, that the existing distress was not owing to Reform, but to the resistance which it had experienced, and that the danger of revolution, great in the event of the measure being thrown out, was absolutely nugatory in the event of its being passed. These two sophisms have alone carried the bill through the resistance it experienced from the property, education, and talent of the country, and blinded men's eyes to the enormous evils which not only threatened to follow its triumph, but attended its progress. But these delusions cannot much longer be maintained. Reform is now victorious :

the bill is passed unimpaired and unimpaired; and its whole consequences now rest on the heads of its authors, and its authors alone. When it is discovered that all the benefits promised from it are a mere delusion; that stagnation, distress, and misery have signalled its triumph; that trade does not revive with the contracted expenditure of the rich, nor confidence return with the increased audacity of the poor; that the ancient and kindly relations of life have been torn asunder in the struggle, and the vehemence of democracy has provided no substitute in their stead; that interest after interest, class after class, is successively exposed to the attacks of the revolutionists, and the ancient barrier which restrained them is removed: the eyes of the nation must be opened to the gross fraud which has been practised upon it. Then it will be discovered that the aristocratic interest, and the nomination boroughs, which supported their influence in the Lower House, were the real bulwark which protected all the varied interests of the country from the revolutionary tempest, and that every branch of industry is less secure, every species of property is less valuable, every enterprise is more hazardous, every disaster is more irretrievable, when its surges roll unbroken and unresisted into the legislature.

“ It is upon this very circumstance, however, that our chief, and indeed our only hope of the country is founded. Hitherto the great body of the middle classes have stood aloof from the contest, or they have openly joined the reforming party. They were carried away by the prospect of the importance which they would acquire under the new Constitution, and did not perceive that it was their own interests which were defended, their own battle which was fought, their own existence which was at stake, in the contest maintained by the Conservative party. Now the case is changed. The old rampart is demolished, and, unless these middle ranks can create a new one, they must be speedily themselves destroyed. From the sole of their feet to the crown of their head, the middle classes of England at present stand exposed to the revolutionary fire; every shot will now carry away flesh and blood. Deeply as we deplore the misery and suffering which the exposure of these unprotected classes to the attacks of revolution must produce, it is in the intensity of that suffering, in the poignancy of that distress, that the only chance of ultimate deliverance is to be found. Periods of suffering are

seldom, in the end, lost to nations, any more than to individuals; and it is years of anguish that expiate the sin, and tame the passions, of days of riot and licentiousness.

"The Constitution, indeed, is destroyed, but the men whom the Constitution formed are not destroyed. The institutions which protected all the classes of the state, the permanent interests which coerced the feverish throes of democracy, the conservative weight which steadied all the movements of the people, are at an end; the peril arising from this sudden removal of the pressure which hitherto regulated all the movements of the machine is extreme, but the case is not utterly hopeless. It is impossible at once to change the habits of many hundred years' growth; it is difficult in a few years to root out the affections and interests which have sprung from centuries of obligation; it is not in a single generation that the virtues and happiness, fostered by ages of prosperity, are to be destroyed. As long as the British character remains unchanged; as long as religion and moral virtue sway the feelings of the majority of the people; as long as tranquil industry forms the employment of her inhabitants, and domestic enjoyments constitute the reward of their exertion,—the cause of order and civilisation is not hopeless. Revolutions, it is true, are always effected by reckless and desperate minorities in opposition to opulent and indolent majorities; but it is the ennobling effect of civil liberty to nourish a spirit of resistance to oppression, which outstrips all the calculations of those who ground their views upon what has occurred in despotic monarchies."

And so it happened. The reaction throughout the country was complete. The Conservative party rallied; and rallied so effectively, that, with many converts in its ranks, and the rising youth of the new generation to back it, a great majority in the House of Commons was secured, and the leadership intrusted to the hands of one who, in despite of previous lapses, appeared at that time to have earned the distinction by his zeal, and who gained it by the force of his protestations. Had the leader been true to the cause which he then professed, we should have been spared the ungracious duty of commenting upon a solemn treachery, to which history affords no parallel, and the memory of which will live long after the grave has closed above the head of the principal delin-

quent. How was it possible that such an event could fail again, for a time, to disunite a party, formed out of the ruins of the old one by a rapid and indiscriminate conscription? That dependence and faith which high and chivalrous spirits are so ready to place in one beneath whose colours they have fought—the ready trustingness of youth—the great prestige which surrounds the name of a veteran and successful statesman—the belief in his superior sagacity—the recollection of blandishments and flattery, so prized by the young when proceeding from the lips of honoured age,—all these things combined to break up the Conservative party, and to place the reins of government once more in the hands of the eager Whigs. Perhaps it is better so. There is no risk now of a second betrayal, whatever may be the future fortunes of the Country Party; and on the head of him who caused the social change let the whole consequences rest. England's political annals have at least gained one character more by the act. The future historian who shall chronicle the transactions of the last five years, whatever be his creed or his politics, will speak with veneration and honour of LORD GEORGE BENTINCK, for whose early fate more honest tears were shed, than have often been paid as a tribute to the patriot who has fallen in battle, the defender of his country's cause.

We have not left ourselves much room to glance at the three interesting papers in this volume, on the subject of the two French Revolutions of 1830 and 1848. They will be read with profound attention by thousands who may have passed them over cursorily in their anonymous original form; because Mr Alison's profound and intimate knowledge of the working of French diplomacy, of the turbulent and dangerous element which lies, like molten lava, beneath the surface of French society, and of the secret causes of those outrages which, from time to time, have shaken that unhappy country, must needs give an additional assurance of their value. It is curious to observe how entirely the speculations of the author, as to the consequences which might arise from the first of those sudden revolu-

tions, are borne out by the marvellous issue of the second. The falsity of the system which made the stability of a government and the existence of a dynasty mainly depend upon the doubtful adherence, and still more doubtful valour, of a civic National Guard, was clearly pointed out and exposed at the time when the Liberal press of England was loud in its approbation of the citizen soldiers who had violated their oaths, and the citizen king, who, more fortunate than his worthless father, had succeeded in supplanting his kinsman and rightful sovereign.

"Of the numerous delusions," wrote Mr Alison in 1831, "which have overspread the world in such profusion during the last nine months, there is none so extraordinary and so dangerous as the opinion incessantly inculcated by the revolutionary press, that the noblest virtue in regular soldiers is to prove themselves traitors to their oaths; and that a *national guard* is the only safe and constitutional force to which arms can be intrusted. The troops of the line, whose revolt decided the three days in July in favour of the revolutionary party, have been the subject of the most extravagant eulogium from the Liberal press throughout Europe; and even in this country, the Government journals have not hesitated to condemn, in no measured terms, the Royal Guard, merely because they adhered, amidst a nation's treason, to their honour and their oaths.

"Hitherto it has been held the first duty of soldiers to adhere, with implicit devotion, to that *fidelity* which is the foundation of military duties. Treason to his colours has been considered as foul a blot on the soldier's scutcheon as cowardice in the field. Even in the most republican states, this principle of military subordination has been felt to be the vital principle of national strength. It was during the rigorous days of Roman discipline, that their legions conquered the world; and the decline of the empire began at the time that the Prætorian Guards veered with the mutable populace, and sold the empire for a gratuity to themselves. Albeit placed in power by the insurrection of the people, no men knew better than the French Republican leaders that their salvation depended on crushing the military insubordination to which they had owed their elevation. When the Parisian levies began to evince the mutinous spirit in the camp at St Menehould in Champagne, which they had imbibed during the license of the

capital, Dumourier drew them up in the centre of his intrenchments, and, showing them a powerful line of cavalry in front, with their sabres drawn, ready to charge, and a stern array of artillery and cannoniers in rear, with their matches in their hands, soon convinced the most licentious that the boasted independence of the soldier must yield to the dangers of actual warfare. 'The armed force,' said Carnot, 'is essentially obedient;' and in all his commands, that great man incessantly inculcated upon his soldiers the absolute necessity of implicit submission to the power which employed them. When the recreant Constable de Bourbon, at the head of a victorious squadron of Spanish cavalry, approached the spot where the rearguard, under the Chevalier Bayard, was covering the retreat of the French army in the valley of Aosta, he found him seated, mortally wounded, under a tree, with his eyes fixed on the cross which formed the hilt of his sword. Bourbon began to express pity for his fate. 'Pity not me,' said the high-minded Chevalier; 'pity those who fight against their king, their country, and their oath!'

"These generous feelings, common alike to republican antiquity and modern chivalry, have disappeared during the fumes of the French Revolution. The soldier who is now honoured is not he who keeps, but he who violates his oath; the rewards of valour are showered, not upon those who defend, but on those who overturn the government; the income of popular applause is offered, not at the altar of fidelity, but at that of treason. Honours, rewards, promotion, and adulation, have been lavished on the troops of the line, who overthrew the government of Charles X. in July last; while the Royal Guard, who adhered to the fortune of the fallen monarch with exemplary fidelity, have been reduced to beg their bread from the bounty of strangers in a foreign land. A subscription has recently been opened in London for the most destitute of these defenders of royalty; but the Government journals have stigmatised, as 'highly dangerous,' any indication of sympathy with their fidelity or their misfortunes.

"If these ancient ideas of honour, however, are to be exploded, they have at least gone out of fashion in good company. The National Guard who took up arms to overthrow the throne, have not been long of destroying the altar. During the revolt of February 1831, the Cross, the emblem of salvation, was taken down from all the steeples in Paris by the citizen soldiers, and the image of our

Saviour effaced, by their orders, from every church within its bounds! The two principles stand and fall together. The Chevalier 'without fear and without reproach' died in obedience to his oath, with his eyes fixed on the Cross; the National Guard lived in triumph, while their comrades bore down the venerated emblem from the towers of Notre Dame."

Singular was the retribution which awaited France. The "Ulysses" of Europe, as he has been styled—the old, crafty, insincere, penurious, yet plausible and half-sagacious man, sate in apparent peace upon his throne for wellnigh eighteen years, negotiating alliances, maintaining a fair outward character, pandering to popularity, identifying himself with the *bourgeoisie*, and identifying his sons with the army—and all this to fall at last before the worst planned and most poorly contrived insurrection which was ever attempted in the streets of a European capital. Surrounded by his citizens, the citizen king went down. We know now, from the revelations of De la Hodde and others, what was the true nature and commencement of that beggarly conspiracy. We know that a few hundred suspected and ill-organised Socialists, along with a handful of newspaper editors, not two of whom possessed sufficient personal courage to lay hand on a loaded musket, contrived to overawe Paris, to bully the redoubted National Guard, and to send poor old Ulysses again upon his travels, without much chance of finding a second imperial Ithaca. Farce and tragedy are here so closely interwoven that it is wellnigh impossible to separate their texture. The dethronement of such a king may be a grand European disaster, but it militates nothing against the principle or the sanctity of royalty. It was but a simple Presidency gone a-begging. The King of the Bourse or the Railway Monarch had about them nearly as much of that divinity which should surround the royal character as Louis Philippe, the chosen of the shopkeepers, and the veteran dabbler in the funds. No true greatness, no high nobility of soul, elevated him to the throne of France—ignoble beyond all precedent was the manner in which

he was compelled to leave it. The retreat of Charles X. was a triumph compared with his panic-stricken and unfollowed flight.

The following are Mr Alison's remarks upon the last of these Revolutions. The reader will not fail to observe the extreme similarity between the two astounding Revolutions, and the precise nature of the cause which enabled both of them to be successfully carried through by an otherwise contemptible rabble.

"Who is answerable for this calamitous Revolution, which has thus arrested the internal prosperity of France, involved its finances in apparently hopeless embarrassment, thrown back for probably half a century the progress of real freedom in that country, and perhaps consigned it to a series of internal convulsions, and Europe to the horrors of general war for a very long period! We answer without hesitation, that the responsibility rests with two parties, and two parties only—the King and the National Guard.

"The King is most of all to blame, for having engaged in a conflict, and, when victory was within his grasp, allowing it to slip from his hands from want of resolution at the decisive moment. It is too soon after these great and astonishing events to be able to form a decided opinion on the whole details connected with them; but the concurring statements from all parties go to prove that on the first day the troops of the line were perfectly steady; and history will record that the heroic firmness of the Municipal Guard has rivalled all that is most honourable in French history. The military force was immense; not less than eighty thousand men, backed by strong forts, and amply provided with all the muniments of war. Their success on the first day was unbroken; they had carried above a hundred barricades, and were in possession of all the military positions of the capital. But at this moment the indecision of the King ruined everything. Age seems to have extinguished the vigour for which he was once so celebrated. He shrank from a contest with the insurgents, paralysed the troops by orders not to fire on the people, and openly receded before the insurgent populace, by abandoning Guizot and the firm policy which he himself had adopted, and striving to conciliate revolution by the *mazzo termini* of Count Molé, and a more liberal cabinet. It is with retreat in the presence of an insurrection, as in the case of an invading army; the first move towards the rear is

a certain step to ruin. The moment it was seen that the King was giving way, all was paralysed, because all foresaw to which side the victory would incline. The soldiers threw away their muskets, the officers broke their swords, and the vast array, equal to the army which fought at Austerlitz, was dissolved like a rope of sand. Louis Philippe fell without either the intrepidity of the royal martyr in 1793, or the dignity of the elder house of Bourbon in 1830; and if it be true, as is generally said, that the Queen urged the King to mount on horseback and die as 'became a King' in front of the Tuileries, and he declined, preferring to escape in disguise to this country, history must record, with shame, that royalty perished in France without the virtues it was entitled to expect in the meanest of its supporters.

"The second cause which appears to have occasioned the overthrow of the monarchy in France, is the general, it may be said universal, defection of the National Guard. It had been openly announced that 20,000 of that body were to line the Champs Elysées in *their uniform* on occasion of the banquet; it was perfectly known that that banquet was a mere pretext for getting the forces of this Revolution together; and that the intention of the conspirators was to march in a body to the Tuileries after it was over, and compel the King to accede to their demands. When they were called out in the afternoon, they declined to act against the people, and by their treachery occasioned the defection of the troops of the line, and rendered farther resistance hopeless. They expected, by this declaration against the King of their choice, the monarch of the barricades, to secure a larger share in the government for themselves. They went to the Chamber of Deputies, intending to put up the Duchess of Orleans as Regent, and the Count of Paris as King, and to procure a large measure of reform for the constitution. What was the result? Why, that they were speedily supplanted by the rabble who followed in their footsteps, and who, deriding the eloquence of Odillon Barrot, and insensible to the heroism of the Duchess of Orleans, by force and violence expelled the majority of the deputies from their seats, seized on the President's chair, and, amidst an unparalleled scene of riot and confusion, subverted the Orleans dynasty, proclaimed a Republic, and adjourned to the Hotel de Ville to name a Provisional Government!

"Here, then, is the whole affair clearly revealed. It was the timidity of Government, and the defection of the National

Guard, which ruined everything,—which paralysed the troops of the line, encouraged the insurgents, left the brave Municipal Guards to their fate, and caused the surrender of the Tuileries. And what has been the result of this shameful treachery on the part of the sworn defenders of order—this 'civic' prætorian guard of France! Nothing but this, that they have destroyed the monarchy, ruined industry, banished capital, rendered freedom hopeless, and made bankrupt the State! Such are the effects of armed men forgetting the first of social duties, that of fidelity to their oaths."

Of the other papers contained in this volume, that on the subject of "the British Peerage," written at a time when certain worthy fellows out of doors seemed to be determined that crown, mitre, and coronet should go together into one blazing bonfire, similar to that which lately received the state chair of Louis Philippe—and when certain peers within testified their respect for the dignity and privileges of their order, by doing their best to have it swamped by new creations—will especially challenge notice as a stately, dignified, and elaborate composition. Other essays, such as those on Crime and Transportation, Ireland, the Navigation Laws, and the Commercial Crisis of 1837, evince the care and attention which Mr Alison has bestowed on the leading topics of economy and government with which modern statesmen are inevitably compelled to grapple. Of their intrinsic merit we shall say nothing. They have often been cited as the ablest expositions of the peculiar views which they advocate, and all of them bear the impress of a mind earnest in its convictions, and thoroughly practical in its tendency. Mr Alison does not, like too many writers of the day, content himself with finding out what is faulty, or defective, or radically vicious in any branch of our social economy—he indulges in no vague and pointless declamation; but while he lays bare the wound, distinctly and emphatically inculcates the proper remedy. Many persons there are, of course, who will not subscribe to his doctrines, but we believe there are very few who will question the sincerity or deny the philanthropy of his views. And when it is considered that the three massive volumes, of

which this is the first, were composed at intervals of short respite from the toil of an engrossing profession, and form but a small portion of the literary labours of the author, it may be questionable which is most to be wondered at—the largeness of his information, or the unwearied energy of his mind.

These certainly are not the columns in which this work of Mr Alison can be discussed with absolute impartiality, nor is the writer of this article free from a pardonable bias. Where affection, veneration, and gratitude for many wholesome lessons, conveyed with a kindliness which has made those lessons still more valuable, are warm at the heart, criticism is impossible;

and it would be absurd and false to feign that we approach this book with any idea of fulfilling the critical function. Yet thus much may we be allowed to say, that for integrity of purpose, honesty of design, clear and unvarying adherence to principles, laboriously sought for and conscientiously adopted—for the virtue and total absence of selfishness which distinguish the patriot, and for the grace and accomplishment which adorn the scholar and the gentleman, it would be difficult to find within the four seas that encircle Britain a superior to the author of these *Essays*, and of the famous *History of Europe*.

OVID'S SPRING-TIME.

FROM THE TRISTIA.

For once the zephyrs have removed the cold :

One year is over, and a new begun.

So short a winter, I am daily told,

Never yet yielded to this northern sun.

I see the children skipping o'er the green,

Plucking the faint unodorous violet,

A gentle stranger, rarely ever seen.

With other flowers the mead is sparsely set—

Brown birds are twittering with the joy of spring :

The universal swallow, ne'er at rest,

Aye chirping, glances past on purple wing,

And builds beneath the humble eaves her nest.

The plant, which yester-year the share o'erthrew,

Looks up again from out the opening mould ;

And the poor vines, though here but weak and few,

Some scantling buds, like ill-set gems, unfold.

W. E. A.

Dies Boreales.

No. VII.

CHRISTOPHER UNDER CANVASS.

Camp at Cladich.

SCENE—*The Wren's Nest.* TIME—*Three o'clock A.M.*

NORTH—TALBOYS.

NORTH.

PERTURBED SPIRIT! why won't you rest? What brings thee here?

TALBOYS.

Seward snores.

NORTH.

Why select Seward?

TALBOYS.

I do not select him—he selects himself—singles himself out from the whole host; so that you hear his Snore loud over that of the Camp—say rather his Snore alone—like Lablache singing a Solo in a chorus.

NORTH.

It must be Buller.

TALBOYS.

Buller began it——

NORTH.

List! How harmonious in the hush the blended Snore of Camp and Village! How tuned to unison—as if by pitch-pipe—with the dreamy din of our lapsing friend here, who by and by will awake into a positive Waterfall.

TALBOYS.

The Snore of either army stilly sounds. At this distance, the Snore disposes to sleep. Seward must have awakened himself—there goes Buller——

NORTH.

Where?

TALBOYS.

Shriller than Seward—quite a childish treble—liker the Snore of a female——

NORTH.

Females never snore.

TALBOYS.

How do you know? I won't answer for some of them. Lionesses do—not perhaps in their wild state—but in Zoological Gardens.

NORTH.

Not quite so loud, Chanticleer—you will disturb my people.

TALBOYS.

Disturb your people! Why, he has already stirred up the Solar System.

"The Cock that is the Trumpet of the Morn,
Doth, with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat,
Awake the God of Day."

Taking the distance of the Earth from the Sun, in round numbers, at Ninety-Five Millions of Miles, pretty well for a bird probably weighing some six pounds not merely to make himself heard by the God of Day, but by one single crow to startle Dan Phœbus from his sleep, and force him *notens volens* to show his shining morning face at Cladich.

NORTH.

Out of Science, we seldom think of the vastness of the System of the Universe. Our hearts and imaginations diminish it for the delight of love. In our usual moods we are all Children with respect to Nature; and gather up Stars as if they were flowers of the field—to form a coronet for Neera's hair.

TALBOYS.

What ailed poor dear Doctor Beattie at Cocks in general? I never could understand the Curse.

"Proud harbinger of Day,
Who scarest my visions with thy clarion shrill,
Fell Chanticleer! who oft hath reft away
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill!
Oh, to thy cursed scream discordant still
Let Harmony aye shut her gentle ear;
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear."

You Poets, in your own persons, are a savage set.

NORTH.

I am not a Poet, sir; nor will I allow any man with impunity to call me so.

TALBOYS.

But Doctor Beattie was, and a Professor of Moral Philosophy to boot, at Aberdeen or St Andrews, or some other one of our ancient Universities—for every stone-and-lime building in Scotland is ancient; and goodness me! hear him cursing cocks, and dooming the whole Gallic race to every variety of cruel and ignominious deaths, in revenge for having been disturbed from his morning dreams by a Gentleman with Comb and Wattles crowing on his own Dunghill, in red jacket, speckled waistcoat, and grey breeks, the admiration of Earochs and How-Towdies.

NORTH.

Doctor Beattie was a true Poet—and had an eye and an ear for Nature. Yet now and then he shut both—

"Hence the scared owl on pinions grey
Breaks from the rustling boughs;
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose."

I have seen that Stanza quoted many thousand times as exquisite. It is criminal. An owl was never heard, scared or unscared, to "break from the rustling boughs." Silently as a leaf he leaves his perch; you hear no rustle, for he makes none—any more than a ghost.

TALBOYS.

Nor are the other lines good—for they present the image of a long rectilinear flight, which that of an owl in no circumstances is; and, in a fright, he would take the first blind shelter.

NORTH.

Poets seldom err so—yet I remember a mistake of Coleridge's about that commonest of all birds, the Rook.

"My gentle-hearted Charles! when the last Rook
Bent its straight path along the dusky air
Homewards, I blest it! deeming its black wing
(Now a dim speck, now vanishing in light)"

Had crossed the mighty orb's dilated glory,
 When thou stood'st gazing; or, when all was still,
Flew creaking o'er thy head; and had a charm
 For thee, my gentle-hearted Charles, to whom
 No sound is dissonant which tells of life!"

TALBOYS.

There is much silliness in the Sibylline Leaves. For Charles read Charlotte. 'Tis more like Love than Friendship—effeminate exceedingly; and, "no sound is dissonant which tells of life," reminds one of the Sunday Jackasses on Blackheath.

NORTH.

"*Flew creaking.*" Some months after I had written this line," says Coleridge in a note, "it gave me pleasure to find that Bartram had observed the same circumstance of the Savanna Crane. 'When these birds move their wings in flight, their strokes are slow, moderate, and regular; and even when at a considerable distance, or high above us, we plainly hear the quill-feathers; their shafts and webs, upon one another, croak as *the joints or working of a vessel in a tempestuous sea.*'" That a Rook may fly "creaking" when moulting, or otherwise out of feather, I shall not take upon me to deny; but in ordinary condition, he does not fly "creaking." Coleridge was wont, in his younger days, to mistake exceptions for general rules. In such a case as this, a moment's reflection would have sufficed to tell him that there could not have been "creaking" without let or hindrance to flight—and that the flight of a rook is easy and equable—"The blackening train o' craws to their repose." What creaking must have been there! But Burns never heard it.

TALBOYS.

One Burns, as an observer of nature, is worth fifty Coleridges.

NORTH.

Not an arithmetical question. Why, even dear Sir Walter himself occasionally makes a slip in this way.

"Beneath the broad and ample bone,
 That buckled heart to fear unknown,
 A feeble and a tim'rous guest
 The field-fare framed her lowly nest!"

The Field-fare is migratory—and does not build here; in Norway, where it is native, it builds in trees—often high up on lofty trees—and in crowds.

TALBOYS.

I believe, sir, they have been known to breed in this country—and perhaps here they build on the ground.

NORTH.

Don't be nonsensical. Our Great Minstrel knew wood-craft well; and hill-craft and river-craft; yet in his fine picture of Coriskin and Coolin,

"The wildest glen but this can show
 Some touch of nature's genial glow:
 On high Benmore green mosses grow,
 And heath-bells bud in deep Glencroe,
 And oopse on Cruachan Ben;
 But here, above, around, below,
 In mountain or in glen,
 Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
 Nor aught of vegetative power
 The weary eye may ken.
 For all is rocks at random strewn,
 Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,
 As if were here denied
 The summer's sun, the spring's sweet dew,
 That clothe with many a varied hue
 The bleakest mountain's head;"

would you believe it, that he introduces Deer—*fallow* Deer!

TALBOYS.

"Call it not vain, they do not err
 Who say that, when the Poet dies,
 Mute nature mourns her worshipper,
 And celebrates his obsequies ;
 Who say tall cliff and cavern lone
 For the departed bard make moan ;
 That mountains meet in crystal rill,
 That flowers in tears of balm distil ;
 Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
 And oaks in deeper groan reply,
 And rivers teach their rushing wave
 To murmur dirges round his grave."

NORTH.

And there the Last Minstrel should have ceased. What follows spoils all—fanciful, fantastic—not imaginative, poetical. The Minstrel is at pains to let us know that

"Mute nature does not mourn her worshipper !"

that not

"O'er mortal urn
 These things inanimate can mourn."

What, then, is the truth ? To explain the mystery of flowers distilling tears of balm, we are told that

"The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
 That love, true love, should be forgot,
 From rose and heather shakes the tear
 Upon the gentle Minstrel's bier—"

The Phantom Knight shrieks upon the wild blast—and the Chief, from his misty throne on the mountains, fills the lonely caverns with his groans—while his

"Tears of rage impel the rill !
 All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,
 Their name unknown, their praise unsung !"

Had Sir Walter been speaking in his own person he never would have written thus—nor thus contradicted and extinguished the Passion in the stanzas you so feelingly recited. But he puts the words into the lips of an old Harper improvising at a Feast—on which occasion anything will pass for poetry—even to the mind of the true Poet himself—but, believe me, it is sheer nonsense—and by power of contrast recalls Wordsworth's profound saying—

"The Poets, in their elegies and lays
 Lamenting the departed, call the groves—
 They call upon the hills and streams to mourn
 And senseless rocks ; now idly ; for they speak
 In these their invocation, with a voice
 Obedient to the strong creative power
 Of human passion. Sympathies there are
 More tranquil, yet perhaps of kindred birth,
 That steal upon the meditative mind,
 And grow with thought. Beside yon spring I stood,
 And eyed its waters till we seemed to feel
 One sadness, they and I. For them a bond
 Of brotherhood is broken ; time has been
 When, every day, the touch of human hand
 Dislodged the natural sleep that binds them up
 In mortal stillness ; and they ministered
 To human comfort."

TALBOYS.

Are all these the Cladich Cock and his echoes ? No, surely. Farm crows to Farm, from Auchlian to Sonnachan. You might almost believe them bagpipes. And so it is—that is a bagpipe. On which side of the Loch ? Why, on neither—beg pardon—on both ; forgive me—on the Water ;—incredible—in the Camp ! No snore can long outlive that—the People are up and doing.

In my mind's eye I see women slipping easily into petticoats—men laboriously into breeches—

NORTH.

My more Celtic imagination sees chiefly kilts. But pray, may I ask again, Talboys, what brought you here at this untimely hour of the Morn?

TALBOYS.

I feel that I ought to apologise for my unwelcome intrusion on your privacy, sir; but on my honour I believed you were in the Van. Yesterday I was so engrossed by you and Shakspeare, that during our colloquy I had not a moment to look at the Wren's Nest.

NORTH.

Its existence is believed in by few of the natives. I knew no such place for a murder. There would be no need to bury the body—here at this Table he might be left sitting for centuries—a dead secret in a Safe.

TALBOYS.

No need to bury the body! You have no antipathy, I trust, sir, to me?

NORTH.

We are not responsible for our antipathies—

TALBOYS.

I allow that—but we are for every single murder we commit; and though there may be no need to bury the body, murder will spunk out—

NORTH.

We are willing to run the risk. What infatuation to seek the Lion in his Den—the Wren in his Nest! Sit down, sir, and let us have, in the form of dialogue, your last speech and dying words on Othello.

TALBOYS.

Hamlet, sir?

NORTH.

Othello.

TALBOYS.

Romeo and Juliet?

NORTH.

Othello.

TALBOYS.

Well—Lear let it be.

NORTH.

Mind what you are about, Talboys. There are limits to human forbearance. Swear that after this morning's breakfast you will never again utter the words Othello—Iago—Cassio—Desdemona—

TALBOYS.

I swear. Meanwhile, let us recur to the Question of Short and Long Time.

NORTH.

When Shakspeare was inditing the Scenes of the "Decline and Fall"—"The Temptation"—"The Seduction"—or whatsoever else you choose to call it—the Sequence of Cause and Effect—the bringing out into prominence and power the successive ESSENTIAL MOVEMENTS of the proceeding transformation were intents possessing his whole spirit. We can easily conceive that they might occupy it absolutely and exclusively—that is to say, excluding the computation and all consideration of actual time. If this be an excessive example, yet I believe that a huddling up of time is a part of the poetical state; that you must, and, what is more, may, crowd into a Theatrical or Epic Day, far more of transaction between parties, and of changes psychological, than a natural day will hold—ay, ten times over. The time on the Stage and in Verse is not literal time. Not it, indeed; and if it be thus with time, which is so palpable, so selfevidencing an entity, what must be the law, and how wide-ranging, for everything else, when we have once got fairly into the Region of Poetry?

TALBOYS.

The usefulness of the Two Times is palpable from first to last—of the

Short Time for maintaining the tension of the passion—of the long for a thousand general needs. Thus Bianca must be used for convincing Othello very potently, positively, unanswerably. But she cannot be used without supposing a protracted intercourse between her and Cassio. Iago's dialogue with him falls to the ground, if the acquaintance began yesterday. But superincumbent over all is the necessity of our not knowing that Iago begins the Temptation, and that Othello extinguishes the Light of his Life all in one day.

NORTH.

And observe, Talboys, how this concatenation of the passionate scenes operates. Marvellously! Let the Entrances of Othello be four—A, B, C, D. You feel the close connexion of A with B, of B with C, of C with D. You feel the coherence, the nextness; and all the force of the impetuous Action and Passion resulting. But the logically-consequent near connexion of A with C, and much more with D, as again of B with D, you do not feel. Why? When you are at C, and feeling the pressure of B upon C, you have lost sight of the pressure of A upon B. At each entrance you go back one step—you do not go back two. The suggested intervals continually keep displacing to distances in your memory the formerly felt connexions. This could not so well happen in real life, where the relations of time are strictly bound upon your memory. Though something of it happens when passion devours memory. But in fiction, the conception being loosely held, and shadowy, the feat becomes easily practicable. Thus the Short Time tells for the support of the Passion, along with the Long Time, by means of virtuous instillations from the hand or wing of Oblivion. From one to two you feel no intermission—from two to three you feel none—from three to four you feel none; but I defy any man to say that from one to four he has felt none. I defy any man to say honestly, that "sitting at the Play" he has kept count from one to four.

TALBOYS.

If you come to that, nobody keeps watch over the time in listening to Shakespeare. I much doubt if anybody knows at the theatre that Iago's first suggestion of doubt occurs the day after the landing. I never knew it till you made me look for it—

NORTH.

For which boon I trust you are duly grateful.

TALBOYS.

'Tis folly to be wise.

NORTH.

Why, Heaven help us! if we did not go to bed, and did not dine, which of us could ever keep count from Monday to Saturday! As it is, we have some of us hard work to know what happened yesterday, and what the day before. On Tuesday I killed that Salmo Ferox?

TALBOYS.

No—but on Wednesday I did. You forget yourself, my dear sir, just like Shakespeare.

NORTH.

Ay, Willy forgets himself. He is not withheld by the chain of time he is linking, for he has lost sight of the previous links. Put yourself into the transport of composition, and answer. But besides, every past scene—or to speak more suitably to the technical distribution of the Scenes, in our Editions—every past *changed occupation of the Stage by one coming in or one going out*, (which different occupation, according to the technicality of the French Stage, of the Italian, of the Attie, of Plautus, of Terence, constitutes a Scene)—every such past marked moment in the progress of the Play has the effect for the Poet, as well as for you, of protracting the time in retrospect—throwing everything that has passed further back. As if, in travelling fifty miles, you passed fifty Castles, fifty Churches, fifty Villages, fifty Towns, fifty Mountains, fifty Valleys, and fifty Cataracts—fifty Camels, fifty Elephants, fifty Caravans, fifty Processions, and fifty Armies—the said fifty miles would seem a good stretch larger to your recollection, and the five

hours of travelling a pretty considerable deal longer, than another fifty miles and another five hours in which you had passed only three Old Women.

TALBOYS.

My persuasion is, sir, that nobody alive knows—the auditors—that the first suggestion of doubt and the conclusion to kill are in one Scene of the Play. I do, indeed, believe, with you, sir, that the goings-out and re-enterings of Othello have a strangely deluding effect—that they disconnect the time more than you can think—and that all the changes of persons on the stage—all shiftings of scenes and droppings of curtains, break and dislocate and dilate the time to your imagination, till you do not in the least know where you are. In this laxity of your conception, all hints of extended time sink in and spring up, like that fungus which, on an apt soil, in a night grows to a foot diameter.

NORTH.

You have hit it there, Talboys. Shakspeare, we have seen, in his calmer constructions, shows, in a score of ways, weeks, months; that is therefore the true time, or call it the historical time. Hurried himself, and hurrying you on the torrent of passion, he forgets time, and a false show of time, to the utmost contracted, arises. I do not know whether he did not perceive this false exhibition of time, or perceiving, he did not care. But we all must see a reason, and a cogent one, why he should not let in the markings of protraction upon his dialogues of the Seduced and the Seducer. You can conceive nothing better than that the Poet, in the moment of composition, seizes the views which at that moment offer themselves as effective—unconscious or regardless of incompatibility. He is whole to the present; and as all is feigned, he does not remember how the foregone makes the ongoing impracticable. Have you ever before, Talboys, examined time in a Play of Shakspeare? Much more, have you ever examined the treatment of time on the Stage to which Shakspeare came, upon which he lived, and which he left?

TALBOYS.

A good deal.

NORTH.

Not much, I suspect.

TALBOYS.

Why, not at all—except t' other day along with you—in Macbeth.

NORTH.

He came to a Stage which certainly had not cultivated the logic of time as a branch of the Dramatic Art. It appears to me that those old people, when they were enwrapt in the transport of their creative power, totally forgot all regard, lost all consciousness of time. Passion does not know the clock or the calendar. Intimations of time, now vague, now positive, will continually occur; but also the Scenes float, like the Cyclades in a Sea of Time, at distances utterly indeterminate—Most near? Most remote? That is a Stage of Power, and not of Rules—Dynamic, not Formal. I say again at last as at first, that the time of Othello, tried by the notions of time in *our Art*, or tried, if you will, by the type of grossaie and literal time, is—INSOLUBLE.

TALBOYS.

To the first question, therefore, being What is the truth of the matter? the answer stands, I conceive without a shadow of doubt or difficulty, "The time of Othello is—as real time—INSOLUBLE."

NORTH.

By heavens, he echoes me!

TALBOYS.

Or, it is proposed incongruously, impossibly. Then arises the question, How stood the time in the mind of Shakspeare?

NORTH.

I answer, I do not know. The question splits itself into two—first, "How did he *project* the time?" Second, "How did he conceive it in the progress of the Play?" My impression is, that he projected extended time. If so, did he or did he not know that in managing the Seduction he

departed from that design by contracting into a Day? Did he deliberately entertain a double design? If he did, how did he excuse this to himself? Did he say, "A stage necessity, or a theatrical or dramatic necessity"—namely, that of sustaining at the utmost possible reach of altitude the tragical passion and interest—"requires the precipitation of the passion from the first breathing of suspicion—the 'Ha! Ha! I like not that,' of the suggesting Fiend to the consecrated 'killing myself, to die upon a kiss!'—all in the course of fifteen hours—and this tragical vehemency, this impetuous energy, this torrent of power I will have; at the same time I have many reasons—amongst them the general probability of the action—for a dilated time; and I, being a magician of the first water, will so dazzle, blind, and bewilder my auditors, that they shall accept the double time with a double belief—shall feel the unstayed rushing on of action and passion, from the first suggestion to the cloud of deaths—and yet shall remain with a conviction that Othello was for months Governor of Cyprus—they being on the whole unreflective and uncritical persons?"

TALBOYS.

And, after all, who willingly criticises his dreams or his pleasures?

NORTH.

And the Audience of the Globe Theatre shall not—for "I hurl my dazzling spells into the spungy air," and "the spell shall sit when the curtain has fallen." Shakspeare might, in the consciousness of power, say this. For this is that which he has—knowingly or unknowingly—done. Unknowingly? Perhaps—himself borne on by the successively rising waves of his work. For you see, Talboys, with what prolonged and severe labour we two have arrived at knowing the reality of the case which now lies open to us in broad light. We have needed time and pains, and the slow settling of our understandings, to unwind the threads of delusion in which we were encoiled and entolled. If a strange and unexplained power could undeniably so beguile us—a possibility of which, previously to this examination, we never have dreamt, how do we warrant that the same dark, nameless, mysterious power shall not equally blind the "Artificer of Fraud?" This is matter of proposed investigation and divination, which let whoever has will, wit, and time, presently undertake.

TALBOYS.

Why, we are doing it, sir. He will be a bold man who treats of Othello—after Us.

NORTH.

Another question is—What is the Censure of Art on the demonstrated inconsistency in Othello? I propose, but now deal not with it. Observe that we have laid open a new and startling inquiry. We have demonstrated the double time of Othello—the Chronological Fact. That is the first step set in light—the first required piece of the work—*done*. Beyond this, we have ploughed a furrow or two, to show and lead further direction of the work in the wide field. We have touched on the gain to the work by means of the duplicity—we have proposed to the self-consciousness of all hearers and readers the psychological fact of their own unconsciousness of the guile used towards them, or of the success of the fallacy; and we have asked the solution of the psychological fact. We have also asked the Criticism of Art on the government of the time in Othello—supposing the Poet in pride and audacity of power to have designed that which he has done. Was it High Art?

TALBOYS.

Ay—was it High Art?

NORTH.

I dare hardly opine. Effect of high and most defying art it has surely; but you ask again—did he know? I seem to see often that the spirit of the Scene possessed Shakspeare, and that he fairly forgot the logical ties which he had encoiled about him. We know the written Play, and we may, if we are capable, know its power upon ourselves. There *are* the Two Times, the Long and the Short; and each exerts upon you its especial virtue. I can believe

that Shakspeare unconsciously did what Necessity claimed—the impetuous motion on, on, on of the Passion—the long time asked by the successive events; the forces that swayed him, each in its turn, its own way.

TALBOYS.

Unconsciously?

NORTH.

Oh heavens! Yes—yes—no—no. Yes—no. No—yes. What you will.

“Willingly my jaws I close,
Leave! oh! leave me to repose.”

TALBOYS.

Consciously or unconsciously?

NORTH.

Talboys, Longfellow, Perpetual Prases of the Seven Feet Club, we want Troy, Priam, Achilles, Hector, to have been. Perhaps they were—perhaps they were not. We must be ready for two states of mind—simple belief, which is the temper of childhood and youth—recognition of illusion with self-surrender, which is the attained state of criticism wise and childlike. At last we voluntarily take on the faith which was in the golden age. The child believed; and the man believes. But the child believes *this*; and the man who perceives how *this* is a shadow, believes *that* beyond. *This* he believes in play—*that* in earnest. The child mixed the two—the tale of the fairies and the hope of hereafter. Union, my dear Boys, is the faculty of the young, but division of the old. I speak of Shakspeare at five years of age; not of Us, whom, ere we can polysyllable men's names, dominies instruct how to do old men's work and to distinguish.

TALBOYS.

My dear sir, I do so love to hear your talkee talkee; but be just ever so little a little more intelligible to ordinary mortals—

NORTH.

You ask what really happened? The Play bewilders you from answering—accept it as it rushes along through your soul, reading or sitting to hear and see. The main and strange fact is, that these questions of Time, which, reading the Play backwards, force themselves on us, never occur to us reading straight forwards. Two Necessities lie upon your soul.

TALBOYS.

Two Necessities, sir?

NORTH.

Two Necessities lie upon your soul. You cannot believe that Othello, suspecting his Wife, folds his arms night after night about her disrobed bosom. As little can you believe that in the course of twelve hours the spirit of infinite love has changed into a dagger-armed slayer. The Two Times—marvellous as it is to say—take you into alternate possession. The impetuous motion forwards, in the scenes and in the tenor of action, which belong to the same Day, you feel; and you ask no questions. When Othello and Iago speak together, you lose the knowledge of time. You see power and not form. You feel the aroused Spirit of Jealousy: you see, in the field of belief, a thought sown and sprung—a thought changed into a doubt—a doubt into a dread—a dread into the cloud of death. Evidences press, one after the other—the spirit endures change—you feel succession—as cause and effect must succeed—you do not compute hours, days, weeks, months;—yet confess I must, and confess you must, and confess all the world and his wife must, that the condition is altogether anomalous—that a time which is at once a day of the Calendar and a month of the Calendar, does not happen anywhere out of Cyprus.

TALBOYS.

It has arisen just as you say, sir—because Two Necessities pressed. The Passion must have its torrent, else you will never endure that Othello shall kill Desdemona. Events must have their concatenation, else—but I stop at this the incredible anomaly, that for *Othello* himself you require the double time!

You cannot imagine him embracing his wife, misdoubted false ; as little can you his Love measureless, between sunrise and sunset turned into Murder.

NORTH.

Even so.

TALBOYS.

My dear sir, what really happened ?

NORTH.

Oh ! Talboys, Talboys. Well then—*not* that Othello killed her upon the first night after the arrival at Cyprus. The Cycle could not have been so run through.

TALBOYS.

How then in reality did the Weeks pass ?

NORTH.

That's a good one ! Why, I was just about to ask you—and 'tis your indisputable duty to tell me and the anxious world—how.

TALBOYS.

I do not choose to commit myself in such a serious affair.

NORTH.

Suppose the framing of the tale into a Prose Romance. Surely, surely, surely, no human romancer, compounding the unhappy transactions into a prose narrative, could, could, could have put the first sowing of doubt, and the smothering under the pillows, for incidents of one day. He would have made Othello for a time laugh at the doubt, toss it to the winds. Iago would have worried about him a deal slower. The course of the transactions in the Novel would have been much nearer the course of reality.

TALBOYS.

In Cinthio's Novel—

NORTH.

Curse Cinthio.

TALBOYS.

My Lord, I bow to your superior politeness.

NORTH.

Confound Chesterfield. My dear friend, Reality has its own reasons—a Novel its own—and its own a Drama. Every work of art brings its own conditions, which divide you from the literal representation of human experience. Ask Painter, Sculptor, and Architect. Every fine art exercises its own sleights.

TALBOYS.

In the Novel, I guess or admit that they would have been a month at Cyprus ere Iago had stirred. What hurry ? He would have watched his time—ever and anon would have thrown in a hundred suggestions of which we knew nothing. Let any man, romancer or other, set himself to conceive the Prose Novel. He cannot, by any possibility, conceive that he should have been led to make but a day of it. Ergo, the Drama proceeds upon its own Laws. No representation in art is the literal transcript of experience.

NORTH.

The question is, what deviations—to what extent—does the particular Art need ? And why ? The talked Attic Unity of Time instructs us. But Sophocles and Shakspeare must have one view of the Stage, in essence. You must sit out your three or four hours. You must listen and see with expectation intended, like a bow drawn. To which intent Action and Passion must press on.

TALBOYS.

Compare, sir, the One Day of Othello to the Sixteen Years of Hermione ! There, intensest Passion sustained ; here, the unrolling of a romantic adventure. Each true to the temper imposed on the hearing spectator.

NORTH.

Good. The Novel is not a Transcript—the Play is not a Transcript. Ask not for a Transcript, for not one of those who could give it you, will. A *conditioned imitation we desire* and demand—and we have it in Othello.

TALBOYS.

And put up we must with Two Times—one for your sympathy with his tempest of heart—one for the verisimilitude of the transaction.

NORTH.

Think on the facility with which, in the Novel, Iago could have strewn an atom of arsenic a-day on Othello's platter, to use him to the taste; and how, in the Play, this representation is impossible. Then, the original remaining the same, each manner of portraiture leaves it, and each, after its own Laws.

TALBOYS.

Did not Shakspeare know as much about the Time which he was himself making as we do, as much and more?

NORTH.

I doubt it. I see no necessity for believing it. We judge him as we judge ourselves. He came to his Art as it was, and created—improving it—from that point. An Art grows in all its constituents. The management of the Time is a constituent in the Art of “feigned history,” as Poetry is called by Lord Bacon. But I contend that on our Stage, to which Shakspeare came, the management of Time was in utter neglect—an undreamed entity; and I claim for the first foundation of any Canon respective to this matter, acute sifting of all Plays previous.

TALBOYS.

Not so very many—

NORTH.

Nor so very few. Shakspeare took up the sprawling, forlorn infant, dramatic Time. He cradled, rocked, and fed it. The bantling throve, and crawled vigorously about on all-fours. But since then, thou Tallometer, imagine the study that we have made. Count not our Epic Poems—not our Metrical Romances—not our Tragedies. Count our Comedies, and count above all our Novels. I do not say that you can settle Time in these by the almanac. They are the less poetical when you can do so; but I say that we have with wonderful and immense diligence studied the working out of a Story. Time being here an essential constituent, it cannot be but that, in our more exact and critical layings-out of the chain of occurrences, we have arrived at a tutored and jealous respect of Time—to say nothing of our Aristotelian lessons—totally unlike anything that existed under Eliza and James, as a general proficiency of the Art—as a step gained in the National Criticism.

TALBOYS.

Ay, it must be difficult in the extreme for us so to divest ourselves of our own intellectual habits and proficiency as to take up, and into our own, the mind of that Age. But, unless we do so, we are unable to judge what might or might not happen to any one mind of that age; and when we affirm that Shakspeare must have known what he was doing in regard to the Time of Othello, we are suffering under the described difficulty or disability—

NORTH.

Why, Talboys, you are coming, day after day, to talk better and better sense—take care you do not get too sensible—

TALBOYS.

We must never forget, sir, that the management of the Time was on that Stage a slighted and trampled element—that what Willy gives us of it is gratuitous, and what we must be thankful for—and finally, that he did not distinctly scheme out, in his own conception, the Time of Othello—very far from it.

NORTH.

I verily believe that if you or I had shown him the Time, tied up as it is, he would have said, “Let it go hang. They won't find it out; and, if they do, let them make the best, the worst, and the most of it. The Play is a good Play, and I shall spoil it with mending it.” Why, Talboys, if Queen Elizabeth had required that the Time should be set straight, it could not have been done. One—two—six changes would not have done it. The Time is an entangled skein that can only be disentangled by breaking it. For the fervour

of action on the Stage, Iago could not have delayed the beginning beyond the next day. And yet think of the Moral Absurdity—to begin—really as if the day after Marriage, to sow Jealousy! The thing is out of nature the whole diameter of the globe. His project was “after a time t’ abuse Othello’s ear,” which is according to nature, and is *de facto* the impression made—strange to say—from beginning to end. But the truth is, that the Stage three hours are so soon gone, that you submit yourself to everything to come within compass. Your Imagination is bound to the wheels of the Theatre Clock.

TALBOYS.

Yet, in our conversation on Macbeth, you called your discovery an “astounding discovery”—and it is so. The Duplicity of Time in Othello is a hundred times more astounding—

NORTH.

And the discovery of it will immortalise my name. I grieve to think that the Pensive Public is sadly deficient in Imagination. I remember or invent that she once resisted me, when I said that “Illusion” is one constituent of Poetry. Illusion, the Pensive Public must be made to know, is WHEN THE SAME THING IS, AND IS NOT. Pa—God bless him!—makes believe to be a Lion. He roars, and springs upon his prey. He at once believes himself to be a Lion, and knows himself to be Pa. Just so with the Shakspeare Club—many millions strong. The two times at Cyprus *are there*; the reason for the two times—to wit, probability of the Action, storm of the Passion—*is there*; and if any wiseacre should ask, “How do we manage to stand the *known* together—proceeding of two times?” The wiseacre is answered—“We don’t stand it—for we know nothing about it. We are held in a confusion and a delusion about the time.” We have effect of both—distinct knowledge of neither. We have suggestions to our Understanding of extended time—we have movements of our Will by precipitated time.

TALBOYS.

We have—we have—we have. Oh! sir! sir! sir!

NORTH.

Does any man by possibility ask for a scheme and an exposition, by which it shall be made luminous to the smallest capacity, *how* we are able distinctly all along to know, and bear in mind, that the preceding transactions are accomplished in a day, and at the same time and therewithal, distinctly all along to know and bear in mind that the same transactions proceeding before our eyes take about three months to accomplish? Then, I am obliged—like the musicians, when they are told that, if they have any music that may not be heard, Othello desires them to play it—to make answer, “Sir, we have none such.” It is to ask that a deception shall be not only seemingly but really a truth! Jedediah Buxton, and Blair the Chronologist, would, “sitting at *this* play,” have broken their hearts. You need not. If you ask me—which judiciously you may—what or how much did the Swan of Avon intend and know of all this astonishing legerdemain, when he sang thus astonishingly? Was he the juggler juggled by aerial spirits—as Puck and Ariel? I put my finger to my lip, and nod on him to do the same; and if I am asked, “Shall a modern artificer of the Drama, having the same pressure from within and from without, adopt this resource of evasion?” I can answer, with great confidence, “He had better look before he leap.” If any spectator, upon the mere persuasion and power of the Representation, ends with believing that the seed sown and the harvest reaped are of one day, I believe that he may yet have the belief of extended time at Cyprus. I should say by *carrying the one day with him on forwards from day to day!* Or if you wish this more intelligibly said, that he shall continually *forget* the past notices. Once for all, he shall *forget* that the *first suggestion was on the day after the arrival.*

TALBOYS.

Inquire, sir, what intelligent auditors, who have not gone into the study, have thought; for that, after all, is the only testimony that means anything.

NORTH.

Well, Talboys, suppose that one of them should actually say, "Why, upon my word, if I am to tell the truth, I did take note that Iago began 'abusing Othello's ear' the day after the arrival. I did, in the course of the Play, gather up an impression that some good space of time was passing at Cyprus—and I did, when the murder came, put it down upon the same day with the sowing of the suspicion, and I was not aware of the contradiction. In short, now that you put me upon it, I see that I did that which thousands of us do in thousands of subjects—keep in different corners of the brain two beliefs—of which, if they had come upon the same ground, the one must have annihilated the other. But I did not at the time bring the data together. I suppose that I had something else to think of."

TALBOYS.

Assume, sir, for simplicity's sake, that Shakespeare knew what he was doing.

NORTH.

Then the Double Time is to be called—an Imposture.

TALBOYS.

Oh, my dear sir—oh, oh!

NORTH.

A good-natured Juggler, my dear Talboys, has cheated your eyes. You ask him to show you how he did it. He does the trick slowly—and you see. "Now, good Conjuror, *do it slowly, and cheat us.*" "I can't. I cheat you by doing it quickly. To be cheated, you must not see what I do; but you must think that you see." When we inspect the Play in our closets, the Juggler does his trick slowly. We sit at the Play, and he does it quick. When you see the trick again done the right way—that is quick—you cannot conceive how it is that you no longer see that which you saw when it was done slowly! Again the impression returns of a magical feat.

TALBOYS.

I doubt, if we saw Othello perfectly acted, whether all our study would preserve us from the returning imposture.

NORTH.

I will defy any one most skilful theatrical connoisseur, even at the tenth, or twentieth, or fiftieth Representation, so to have followed the comings-in and the goings-out, as to satisfy himself to demonstration, that interval into which a month or a week or a day can be dropped—*there is none.*

TALBOYS.

When do you purpose publishing this your "astounding Discovery?"

NORTH.

Not till after my death.

TALBOYS.

I shall attend to it.

NORTH.

In comparing Shakespeare and the Attic Three, we seem to ourselves, but really do not, to exhaust the Criticism of the Drama. Is Mr Sheriff Alison right, when he said that the method of Shakespeare is justified only by the genius of Shakespeare? That less genius needs the art of antiquity? Our own art inclines to a method between the two; and we should have to account for the theatrical success, during a century or more, of such Plays as the Fair Penitent, Jane Shore, &c.

TALBOYS.

Why, sir, does Tragedy displace often from our contemplation, Comedy? Not when we are contemplating Shakespeare. To me his method, in reading him, appears justified by the omnipotent Art, which, despite refractoriness, binds together the most refractory times, things, persons, events in *Unity*.

NORTH.

Most true. We feel, in reading, the self-compactness and self-completeness of each Play. Thus in Lear—

TALBOYS.

In Lear the ethical ground is the Relation of Parent to Child, specifically

Father and Daughter. If the treatment of that Relation is full to your satisfaction, that may affect you as a Unity. Full is not exhaustive; but one part of treatment demands another. Thus the violated relation requires for its complement the consecrated relation.

NORTH.

In Hamlet?

TALBOYS.

The ethical ground in Hamlet, sir, is the relation of Father and Son, very peculiarly determined, or specialised. Observe, sir, how the *like* relation between Father and Daughter, the *same* between Father and Son occurs in Polonius's House. Here, too, a slain Father—a part of the specialty. Compare, particularly, the dilatory revenge of Hamlet, and the dispatchful of Laertes. Again, the relation of Gertrude the Mother and Hamlet the Son—so many differences! And the strange discords upon the same relation—my Uncle-Father and Aunt-Mother—the tragic grotesque.

NORTH.

Eh?

TALBOYS.

Then in Lear the House of Gloucester counterparts Lear's. And compare the ill-disposed Son-in-law Cornwall, and the well-disposed Son-in-law Albany. The very Fool has a sort of *filial* relation to Lear—"Nuncle"—and "come on, my Boy." At least the relation is in the same direction—old to young—protecting to dependent—spontaneous love to grateful, requiting love, and an intimate, fawning familiarity. Compare in Hamlet, Ophelia's way of taking her father's death—madness and unconscious suicide—the susceptible girl,—and the brother's to kill the slayer, "to cut his throat i' the church"—the energetic youthful man, *ferox juvenis*—fiery—full of exuberant strength;—all variations of the grounding thought—relation of Parent and Child.

NORTH.

Of Othello?

TALBOYS.

The moral Unity of Othello can be nothing but the Connubial Relation. How is this dealt with? Othello and Desdemona deserve one another—both are excellent—both impassioned, but very differently—both frank, simple, confiding—both unbounded in love. But they have married against the father's wish—privily, and—he dies—so here is from another sacred quarter an influence thwarting—a law violated, and of which the violation shall be made good to the uttermost. So somebody remarks that Brabantio involves the fact in the Nemesis, "She has deceived her Father, and may thee." Then the pretended corrupt love of her and Cassio is a reflection in divers ways of the prevailing relation—for a corrupt union of man and woman images *ex opposito* the true union—and then it comes as the wounding to the death. Again, Rodrigo's wicked pursuit of her is an imperfect, false reflection. And then there is the false relation—in Cassio and Bianca—woven in essentially when Iago, talking to Cassio of Bianca, makes Othello believe that they are speaking of Desdemona. Then the married estate of Iago and Emilia is another image—an actual marriage, and so far the same thing, but an inwardly unbound wedlock—between heart and heart no tie—and so far not the same thing—the same with a difference, exactly what Poetry requires. Note that this image is also participant in the Action, essentially, penetratively to the core; since hereby Iago gets the handkerchief, and hereby, too, the knot is resolved by Emilia's final disclosures and asseverations sealed by her death. Observe that each husband kills, and indeed stabs his wife—motives a little different—as heaven and hell.

NORTH.

The method of Shakspeare makes his Drama the more absolute reflection of our own Life, wherein are to be considered two things—

TALBOYS.

First—if the innermost grounding feeling of all our other feelings is and must be that of Self—the next, or in close proximity, Sympathy with our

life—then by the overpowering similitude of those Plays to our lives—of the method of the Plays to the method of our life—that Sympathy is by Shakspeare seized and possessed as by no other dramatist—the persuasion of reality being immense and stupendous. Elements of the method are, the mixture of comic and tragic—the crossing presentment of different interests—presentment of the same interests from divided places and times—multiplying of agents, that is number and variety—being of all ranks, ages, qualities, offices—coming in contact—immixt in Action and Passion. This frank, liberal, unreserved, spontaneous and natural method of imitation must ravish our sympathy—and we know that the Plays of Shakspeare are to us like another world of our own in its exuberant plenitude—a full second humanity.

NORTH.

Opposed to this is the severe method of the Greek Stage—selecting and simplifying.

TALBOYS.

Of the modern craftsmen, to my thinking Alfieri has carried the Attic severity to the utmost; and I am obliged to say, sir, that in them all—those Greeks and this Italian—the severity oppresses me—I feel the rule of art—not the free movement of human existence. That I feel overpoweringly, only in Shakspeare.

NORTH.

Ay.

TALBOYS.

Alfieri says that the constituent Element of Tragedy is Conflict—as of Duty and Passion—as of conscious Election in the breast of Man and Fate.

NORTH.

He does—does he?

TALBOYS.

There is Conflict—or Contrast—or Antithesis—the Jar of two Opposites—a Discord—a Rending—in Lear; between his misplaced confidence and its requital—between his misplaced displeasure and the true love that is working towards his weal. And, again, between the Desert and the Reward of Cordelia—with more in the same Play.

NORTH.

Schiller says of Tragic Fate,

“The great gigantic Destiny
That exalts Man in crushing him.”

Welcker has, I believe, written on the Fate of the Greek Tragedy, which I desire to see.

TALBOYS.

Are Waves breaking against a Rock the true image of Tragedy?

NORTH.

Hardly; any more than a man running his head against a post, or stone wall is. The two antagonistic Forces, Talboys, must each of them have, or seem to have, the possibility of yielding; the Conflict or Strife must have a certain play. Therefore I inquire—Is the Greek Fate the most excellent of Dramatic means? and is the Greek Fate inflexible? And, granting that the Hellenic Fate is thoroughly sublime and fitting to Greek Tragedy, and withal inflexible—does it follow that Modern Tragedy must have a like overhanging tyrannical Necessity?

TALBOYS.

No.

NORTH.

No. The Greek Tragedy representing a received religious Mythology, we may conceive the poetical, or esthetical *hardness* of a Fate known for unalterable, to have been tempered by the inherent Awe—the Holiness. There is a certain swallowing-up of human interests, hopes, passions—this turmoiling, struggling life—in a revealed Infinitude. Our Stage is human—built on the Moral Nature of Man, and on his terrestrial Manner of Being. It stands

under the Heavens—upon the Earth. In Hamlet, the Ghost, with his command of Revenge, represents the Impassive, Inflexible—with a breath freezing the movable human blood into stillness—everything else is in agitation.

TALBOYS.

Say it again, sir.

NORTH.

Beg my pardon and your own, fully and unconditionally, Talboys, this very instant, for talking slightly of the Greek Drama.

TALBOYS.

Not guilty, my Lord. Of all Dramas that ever were dramatised on the Stage of this unintelligible world, the Greek Drama is the most dramatic, saving and excepting Shakspeare's.

NORTH.

Ay, wonderful, my dear Talboys, to see the holy affections demonstrated mighty on the heathen Proscenium. Antigone! Daughter and Sister. Or in another House, Orestes, Electra.

TALBOYS.

Macbeth murders a King, who happens to be his kinsman; but Clytemnestra murders her husband, who happens to be a King—the profounder and more interior crime.

NORTH.

We see how grave are the undertakings of Poetry, which engages itself to please, that it may accomplish sublimer aims. By pleasure she wins you to your greater good—to Love and Intelligence. The heathen Legislator, the heathen Philosopher, the heathen Poet, looks upon Man with love and awe. He desires and conceives his welfare—his wellbeing—his HAPPINESS.

TALBOYS.

And the Poet, you believe, sir, with intenser love—with more solemn awe—with more penetrant intuition.

NORTH.

I do. And he has his way clearer before him.

TALBOYS.

The Legislator, sir, will alchemise the most refractory of all substances—Man. His materials are in truth the lowest and grossest, and most external relations of Man's life.

NORTH.

They are.

TALBOYS.

And these he would, with instrumentality of low, gross, outward means, subjugate or subdue under his own most spiritual intuitions.

NORTH.

A vain task, my dear Talboys, for an impossible. He must lower his intuition—his aim—to his means and materials. The Philosopher walks in a more etherial region. Compared to the Legislator, he is at advantage. But he has his own difficulties. He must *think Feelings*!

TALBOYS.

He might as well try, sir, to trace outline, and measure capacity of a mist which varies its form momentarily, and, without determinate boundary loses itself in the contiguous air. His work is to define the indefinite.

NORTH.

And then he comes from the Schools, which in qualifying disqualify also—from the Schools of the Senses—of the Physical Arts—of Natural Philosophy—of Logical, Metaphysical, Mathematical Science. These have quickened, strengthened, and sharpened his wit; they have lifted him at last from emotions to notions; but—Love is understood by loving—Hate by hating—and only so! Sensations—notions—EMOTIONS! I say, Talboys, that in all these inferior schools you may understand a part by itself, and ascend by items to the Sum, the All. But in the Philosophy of the Will, you must from the

centre look along the radii, and with a sweep command the circumference. You must know as it were Nothing, or All.

TALBOYS.

Ay, indeed, sir; looking at the Doctrines of the Moral Philosophers, you are always dissatisfied—and why?

NORTH.

Because they contradict your self-experience. Sometimes they speak as you feel. Your self-intelligence answers, and from time to time, acknowledges and avouches a strain or two; but then comes discord. The Sage stands on a radius. If he looks along the radius towards the circumference, he sees in the same direction with him who stands at the centre; but in every other direction, inversely or transversely. Every work of a Philosopher gives you the notion of glimpses caught, snatched in the midst of clouds and of rolling darknesses. The truth is, Talboys, that the Moral Philosopher is in the Moral Universe a schoolboy; he is gaining, from time to time, information by which, if he shall persevere and prosper, he shall at last understand. Hitherto he but prepares to understand. If he knows this, good; but if the schoolboy who has mastered his Greek Alphabet, will forthwith proceed to expound Homer and Plato, what sort of an *ex cathedra* may we not expect? Rather, what expectation can approach the baroque that is in store!

TALBOYS.

All are not such.

NORTH.

The Moral Sage may be the Schoolboy in the Magisterial Chair. With only this difference, that he of the beard has been installed in form, and the Doctor's hat set on his head by the hand of authority. But the ground of confusion is the same. He will from initial glimpses of information expound the world. He will—and the worst of it is that—he must.

TALBOYS.

A Legislator, a Philosopher, a Poet, all know that the stability and welfare of a man—of a fellowship of men—is Virtue. But see how they deal with it.

NORTH.

Don't look to me, Talboys; go on of yourself and for yourself—I am a pupil.

TALBOYS.

The Legislator, sir, can hardly do more than reward Valour in war; and punish overt crime. The Philosopher will have Good either tangible, like an ox, or a tree, or a tower, or a piece of land; or a rigorous and precise rational abstraction, like the quantities of a mathematician. For Good, *substantial and palpable*, go to the Poet. For Good—for Virtue—*concrete*, go to the Poet.

NORTH.

The Philosopher separates Virtue from all other motions and states of the human will. The Poet loses or hides Virtue in the other motions and states of the human will. Orestes, obeying the Command of Apollo, avenges his Father, by slaying his Mother, and her murderous and adulterous Paramour. So awfully, solemnly, terribly—with such implication and involution in human affections and passions, works and interests and sufferings, the Poet demonstrates Virtue.

TALBOYS.

And we go along with Orestes, sir; the Greeks did—if our feeblersoul cannot.

NORTH.

Yes, Talboys, we do go along with Orestes. He does that which he *must* do—which he is under a moral obligation to do—under a moral necessity of doing. Necessity! ay, an *Ανάγκη*—stern, strong, adamantine as that which links the Chain of Causes and Events in the natural universe—which compels the equable and unalterable celestial motions beheld by our eyes—such a bounden, irresistible agency sends on the son of the mur-

dered, with hidden sword, against the bosom that has lulled, fed, *made* him !—
HE MUST.

TALBOYS.

Love, hate, horror—the furies of kinned shed blood ready to spring up from the black inscrutable earth wetted by the red drops, and to dog the heels of the new Slayer—of the divinely-appointed Parricide! So a Poet teaches Virtue.

NORTH.

Ay, even so; convulsing your soul—convulsing the worlds, he shows you Law—the archaic, the primal, sprung, ere Time, from the bosom of Jupiter—Law the bond of the worlds, Law the inviolate violated, and avenging her Violation, vindicating her own everlasting stability, purity, divinity.

TALBOYS.

Divine Law and humble, faithful, acquiescent human Obedience! Obedience self-sacrificing, blind to the consequences, hearing the God, hearing the Ghost, deaf to all other Voices—deaf to fear, deaf to pity!

NORTH.

Now call in the Philosopher, and hear what he has to preath. Something exquisite and unintelligible about the Middle between two Extremes!

TALBOYS.

Shade of the Stagyrte!

NORTH.

The pure Earth shakes crime from herself, and the pure stars follow their eternal courses. The Mother slays the children of a brother for the father's repast. And the sun, stopt in the heavens, veils his resplendent face. So a Poet inculcates Law—Law running through all things, and binding all things in Unity and in Sympathy—Law entwined in the primal relations of Man with Man. To reconcile Man with Law—to make him its "willing bondsman"—is the great Moral and Political Problem—the first Social need of the day—the innermost craving need of all time since the Fall. The Poet is its greatest teacher—a wily preceptor, who lessons you, unaware, unsuspecting of the supreme benefit purposed you—done you—by him, the Hierophant of Harmonia.

TALBOYS.

You ordered me, sir, some few or many hours ago—some Short or Long Time since—to swear that after this Morning's Breakfast I would never more so much as confidentially whisper into a friend's ear the words—Othello! Desdemona! And I swore it. I am now eager to swear it over again; but I begin, sir, to entertain the most serious apprehensions that that time will never arrive.

NORTH.

What time?

TALBOYS.

After Breakfast. We have been sitting here, sir, before Breakfast for ages, in the Wren's Nest. During our incubation, what a succession of changes may there not have been in Europe! Revolution on Revolution—blood poured out like water—Hark, the Tocsin!

NORTH.

The Gong.

TALBOYS.

The Breakfast Gong! The tremulous thunder meets an answering chord within me. Six o'Clock in the Morning—and no victuals have I gorged since Eleven Yestreen. Good-by to the Wren's Nest—the very Cave of Famine. This is Turkey-egg—Goose-egg—Swan-egg—Ostrich-egg day. I see Buller eyeing open-mouthed, with premeditating mastication, my pile of muffins. Gormandising sans Grace. Take care you don't trip, sir, over the precipice—'twould be an ugly fall—into the basin. Now we are out of danger. But don't skip, sir—don't skip—till we emerge—on the open ground—then we may dance among the daisies.

LETTER FROM MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM NAPIER.

CLAPHAM, LONDON, *April 11, 1850.*

SIR,—The writer of the article headed "*The Ministerial Measures*," in your Magazine, has been so complimentary to me that I feel ashamed of pointing out an error.

He says I wrote my History on *Whig principles*. Had he said *Radical principles*, I should not have winced, though I really endeavoured to write it on the principles of truth and knowledge of the subject. But for Whig principles! God save the mark!—I never thought of them save to censure; and really my History is throughout, by implication, and in many places directly, condemnatory of the Whigs' policy, and of their extreme arrogance, and presumptuous, erroneous views of the Peninsular War.

I trust the writer will, therefore, acquit me of any such foolish, factious design as writing a history upon Whig principles.

I remain, Sir, your obedient Servant,

W. NAPIER, *Major-General.*

To the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.

[We gladly give place to the gallant General's communication. The writer of the article in question meant simply to convey his impression, that the able and eloquent History of Sir William Napier was not constructed on *Tory* principles; and consequently, that the letter which he embodied in his paper was to be regarded as the testimony of a political opponent.]

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VOL. LXVII.

LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS.

It is nothing unusual, in this wayward world of ours, to find men denouncing, with apparent sincerity, that very fault which is most conspicuous in themselves. How often do we detect the most quarrelsome fellow of our acquaintance, the Hotspur of his immediate circle, uttering a grave homily against intemperance of speech, and rebuking for some casual testiness a friend, whose general demeanour and bearing give token of a lily-liver? What more common than to hear the habitual drunkard railing at the sin of inebriety, and delivering affecting testimony against the crying iniquity of the ginshop? We have listened to discourses on the comeliness of honesty, and the degrading tendencies of mammon-worship, from gentlemen who, a few hours before, had given private instructions to their brokers to rig the market, and who looked upon George Hudson as the greatest ornament of the age. Cobden mounts the platform to propose a motion in favour of universal peace and brotherhood, and, by way of argument, suggests the propriety of crumpling up the empire of the Russias, like the sheet of white paper which trembles in his omnipotent hand. He is seconded by a Quaker.

Mr Thomas Carlyle has, of late years, devoted a good deal of his leisure time to the denunciation of shams. The term, in his mouth, has a most extended significance indeed—he uses it with Catholic application. Loyalty, sovereignty, nobility, the church, the constitution, kings, nobles, priests, the House of Commons, ministers, Courts of Justice, laws, and lawgivers, are all alike, in the eyes of Mr Carlyle, shams. Nor does he consider the system as of purely modern growth. England, he thinks, has been shamming Isaac for several hundred years. Before the Commonwealth it was overridden by the frightful Incubus of Flunkeyism; since then, it has been suffering under Horsehair and Redtapism, two awful monsters that present themselves to Mr Carlyle's diseased imagination, chained at the entrances of Westminster Hall and Downing Street. Cromwell, perhaps, was not a sham, for in the burly regicide brewer Mr Carlyle discerns certain grand inarticulate strivings, which elevate him to the heroic rank. The gentlemen of the present age, however, are all either shams or shamming. The honourable Felix Parvulus, and the right honourable Felicissimus Zero, mounted respectively upon “desperate Sles-

Latter-Day Pamphlets, edited by THOMAS CARLYLE. No. I. The Present Time. No. II. Model Prisons. No. III. Downing Street. No. IV. The New Downing Street. London: 1850.

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wick thunder-horses" — M'Crowdy the political economist — Bobus — Flimnap, Sec. Foreign Department — the Right Honourable Minimus, and various other allegorical personages, intended, we presume, to typify carnal realities, are condemned as Solemn Shams, Supreme Quacks, Phantasm Captains, the Elixir of the Infatuated, and Able-Editor's Nobles.

It is natural to suppose that an individual who habitually deals in such wholesale denunciation, and whose avowed wish is to regenerate and reform society upon some entirely novel principle, must be a man of immense practical ability. The exposé of shams and quackeries should be, in his own person, very far indeed above suspicion of resembling those whom he describes, or tries to describe, in language more or less intelligible. If otherwise, he stands in imminent danger of being treated by the rest of the world as an impertinent and egregious impostor. Now, Mr Thomas Carlyle is anything but a man of practical ability. Setting aside his style for the present, let us see whether he has ever, in the course of his life, thrown out a single hint which could be useful to his own generation, or profitable to those who may come after. If he could originate any such hint, he does not possess the power of embodying it in distinct language. He has written a history of the French Revolution, a pamphlet on Chartism, a work on Heroes and Hero-worship, and a sort of political treatise entitled *Past and Present*. Can any living man point to a single practical passage in any of these volumes? If not, what is the real value of Mr Carlyle's writings? What is Mr Carlyle himself but a Phantasm of the species which he is pleased to denounce?

We have known, ere now, in England, political writers who, single-handed, have waged war with Ministers, and denounced the methods of government. But they were men of strong masculine understanding, capable of comprehending principles, and of exhibiting them in detail. They never attempted to write upon subjects which they did not understand: consequently, what they did write was well worthy of perusal, more

especially as their sentiments were conveyed in clear idiomatic English. Perhaps the most remarkable man of this class was the late William Cobbett. Shrewd and practical, a master of figures, and an utter scorner of generalisation, he went at once in whatever he undertook to the root of the matter, and, right or wrong, demonstrated what he thought to be the evil, and what he conceived to be the remedy. There was no slip-slop, burlesque, or indistinctness about William Cobbett. Mr Carlyle, on the other hand, can never stir one inch beyond the merest vague generality. If he were a doctor, and you came to him with a cut finger, he would regale you with a lecture on the heroic qualities of Avicenna, or commence proving that Dr Abernethy was simply a Phantasm-Leech, instead of whipping out his pocket-book, and applying a plaster to the wound. Put him into the House of Commons, and ask him to make a speech on the budget. No baby ever possessed a more indefinite idea of the difference between pounds, shillings, and pence. He would go on maundering about Tenefeldrökh, Sauerteig, and Dryasdust, Sir Jabez Windbag, Fire-horses, Marsh-jötuns, and vulturous Choclaws, until he was coughed down as remorselessly as ever was Sir Joshua Walmaley. And yet this is the gentleman who has the temerity to volunteer his services as a public instructor, and who is now issuing a series of monthly tracts, for the purpose of shedding a new light upon the most intricate and knotty points of the general policy of Great Britain!

Something of this kind we have already witnessed in a neighbouring country, but never in the like degree. France has had her Flocons and her Louis Blancs, small, pert, presumptuous animals, chalking out schemes of social regeneration, organised labour, industrial regiments, and the like. We do not intend to insinuate that either of these scribes is entitled to be ranked, for parity of intellect, with Mr Carlyle, because by doing so we might involve ourselves in a squabble with some of his benighted admirers. But we say, with perfect sincerity, that so far as regards

political attainments and information, clear views, and we shall even add common sense, (distant as that attribute is from any of the parties above named,) MM. Flocon and Blanc are at least as capable guides as Mr Carlyle can pretend to be. Something tangible there is, however pernicious to society, in the propositions of the former—the latter does not favour us with propositions at all; he contents himself with abusing men and matters in a barbarous, conceited, uncouth, and mystical dialect.

One peculiarity there is about the *Latterday Pamphlets*, as contradistinguished from their author's previous incubrations, which has amused us not a little. Mr Carlyle has hitherto been understood to favour the cause of self-styled Liberalism. His mania, or rather his maunderings, on the subject of the Protector gained him the applause of many who are little less than theoretical republicans, and who regard as a glorious deed the regicide of the unfortunate Charles. Moreover, certain passages in his *History of the French Revolution* tended to strengthen this idea; he had a kindly side for Danton, and saw evident marks of heroism in the loathsome miscreant whom, in his usual absurd jargon, he styles "the pale sea-green Incorruptible." Robespierre. On this ground, his works were received with approbation by a section of the public press; and we used to hear him lauded and commended as a writer of the profoundest stamp, as a deep original thinker, a thorough-paced philanthropist, the champion of genuine greatness, and the unflinching enemy of delusions. Now, however, things are altered. Mr Carlyle has got a new crochet into his head, and to the utter discomfiture of his former admirers, he manifests a truculent and ultra-tyrannical spirit, abuses the political economists, wants to have a strong coercive government, indicates a decided leaning to the whip and the musket as effectual modes of reasoning, and, in short, abjures democracy! The sensation caused by this extraordinary change of sentiment has been as great as if Joe Hume had declared himself a spendthrift. Only think of such a document as the following, addressed to the sovereign people!

"Speech of the British Prime Minister to the floods of Irish and other Beggars, the able-bodied Lackalls, nomadic or stationary, and the general assembly, outdoor and indoor, of the Pauper Populations of these Realms."

"Vagrant Lackalls! foolish! most of you, criminal many of you, miserable all; the sight of you fills me with astonishment and despair. What to do with you I know not; long have I been meditating, and it is hard to tell. Here are some three millions of you, as I count; so many of you fallen sheer over into the abysses of open Beggary; and, fearful to think, every new unit that falls is loading so much more the chain that drags the other over. On the edge of the precipice hang uncounted millions; increasing, I am told, at the rate of 1200 a-day. They hang there on the giddy edge, poor souls, crumpling themselves down, holding on with all their strength, but falling, falling one after another; and the chain is getting heavy, so that ever more fall; and who at last will stand! What to do with you! The question, what to do with you! especially since the potato died, is like to break my heart!

"One thing, after much meditating, I have at last discovered, and now know for some time back: That you cannot be left to roam abroad in this unguided manner, stumbling over the precipices, and loading ever heavier the fatal chain upon those who might be able to stand; that this of looking you up in temporary Idle Workhouses, when you stumble, and subsisting you on Indian meal, till you can sally forth again on fresh roamings, and fresh stumbings, and ultimate descent to the devil;—that this is *not* the plan; and that it never was, or could out of England have been supposed to be, much as I have prided myself upon it!

"Vagrant Lackalls! I at last perceive, all this that has been sung and spoken, for a long while, about enfranchisement, emancipation, freedom, suffrage, civil and religious liberty over the world, is little other than sad temporary jargon, brought upon us by a stern necessity,—but now ordered by a sterner to take itself away again a little. Sad temporary jargon, I say; made up of sense and nonsense,—sense in small quantities, and nonsense in very large;—and, if taken for the whole or permanent truth of human things, it is no better than fatal infinite nonsense eternally untrue. All men, I think, will soon have to quit this, to consider this as a thing pretty well achieved; and to look out towards another thing much more needing achievement at the time that now is."

Flat burglary as ever was committed! O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this—so say the political Dogberrys to the gentleman whom they used to applaud. We are not surprised at their wrath. It is rather hard to be told at this time of day that ballot-boxes and extension of the suffrage are included in Mr Carlyle's catalogue of Shams, and that Messrs Thompson, Fox, and Co., must even submit to the charge of talking unvarcities and owlism. Surely there is some mistake here. Not a whit of it. Mr Carlyle is in grim earnest, and lays about him like a man. He has not studied the records of the French Revolution for nothing; and he is not able to discern in the late Continental revolts any ground for general congratulation on the improved prospects of mankind. Such language as the following must sound as a strange rebuke in the ears of divers organs of the public press, who, not long ago, were flinging up their caps in ecstasies at the fall of constitutions, backing up Garibaldi against the Pope, Charles Albert against Radetsky, the Sicilian insurgents against their Sovereign of Naples, Kossuth against the Emperor, Von Gagern against Federalism, Ledru Rollin against Civilisation, and Lamartine against Common-sense.

"Certainly it is a drama full of action, event fast following event; in which curiosity finds endless scope, and there are interests at stake, enough to arrest the attention of all men simple and wise. Whereat the idle multitude lift up their voices, gratulating, celebrating sky-high; in rhyme and prose announcement, more than plentiful, that *now* the New Era, and long-expected Year One of Perfect Human Felicity has come. Glorious and immortal people, sublime French citizens, heroic barricades; triumph of civil and religious liberty—O Heaven! one of the inevitable private miseries, to an earnest man in such circumstances, is this multitudinous efflux of oratory and psalmody from the universal human throat; drowning for the moment all reflection whatsoever, except the sorrowful one that you are fallen in an evil, heavy-laden, long-eared age, and must resignedly bear your part in the same. The front-wall of your wretched old crazy dwelling, long denounced by you to no purpose, having at last fairly folded itself over, and fallen prostrate into the street, the floors, as

may happen, will still hang on by the mere beam-ends and coherency of old carpentry, though in a sloping direction, and depend there till certain poor rusty nails and wormeaten dovetailings give way:—but is it cheering, in such circumstances, that the whole household burst forth into celebrating the new joys of light and ventilation, liberty and picturesque position, and thank God that now they have got a house to their mind!"

Sham-kings may and do exist, thinks Mr Carlyle, but the greatest unvarcity of all is this same Democracy, which people were lately so very willing to applaud. It must be admitted that our author is perfectly impartial in the distribution of his strokes. He has no love for Kings, or Metternichs, or Redtape, or any other fiction or figure of speech whereby he typifies existing governments: he disposes of them in a wholesale manner of Impostors and Impostures. But no more does he regard with affection Chartist Parliament, Force of Public Opinion, or "M'Crowdy the Seraphic Doctor with his last evangel of Political Economy." M'Culloch is, in his eyes, as odious as the First Lord in Waiting, whoever that functionary may be. Clenching both his fists, he delivers a facer to the Trojan on the right, and to the Tyrian on the left. Big with the conviction that all Governments are wrong, as presently or lately constituted, he can see no merit, but the reverse, in any of the schemes of progress, or reform, or financial change, which have yet been devised. Here follow some of his notions with regard to the most popularly prescribed remedies:—

"A divine message, or eternal regulation of the Universe, there verily is, in regard to every conceivable procedure and affair of man: faithfully following this, said procedure or affair will prosper, and have the whole universe to second it, and carry it, across the fluctuating contradictions, towards a victorious goal; not following this, mistaking this, disregarding this, destruction and wreck are certain for every affair. How find it! All the world answers me, 'Count heads; ask Universal Suffrage by the ballot-boxes, and that will tell! Universal Suffrage, ballot-boxes, count of heads! Well, —I perceive we have got into strange spiritual latitudes indeed. Within the last half century or so, either the Uni-

verse or else the heads of men must have altered very much. Half a century ago, and down from Father Adam's time till then, the Universe, wherever I could hear tell of it, was wont to be of somewhat abstruse nature; by no means carrying its secret written on its face, legible to every passer-by; on the contrary, obstinately hiding its secret from all foolish, slavish, wicked, insincere persons, and partially disclosing it to the wise and noble-minded alone, whose number was not the majority in my time! — Or perhaps the chief end of man being now, in these improved epochs, to make money and spend it, his interests in the Universe have become amazingly simplified of late; capable of being voted on with effect by almost anybody! 'To buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the dearest:' truly if that is the summary of his social duties, and the final divine message he has to follow, we may trust him extensively to vote upon that. But if it is *not*, and never was, or can be! If the Universe will not carry on its divine bosom any commonwealth of mortals that have no higher aim,—being still 'a Temple and Hall of Doom! not a mere Weaving-shop and Cattle-pen! If the unfathomable Universe has decided to reject Human Beavers pretending to be Men; and will abolish, pretty rapidly perhaps, in hideous mud-deluges, their 'markets' and them, unless they think of it!—In that case, it were better to think of it; and the Democracies and Universal Suffrages, I can observe, will require to modify themselves a good deal!"

Now, reader, what do you think of all this? We doubt not you are a good deal puzzled: and an admission to that effect would be no impeachment of your intellect. Well then, let us try to extract from these pamphlets of Mr Carlyle some tendency, if not distinct meaning, which may at least indicate the current of his hopes and aspirations. Putting foreign governments altogether out of the question, we gather that Mr Carlyle considers this realm of Britain as most scandalously misgoverned; that he looks upon Downing Street as an absolute sewer; that he decidedly yields to Mr Hawes in reverence for Lord John Russell; that he regards the Protectionists as humbugs; that he laughs at ballot-boxes, despises extension of the suffrage, and repudiates, as a rule of conduct, the maxim about the markets, which indeed, by this time,

stinks in every British nostril as yet unplugged with calico; that he detests the modern brood of political economists with a cordiality which does him credit; and that he is firmly convinced that democracy is a thing forever impossible. This is a tolerably extensive creed, though as yet entirely a negative one—is there no one point upon which Mr Carlyle will condescend to be positive?

Yes, one there is; not apparent perhaps to the casual reader, but detectible by him who studies closely those pages of oracular thought—a point very important at the present moment, for this it is—that there is *ONE MAN* existing in her Majesty's dominions who could put everything to rights, if he were only allowed to do so. Who that man is we may possibly discover hereafter. At present we are hardly entitled to venture beyond the boundaries of dim conjecture. Nor is it very clear in what way the Unknown, or rather the Undeveloped, is to set about his exalted mission. Is he to be minister—or something more? Perhaps Mr Carlyle did not like to be altogether explicit on such a topic as this; but we may possibly gain a little light from indirect and suggestive passages. Take this for example:

"Alas, it is sad enough that anarchy is here; that we are not permitted to regret its being here,—for who that had, for this divine Universe, an eye which was human at all, could wish that shams of any kind, especially that Sham Kings should continue! No: at all costs, it is to be prayed by all men that Shams may *cease*. Good Heavens, to what depths have we got, when this to many a man seems strange! Yet strange to many a man it does seem; and to many a solid Englishman, wholesomely digesting his pudding among what are called the cultivated classes, it seems strange exceedingly, a mad ignorant notion, quite heterodox, and big with mere ruin. He has been used to decent forms long since empty of meaning, to plausible modes, solemnities grown ceremonial,—what you in your iconoclast humour call shams,—all his life long; never heard that there was any harm in them, that there was any getting on without them. Did not cotton spin itself, beef grow, and groceries and spiceries come in from the East and the West, quite comfortably by the side

of shams? Kings reigned, what they were pleased to call reigning; lawyers pleaded, bishops preached, and honourable members perorated; and to crown the whole, as if it were all real and no sham there, did not scrip continue saleable, and the banker pay in bullion, or paper with a metallic basis? 'The greatest sham, I have always thought, is he that would destroy shams.'

"Even so. To such depth have I, the poor knowing person of this epoch, got;—almost below the level of lowest humanity, and down towards the state of apehood and oxhood! For never till in quite recent generations was such a scandalous blasphemy quietly set forth among the sons of Adam; never before did the creature called man believe generally in his heart that this was the rule in this Earth; that in deliberate long-established lying could there be help or salvation for him, could there be at length other than hindrance and destruction for him."

We have been sorely tempted to mark with italics certain portions of the above extract, but on second thoughts we shall leave it intact. After applying ourselves most diligently to the text, with the view of eliciting its meaning, we have arrived at the conclusion, that it is either downright nonsense, or something a great deal worse. Observe what he says. It is to be prayed for by all men that Shams may cease—more especially Sham Kings. But certain solid Englishmen are not prepared for this. They have been "used to decent forms long since fallen empty of meaning, to plausible modes, solemnities grown ceremonial,—what you in your iconoclast humour call shams." They thought no harm of them. "Kings reigned, what they were pleased to call reigning; lawyers pleaded, bishops preached, and honourable members perorated," &c. And those who differ in their estimate of these things from Mr Carlyle are "almost below the level of lowest humanity, and down towards the state of apehood and oxhood:"—and their belief is a "scandalous blasphemy." So then, the Monarchy is a sham, and so are the laws, the Church, and the Constitution! They are all lies, and in deliberate long-established lying there can be no help or salvation for the subject! This may not be Mr Carlyle's meaning,

and we are very willing to suppose so; but he has no title to be angry, were we to accept his words, according to their evident sense. If men, through conceit or affectation, will write in this absurd and reckless fashion, they must be prepared to stand the consequences. The first impression on the mind of every one who peruses the above passage must be, that the author is opposed to the form of government which is unalterably established in these kingdoms. If this be so, we should like to know in what respect such doctrines differ from the pestilential revolutionary trash which has inundated France and Germany? What kind of overturn does Mr Carlyle contemplate, for overturn there must be, and that of the most extensive kind, if his views are ever destined to be realised? Is it not, perhaps, as melancholy a spectacle as may be, to find a man of some genius, and considerable learning, attempting to unsettle the minds of the young and enthusiastic, upon points distinctly identified with all that is great and glorious in our past history; and insinuating doctrines which are all the more dangerous on account of the oblique and uncertain language in which they are conveyed? Fear God and honour the King, are precepts not acknowledged by Mr Carlyle as the radiment and foundation of his faith. He does not recognise them as inseparably linked together. He would set up instead some wretched phantom of his own imagination, framed out of the materials which he fondly supposes to be the attributes of the heroic character, and he would exalt that above all other authority, human and divine. He is, if we do not entirely misconstrue the tenor of these pamphlets, possessed at this moment with the notion of the advent of another Cromwell, the sole event which, as he thinks, can save England from being swallowed up by the evils which now beset her. What these evils are, we shall shortly endeavour to ascertain; in the mean time, let us keep our attention fixed on this primary matter of authority.

Cromwellism, then, if we may use the term, is Mr Carlyle's secret and theory. Cromwellism, is, we know, but another phrase for despotism; and

we shall not put so harsh a construction on the term as to suppose that it necessarily involves extinguishment of the royal function. The example of Richelieu is sufficient to save us from such a violent interpretation, and therefore we may fairly assume that our author contemplates nothing more than the lodgment of the executive power in the hands of some stern and inexorable minister. To this the whole of his multitudinous political ravings, when melted into intelligible speech, would seem to tend. He has little regard for Kings, despises Lords, contemns Bishops, scouts the House of Commons, sneers at Chartists, repudiates the political economists, spurns the mob, and laughs at the Ten-pounders. There is here a tolerably extensive range of scorn—we doubt whether it could have been equalled by the reflective philosopher of the tub. Now, lest we should be thought harsh in our judgment of Mr Carlyle, or uncharitable in our method of construing him, let us hear what he has to say with regard to popular representation. Let us suppose that monarchy is cleared away as a Sham, or at all events placed in respectable abeyance, and that there is no farther debate as to hereditary right or even constitutional sovereignty. Also that we have got rid of Peers and Bishops. Now, then, as to Congress:—

“To examine this recipe of a Parliament, how fit it is for governing Nations, nay, how fit it may now be, in these new times, for governing England itself where we are used to it so long: this, too, is an alarming inquiry, to which all thinking men, and good citizens of their country, who have an ear for the small still voices and eternal intimations, across the temporary clamours and loud blaring proclamations, are now solemnly invited. Invited by the rigorous fact itself; which will one day, and that perhaps soon, demand practical decision, or redecision of it from us,—with enormous penalty if we decide it wrong. I think we shall all have to consider this question, one day; better perhaps now than later, when the leisure may be less. If a Parliament, with suffrages and universal or any conceivable kind of suffrages, is the method, then certainly let us set about discovering the kind of suffrages, and rest no moment till we have got them. But it is possible a Parliament may not be the method!

Not the whole method; nor the method at all, if taken as the whole! If a Parliament with never such suffrages is not the method settled by this latter authority, then it will urgently behove us to become aware of that fact, and to quit such method;—we may depend upon it, however unanimous we be, every step taken in that direction will, by the Eternal Law of things, be a step from improvement, not towards it.”

Was there ever so tantalising a fellow? We only know of one parallel instance. Sancho, after a judicial hearing at Barrataria, sits down to dinner, but every dish upon which he sets his fancy is whisked away at the command of a gaunt personage stationed on one side of his chair, having a wholesome rod in his hand. Fruit, meat, partridges, stewed rabbits, veal, and olla-podrida, vanish in succession, and for the removal of each some learned reason is assigned by the representative of Esculapius. We give the remainder of the anecdote in the words of Cervantes. “Sancho, hearing this, threw himself backward in his chair, and, looking at the doctor from head to foot, very seriously, asked him his name, and where he had studied. To which he answered: ‘My Lord Governor, my name is Doctor Pedro Razio de Aguero; I am a native of a place called Tirteafuera, lying between Caraquel and Almodobar del Campo on the right hand, and I have taken my doctor’s degree in the University of Ossuna.’ ‘Then hark you,’ said Sancho in a rage, ‘Signor Doctor Pedro Razio de Aguero, native of Tirteafuera, lying on the right hand as we go from Caraquel to Almodobar del Campo, graduate in Ossuna, get out of my sight this instant—or, by the light of heaven! I will take a cudgel, and, beginning with your carcase, will so belabour all the physio-mongers in the island, that not one of the tribe shall be left!—I mean of those like yourself, who are ignorant quacks; for those who are learned and wise I shall make much of, and honour, as so many angels. I say again, Signor Pedro Razio, begone! or I shall take the chair I sat on, and comb your head with it, to some tune, and, if I am called to an account for it, when I give up my office, I will prove that

I have done a good service, in ridding the world of a bad physician, who is a public executioner."

Mr Carlyle, though he may not be aware of it, is even such a political doctor. He despises De Lolme on the British Constitution, and peremptorily forbids his patient to have anything to do with that exploded system. "I should like to have," says the pupil placed under his charge, "in the first place, a well-regulated constituted monarchy."

"'Tis a sham!" cries Signor Doctor Thomas Carlyle — "Are solemnly constituted Impostors the proper kings of men? Do you think the life of man is a grimacing dance of apes? To be led always by the squeak of a paltry fiddle? Away with it!" The wand is waved, and constitutional monarchy disappears.

"Well then," quoth the tyro, "suppose we have an established Church and a House of Peers?" "Avaunt, ye Unveracities—ye Unwisdoms," shrieks the infuriated graduate. "What are ye but iniquities of Horsehair? O my brother! above all, when thou findest Ignorance, Stupidity, Brute-mindedness, — yes, there, with or without Church-tithes and Shovelhat, or were it with mere dungeons, and gibbets, and crosses, attack it, I say; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives! Instead of heavenly or earthly Guidance for the souls of men, you have Black or White Surplice Controversies, stuffed Hair-and-leather Popes; —terrestrial Law-words, Lords, and Lawbringers organising Labour in these years, by passing Corn Laws. Take them away!" "What say you to the House of Commons, doctor?"

"Owldom! off with it." "A Democracy?" "On this side of the Atlantic and on that, Democracy, we apprehend, is for ever impossible."

"And why will none of these things do?" "Because," quoth the graduate with a solemn aspect, "you perceive we have actually got into the New Era there has been such prophesying of: here we all are, arrived at last;—and it is by no means the land flowing with milk and honey we were led to expect! very much the reverse. A terrible new country this: no neighbours in it yet, that I

can see, but irrational flabby monsters (philanthropic and other) of the giant species; hyænas, laughing hyænas, predatory wolves; probably devils, blue (or perhaps blue-and-yellow) devils, as St Guthlac found in Croyland long ago. A huge untrodden haggard country, the chaotic battlefield of Frost and Fire, a country of savage glaciers, granite-mountains, of foul jungles, unbeweeded forests, quaking bogs;—which we shall have our own ados to make arable and habitable, I think!" What wonder if the pupil, hearing this pitiable tirade, should bethink him of certain modes of treatment prescribed by the faculty, in cases of evident delirium, as extremely suitable to the symptoms exhibited by his beloved preceptor?

Let us now see what sort of government Mr Carlyle would propose for our adoption, guidance, and regeneration. Some kind of shapes are traceable even in fog-banks, and the analogy encourages us to persevere in our Latter-day researches.

Mr Carlyle is decidedly of opinion that it is our business to find out the very Noblest possible man to undertake the whole job. What he means by Noblest is explicitly stated. "It is the Noblest, not the Sham-Noblest; it is God Almighty's Noble, not the Court-Tailor's Noble, nor the Able-Editor's Noble, that must in some approximate degree be raised to the supreme place; he and not a counterfeit — under penalties." This *Noblest*, it seems, is to have a select series or staff of *Noblers*, to whom shall be confided the divine everlasting duty of directing and controlling the Ignoble. The mysterious process by means of which "the Noblest" is to be elevated—when he is discovered—is not indicated, but the intervention of ballot-boxes is indignantly disclaimed. "The Real Captain, unless it be some Captain of mechanical Industry hired by Mammon, where is he in these days? Most likely, in silence, in sad isolation somewhere, in remote obscurity; trying if, in an evil ungoverned time, he cannot at least govern himself." There are limits to human endurance, and we maintain that we have a right to call upon Mr Carlyle either to produce

this remarkable Captain, or to indicate his whereabouts. He tells us that time is pressing—that we are moving in the midst of goblins, and that everything is going to the mischief for want of this Noblest of his. Well, then, we say, where is this Captain of yours? Let us have a look at him—give us at least a guess as to his outward marks and locality—does he live in Chelsea or Whitehall Gardens; or has he been, since the general emigration of the Stags, trying to govern himself in sad isolation and remote obscurity at Boulogne? If you know anything about him, out with it—if not, why pester the public with these sheets of intolerable twaddle?

As to the Nobler gentry, who are to surround the Noblest, whenever that Cromwell Redivivus shall appear, there is, in Mr Carlyle's opinion, no such pitiable uncertainty. They may not, perhaps, be altogether as plentiful as blackberries on an autumnal hedge, yet nevertheless they are to be found. "Who are available to your offices in Downing Street?" quoth he. "All the gifted souls, of every rank, who are born to you in this generation. These are appointed, by the true eternal 'divine right' which will never become obsolete, to be your governors and administrators; and precisely as you employ them, or neglect to employ them, will your State be favoured of Heaven or disfavoured. This noble young soul, you can have him on either of two conditions; and on one of them, since he is here in the world, you must have him. As your ally and coadjutor; or failing that, as your natural enemy: which shall it be?" Now, this we call speaking to the point. We are acquainted, more or less intimately, with some couple of dozen "noble young souls," all very clever fellows in their way, who have not the slightest objections to take permanent quarters in Downing Street, if anybody will make it worth their while; and we undertake to show that the dullest of them is infinitely superior, in point of intellect and education, to the present Secretary of the Board of Control. But are *all* the noble young souls, without exception, to be provided for at the public expense? Really, in these economi-

cal times, such a proposal sounds rather preposterous; yet even Mr Carlyle does not insinuate that the noble young souls will do any work without a respectable modicum of pay. On the contrary, he seems to admit that, without pay, they are likely to be found in the opposition. Various considerations crowd upon us. Would it have been a correct or a creditable thing for M. Guizot to have placed in office all the noble young souls of the *National*, simply by way of keeping them out of mischief? The young nobility connected with that creditable print certainly did contrive to scramble into office along the ridges of the barricades, and a very nice business they made of it when they came to try their hands at legislation. But perhaps Mr Carlyle would only secure talent of the very highest description. Well, then, what kind of talent? Are we to look out for the best poets, and make them Secretaries of State? The best Secretaries of State we have known in our day, were about as poor poets as could be imagined; and we are rather apprehensive that the converse of the proposition might likewise be found to hold good.

"How sweet an Ovid was in Melbourne lost!"

sighed a Whig critic, commenting with rapture on some of that nobleman's early lucubrations; and yet, after all, we have no reason to think that the roll of British bards has been impoverished by the accidental exclusion. Flesh and blood could not have endured a second tragedy from Lord John Russell, and yet the present Premier, despite of Don Carlos, is thought by some partial friends to cut a tolerably decent figure as a politician. As to that, we shall venture no opinion. Mr Carlyle, however, is clear for the poets. Listen to his instance.

"From the lowest and broadest stratum of Society, where the births are by the million, there was born, almost in our own memory, a Robert Burns; son of one who 'had not capital for his poor moor-farm of twenty pounds a-year.' Robert Burns never had the smallest chance to get into Parliament, much as Robert Burns deserved, for all our sakes, to have been found there. For the man, —it was not known to men purblind,

sunk in their poor dim vulgar element, but might have been known to men of insight who had any loyalty, or any royalty of their own,—was a born-king of men: full of valour, of intelligence and heroic nobleness; fit for far other work than to break his heart among poor mean mortals, gauging beer. Him no ten-pound Constituency chose, nor did any Reforming Premier."

Of course they did not, and why should they? If Burns was alive at the present moment, in the full glory of his intellect and strength, would any sensible constituency think of sending him to Parliament? Of all the trash that Mr Carlyle has ever written—and there is a good deal of it,—this about Robert Burns, whom he calls the "new Norse Thor," not being selected as a statesman, is perhaps the most insufferable. The vocation of a poet is, we presume, to sing; to pour forth his heart in noble, animating, or touching strains; not to discuss questions of policy, or to muddle his brains over Blue Books, or the interminable compilations of Mr Porter. Not so thinks Carlyle. He would have shut up Burns in Downing Street, debarred him from the indulgence of verse, and clapped him at the head of a Board of Poor-law Commissioners. "And the meagre Pitt, and his Dundasses, and red-tape Phantasms (growing very ghastly now to think of) did not in the least know or understand, the impious god-forgetting mortals, that Heroic Intellectuals, if Heaven were pleased to send such, were the one salvation for the world and for them and all of us." Mr Carlyle seems to have most original notions on the subject of nature's gifts. It would be as reasonable to say that, because a nightingale sings more sweetly than its compeers, it ought to be taken to the house and trained as a regular falcon.

We are very far indeed from wishing to maintain that literary men may not be possessed of every quality which is most desirable in a statesman. But instances of this combination are rare, and on the whole we think that our "Heroic Intellectuals," and "noble young souls," will acquit themselves most creditably by following out the peculiar bent of their own

genius. If they have any political tendency, it will develop itself in due season; but we protest, most strenuously, against a Parliament of men of genius, or a cabinet of literateurs. We have seen quite enough of that in other countries. A more laughable spectacle, if it had not also been painful, than the Frankfort chamber, composed very much of suchlike materials, was never given to public gaze. Old Ludwig Uhland, for all the appearance he made, had better have stuck to his ballads. In France, Victor Hugo, whose name is second in literature to none, cuts a most sorry figure. Even Lamartine is sadly out of his place, though a longer experience of the Chamber saves him from incurring that constant ridicule which is the reward of his dramatic brother. Eugene Sue, we observe, is another noble young soul, who is panting for political renown. Far be it from us to anticipate his final destiny: as to his deservings, there can be little difference of opinion.

It cannot be denied that exceptions, and very plausible ones, might be taken to the very best ministry ever formed, on the score of talent. Nay, even that ministry known by the distinguishing title of "all the Talents," could hardly have borne a searching scrutiny. But, upon the whole, we are by no means convinced that a Cabinet of uniform brilliancy is a thing to be desired. One light would be apt to burn emulously beside another. Moreover talent, though an excellent and admirable quality, is not the only requisite for a statesman. Barrington was one of the cleverest fellows of his day; yet it might have been somewhat hazardous to trust him with the keys of the Treasury. There have been in our own time in the House of Commons divers noble young souls, of great and undoubted talent, whose accession to office would by no means have increased the confidence of the public in Ministers. And there are men now in the House of Commons who, to a certain extent, agree with Mr Carlyle, and complain very bitterly that talent is not allowed to occupy its proper place. At a meeting of the National Reform Association held on 23d April last, Mr W. J. Fox, M.P.

for Oldham, is reported to have said—"That the great object they had in view was a *social revolution*, not gained by blood, or disturbing the constitution, but raising the *aristocracy of intelligence* and morality to a place beside the cliques which had ruled the country merely by the influence of property and wealth. . . . An open career to talent was a favourite maxim of Napoleon, who, so far as he had acted on it, gave the signal for a great change in the public mind. He hoped that responsibility would assume the place now held by the interests and privileges of family cliques, and that talent would thus be made true to its duties and instincts." Here is another Heroic Intellect quite ready to take office if he can get it, and ready, moreover, to put the ballot-box and all manner of extended suffrage into motion, in order that he may attain his object. We have no doubt that Mr Fox is a very clever person, and also that he is fully imbued with the same gratifying impression; nevertheless, we are free to confess that we would rather see him on the outside, than in the interior of the hen-roost of Downing Street. There may be persons within it who might as well, on public considerations, be out; but there are also many without, who, notwithstanding their vaunted breadth of intellect, should be kept from getting in. Will Mr Fox venture to aver that, in Britain, there is not an open career for talent? Now, as ever, talent will not fail in its aim, provided its possessor is endowed with other qualities and virtues which are requisite to command success by securing confidence and esteem.

Let us now suppose that Mr Carlyle has succeeded in his quest after capable men—that he has fairly bolted his Noblest, like an overgrown badger, from the hole in which he lies presently concealed, and has surrounded him with a staff of the Nobler, including, we presume, the author of the *Latter-day Pamphlets*. Noblest and Nobler must now go to work in serious earnest, taking some order with the flabby monsters, laughing hyenas, predatory wolves, and blue, or blue and yellow devils, which abound in this New Era. What is the first step to be adopted? We find it in No. I.

We have transcribed already the commencement of the speech to be made by the new British Minister to the assembled paupers—let us hear a few sentences—

"But as for you, my indigent incompetent friends, I have to repeat, with sorrow but with perfect clearness, what is plainly undeniable, and is even clamorous to get itself admitted, that you are of the nature of *slaves*,—or if you prefer the word of *nomadic*, and now even *vagrant* and *vagabond servants* that can find no master on those terms; which seems to me a much uglier word. Emancipation! You have been emancipated with a vengeance! Foolish souls! I say the whole world cannot emancipate you. Fealty to ignorant unruliness, to gluttonous sluggish Improvidence, to the Beerpet and the Devil, who is there that can emancipate a man in that predicament! Not a whole Reform Bill, a whole French Revolution executed for his behoof alone."

In this style, Noblest proceeds for a page or two, haranguing the unlucky paupers upon the principle that poverty is crime; taunting them with previous doles of Indian meal and money, and informing them that the Workhouses are thenceforward inexorably shut. Finally, he announces that they are to be embodied into industrial regiments, with proper officers; and marched off "to the Irish Bogs, to the vacant desolations of Connaught now falling into Cannibalism, to mis-titled Connaught, to ditto Munster, Leinster, Ulster, I will lead you; to the English fox covers, furze-grown Commons, New Forests, Salisbury Plains; likewise to the Scotch Hillsides, and bare rushy slopes which as yet feed only sheep." All these are to be tilled by the slave regiments under the following penalties for recusancy. "Refuse to strike into it; shirk the heavy labour, disobey the rules—I will admonish and endeavour to incite you; if in vain, I will flog you; if still in vain, I will at last shoot you,—and make God's Earth, and the forlorn-hope in God's Battle, free of you. Understand it, I advise you!" O rare Thomas Carlyle!

The language in which this significant and notable plan is conveyed, is more original than the plan itself. Other Liberals than Mr Carlyle have propounded the doctrine that the pauper is a slave of the state. A con-

tury and a half ago, Fletcher of Saltoun wrote a treatise to that effect, and probably a more determined republican than Fletcher never stepped in upper leathers. But somehow or other, although Scotland was then less scrupulous in matters of personal freedom than the sister kingdom, the scheme was by no means received with acclamation. Heritable jurisdictions were all very well in their way, but the idea of reducing the peasantry to the state of Russian serfdom, was rather more than the free parliament of the Scots Estates could contrive to stomach. It has been very shrewdly remarked that there is a wide circle in politics, whereof the connecting link lies between ultra-liberalism and absolute tyranny. Mr Carlyle, without meaning it, gives us a fair exemplification of this in the present pamphlets. Messrs Cobden and Bright afford us an unmistakable exemplification of it, in their endeavours to frustrate the operation of the Ten Hours' Bill. M. Ledru Rollin demonstrated it in his circulars, on the occasion of the first French republican election. Liberty is a beautiful term, but its true signification is unknown to the thorough-paced demagogue.

According to the spirit of the British laws, labour can only be enforced as the penalty of crime. Mr Carlyle would change this, and would place the pauper upon precisely the same level as the convict. We are not prepared to say that some important improvements might not be made in the practical operation of the poor-laws. We have read various pamphlets, published in this city and elsewhere, which strenuously recommend the employment of the able-bodied poor in the reclaiming of waste lands, and their immediate removal from the towns. There is, however, much more philanthropy than philosophy in these schemes. In order to discover a proper remedy, we ought in every case to direct our primary attention to the nature and origin of the disease; and this is precisely what our modern philanthropists neglect to do. People do not crowd into towns of their own choice. Give them their free will, and the means of subsistence, and one and all of them will prefer the fresh air, and the sights and

sounds of nature, to the stifling atmosphere, the reeking filth, and the discordant cries of the city lanes and courts. But no such free will exists: the balance has not been kept between the country and the towns. No encouragement has been given to the small manufactures, which in former times were the support of villages now rapidly falling into decay. The gigantic power of machinery, set in motion by large capital, has nearly abolished the hand-loom. Worsteds knitting, yarn-spinning, straw-plaiting, are now rendered almost profitless occupations. In order to live, the villagers have been forced to migrate to the towns. We need hardly refer to the earliest of the Free-trade measures, which, by substituting Spanish barilla for kelp, threw whole districts of the West Highlands at once into a state of pauperism. At this moment, a new cause is aggravating the evil. The stagnation of agricultural employment occasioned by the abolition of the corn duties, has given a new impetus to rural emigration; and those who cannot afford their passage to foreign parts naturally seek refuge in the towns. In another year—if the experiment should be continued so long—the effects of this last change will become more evident than they are now. The able-bodied ploughman is the last of the agricultural class who will suffer. Those who have already been compelled to change their homes, or to go upon the parish-list, are the cottars, who derived their subsistence from the employment given them by resident proprietors. So long as encouragement to agricultural improvement existed, these poor people never wanted work; but now the calamitous fall in the price of produce, and the prospect of a great diminution of rents, have compelled the landlords to discontinue their improvements, and to reduce the expenses of their establishments to the lowest possible limit. In this way, country labour is lessened, and town labour, by the increasing competition of hands, is cheapened. This is the true secret of all those startling revelations as to the misery, want, and positive oppression of the working classes which have lately appeared in the public journals, and which have

engendered in the minds of many a natural despair as to the destiny of a state in which such things are suffered to exist. The remedy undoubtedly is neither an easy nor a speedy one; still, it is by no means to be included in the category of impossibilities. Machinery, which is the first great cause of British pauperism, cannot indeed be checked, *but it may very easily be taxed*. "An acre of land," says a late eminent writer, "if cultivated, must pay a tithe of its productions to support the religion of the state, and an equal contribution with any other property in respect of the poor, county, and church rates; but mechanical power may exercise its productive faculty *ad infinitum*, with but a trifling reference or liability to either the one or the other. The building may be rated at £200, £500, or £1000 a-year, but it has a power within it which, as compared with landed property rated at the same amount, will produce a hundredfold as great a return—a principle in legislation as deteriorating in its operation on the masses as it is unjust to individuals." That machinery, which has changed the whole character of our population, and which, in fact, has been the means of creating this stern reality of pauperism, is not taxed upon the principle of its productive power. That it should be so, seems evident upon the smallest reflection. Land is not taxed on the principle of acreage, but on that of value, which again depends entirely on production. Why should not the manufactory be rated in the same manner? It is true that, by such a measure as this, pauperism could not be removed, but it would be materially checked, for the fair proportion of the burden would thus be thrown on the shoulders of those who occasioned it. But nothing effectual can be done until the nation has finally determined what policy it is to pursue for the future, and in all time coming, with respect to native industry. If Free Trade is to go on, pauperism must continue like a Upas tree to spread and overshadow the land. It is not within the range of possibility that this can be otherwise. No church-extension, education, cheap literature, ventilation, sewerage, public baths, or model lodging-houses,

can avail to mitigate the evil. It is town competition—made triply worse by the operation of low tariffs—which is driving the working classes to the verge of the pit of despair; and that town competition is increasing, and will increase, so long as a fresh daily supply of hands is driven from country labour. The scheme of the philanthropists to whom we have referred, is to take the surplussage from the towns and to send them to the country. This, in the present state of matters, is about as feasible an undertaking as if we were to try to make a stream of water run up-hill. Why, the misery and indigence which they seek to relieve, is not the result of mere idleness, dissipation, or profligacy—it arises from over-competition in one department of industry, occasioned by the utter want of profitable employment in another. There would be no need of industrial regiments to cultivate the soil, if its cultivation were allowed to be remunerative. But to set our pauper population at work upon anything which will not repay private enterprise is mere delusion. We have said this much upon a topic of the greatest interest, and the utmost importance, because we are convinced that many persons, who are fully impressed with the magnitude of the evil, have mistaken the remedy from the want of a due consideration of the causes from whence that evil has arisen. It is, however, a subject too large for incidental discussion, and we shall probably return to it on a future occasion, when we can state our views without reference to the whimsical vagaries of Mr Carlyle.

So then, the Noblest having made his speech, and wound up with a significant hint of flogging and pistol-ing every one of the unfortunate serfs who shall fail to wield the hoe with becoming alacrity, what next? Nothing more, in so far as the interests of the working classes are concerned; at least nothing tangible. Perhaps it would be absurd to expect anything more. The man who can propound a scheme to rid us of pauperism, with all its concomitant misery, would be a greater benefactor to the commonwealth, and to the human race, than a thousand Howards in one. Mr Carlyle is perhaps the most strenuous

advocate for work that we ever encountered. He would have made a first-rate taskmaster under the old Egyptian economy. He is, with great reason, indignant at the state to which our West Indian Colonies have been reduced by means of Exeter Hall emancipation, and he scouts emancipation itself as a gross delusion of the fiend. It is to be regretted that his views have been so late of ripening. Time was, when a fair and common-sense protest, advanced by a Liberal philosopher, against the absurdity of attempting to change the hue of the Ethiopian by a single momentary scrubbing, might have been of some actual use: now, it is in vain to recommend a protracted application of the tub. The Noblest, when Mr Carlyle has discovered him and put him forward, will hardly achieve his ends by using the following language, even supposing that he wielded the lightning, and were able to put his threats into execution.

"Beautiful Black Peasantry, who have fallen idle, and have got the Devil at your elbow; interesting White Felonry, who are not idle, but have enlisted into the Devil's regiments of the line,—know that my benevolence for you is comparatively trifling! What I have of that divine feeling is due to others, not to you. A universal Sluggard-and-Scoundrel Protection Society is not the one I mean to institute in these times, where so much wants protection, and is sinking to sad issues for want of it! The scoundrel needs no protection. The scoundrel that *will* hasten to the gallows, why not rather clear the way for him! Better he reach his goal and outgate by the natural proclivity, than be so expensively dammed up and detained, poisoning everything as he stagnates and meanders along, to arrive at last a hundred times fouler, and swollen a hundred times bigger! Benevolent men should reflect on this.—And you Quashee, my pumpkin,—(not a bad fellow either, this poor Quashee, when tolerably guided!)—idle Quashee, I say you must get the Devil *sent away* from your elbow, my poor dark friend! In this world there will be no existence for you otherwise. No, not as the brother of your folly will I live beside you. Please to withdraw out of my way, if I am not to contradict your folly and amend it, and put it in the stocks if it will not amend. By the Eternal Maker! it is on that footing alone that you and I can live

together. And if you had respectable traditions dated from beyond Magna Charta, or from beyond the Deluge, to the contrary, and written sheepskins that would thatch the face of the world,—behold I, for one individual, do not believe said respectable traditions, nor regard said written sheepskins, except as things which you, till you grow wiser, will believe. Adieu, Quashee; I will wish you better guidance than you have had of late."

The meaning of this passage is, that the black population of our colonies ought no longer to be permitted to dwell in perfect idleness in their provision grounds, rearing pumpkins for their own consumption, without regard to the cultivation of the sugar-cane. As we have already remarked, this view is somewhat of the latest; nevertheless truth, like repentance, can never come too late to be received. Divorced from the folly of his speech, Mr Carlyle's sentiment is sound. Twenty millions of British money, wrung from the hard-taxed labour of our people, were given—for what? Not only to emancipate the Negroes, but to place them in such a position that they could effectually control their former masters—our own colonists and countrymen, to whom our faith was solemnly plighted for the maintenance of their privileges and commerce. Let it be granted that slavery was a gross sin, was it incumbent upon us to elevate the emancipated Blacks so high, that they could control the labour market—to give them the status of untaxed yeomen, without any security for the slightest manifestation of their gratitude? It was more than preposterous that those whose freedom was purchased should be placed in a better position, and invested with more immunity from labour and want, than the great bulk of the people who made the sacrifice in order to secure that freedom; and the result has amply demonstrated the gross folly of the scheme. There are thousands, nay millions of men in Britain and Ireland, whose lot, compared with that of the emancipated Blacks of Jamaica, is one of speechless misery—and yet their cry to be relieved from a competition which is crushing them down to the dust, is unheard and uncared for amidst the

din of contending politicians, and the perpetual hum of the busy proselytes of Mammon.

Here we cannot forbear from quoting a characteristic passage from Mr Carlyle's tracts. The idea is not original, but the handling is worthy of Astley's humourist; and we commend it to the special attention of all free-trading philanthropists.

"Certainly Emancipation proceeds with rapid strides among us, this good while; and has got to such a length as might give rise to reflections in men of a serious turn. West Indian Blacks are emancipated, and it appears refuse to work. Irish Whites have long been entirely emancipated; and nobody asks them to work, or on condition of finding them potatoes (which, of course, is indispensable) permits them to work. Among speculative persons, a question has sometimes risen. In the progress of Emancipation, are we to look for a time when all the Horses also are to be emancipated, and brought to the supply-and-demand principle? Horses too have 'motives'; are acted on by hunger, fear, hope, love of oats, terror of platted leather; nay they have vanity, ambition, emulation, thankfulness, vindictiveness; some rude outline of all our human spiritualities,—a rude resemblance to us in mind and intelligence, even as they have in bodily frame. The Horse, poor dumb four-footed fellow, he too has his private feelings, his affections, gratuities; and deserves good usage; no human master, without crime, shall treat him unjustly either, or recklessly lay on the whip where it is not needed:—I am sure if I could make him 'happy,' I should be willing to grant a small vote (in addition to the late twenty millions) for that object!

"Him, too, you occasionally tyrannise over; and with bad result to yourselves among others; using the leather in a tyrannous, unnecessary manner; withholding, or scantily furnishing, the oats and ventilated stabling that are due. Rugged horse-subduers, one fears they are a little tyrannous at times. 'Am I not a horse, and half-brother?' To remedy which, so far as remediable, fancy—the horses all 'emancipated;' restored to their primeval right of property in the grass of this Globe; turned out to graze in an independent supply-and-demand manner! So long as grass lasts, I dare say they are very happy, or think themselves so. And Farmer Hodge sallying forth, on a dry spring morning, with a sieve of oats in his hand, and agony of

eager expectation in his heart, is he happy! Help me to plough this day, Black Dobbin; oats in full measure if thou wilt. 'Hlunh! No—thank!' snorts Black Dobbin; he prefers glorious liberty and the grass. Bay Darby, wilt not thou perhaps! 'Hlunh!' Gray Joan, then, my beautiful broad-bottomed mare,—O Heaven! she too answers Hlunh! Not a quadruped of them will plough a stroke for me. Corn-crops are ended in this world!—For the sake, if not of Hodge, then of Hodge's horses, one prays this benevolent practice might now cease, and a new and a better one try to begin. Small kindness to Hodge's horses to emancipate them! The fate of all emancipated horses is, sooner or later, inevitable. To have in this habitable earth no grass to eat,—in black Jamaica gradually none, as in White Connemara already none;—to roam aimless, wasting the seed-fields of the world; and be hunted home to Chaos, by the dire watch-dogs and dire hell-dogs, with such horrors of forsaken wretchedness as were never seen before! These things are not sport; they are terribly true, in this country at this hour."

One other sham, perhaps the greatest which our age has witnessed, Mr Carlyle accidentally denounces—we mean the late Colonial policy. If the Whigs have an official aptitude for anything, it is the cooperating up of Constitutions. Is one colony indignant at some outrage or insult proceeding from headquarters—is another dissatisfied with the conduct of the Governor, and urgent for his recall—is a third aggrieved by the commercial vacillation and fiscal measures of a Parliament in which it has neither voice nor power—the universal panacea is, Give them a Constitution! We hope the present Ministry will profit by the following criticism—not volunteered by us, who neither look upon them with affection, nor entertain any sanguine hope of their conversion to a patriotic policy,—but penned by a writer who, not long ago, was considered by their organs as one of the deepest thinkers of the age.

"Constitutions for the Colonies," says Mr Carlyle, "are now on the anvil; the discontented Colonies are all to be cured of their miseries by Constitutions. Whether that will cure their miseries, or only operate as a Godfrey's Cordial to stop their whimpering, and in the end worsen all their miseries, may be a sad doubt to us. One thing strikes a remote spectator

in these Colonial questions: the singular placidity with which the British Statesman at this time, backed by McCrowdy and the British moneyed classes, is prepared to surrender whatsoever interest Britain, as foundress of those establishments, might pretend to have in the decision. 'If you want to go from us, go; we by no means want you to stay: you cost us money yearly, which is scarce; desperate quantities of trouble too: why not go, if you wish it?' Such is the humour of the British Statesman at this time.—Men clear for rebellion, 'annexation' as they call it, walk openly abroad in our American Colonies; found newspapers, hold platform palaverings. From Canada there comes duly by each mail a regular statistic of Annexationism: increasing fast in this quarter, diminishing in that;—Majesty's Chief Governor seeming to take it as a perfectly open question; Majesty's Chief Governor, in fact, seldom appearing on the scene at all, except to receive the impact of a few rotten eggs on occasion, and then duck in again to his private contemplations. And yet one would think the Majesty's Chief Governor ought to have a kind of interest in the thing! Public liberty is carried to a great length in some portion of her Majesty's dominions. But the question, 'Are we to continue subjects of her Majesty, or start rebelling against her! So many as are here for rebelling, hold up your hands!' Here is a public discussion of a very extraordinary nature to be going on under the nose of a Governor of Canada! How the Governor of Canada, being a British piece of flesh and blood, and not a Canadian lumber-log of mere pine and rosin, can stand it, is not very conceivable at first view. He does it, seemingly, with the stoicism of a Zeno. It is a constitutional sight like few."

With Earl Grey at the head of the Colonial Department, backed and assisted by that pattern of candour, Mr Hawes—with Lord Elgin in Canada, and Lord Torrington in Ceylon—the integrity of the British empire is certainly exposed to peril. But a more dangerous symptom is the spirit which of late years has prevailed in the councils of the nation, and which owes its origin to the false views and perverse unpatriotic doctrines of the political economists. They refuse to admit into their calculations any element which may not be reduced to the standard of money-value, and they consider that the worth of a colony is to be measured solely by the

returns of its traffic. This is a leading dogma of Free Trade; and no doubt, were Free Trade capable of entire realisation, if the nations of the earth had no other ambition than to buy and sell, after the manner recommended by Mr Cobden, and if reciprocity were a thing universal, a good deal might be urged in its favour. If we apply the same test to Ireland, we shall find that it is greatly for the advantage of the people of Great Britain to pronounce in favour of Repeal, and to allow the young patriots of the Emerald Isle to enter into any kind of relationship which they may choose with the sympathising republicans of France. This is Free Trade in its plain, undisguised form; and to some such consummation as this we must come at last, by virtue of the grand experiment, should that, like Sir Robert Peel's temporary Income Tax, be extended to a limitless perpetuity. At present, in so far as regards the welfare of a great portion of the inhabitants of the country, it is difficult to perceive what advantage they derive from the boasted character of Britons, except the privilege of contributing to the heaviest load of taxation that was ever laid upon the industry of a people. We acknowledge that the Free-traders have planned their scheme with consummate adroitness and dexterity. If their object was, as we believe it was, to sap those principles of high morality, rectitude, honour, and patriotism, which carried Great Britain successfully through the dangers of wild European revolution, anarchy, and war, they could not have hit upon a better or a surer method. Many a disheartened agriculturist has lately asked himself, what is the nature of the ties which bind him imperatively to Britain, when a richer soil and a fairer climate can be found elsewhere, a home not daily harassed by the knock of the tax-gatherer, and the London market ever ready to receive the product of his industry? It is not good that these questions should arise in the minds of our yeomen, for they are calculated to engender a train of thoughts very hostile to the maintenance of that credit which England dare not lose, without forfeiting her reputation, her fame, her honour, and

her away. The thoughts of the colonies have long been bent in a similar direction; and we doubt not that many of them have been amazed to find that, so far from being checked in their preliminary mutterings of revolt, they have the hearty good wishes of the Manchester men in dissolving their connection with the mother country, whenever they may choose to do so. Thus do we stand at present in our home and colonial relations, the clank of the constitution hammer resounding from the coöperation, and dull-eyed Imbecility sitting lazily at the helm.

- Carlyle, sincerely regretting that we cannot, with any degree of truth, congratulate him either on the tone or the character of his late lucubrations. These pamphlets, take them altogether, are about the silliest productions of the day; and we could well wish, for his sake, that they had never been compiled. Very few people, we imagine, will be disposed to wait with confidence for the avatar of his Noblest and Noblers, such as he has depicted them. Our faith and hopes lie in a different direction; nor have we any wish to see a Cromwell at the head of affairs, supported by a staff of noble young souls, poetical or otherwise, who require to be bought over for the purpose. Towards the close of his fourth pamphlet, our author lets drop a hint from which we gather that it is not impossible that his Noblest may hereafter appear embodied in the person of Sir Robert Peel. All we shall say on that score is, that Sir Robert has already had sufficient opportunity vouchsafed him to exhibit the extent of his qualifications. It is not likely that the Statesman who, in the eve of life, and enjoying the undiminished confidence of his Sovereign, finds himself in the House of Commons without the semblance of a party to support him, can ever make another desperate rally. It would be difficult to find in the annals of history any instance of a leading politician who has been so often trusted, and impossible to find one who has so often abused that trust. Even Mr Carlyle cannot deny the Unveracities of which Sir Robert stands convicted; and although he

appears to think that lapses from truth are of so common occurrence as to be venial, we beg to assure him that his opinion is not the general one, nor is it altogether creditable to the morality of the man who ventures to express it. We are sorry to observe that, in the conclusion of this latter tract, Mr Carlyle has condescended to borrow some hints from that most eminent master of modern scurrility, the late Daniel O'Connell. This is, in every respect, to be deplored. Wit is not Mr Carlyle's forte, and this kind of wit, if wit it be, is, when served up at second hand, both nauseous and revolting. At a calmer moment, and on more mature reflection, we feel convinced that Mr Carlyle will blush for the terms which he has allowed himself to apply to so eminent a genius as Mr Disraeli; and that he will in future abstain from testifying his gratitude for a humiliating invitation to dinner in a shape so abject as that of casting personal and low abuse upon the political adversaries of his entertainer.

If Mr Carlyle feels that his vocation is political—if the true spirit of the prophet is stirring within him—he ought to endeavour in the first place to think clearly, and, in the second, to amend his style. At present his thoughts are anything but clear. The primary duty of an author is to have a distinct understanding of the matter which he proposes to enunciate, for unless he can arrive at that, his words must necessarily be mystical and undefined. If men are to be taught at all, let the teaching be simple, and level to the common capacity; and let the teacher be thoroughly conversant with the whole particulars of the lesson. We have a strong suspicion that Cassandra must have been a propheteess reared in the same school as Mr Carlyle. Her predictions seem to have been shrouded in such thorough mysticism, that no one gave her credit for inspiration; and in consequence the warnings which might have saved Troy, were spoken to the empty winds. Here, perhaps, we ought to guard ourselves against a similar charge of indistinctness. We by no means intend to certify that Mr Carlyle is a prophet, or that there is any peculiar Revelation in these

Latter-day Pamphlets which can avert the fall of Britain, should that sad catastrophe be foredoomed. We simply wish to express our regret that Mr Carlyle, who may lay claim to the possession of some natural genius and ability, will not allow us the privilege of understanding the true nature of his thoughts, and therefore exposes himself to a suspicion that the indistinctness lies quite as much in the original conception of the ideas, as in the language by means of which they are conveyed.

As to his style, it can be defended on no principle whatever. Richter, who used to be his model, was in reality a first-rate master of language and of verbal music; and although in some of his works, he thought fit to adopt a quaint and abrupt manner of writing, in others he exhibited not

only great power, but a harmony which is perhaps the rarest accomplishment of the rhetorical artist. His "Meditation on a Field of Battle," for example, is as perfect a strain of music as the best composition of Beethoven. But in Mr Carlyle's sentences and periods, there is no touch or sound of harmony. They are harsh, cramped, and often ungrammatical; totally devoid of all pretension to ease, delicacy, or grace. In short, we pass from the Latter-day Pamphlets with the sincere conviction that the author as a politician is shallow and unsound, obscure and fantastic in his philosophy, and very much to be reprehended for his obstinate attempt to inculcate a bad style, and to deteriorate the simple beauty and pure significance of our language.

THE HUNGARIAN JOSEPH.

THE following poem is intended to commemorate a very interesting episode, which lately enlivened the deliberations of the National Reform Association. The usual knot of Parliamentary orators having somewhat cavalierly left the delegates to their own rhetorical resources, on the third day of conference, and the conversation having taken a doleful turn, owing to the paucity of subscriptions, the Chairman, Sir Joshua Walsley, thought fit to enliven the spirits of the meeting by the introduction of an illustrious visitor. The following extract from the morning papers will explain the incident, as well as the commemorative verses:—

"The Chairman (Sir J. Walsley) here left the platform, and shortly afterwards returned, leading a short, stout, elderly, intelligent-looking gentleman, with a very formidable mustache and bushy beard of snowy whiteness, whose appearance created considerable excitement in the audience, and gave rise to great satisfaction in the minds of several delegates, who were under the impression that they beheld Mr Muntz, the hon. member for Birmingham, whose beard is so well known by report to the Liberal party.

"The CHAIRMAN.—Gentlemen, you observed that I left the platform for a short time, and returned with a gentleman who is now near me. It is no other than the Joseph Hume of the Hungarians. (Loud cheers, followed by cries of 'Name, name.')

"The chairman did not appear able to afford the desired information, and the venerable Hungarian financier wrote his name on a slip of paper, from which Sir Joshua Walsley read aloud what sounded like 'Eugene Rioschy.' (Cheers; and voices, 'We don't know it now,' 'I can't tell my wife;' and laughter.)

I.

No, no! 'tis false! it cannot be!
 When saw a mortal eye
 Two suns within the firmament,
 Two glories in the sky?
 Nay, Walsley, nay! thy generous heart
 Hath all too wide a room:
 We'll not believe it, e'en on oath—
 There's but one Joseph Hume!

II.

Unsay the word so rashly said ;
From hasty praise forbear !
Why bring a foreign Pompey here
Our Cæsar's fame to share ?
The buzzard he is lord above,
And Hume is lord below,
So leave him peerless on his perch,
Our solitary Joe !

III.

He may be known, that bearded wight,
In lands beyond the foam ;
He may have fought the fiery fight
'Gainst taxes raised at home.
And hate of kings, and scorn of peers,
May rankle in his soul :
But surely never hath he reached
"The tottle of the whole."

IV.

Yes, he may tell of doughty deeds,
Of battles lost and won,
Of Austrian imposts bravely spurned
By each reforming Hun.
But dare he say that he hath borne
The jeers of friend and foe,
Yet still prosed on for thirty years
Like our transcendant Joe ?

V.

Or hath he stood alone in arms
Against the guileful Greek,
Demanding back his purchase-coin
With oath, and howl, and shriek ?
Deemed they to hold with vulgar bonds
That lion in the net ?
One sweep of his tremendous paw
Could cancel all their debt.

VI.

How could we tell our Spartan wives
That, in this sacred room,
We dared, with impious throats, proclaim
A rival to the Hume ?
Our children, in their hour of need,
Might style us England's foes,
If other chief we owned than one,
The member for Montrose.

VII.

O soft and sweet are Cobden's tones
As blackbird's in the brake ;
And Oldham Fox and Quaker Bright
A merry music make ;
And Thompson's voice is clear and strong,
And Kershaw's mild and low,
And nightingales would hush their trill
To list M'Gregor's flow ;

VIII.

But Orpheus' self, in mute despair,
Might drop his magic reed
When Hume vouchsafes, in dulcet strains,
The people's cause to plead.
All other sounds of earth and air
Are mute and lost the while ;
The rasping of a thousand saws,
The screeching of the file.

IX.

With him we'll live, with him we'll die,
Our lord, our light, our own ;
We'll keep all foemen from his face,
All rivals from his throne.
Though Tory prigs, and selfish Whigs,
His onward course assail,
Here stand a hundred delegates,
All joints of Joseph's tail.

X.

Ho, there ! remove that hairy Hum
With beard as white as snow ;
We need no rank reformers here
To cope with honest Joe.
Not Muntz, with all his bristly pride,
From him our hearts can wean :
We know his ancient battle-cry—
“ Shave close, my friends, and clean ! ”

MY PENINSULAR MEDAL.

BY AN OLD PENINSULAR.

PART VII.—CHAPTER XVII.

ALTHOUGH I have not specified every place at which we halted, or through which we passed, it may be proper to state that we arrived in due course at St Sever, which was distant only one day's march from the actual headquarters of the British army, Aire on the Adour. Here Pledget interposed his professional authority, and decided that neither Mr Chesterfield nor Jones must proceed farther. They both remained, therefore, under surgical treatment at St Sever. Pledget and Gingham, deeming the road now safe, pushed forward to Aire, leaving the cart to follow with the convoy. At the same time, our numbers experienced a still more considerable diminution. Our cavalry escort, also, received orders to push forward, and started before us in high spirits, with the prospect of immediate operations. The convoy was, accordingly, left with only the infantry as a guard, under Corporal Fraser.

Before starting for this our last day's march I saw both our wounded men, neither of them well pleased at being left behind. As to Jones, I was getting used to him, and could have better spared a better man. I found him confined to his bed, in a house full of sick and wounded; very much down in the mouth, fractious, a little feverish, and not at all satisfied with hospital diet. "Please, sir, the doctor don't not allow me a drop of sperrits, sir; no, nor wine nayther, sir; nothing whatsoever to drink, only powders, sir."

"Powders to drink, Jones? What d'ye mean, man?"

"Please, sir, what I means is powders, sir. Hope no offence, sir. Doctor calls 'em everfizzing powders, sir."

From the Hon. Mr Chesterfield I parted with unfeigned regret. I believe he had won the respect of the whole party. His manner was a little stiff and aristocratical at first.

But he mended on acquaintance; and, in everything connected with duty, he was both highly competent, and pleasant to act with. We got off in good time, and proceeded on our march as on former days, our road carrying us through two or three villages.

In passing one of these, I pulled up to make some trifling purchase; and, when I came out of the shop, found our whole convoy and escort halted. "How 's this, Fraser? Why are we not getting on?"

"Orders for the whole party to halt have just arrived from headquarters, sir."

"Indeed! Who brought them?"

"A gentleman belonging to your department, sir."

I rode forward to the head of the column; and there, sure enough, at the entrance of the village inn, saw a uniform resembling my own. In fact, I recognised not only the coat, but the wearer of it, though he did not recognise me. He was a foreigner—Westphalian, Saxon, Bohemian, High Dutch, Low Dutch, or something of that sort; had served at Lisbon as clerk in a civil department attached to the British army; and, in some situation of trust and responsibility, had incurred suspicions of an awkward kind. He had in consequence been suspended. The matter was referred to the home authorities, and the result was his dismissal. This was what I knew of him. As to his having subsequently obtained employment in our department, of this I knew nothing. And it did appear rather curious that a person "disadvantageously known," as he was, should have gained a footing where trustiness was so indispensable. Yet there he stood in full fig, enormous staff-hat, and all the departmental toggery. He addressed me in French, with a tone of authority.

"Why have you come this road?"

You have followed the wrong route. Your way was by the left bank of the river."

"I came by the high road, of course. The maps show no route by the other side. All the troops take this way, and of course I followed their example."

"Nothing of the kind. They all take the other, which is shorter by nearly a league. Besides, you should not have come by St Sever at all. I am sent from headquarters, to show you the right direction."

"Very good. Of course, then, you bring written orders."

"No written orders are requisite. My directions are, to turn you into the other route. This, in fact, is not safe. You will therefore cross at the ford, and proceed to headquarters along the other bank of the river."

"If, as you say, the other is the usual route, of course they must suppose at headquarters that I have taken it. Very droll they should have sent you to turn me back from this, then."

"Such were my orders. You will proceed by the other road."

"Allow me to inquire," said I, "were your orders from our own department, or from the Quartermaster-General's?" That was a poser; for, if they came from our own, the question would at once arise, Could any such authority enjoin departure from a regular route, given in writing? If, on the other hand, it had been deemed expedient, from circumstances grave and unforeseen, to send me fresh instructions from the higher authority, the bearer of them would probably come direct from the same quarter. He hesitated—looked rather at a loss.

"The directions," said he at length, "come from your own department, of course. I was ordered to ride off, make you come by the other road, and accompany you to the end of the march."

"I had much rather march by the present route. Rather doubt whether I should be justified in leaving it."

"Oblige me," said he, in an altered tone, "by just stepping into the house

with me. I am charged with a communication of some importance."

Leaving Sancho in care of an attendant, I followed him into the Auberge. "Have the goodness," said he, "to step into that apartment. Excuse me for one moment. I must just speak to the landlord."

I entered. It was an apartment on the ground floor, with a table laid for two—by no means a disagreeable surprise on a march. On the table were already placed the bread, and the bottle of wine uncorked—sure signs, in a French inn, that dinner will soon make its appearance. "Really, he seems a very good sort of a fellow, after all. This is just the way with the lads of our department. Suspicion be hanged! my first impressions were unjust."

He entered; and the garçon followed with the soup. "Ah," said my new acquaintance, "now be quick with the other things. Come, Mons. d'Y—, this is your longest day's march; you must be hungry, no doubt. Come, sit down; take some soup. We shall soon be better acquainted. Excuse this little *ruce*."

"Readily," said I; "and you must excuse my quitting you this instant."

A glance from the window had effected a second revolution in my sentiments. Looking out before I sat down, I discovered that the convey and escort were off! Far down the street, I perceived the last of them disappearing along the road!—walked straight towards the door. He was too quick for me; locked it, and placed himself with his back to it, pocketing the key. "No, no, Mons. d'Y—," said he; "you are my guest. You really must not depart till after dinner. It's absurd. For you I ordered it. Would you hurry away without taking a mouthful?"

Had I removed him by force, I must still have forced the door; and that might have brought upon me the whole establishment, and caused further delay. I therefore took three steps from the door to the window, threw it open, and soon found myself on the *pavé*, which was higher than the floor of the apartment. To my surprise, Sancho also had disappeared!

My first impression was, that he had gone on with the convoy, and I was about to follow on foot;—thought it best, though, to look in the stables first. There he was, sure enough. The attendant had already taken off his saddle, and was about to remove his bridle. "What are you about there, my friend? I requested you to hold him at the door."

"Monsieur, the other English officer came out after you had entered, and desired me to bring him here, take off his saddle and bridle, and give him some *orge*."

I whipped on the saddle again in no time, mounted, and soon overtook the escort. "Corporal Fraser, why did you go on?"

"I understood that we went on by your orders, sir."

"My orders? Nothing of the sort."

"I am very sorry if I have done wrong, sir. The gentleman who joined just now came out from the inn, and directed us to proceed. Said you would follow immediately. As he wears the same uniform, I supposed a command from him was the same as one from yourself, sir. Indeed, he said it was your order."

"He received no order from me; and he had no business to send you on without."

"Shall I halt the party, sir?"

"No, no; keep on. It was a mistake our stopping at all."

As we passed out of the village, I began to ruminate upon what had just occurred. First of all, there was the character of this gentleman, well known at Lisbon, and, I supposed, at headquarters. Then there was the improbability of his story, to say nothing of one or two little contradictions. Then, it was clear, he had attempted to separate me from the convoy, and to prevent my following it. Then, too, his conduct was doubly incorrect; in taking upon himself, first, to halt the party, secondly, to send it on. Item, in the course of our short interview, he had, it appeared to me, told as many fibes as could well be got into the given time. Moreover, he had attempted to divert us from our route, which was just what Hookey did; and, what made it very remarkable, Hookey

and he both wished us to turn aside in the same direction, namely, by the left bank of the river, when the regular route was by the right. Something was evidently not straight. For all that, though, the manner of this intelligent individual was so very easy and impudent, and he seemed so bent upon accomplishing his purpose, whatever it might be, that I felt a strong impression we had not seen the last of him, especially as he appeared utterly unconscious that I knew his previous history.—"Corporal Fraser!"

"What's your pleasure, sir?"

"If that person comes up, I wish you to keep near me. Take no notice; but be prepared, if I direct, to arrest him."

The corporal looked a little queer. "Very good, sir," said he; "upon receiving your *orders*," (he intoned the word *orders*;) "I shall be ready to do so."

"In case of my giving you an order to that effect, I, of course, am responsible, not you. If I turn round, give you a look, and say, 'Fraser,' you will consider that you have got your directions."

"Very good, sir; it shall be done."

My anticipations proved correct. Mounted on what had very much the appearance of a French post-horse, my would-be entertainer presently came up at a laborious canter. The moment he got alongside, he began to expostulate. Was profoundly grieved that I had declined his hospitality. It was a long day's march, the longest from Passages to headquarters. "A little refreshment would have recruited your forces, Mons. d'Y—."

"I cannot separate from the convoy and escort. As you thought fit to send them on, I had no choice but to follow."

"Well, pardon me, if I have done wrong," said he. "My intentions were pure, at any rate. Positively, though, you must not follow this road. The way to the ford is now close at hand. Come, let me be your conductor."

"Were you not at Lisbon last autumn?" said I.

"Were you?" said he, in a tone of alarm.

"I was. And though you do not know me, I know you."

"Nothing to my prejudice, I feel convinced." (Still more uneasy.)

"Very well. All will be cleared up at headquarters. Of course, you will accompany us."

"At any rate," replied he, anxious to back out, "I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you there."

"No, no," said I; "you go with us."

By this time he was decidedly in a fidget, and began to hang behind. Just then we came suddenly to a lane, branching off to the right. This was probably the very direction he had wished me to take; though whether it really led to a ford over the Adour, or to what it led, was a different question. Before I was aware of his design, he turned sharp in that direction; and, when I looked after him, he was already some distance down the lane, digging his heels into the old poster's sides. This operation had put the gay old stager into something as much like a gallop as you can hope to get out of a French post-horse. He was off! Ah! our cavalry had left us too soon. I looked round, and shouted "Fraser!"

Fraser, prepared for my order, and anxious to have all ready for executing it, had three men marching at hand, with loaded firelocks. Three balls whistled down the lane. But it was a waste of his Majesty's powder and shot; the fugitive escaped unhurt. Not so, though, the lively old post-horse. His screwed tail, his straddling hind-legs, and his action—for a moment prancing, not progressive—gave evident indications that the luckless beast had not got off so easily as his rider. Then, in an agony of apprehension lest his scutcheon should receive a second totem, he plunged forward again at his previous rate, and soon disappeared down the lane. Pursuit was out of the question, for Sancho's best pace was an up-and-down; even a French horse was too fast for a French pony: so both horse and horseman got off.

My first care, on reaching headquarters, was to make inquiry respecting this new member of our department. You will hardly need to be informed, that there was no such

person belonging to us. The only question was, how did he get the uniform coat? It certainly was not that of the corresponding department of the French service, which not only rejoined in the appropriate embellishment of a key embroidered on the collar, but differed in other respects from ours. Some said he must have procured the coat at Lisbon. Some said he had got it made for the occasion. A gentleman of the Commissariat suggested that he had picked up a coat at headquarters, cast off when some of us had been promoted. But the worst of it was, our department couldn't recollect when any such cheering event had taken place.

As both Hookey, and this more recent adviser, strenuously insisted on our proceeding to headquarters by the country to the south-east of the Adour, and as Hookey particularly inculcated the duty and necessity of our passing through Hagetman, which lies a few miles to the south of St Sever, it is curious to discover, at this interval of time, that the very neighbourhood indicated by these two talented individuals as offering us the best route, was precisely the most unsafe. I reached headquarters on the 17th of March. The next day the Commander-in-Chief (*vide* Gurwood) writes to Sir J. Hope,—"I use the cipher, because I understand the enemy were at Hagetman *yesterday*." That's just where we should have been on the same day, had I followed Hookey's advice; so that we should have walked right into them; and that, no doubt, was what Hookey intended. But further, by a letter from the Commander-in-Chief to the Mayor of Hagetman, dated 21st March, we learn that, on the 15th, there was in that place an affair of partisans. It was, therefore, a very eligible neighbourhood to which our two friends wished to introduce us.

When I reached headquarters at Aire with the convoy and escort, a forward movement of the troops appeared to have already commenced. Firing was heard at hand; and the operation was attended with rather more noise than those in which we were engaged the day before. A great army advancing upon the enemy, like the chariot of Jove, cannot

move without thunder. I know not how far the arrival of the treasure which we brought up contributed to this movement. Suffice it to say, I find our Commander-in-Chief writing to Sir J. Hope, March 18—"I waited quietly till all my means coming up were arrived, and I am now moving upon them in earnest." Ah, Hookey! you played great stakes, and a deep game, too. But it wouldn't do.

The hour of my arrival, though, was signalled by that event, of all others, which men chronicle as the most important of their lives—an interview with a great man. In my case, it was a *very* great man. To be sure, he didn't speak to me. But what does that signify? I spoke to him. On arriving with the treasure at the office of our own department, I was directed to go forthwith and report myself at the office of the Quartermaster-General. I went, and found it in a very humble mansion. On entering the passage, found a door to the right, where I was desired to go in. Saw a long table by the window, with two or three officers writing. Before the fire stood *ANOTHER*. He was drenched with rain; all in a steam, like a hot potato; lost in thought; looked awful; a middle-aged and remarkably well-built man, with a striking—nay, more than striking—with a *particular* expression of countenance; such a face as I had never seen before; a very keen eye—the eagle's, that can look at the sun, would have quailed before his; and oh, what a beak! I felt rather at a loss. No one did me the honour to notice my *entrée*. No one took any notice; no one *youchaufed* me a look! I stood, for a moment, in silence. As all the others were hard at work, and one was doing nothing, I of course concluded that he was the Head of the Department; and, with crude atrocity, addressed him—though with a queer kind of feeling, which I myself didn't exactly understand—"Are you the Quartermaster-General, sir?"

No reply on his part—no look, no movement of the head, no change of countenance! He merely raised his arm, and pointed to the table. By that act alone he indicated a consciousness of being spoken to; and had he, the next moment, been called upon to

describe the speaker, why, I firmly believe he couldn't have done it. I then turned towards the table. One of the writers rose from his seat in silence, walked me out into the passage, made an inquiry or two, and walked in again.

The next day I was once more on the march, riding side by side with a brother clerk. "There he is!" said he. I now beheld, on horseback—a regular centaur, part of his horse—that same distinguished individual whom, the day before, I had so unceremoniously addressed, as he stood reeking before the fire, while great guns were banging right and left, the troops advancing, and he at the best of all possible points to direct and control the vast machinery that he had set in motion.

Life at headquarters proved to be much what I had anticipated. In attending the movements of the army, we officials had sometimes very little work; sometimes, especially when the troops remained a few days stationary, a great deal. While they moved from day to day, we seldom had much to do but to follow them, and make ourselves as comfortable as we could at the end of the day's march. The military movements from Aire to Toulouse were curious. From Aire we went right down to the south, as far as Tarbes and Vic Bigorre—a course which almost brought us back again to the Spanish frontier and the foot of the Pyrenees; then up again to the Garonne and Toulouse. A sailor would have called it tacking. Of course, one could not follow even an advancing and victorious army without undergoing some hardships. On one occasion, after much previous fatigue, in passing a wild and mountainous district, we were suddenly overtaken by a snow-storm. While nodding on Sancho's back from sheer exhaustion, I was caked on the left, from head to foot, with snow, which first began to melt with the warmth of the body, then froze hard with the keenness of the wind. The next moment the sun blazed forth, to the right, with scorching heat. Thus roasted on one side, and frozen on the other, I dozed and nodded on, with just sufficient consciousness to form virtuous resolutions of knocking off

the snow, but without sufficient energy to carry them into effect. After all, though, a civilian following the army, supplied pretty regularly with rations for himself, pony, and servant—tolerably sure, too, of a good billet at night, and generally provided with a few dollars, easily convertible into francs—has no business to talk of hardships. The real hardships of a campaign fall on the marching officers and privates. What they endure is past conception. Gingham and I were much together, and carried out our plan of campaigning in company as far as circumstances would allow. At headquarters, also, I fell in again with my old acquaintance and fellow-voyager, Mr Commissary Capsicum, who gloried in giving good dinners. He was never better pleased than when I accepted his invitations, but always gave me a good blowing-up if I dined with Gingham in preference.

Amongst all my reminiscences of campaigning, none are more vividly impressed upon my mind, than the reminiscence of a campaigning appetite, which I am persuaded is altogether extraordinary, and a thing *per se*. Did you ever visit Cintra? Now there's the Cintra appetite, and a very good one it is, too. This, also, has its distinguishing feature—namely, that on the one hand, while you are riding about (or, if a sensible person, going on foot, exploring, climbing, scrambling) amongst rocks, and peaks, and splendid scenery, the pleasing idea of the dinner that will be ready for you, on returning to your hotel, blends itself, by a gentle amalgamation, with every discovery, with every prospect; and while, on the other hand, the said dinner is actually on the table before you, and under discussion, the splendid scenes you have been witnessing, like dissolving views, pass in procession before your mind. Thus your dinners are romantic, while your rambles are appetising.

Then, again, there's the nautical appetite, which comes on you like a giant, when you have mastered the qualms of the first few days at sea. The nautical appetite, also, has its peculiar feature, which is this—that the intervals of time between one meal and another appear so awfully

long. That's because you've nothing to do. But—

The campaigning appetite, I say, differing from both these, has also its characteristic proper to itself—namely, that there never is a moment when you are unprepared to eat; the instant you have done, you are ready to begin again. You sit down, at headquarters, to a breakfast where the table groans with various and abundant provender—tea, coffee, chocolate, bread, eggs, cold meat, ham, tongue, sausages sublimed with garlic, enormous rashers of bacon, beefsteaks, not to name knick-knackeries innumerable, and something short as a calker. You do ample justice—oh, haven't you made a famous breakfast? and in half-an-hour you are ready for another! If, having stowed away breakfast for two, you happen to pop in upon a friend who is taking his, you join him as a matter of course. And, my dear madam, what makes it so peculiar in my case is, I was always such a very small eater. The only exception to this perpetuity of a campaigning appetite, is when something extraordinary is going on in front—a battle, or what looks just like it, a skirmish. Then, for a while, you forget that you are hungry. The stomach is still equally in a state of preparation to receive and digest food. But, for the nonce, you ignore the fact; the wolf lies dormant. Oh, how savage he wakes up, though, when the fighting is over, and you all at once remember that you haven't dined. In short, with plenty always at command, with no real want unsupplied, I never suffered so much from hunger as when campaigning, and I never ate so often. Your only plan is this: Whenever the opportunity presents itself, ~~take in stock~~. Breakfast, as if you had no prospect of a dinner; dine, as if you had not breakfasted.

Generally, then, at headquarters, I fared as Gingham fared; and to say that is to say enough. But it was not always so. His engagements, or my duties, sometimes made a separation; and then I learned my loss. Once, when I was so circumstanced, my servant came home with disconsolate looks and a melancholy report: "To-day, no beefy, senhor." At that

moment, I could have eaten my gloves! Went with him myself; was politely received by a gentleman in a blue apron with a steel dangling in front. "What, no beef to-day?"

"Oh yes, bless your heart. Plenty, sir."

"Well, here's the order. Let's have some, then. Where is it?"

"There it is, sir."

"Don't see any. Where?"

"Why, it's in that 'ere pen, sir. Only you jest look in through the gateway. Wherry and beastness, I calls 'em. In two hours we shall begin to kill."

He pointed to a large stone enclosure, in which stood a captive herd of horned cattle. An anxious bullock rested his chin upon the wall, and, breathing a misty sigh, with melancholy countenance looked full in mine!

At another time I had been riding on in front, and was coming home at a rambling pace through lanes and by-paths, when suddenly the wolf returned—I was appallingly hungry—must eat or faint. Contrived to ride on to a lone cottage—tapped at the door. It was opened by a very respectable quiet-looking man; old gentleman, I ought to say, for such he was, both in aspect and manners. His garb, indeed, was homely; but his air was superior, his address manly and simple with a certain finish, and his carriage perfectly upright. He courteously invited me to enter; the door led at once into a large room, which was in fact the whole ground-floor of the cottage. A little preliminary chat sufficed to inform him what I was, and me what he was—namely, an old soldier, who had got his discharge, and was living in retirement. No one came to attend on him; a regular old campaigner, he did for himself. I soon came to the point—was in a state of inanition—would pay with alacrity for anything eatable, even bread. "No, no," said he, "wait a while, *mon enfant*, I shall soon have the pleasure of setting before you a superb repast. It will diversify my existence! Ah! I shall experience an emotion!" He immediately unhooked from the wall an old iron frying-pan, as black inside as out—the only cooking utensil that graced his menage; poured in water,

and set it on the fire to simmer. He then took down from the shelf a large brown bowl, and brought out from under the table a goodly loaf of coarse but excellent bread, part of which he cut into the bowl, and sprinkled with a little salt. Then, walking out into his garden, he pulled a look, and collected two or three kinds of herbs, all which he added to the water, with something that resembled the fat of bacon, though not so solid. When all was scalding hot, he doused it into the bowl upon the bread, then handed me a pewter spoon, and begged me to use no ceremony. Hunger is indeed the best sauce; and, homely as was the fare, I never made a heartier meal.

Somewhat recruited in strength, I rose to take leave, having first requested my brave old entertainer to accept payment, which he declared impossible. However, I had now been long enough on Gallic ground to understand the idiom, so laid my "legal tender" on the table, and said farewell, with many thanks. He tottled with me to the door; then, suddenly stopped me, and looked earnestly in my face, as if he had something very particular to communicate. What was he going to say? He begged to assure me I had laid him under an infinite obligation. Again he arrested my progress, with the door in his hand. Hoped I would honour his menage with a second visit. Admired the brave English, and lamented that he had never had the pleasure of meeting them professionally. "*Peut-être encore! Mais hélas! nous sommes les f—s!*" Halted me a third time outside. "His cottage was mine, with all that it contained." He had marched through half Europe, and was a simple-hearted, civil, old Frenchman.

There was one circumstance, though, not a little to the advantage of those who dined with Gingham or Capsicum; and this was, that there arose between these two worthies an amicable rivalry on this very affair of giving dinners. The contest, in fact, had its origin a year before, on our voyage from Falmouth to Lisbon, when Capsicum brewed a bowl of punch, and Gingham brewed a better. Capsicum could not brook the idea

that any man should brew punch, or give dinners, equal to his. The style of the two entertainers was different. Capsicum's dinners were more profuse, Gingham's more *recherchés*. Gingham, in fact, had all the appliances of the table in greater perfection. He had plate enough for a handsome dinner—mind, I don't mean to say a state dinner—of eight or ten. His whole dinner-service, too, was handsome, elegant; wines, the choicest that money could command; all the little etceteras excellent—coffee, for instance; such coffee as you could not get elsewhere in France, where they are too apt to make a mess of it. I don't think much of French coffee, except such as you get here and there at private houses. Gingham's coffee was a pure, genial, high-flavoured decoction. Ah! you tasted the berry. As summer came on, Gingham intended ices. And good fish, till we arrived at Bordeaux, being next to unattainable, he had organised a plan for procuring salmon in ice from England. Capsicum, on the other hand, had resources which Gingham had not. He could always command the best cut of the best commissariat beef; and this advantage told with stunning effect when he gave a spread. He had other advantages in foraging, and he knew how to turn them to account. In short, the characteristic of his dinners was abundance; and, with the guests who partook of them on actual service, this would generally secure the preference.

Many dinners might I describe—and, oh! describe *con amore*—both Capsicum's and Gingham's. But I select one in particular, which was signalled by a hoax. I abstain from entering into the general subject of hoaxes, as hoaxes were practised at headquarters. He that would do justice to it must also treat of shaves. Let us confine ourselves, for the present, to a particular branch of the subject—namely, the dinner hoax. The dinner hoax was twofold. Was it a time of scarcity, when ration beef was all that could be got? Then the hoax was, to create a persuasion in the mind of the unfortunate hoaxee that something else was coming. “Major, a little more *bovillie*?” “No, I thank you. I'm keeping a

corner for the turkey.” Hoaxee hears that. He also will keep a corner for the turkey—plays with the beef. Next *entrées* is—the cheese! Was it, on the other hand, a season of abundance? Then the hoax, equally unfeeling, assumed an opposite character. “Sorry, gentlemen, we're so badly off now,” says the host, with a wink seen by all at table, hoaxee excepted; “hope you'll contrive, for once, to make a dinner on soldier's fare.” Hoaxee pitches into the beef—stows away a double ration—is pressed and helped, pressed and helped, till he positively declines another mouthful—then enter the roast pig. Unhappy hoaxee! He has dined!

The object of the hoax at Capsicum's was an individual of a particular class. You must know, the home authorities had got a notion, that, amongst the departments attached to the Peninsular army, abuses of all kinds were rife, and required to be looked after. For this purpose, they occasionally sent out some intelligent individual, whose business was to see and report. Sometimes he came for the avowed purpose. It was to a talented character of this kind that the greatest man amongst us—who was as good at a joke as he was at polishing the French—gave the name of “Argus.” Sometimes the individual's object was merely suspected; partly betrayed, perhaps, by his own homebred simplicity, which was no proof against the penetration of old campaigners. In either case, as will easily be understood, such a person was no favourite, and was deemed a fair subject for a hoax.

I was walking down a lane towards Capsicum's quarters, when I was overtaken by a gentleman on horseback, who was evidently a fresh arrival from England. Everything about him looked new, a regular London outfit. You'd have said he came direct from Piccadilly in a bandbox. His manner, moreover, announced him to be somebody; he was evidently a very great man. “Pray, sir,” said he, “can you inform me the way to Mr Capsicum's?”

“I am going that way myself, sir. I shall be happy to show you the road, as it has one or two turnings.”

"Much obleeged, sir. I am going there by invitation to dinner."

"So am I, sir."

"Understand his dinners are capital, sir," said the newly-arrived, somewhat softening.

"Few equal to them at headquarters, sir. He is very great in that line; takes a pleasure in it."

"Really, sir, I'm not sorry to hear it," said he, still more mollified; "for, to tell you the truth, I'm not yet quite at home here; no more is my servant. I've been forced to rough it; and have sometimes come off with short commons."

Other conversation followed, and led to the mention of my own official rank, in the humble capacity of a departmental clerk. A great change took place when the gentleman heard this. He became dignified, absent, and monosyllabic. When we arrived at Capsicum's, as there was no one in attendance, I thought it devolved on me to perform the rites of hospitality, and stepped up to take charge of his horse. He handed me the bridle, and walked at once into the house, without waiting to look, or say, "Much obleeged to you."

The guests, including Pledget, Gingham, the new comer, and myself, amounted to seven. I saw at once that the recent arrival was not very affectionately viewed by Capsicum, who betrayed his feelings by his manner. This, amongst his particulars, was off-hand, easy, and jocular. But towards his newly arrived guest, he was all courtesy and high etiquette. In fact, that gentleman came out professedly to serve, but unfortunately was regarded as a spy. His Christian name was William; a surname was found to fit it; and, ere he left Capsicum's premises, he was dubbed "William Tell." Delighted with the prospect of a dinner such as he had not seen since he disembarked at Santander, with red face and red hair, large in form, and coarse-featured, a burly, bull-necked, bullet-headed man with goggling eyes, his air more confident than genteel; in manners, laboriously free and easy; ostentatiously dressed, and smiling with agreeable anticipations, at one time he twiddled with his forefinger an enormous bunch of seals, at another he complacently

boxed his right fist into his open left. The hands then amalgamated, and the punch subsided in a bland and complacent rub.

The cloth was already laid — at headquarters you must manage as you can — in the room where the company met. Mr Barnacles glanced approvingly at the preparations. Ever see a man's eye glisten, when you told him of some generous deed? So glistened the eye of Barnacles, while it glanced at the plates, glasses, bottles, knives and forks, spoons, tumblers, and saltcellars, which in goodly order graced Capsicum's hospitable board.

We sat down; I, under a mandate growled by Capsicum, at the lower end of the table as Vice. Proposed mischief twinkled in the corner of Capsicum's eye. First, as a matter of course, came the soup and *bouillie*.

"Mr Capsicum," said a brother commissary, "I know it's not genteel to be helped twice to soup; but I'll trouble you for a little more." This was move the first, in the game of hoax.

"Quite right, quite right," said Capsicum. "No market in these country places. Sorry, gentlemen, there's so little variety just now." The speakers exchanged winks. The game was now fairly opened; a hoax had already commenced, and Barnacles was the destined victim.

"Well," said another commissary, "I can always make a good dinner off beef."

Barnacles, it was clear, had now received the desired impression. Beef, he fully understood, was to be the staple of our dinner; and he accordingly stowed with beef. In fact, he did wonders; cleared plate after plate of boiled beef. At length, having stowed till he could stow no more, he sat back in his chair pompously and complacently. A mild perspiration bedewed his forehead; and the damask of his cheeks had given place to a rosy suffusion of the whole countenance. The fingers of his two hands were interlaced over his stomach, while his thumbs stood erect, meeting in a point.

"Mr Barnacles, I beg ten thousand pardons. Pray give me leave to send you a little more beef."

"Much obleeged, sir; not a morsel more. Never made a better dinner in my life."

"Sure you won't, Mr Barnacles? Just a shave from this end, with a morsel of fat."

"Thank you, sir, kindly—I couldn't. Must beg you to excuse me. Much obleeged. Not a morsel more."—Table cleared.

Fresh plates! more knives and forks! Now it was, in reality, that the dinner began;—enormous sirloin, spitting with volcanic heat; roast fowls, that would have softened the hardest heart; elegant hind-quarter of mutton; pretty little fillet of veal; tongue, ham, boiled turkey, &c.

Behold, a new feature in the game! Barnacles wasn't beat yet. In the attempt to hoax Barnacles, allowance had not been made for his gastronomic powers, and previous privations. Never mind. The more sport.

"Mr Barnacles, a slice of the sirloin. Upper cut, or under cut?"

Barnacles, at the sight of the good things before him, contrary to all calculation sat up with renewed vigour, and paused ere he replied.

"Why, if I do take anything more, I think it must be a small slice of this mutton."

Barnacles helped himself. A small slice! Why, if he didn't cut away into the hind quarter, slice after slice, till he had sunk a regular well. Then spooned out the gravy.

"Give Mr Barnacles the currant jelly. Mr Gingham, we owe that to you."

"Plenty more at your service, sir," said Gingham; "got three or four dozen jars. Always bring some when I visit headquarters. Got it in Berkley Square."

Barnacles now sets to again, fresh as when he began. What powers! what capacity! what deglutition! In fact, it was not only the stomach of Barnacles that needed filling. And that's why you see carnivorous cadaverous men perform such extraordinary feats with knife and fork. Not their stomach merely, their system is hungry. So it was now with Barnacles; and his meal was on a commensurate scale. He was redressing the balance of his constitution—compensating previous inanition. When a man,

accustomed to full feeding, has been a few days without it, it isn't the mere filling of his stomach that will satisfy his appetite.

Gingham caught the eye of one of the guests—slightly raised his glass—bowed.

"Oh yace," replied a squeaking voice; "now sail I think you go t'hell!"

I started. When, when, had I heard that voice before? My eye, for the first time, took a particular view of the speaker. He was a diminutive personage, his complexion a sodden white, with unwholesome patches of red; forehead enormous and mis-shapen; bumps prominent and misplaced; large spectacles, no eyes; upper part of nose wanting, a notch where there should have been a bridge; lower limb of nose broad and sunken, as if squashed down between two puffy cheeks, which bagged on each side; between nose and mouth a space incredible; in fact, a huge upper lip was the most prominent feature of the face; for moustaches, a few detached and very coarse black bristles, pointing opposite ways like a cat's whiskers—each particular bristle standing alone, and individually discernible from its insertion to its extremity; mouth, long and sinuous; lips, viciously twisted out; chin, emaciated. Again he spoke, as Gingham drank to him: "You go t'hell!" Where could I have heard that voice? Why, wasn't it at the ferry, among the Frenchmen that opposed our passage? No, no, that can't be; it's impossible.—"Who's that?" I whispered Gingham.

"A man of science, sir; a Russian—Mr Wowaki, an ardent botanist. Wished to examine the flora of the South of France; brought out letters of recommendation; joined the army, and follows its movements. You'll like his acquaintance vastly." Then louder—"Mr Wowaki, my friend, Mr Y—; your junior, but a promising naturalist. Hope at an early day you'll meet him to dinner at my quarters."

"Mr Barnacles, shall I have the pleasure?—some turkey, sir?"

By this time Mr Barnacles seemed again to feel that he had dined.

"The least possible shave," said

Mr Barnacles. "I really have made a most capital dinner."

I helped him to a good plateful, which he cleared off.—All removed.

Next followed a few made dishes, light articles; and one real delicacy, which was first introduced to our acquaintance by Gingham. This was no other than a kid, baked whole. I take the liberty, my dear sir, of very particularly and pointedly calling your attention to the dish in question. I have, on previous occasions, ventured to offer gastronomic hints. But a kid thus dressed is a real delicacy, worthy of a place on any table. N.B.—If you bake, envelop in paste. Should you prefer roasting, cover with paper. Let the roasting be *gentle*, but *complete*. Of course you don't stretch out the legs. Double them up, and skewer to the sides. For sauce, chop up the pluck. Sauce should be piquant, with lots of cayenne, subacid. Or make a separate dish, with the pluck and heart.

Pensive regret was mingled, in the face of Barnacles, with intense curiosity, while he viewed this novel *entrée*, as it made its appearance in a case of dough. Capsicum asked no question; sent him a plateful; a great part of which he was forced to send away. It was clear Mr Barnacles was now beat to a standstill.

The dish, though, was rather rich; and what he had eaten took effect. His countenance changed. Suddenly he became pallid, with an effort to look *degagé*. This lasted about a minute, in which time he swallowed two successive bumpers of madeira. The dose so far kept him right, that Barnacles didn't leave the table: but he was evidently *hors de combat*.

Mr B. being now brought to a standstill, the *joke* was so far successful. Yet was not the *hoax* complete, unless there appeared something on table that he liked, and yet something of which he could not partake.

The sweets now made their appearance, and were viewed by Mr Barnacles with indifference. But when the table was wellnigh covered, and space remained for only a single dish—

Enter a splendid plum-pudding—yes, a regular English plum-pudding—its summit hoary with pounded

sugar, its sides distilling brandy sauce.

The eyes of Barnacles lit up again—sparkled. He was alive in a moment. Once more his fist went bang into his hand; once more his hands embraced and rubbed, as in mutual congratulation. Forgetting all his previous performances, he accepted a substantial slice of the plum-pudding. Alas! he had kept no corner!

"You don't seem," said Capsicum, "to like your pudding, Mr Barnacles."

"Oh yes! Oh yes!" said Barnacles, with emotion. "Indeed I do, sir. It's what I never, never expected to see again till my return—till my return to the British metropolis. But"—It ended in a watering-pot scene—a regular boo-hoo. He put his handkerchief to his face. It was too much for his feelings. Plum-pudding before him as good as could be got in London, and he not able to eat a mouthful! The poor man cried.

He made up after dinner, though, by copious potations. After coffee, sat down to a rubber. One of the party proposed guinea points. But Capsicum saw how matters stood with Barnacles, and wouldn't stand it. "No, no, gentlemen," said he; "no stakes; no stakes." In the course of the evening Mr Barnacles disappeared. Alarmed by his prolonged absence, Capsicum sent a servant, who came back with the report that he was not very well. He returned—took a stiff glass of whisky-punch—again disappeared. I, by Capsicum's request, went this time in search. Found him at length in the stable. He was trying to saddle his horse;—couldn't. He wanted to steal away. I reported to Capsicum, who at once decided. "Mr Barnacles must not go home to-night. We must find him a shake-down on the premises." In one way only could this arrangement be effected. Mr Wowski consented to turn out, and accompanied me to my billet.

Amidst the din of war and the monotony of headquarters society, I was really glad to meet with a naturalist and man of science, and cultivated the acquaintance of Mr Wowski accordingly. When, however, I came to try him, he appeared to know about

as much of botany as I did myself. Neither, I remarked, in search of specimens, did he visit the most out-of-the-way and likely places. He generally sought those points, in preference, where the troops were moving in masses; and apparently looked much more sharply after the movements of the army than after bulbs. Once, when we had halted at a village, which stood in a wide-spread plain, he invited me to ascend the turret of the church. We reached the summit just in time to behold a comical spectacle. From the church top we looked down vertically on the *Place*, or open area of the village, which was full, at the moment, of soldiers—British, Portuguese, and Spanish; muleteers, camp-followers—men, women, children—a motley multitude. Just at that moment a fellow rushed into the midst, shouting at the top of his voice, and bearing something aloft in his two hands. It was a bullock's bladder. The multitude gathered round him, eager for a promiscuous game of football, which he soon commenced by a kick that sent the bladder sky-high. Football, probably, you have seen played, or have played at. But did you ever see it played by four or five hundred persons at once, of four or five different nations, and you looking right down upon them from the top of a church? Each was eager to get a kick at the bladder; but a far greater number than succeeded got kicks on

their shins. It was a stormy sea of heads. The shout came up to us. No one was more conspicuous in the throng than my Spanish Capataz, whose activity was equal to his bulk. Being stumpy as well as stout, he cut a droll figure viewed from above, as, with sprawling arms and legs, he flung himself forward with a flying leap, and a kick that, if it missed the bladder, was seldom expended on the air. At length the bladder was driven down a street; the rush followed it, shouting; the market-place again became quiet; and I turned to address Mr Wowski, who, like myself, I supposed, had been engaged in surveying the tumultuous scene beneath. Not he. Ensconced behind the parapet, where no one could see him from below, he was quietly looking in advance with a pocket-telescope, as if surveying the movements of the troops. On my approach he started, slapped together the joints of his glass, and hastily restored it to his pocket, where, till that moment, I never knew he carried one.

Mr Wowski, highly recommended by letters, received a good deal of attention. To Gingham he brought a letter from Warsaw. For my own part, I saw reason to doubt whether he was really what he professed himself. Two or three things about him struck me as strange; and, when he spoke, never could I forget the voice at the river.*

* Having described in this Chapter a dish introduced to our acquaintance by Gingham, I must here, though with an apology for discussing a matter of such importance in a note, beg leave to mention another dish, which I also partook of at Gingham's table while residing at Bordeaux in the subsequent Autumn, a period not included in the present narrative. I believe the dish is French; a boiled turbot, cold, with jelly sauce. I mention it with a degree of hesitation, because it is not exactly a dish for our climate, nor would it harmonise with the general character of an English "spread." The turbot, when boiled, should be kept in the coolest place you have got, till brought to table. So should the jelly. It is a dish for a *bond fide* warm climate, and should come to table *bond fide* cold.

The same *entrée* was part of a most splendid dinner given in one of the seaports of southern Europe, by some French to some British naval officers. This was at a more recent period,—my informant, the Rev. W. G. Tucker, Chaplain of the Royal Navy, who was one of the guests on the occasion, and whose approval may be safely deemed definitive, in all matters of taste. In the discharge of his professional duties, my Rev. friend is equally distinguished; and should the authorities think fit to appoint a nautical Bishop—that *prime desideratum* in the service—he is their man.—G. Y.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mr Wowski, during his short sojourn at headquarters, was one day placed in an awkward position. In the south of France, we often met with large fierce dogs, which in country places we sometimes found ugly customers; though, in reality, not one in ten of them possessed the pluck of an English pug. Early one morning, I had to ride a little distance on duty. It was a cross country road, and Gingham favoured me with his company. While ambling along, we overtook Mr Wowski, who had started for one of his peregrinations on foot; and slackened our pace, to secure the pleasure of his society. Presently we came to a hamlet of some ten or a dozen houses, in passing which we were savagely attacked by a gang of formidable-looking dogs. Had Gingham and I been by ourselves, we should soon have been rid of the annoyance, by the mere act of passing on. But the real danger was our pedestrian companion's, whom the whole barking angry pack seemed determined to assail. One shaggy, powerful ruffian led the van; he might have sat to Schneider. His mouth, yawning like a sepulchre, reuttered a deep, sonorous yow—yow; his fangs stood out, ready for action; his eyes flashed fire; while, in size somewhere between a wolf and a jackass, he rushed right up to the unfortunate Wowski, whose only defence was a walking-stick. Wowski cut one, two—one, two—with just sufficient energy to keep off the foe, who contrived to maintain his nose in position, just an inch beyond the range of the sapling. He was backed up by the rest of the curs, who, barking and snarling, formed a semicircle, that threatened to hem in the hapless Wowski. Gingham and I could do nothing. I had only a switch; Gingham hadn't even that. Still the chief assailant, his back bristling like a wild boar's, and his tail swollen and ruffled like an angry cat's, pressed the attack; it was yow—yow on one side, and cut—cut on the other. He jumped, he circled, he ramped, he

flew up in the air, spun round, and flew up again;—every moment I expected to see him fly at Wowski's throat. I noticed a woman looking out from the door of one of the cottages—called to her, and made signs—on which she thought fit to disappear. Wowski was now becoming pale and exhausted. "Shorten your stick," said I. He did so. The foe came nearer. "Now give him the full length." Wowski took the hint, and the big beast of a cur caught a crack on his muzzle—a regular smasher; instantly turned tail, and cut away with dismal yowlings. The whole pack, like so many humans, turned against him, and pursued; the great powerful brute was half-a-dozen times knocked over and worried, ere he found refuge in an outhouse. The woman now reappeared, armed with a broomstick; and followed into the shed, where a fresh succession of howls and yells announced a needful though tardy process of castigation. Wowski walked along with us, flourishing his stick; only wished it had been a lion! There may be really courageous dogs among the big-limbed monsters of this part of France; but, from my own observation, I should say the most part are a pluckless race. Indeed, an officer of the Guards, who had got out dogs from England, complained to me that they lost their courage on a foreign soil.

Gingham himself, a few days after, had a much more serious adventure.

We were on the march together, after a wet and stormy night. The morning was unsettled, but soon became sultry. Then followed a shower of hail. Gingham began to philosophise; thought he could explain the phenomenon of hail better than any one else. "It has been remarked," said I, "that hail is never formed, except where there are two strata of clouds, one over the other."

"True," said Gingham; "and some meteorologists have imagined that the hail is generated by the alternate action of the two strata, which action they suppose to be electrical."

"Curious, if true."

"Yes," said Gingham; "but I question the theory altogether. According to the best views of the subject which I have been able to form, the hail is produced simply by a current of very cold air, passing rapidly through hot air charged with vapour. Were the current less rapid, or less cold, the effect would be merely condensation, and we should have rain; but, being both cold and rapid in a high degree, the effect is congelation, and we have hail. The noise which so often accompanies hail-storms is the rush of this current of cold air. Currents of air, I admit, in the higher regions of the atmosphere, are usually mute. But, in this instance, the rush is rendered vocal by the hailstones. As to the two strata of clouds, they merely mark the superior and inferior limit of the intrusive current; and they are due to the action of the cold, there more modified, on the vapour. And as to electricity—"

Gingham's lecture was here interrupted by our reaching a river. The bridge having been destroyed by the enemy, we could cross only by fording; and just as we reached the ford, we saw some persons passing on mules and horses. Half way over appeared a small island, which was in fact only a bank of shingle, thrown up by some previous flood. We perceived, by those who preceded us, that the depth was sufficient to wet our boots, if we rode, as they did; and therefore it was resolved to pass in the cart. The river, though not at the moment swollen, was dark and rapid. It rushed sullenly on, with small whirlpools, but without a ripple; and murmurs were heard at intervals, hoarse and deep, which came not from its surface, but boomed up from the gloomiest and most profound recesses of its vexed channel and hollow banks. By the side, waiting for a passage, we found some slightly wounded soldiers, a party of four. These Gingham mounted at once into the cart; and I, calculating that with Joaquim the driver, Mr Wowaki, and Gingham himself, there were now quite passengers enough by that conveyance, turned Sancho's head, and followed Coosey—who led the way across the stream, mounted on one

horse, and leading another, while the cart brought up the rear. The cart, it appears, on reaching the island, stuck fast. Its wheels cut into the loose gravel; and there was no remedy, except for the passengers to alight. The wheels were then lifted by main force; and, time having been given for the whole party to remount, Joaquim drove on, and the remainder of the passage was effected. All those who had started from the opposite bank then got out, with one exception. Where was Gingham? My attention was first attracted by an angry shout from Coosey:

"You Joe King, you precious villain, why, if you han't a-been and left your master a-standin on the highland!"

To a geologist like Gingham, the loose stones of the bank of gravel, shoved up by the force of the water from the depths of the stream, presented an attraction which banished every other thought from his mind. He had commenced picking up specimens the moment he alighted from the cart; and was so intent upon this pursuit, that he suffered the party to proceed without him. How they came to leave him behind can only be explained by supposing that each, as soon as he remounted, was occupied by the portion of the passage—it was ticklish work—that remained to be effected, and therefore began looking out ahead.

The moment Coosey spoke, I looked toward the island, and there, sure enough, was Gingham, still intent on stone-picking, and, to all appearance, utterly unconscious that the cart had left. The river, meanwhile, had risen considerably. Its course was more turbid and violent, its murmur louder and more continuous, and the island already smaller. We shouted to Gingham—there was need to shout. He looked up, and at once became aware of his position, which was evidently far from eligible. He appeared perfectly cool, but hesitated.

Suddenly, the water came down, in a sort of bank. It was less than a foot high; but the rise left Gingham with much less ground to stand upon, in the midst of the boiling flood. Large trunks of trees, plunging and careering, were now brought rapidly

down the current; while the rush of the waters was like the roar of receding billows on a storm-vexed strand. Coosey was about to dash into the flood, which swept by the bank, boiling like a mill-stream. Had I not stopped him, the plucky little Londoner would soon have been carried away, prone and struggling on the angry torrent. He then sprang into the cart; but Gingham made signs to prohibit the attempt, or both cart and Coosey would probably have been lost. In our agony we tore off the cords from the boxes, tied them together, and fastened the end to a large stone, which Coosey attempted to pitch towards Gingham. It fell near him; but out of his reach, in deep water. While we were cautiously hauling it in, down came another freshet. The island was now in great part submerged; and Gingham stood on a mere strip of shingle, with the flood roaring down on each side. The stone was pitched again; and this time went truer than before, but was at once carried off into the deep water below. I again began to haul the line home. It had caught, and wouldn't come in. What could be done? Gingham, I really feared, was a lost man!

Down came another bank of water. Gingham had now scarcely standing-room. The water rushed rapidly by him, and I began to fear he might not long have a footing. At this critical moment, the trunk of a tree, with most of its branches broken off, but here and there a small bough still remaining, came right down towards Gingham, shearing, surging on the tumultuous waters, hung for a moment on the shallow, and then began moving on again with the current. Gingham stooped forward to seize it—he did well, it was his only hope—but lost his feet. He threw himself astride the timber, like Waterton on the crocodile's back, and was borne off from the island, still retaining his hold, though turned over and over by the violence of the current. I saw no hope. What could prevent his being carried away? Yet there was still a possibility of escape, though unforeseen. The trunk, carried a few yards down, was caught by an eddy, and swung round into the

slack water below, where the current was broken by the bank on which Gingham had just been standing. There the huge log began slowly moving round in a circle, first ascending in a direction opposite to the stream, then descending again. On reaching the lowest point of the circle, the trunk, with Gingham upon it, was again caught by an eddy, and twirled round like a spindle; then, with solemn movement, began gradually to ascend again, describing the same circle as before. This second time, though, in going down, it reached a lower point ere it was again caught and twirled, by which law, it was clear, the third time it would go with the current. Manfully did Gingham still hold on, though so often under water; and now, for the third time, he and his log began slowly to move in an ascending orbit. A third time he reached the highest point; and a third time, to all appearance the last, he began—I often dream of it—to go down with the stream! We had given up all hope. Joaquim stood wringing his hands; Coosey was like a man distracted; even the crippled soldiers would gladly have given their aid, had any devisable expedient presented itself. There was no visible alternative; this time he must be carried away!—What's that? Something stirred at my feet! I looked down. There was again a little movement. The rope twitched, as if beginning to run out! My foot was on it, in an instant. The next, I and Coosey held it fast. The tree, in moving round and round, had fished hold, and disengaged it from the catch. "Pull away, pull away!" shouted the soldiers.—"Now run him up to the bank."—"Now's your time."—"Make haste!"

"Steady, Coosey, steady," said I. "Take time, or we shall loosen the hitch, perhaps break the rope."

We did not pull. We merely held on. The log and Gingham swung to the bank.

He was silent, almost exhausted. It was well there were hands to drag him ashore; for he was too far spent to land himself. Awhile he sat motionless on the bank. With eyes uplifted, and lips moving inaudibly, he was apparently returning fervent

and heartfelt thanks to heaven, for his all but miraculous deliverance. Coosey, meanwhile, had rushed for some brandy, which he administered with great apparent benefit.

"Hadrn't we better take you to the nearest cottage?" said I. "Here's one at hand."

"No, no," replied Gingham, gasping. "Get me into the cart."

We lifted him in. Coosey then let down the tarpaulin, and assisted his master in a thorough change of garments from head to foot. Presently, with solemn look, and an air of authority, Coosey got down from the cart.

"It's master's wishes," said he, "to be left, jist for a few minits, alone by his-self."

Gingham ere long made his appearance, shifted and dry; and, though still looking shakey and exhausted, remounted his horse. When I once saw him fairly across the saddle, and just as we were about to proceed, I turned with vindictive, with savage exultation, to take a parting view of the angry torrent. The island had disappeared. Where Gingham had stood there was now a small race of swift-following rollers, which subsided, below the ledge, in tumultuous undulations and foaming eddies, around a dark, deep fissure in the flood, which gaped like a grave. Ha! Is it so? The hungry waters yawn for their rescued prey, and brawl forth their disappointment in a lengthened moan! We continued our march.

"And as to electricity," said Gingham, resuming where he broke off, "it may, when hail is generated, be disengaged by the process, I admit. But that it is in any way the medium of producing the hail, I strenuously deny. Hail is sufficiently accounted for by the supposition of a current of cold air passing rapidly through warm air charged with vapour; and the same theory will solve all the phenomena."

To which theory I, not being so deep in the subject as Gingham, urged no objections. I remarked, however, that Mr Wowski, professedly a man of science, manifested not the least interest in the question; did not appear to have even an idea on the subject, let alone an opinion. In the late critical scene at the ford, though,

he was eminently conspicuous; and, as far as skipping about, shrieking, and getting in the way, his assistance was invaluable.

We lost the little botanist sooner than we expected. A mail—joyful event!—arrived from England; and I was sent to the "Post Office" for our departmental letters. This was not part of my regular duty; but on the occasion in question I received express directions, and went accordingly. Found the post office, a cottage with a front garden. I could but admire the diligent and active exertions to meet the general anxiety of the army, by sorting and delivering the contents of the mail with the least possible delay. The whole lot, say three or four bushels, had been shot out in the middle of the room on the earthen floor. Newspapers, love letters, officers' letters, soldiers' letters, there they lay, and there they were left to lie. In the apartment were two persons, perhaps I ought to say personages. One sat on each side of the hearth; each had torn open a newspaper; and both were conning the news from England. I never saw two people more comfortable in my life. When I entered, neither of them raised his eyes, or took the least notice. They read on. I waited. Still they read. I so far presumed as to announce my mission—had come for the departmental letters. Paused for a reply—stood expectant. At length one of the illustrious two favoured me with an utterance, in a tone somewhat querulous though, and without looking off from his reading—"Three o'clock."

"What, gentlemen!" thought I, "only four hours hence? Why, at this rate, hadn't you better say three o'clock to-morrow?"

So thinking, (not saying,) I walked off. Just as I was going, the one who had not spoken rose. He followed me out, and came on walking by my side down the path toward the garden gate. I really was green enough to fancy he was doing the polite—*seeing* me to the entrance; felt quite overwhelmed. Any approach, at headquarters to "the sweet courtesies of life"—it was something new! I began to deprecate—hoped he wouldn't. "Pray, sir, don't come a

step farther. I can mount without assistance—can open the gate for myself.” Without vouchsafing a reply, he began questioning.

“Know Mr Wowski?”

“Have known him for the last few days.”

“What is he?”

“He professes himself a botanist, a man of science.”

“What does he want at headquarters?”

“He states his object to be botanical research.”

“States, you say; *professes*. Isn’t he really a botanist?”

This was an awkward question, for I was beginning to have my doubts. I remained silent.

“You must answer.”

“For the last two or three days I have felt it a question, I confess.”

“Why?”

“He collects specimens, but doesn’t preserve or arrange them. At dinner time he brings home a bundle of common herbs or grasses, which, next morning, he throws away. Then goes out again, and brings home another bundle like it. Don’t think he knows much about botany.”

“What’s your opinion of him?”

“Have hardly known him long enough to form one. He seems decidedly, though, to have a military taste; takes great interest in the movements of the troops.”

“Fond of going up steeples?”

“When we enter a place, I believe he makes that his first object; at least, whenever there is a steeple to the church.”

“Ever see him making signals?”

“Never noticed anything of the kind.”

“Know anything more about him?”

“He brought letters of introduction”—

“Oh, yes; I know all about that. Ever met him before you joined?”

“Can’t say. First time we met at headquarters, thought I had heard his voice.”

“Where?”

“On our way up with treasure, we were opposed by the peasantry in passing the ferry at—”

“Yes, yes; I know. See him with them?”

“No; I heard a voice, though, which I afterwards thought was very like his.”

“Then you didn’t see him with them next day, I suppose, when they wounded the officer of your escort?”

“I saw nothing of him then; wasn’t near enough to distinguish individuals.”

“Oh, I suppose you don’t use spectacles. Very well. Say nothing about this.”

My questioner then returned to the cottage. He didn’t say good morning; and, till I missed him from my side, I wasn’t aware of his departure. Then, looking round, I saw him quietly opening the door and going in. Mr Wowski didn’t come back to dinner, and we saw him no more. Whether he was arrested, or merely advised to botanise elsewhere, I never knew.

Following the movements of the army from place to place, we approached at length the banks of the Garonne, and the neighbourhood of Toulouse. We now halted for some days at the village of Seysses, where, better off than many of my fellow-campaigners, I enjoyed the luxury of a most enviable bed. On the earthen floor of my apartment was arranged a small stack of faggots. This was the bedstead. On the faggots was spread a lot of worn-out sacking, old clothes, and equally ancient blankets, which, with a very clean pair of sheets, constituted my bed. The first night, I was settling off for a snooze, when a commotion, like a small earthquake, disturbed my *prima quies*. Something was stirring, immediately under me! What can it be? Why, I can feel it! It’s in the bed! What’s that again? A mixture of squeaking and scrambling! Oh, rats. They had burrowed through the floor, had established themselves in the faggots, had eaten into the bedding, and there held their midnight revels. There they lived and bred, squeaked and grunted, wriggled and fought, scurried and cuddled, close under the sheet, undulating the whole surface of the bed. Presuming that they would let me alone if I let them alone, I again composed myself to sleep; and, so well was the truce kept on both sides,

I had them every night for my bed-fellows. If the tumblification became intolerable, I had only to move, and in a moment all was hushed. When I was still, they stirred; but when I stirred, they were still.

Our last halting place, before we fought the battle of Toulouse, was Grenade, a small town, or large village, a few leagues below the scene of combat, on the left bank of the Garonne. Come, I'll just give you a short account of my entertainment in one more billet, and then we'll rush into the thick of the fight. Approaching Grenade, with the mingled multitude that follow an army, I was met by a French gentleman, who immediately addressed me, and entered into conversation like an old acquaintance. That's the best of the French. In five minutes we were intimate. He was a tall, hearty fellow, in age about five-and-twenty, with rosy cheeks, curly hair, broad shoulders, and prodigious development of the *poitrine*. Begged to know who and what I was—my age, name, rank, and family. Were my parents living? Had I brothers? A sister? Was I married or unmarried? Had I any intentions? Ever felt the tender passion? What was my pay *par mois*? Vilinton or Bonaparte, which did I consider the greater general? Ever fought a duel? Were the English merry or *tristes*? How did I like the French? But the French ladies? Which excelled in female beauty, France or England? Been in many battles? Was I Torrie or Ozigge? Would I accept of a billet in his *ménage*? By this time my inquisitive friend had turned, and we were walking on together towards Grenade. On our arrival there, he knocked at the door of a great stack of a house in the market-place. In five minutes Sancho was nuzzling a feed of oats in the stable, I was stropping and lathering in an elegant bedroom, and my servant was making love to Coekey in the kitchen. The fact is, when the news arrived that the English were walking in, my new friend had walked out, to secure an inmate to his mind, and I was the fortunate individual. The Parisians ridicule provincials, and so do the Cockneys. But let me tell both Cockneys and Parisians,

they have nothing to boast above the rural gentry whom they respectively despise, in good breeding, in refinement, in cultivation, in bonhomie, in gentility, in anything that constitutes a dignified, simple, and likeable character. Happy family! Here, in one house, living together, and happy together, kind, hospitable, loving, and beloved, resided an aged father, a venerable mother, a charming daughter, three strapping sons—one married, with his lively little titbit of a wife, the pet of the household—two single, of whom my friend was the senior. There they dwelt together, in domestic harmony and peace. Yet there too, in that tranquil domicile, sorrow had found an entrance. A son was missing. It was the old story; you couldn't travel through France in those days, without hearing it a hundred times repeated. He had entered the army—entered Spain—and no one knew what had become of him. The family supper—what a meeting of friends, what a cheerful reunion! Each treated the other with marked attention and kindness, as though they were then first met after a long separation. The lady of the house, “madame,” advanced in years, but sharp, quick, cheerful, and conversable, demanded from me a reply to the oft-repeated interrogatory, which were fairer, the English fair or the French. I tried to evade it. “No, no,” said every voice at table; “Madame has asked. Monsieur must reply.”—“Most willingly would I obey,” said I, bowing till my nose touched the tablecloth; “but in your presence, madame, how can I decide without prepossession?” (*prévention*!) This compliment addressed to a dame of sixty-five, with gray hairs, and nothing of beauty but its vestiges, you will of course say was absurd, extravagant, and perfectly out of place. In England, I grant, it would be. But there, in France, where a compliment paid is a benefit conferred, and where civility, like a gift amongst ourselves, is always accepted as a token of goodwill, it was viewed with favour, and received with gratitude. The company, tickled, but delighted, raised a shout of applause; and madame herself, smirking and twinkling, made her acknowledgments

with courtly elegance, as though I had conferred an obligation; while her lovely daughter, exclaiming, "Ah, maman!" flung her arms about her neck, with eyes full of tenderness and delight. In short, I was one of the family. In a week I quitted them with regret. The old gentleman made me a parting present of cigars; a small token of gratitude, he was kind enough to say, for the pleasure of my company; and that after I had been hospitably lodged, handsomely entertained, and fêted from first to last as if every day had been a jubilee.

Those cigars! Oh, those cigars! I never smoked the like of those cigars! They beat General Thouvenot's out of the field. They were at least three years old—nearer two pounds of them than one. You may have smoked a good cigar. You may have smoked an old cigar. But these united the two qualities; they were both old and good. The military son had brought them with him from Spain, and left them on his return to the army. The gift of them to me, then, implied a

melancholy sentiment; *he* could not want them. This was expressed by the father, in making the present. It was touching—it was perfectly French. They had one fault, only one; a fault from which no old cigars are free. They were gone too soon; they burned out like tinder. But oh! while they were burning, how shall I describe the sensation! Sensation? It was more than that; it was mental elevation; a vision, a trance, a transfer to the regions of hope, imagination, and enchantment. Every-day nature became prismatic. Matter-of-fact sparkled with variegated lamps. Pledget might have smoked, and fancied himself a poet. Each cigar a tranquillising stimulant, a volatile anodyne, excited, and while it excited soothed, every faculty of the soul; fancy, sentiment, recollection, anticipation, and stern resolve. But ah, my cigar is out! A few puffs have sufficed! Too soon, too soon, it begins to burn my nose! Its last, its dying odours are hurried away by the envious breeze; and the visions which they inspired are gone like a beautiful dream!

A MONTH AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Books of travel in the region which modern tourists particularly designate as "the East," and which may be considered to comprise Turkey, Syria, and Egypt, do not, as a class, very forcibly challenge our sympathy and criticism. The best horse may be ridden to death; and no country, however rich in associations and peculiar in its characteristics, however remarkable in configuration and interesting by its traditions, can yield continual fresh pastures to literary travellers, when they descend upon it like a swarm of locusts instead of dropping in at reasonable intervals. Time must be allowed for change and reproduction, or repetition and exhaustion will be the inevitable result. The East, moreover, as a theme for book-wrights, has not only been overdone, but, in many instances, very badly done. People

have gone thither with the preconceived idea of publishing, on the strain for the marvellous, the romantic, and the picturesque; and, disdaining the common-sense course of setting down what they saw and giving their real and natural impressions, they have gilt and embellished, like a coach-painter at a sheriff's carriage, till they forced upon us the conviction that they cared more for glitter than for truth. Some, piquing themselves on diplomatic acumen, have filled their volumes with politics, and settled all manner of Eastern questions much to their own satisfaction, and greatly to the weariness of their readers; and these form perhaps the most intolerable of the many classes into which Oriental travellers are subdivisible, but which we shall not here further enumerate, preferring to turn to the exa-

mination of the latest Eastern tour that has issued from the English press and found its way to our critical sanctum.

Mr Albert Smith's name, well known within sound of Bow-bells, is far from unfamiliar to a large circle of dwellers without that populous circumference. We cannot affirm that we have read all his numerous works, but with some of them we are acquainted, and we are disposed to think him one of the most amiable and praiseworthy of the school of popular humorists to which he belongs. His jokes are invariably good-humoured and inoffensive—without being on that account deficient in point. He does not wrap radicalism up in fun, as cunning grandmothers envelop sickly drugs with marmalade; nor has his flow of gaiety a sour and mischievous under-current. Neither does he belong to the gang of facetious philanthropists whose sympathies are so exclusively granted to the indigent and miserable, that they have nothing left but gall and bitterness for those of their fellow-creatures who wear a decent coat, and have the price of a dinner in its pocket. A gentleman of most versatile ability, he is by turns dramatist, journalist, essayist, naturalist, novelist, correspondent of a London paper, critic of the ballet, a writer of songs and a manufacturer of burlesque. Such a host of occupations naturally entails the necessity of a little relaxation; and accordingly, in the summer of last year, Mr Smith laid down his pen, shook the sawdust from his buskins, and started for the Mediterranean. As far as Malta we have not ascertained how it fared with him, but of his subsequent proceedings he has informed us in a volume which we had little idea of reviewing when first we learned its expected appearance, but whose perusal has convinced us that it deserves such brief notice as the crowded state of our pages in these busy days will permit us to bestow upon it. We have already implied our opinion that it takes a skillful hand to write an amusing book on so hackneyed a text as a visit to Constantinople. Mr Smith has surmounted the difficulty in an easy and natural manner; and, whilst telling things just as they appeared to him, without affectation or adornment, he has con-

trived to give an agreeable freshness and originality to a subject which we really deemed threadbare and exhausted.

It was on board the *Scamandre*, French Mediterranean mail-steamer, that Mr Albert Smith left Malta on an August evening of the year 1849, bound for Constantinople. The weather was fine and the sea smooth as a lake, and there could be no reasonable apprehension of shipwreck even for the crazy French vessel, whose last voyage, save on rivers or along coast, this was intended to be. But although somewhat rickety, of very moderate speed, and not particularly clean externally, the interior accommodations of the *Scamandre* were by no means bad. And the cabin passengers presented an amusing medley of nations and characters. There were French milliners, striving to pass themselves off as governesses, an elderly French actress from the St James's theatre, a brace of Marseilles bagmen, an enterprising Englishman bent upon smuggling muskets into Hungary, a young Irish officer who had thrown up his commission in the British service to campaign with Bem and Kossuth, and who must have arrived at his destination just as the war reached its end. There was also Mr Sophocles, an intelligent Greek professor from an American university, on his way home after twenty years' absence, and sundry persons unnamed, making about twenty in all, and Mr Smith himself, who, we venture to say, was not the least active and efficient in beguiling the tedium of a week's voyage in a slow steamboat, and who gives us an extremely amusing account of his fellow-passengers and their proceedings. Travelling quite as a citizen of the world, without pretension or care for luxuries, now footing it across the Alps with knapsack on shoulder, then a deck passenger from Genoa to Naples, availing himself of the smooth when it offered, but taking the rough readily when it came, sleeping sometimes on boards for want of a bed, with the knapsack aforesaid for a pillow—Mr Smith seems to have carried through the whole of his ramble those best of travelling companions, imperturbable good humour, and a determination to

be pleased with everything and everybody. It is accordingly with all possible indulgence that he views the little foibles of his fellow-passengers per *Scamandre*, and there is not an atom of acid in the dry humour with which he parades them for the entertainment of his readers. Indeed, before the week's voyage is over, we begin to feel quite intimate with the motley company—to view with indulgence Mademoiselle Virginie's barefaced flirtations with the French commissary, and to sympathise with the good-tempered American, who, having had the misfortune to engage his berth in the first-class cabin—a sort of extra-magnificent place, whose chief distinction from the second class consists, as on German railways, in a heavy additional charge—preferred now and then dining with the less aristocratic inmates of the second cabin, “to know what was going on.” There is no place like shipboard for betraying people's habits and peculiarities: everybody is more or less in *deshabille*; and such a group as that on the *Scamandre* is a mine to a shrewd observer. Mr Smith kept his eyes and ears wide open, as is his wont, and little escaped him. We select the following specimen of his strictures on foreign habits.

“I should be very sorry to class foreigners, generally, as a dirty set of people when left to themselves; but I fear there is too much reason to suppose that (in how many cases out of ten I will refrain from saying) a disrelish for a good honest plunging wash is one of their chief attributes. It requires but very little experience, in even their best hotels, to come to this conclusion. I do not mean in those houses where an influx of English has imposed the necessity of providing large jugs; baths, and basins; but in the equally leading establishments patronised chiefly by themselves. In these, one still perceives the little pie-dish and milk-jug, the scanty doily-looking towel, and the absence of a soap dish; whilst it would be perfectly futile to ask for anything further. So, on board the *Scamandre*, this opinion was not weakened. They dipped a corner of a little towel, not in the basin, but in the stream that trickled from the cistern as slowly as vinegar from any oyster-shop cruet, and dabbed their face about with it. Then they messed about a little with their hands; and then, having given a

long time to brushing their hair, they had a cigarette instead of a tooth brush, and their toilet was complete. This description does not only apply to the *Scamandre* passengers, but to the majority of their race, whom I afterwards encountered about the Mediterranean.”

We have a vivid recollection of the consternation of an amiable and numerous French family, in whose house a friend of ours once was domiciled, on finding that he each morning required, for his personal use, more fresh water than sufficed for their entire daily consumption, internal and external. Doubtless the worthy people indulged, every eight days or so, in a warm bath; but they had no notion of such a thing as diurnal ablutions above the waist or below the chin, and they shrugged and grinned monstrosously at the eccentricity of the Englishman who commenced the day by a general sluice, whereas they rarely thought of washing even their fingers till they dressed for their ante-prandial promenade. And when our friend was laid up, some time later, with a smart twinge of gout, provoked by too liberal use of a very different liquid from water, the entire family, from the elderly father down to the youngest of the precocious juveniles, gave it as their unqualified opinion, that the ailment proceeded from their inmate's rash and obstinate indulgence in the ungenial and, in their opinion, extremely superfluous element.

“Athens in six hours,” Mr Smith observes, is rather quick work; but he nevertheless found he could see in that time nearly as much of it as he wished. The *Scamandre* allowed but a day, and certainly he made good use of the brief halt. At Athens, as in Switzerland and on the Rhine, he found the ubiquitous *Murray's Handbook* the great authority and certificate of the native competitors for custom. A skirmish with clubs and boat-hooks—the former brought evidently in anticipation of the contest—took place amongst the fancy-ball-looking boatmen, in white petticoats and scarlet leggings, who crowded in light skiffs round the foot of the steamer's ladder. In the intervals of the fight a dialogue was carried on in English, more or less broken.

"I say, sir! here, sir! Hotel d'Orient is the best. Here's the card, sir—old palace—Murray says ver good," cried one of the costumers.

"Hi!" screamed another; 'don't go with him, master—too dear! Come with me!'

"The parties were immediately engaged in single combat.

"Hotel d'Angleterre à Athènes, tenu par Elias Polichronopoulos et Yani Adamopoulos," shouted another, all in a breath. I copy the names from the card he gave me, for they were such as no one could remember.

"Yes, sir; good hotel," said his companion. "Look in Murray, sir—page 24—there, sir; here, sir; look, sir!"

"Who believes Murray?" asked a fellow in plain clothes, with a strong Irish accent.

"You would, if he put your house in the Handbook," replied another."

By considerable display of mental and physical energy, a few of the passengers at last got into a boat and gained the quay of the Piræus. *Grog's-shop* was written on the shutter of a petty coffee-house, and a smart-looking Albanian stepped up, and proffered his services in excellent English. He had lived in London, he said: was a subject of Queen Victoria, and had the honour of being set down in Murray, page 25. With such recommendations, who could refuse the guidance of Demetri Pomorn? Not Mr Smith and his party, evidently, for they immediately engaged him for the day, hired a shabby vehicle from an adjacent cab-stand, and started on their hot and dusty road to Athens, thence about five miles distant. There they killed the lions, ate quince ices, bought Latakia tobacco, dined at the Hotel d'Orient à l'Anglaise, with Harvey sauce and pale ale, off English plates and dishes, and pulled on board again at night, to the tune of *Jim Crow*, played by an Anglified violin in one of the "grog's-shops" aforesaid. At five in the morning sleep was at an end, thanks to the clanking, stamping, and bawling upon the steamer's deck, and Mr Smith left the cabin, to reconnoitre and breathe fresh air. Some deck passengers had come on board at Athens; amongst others, a poor Albanian family, bound to Smyrna to pack figs. They were miserable, broken-spirited looking people, but

picturesque in spite of their poverty; a melon or two and some coarse bread composed their entire stores for the voyage. This, however, was of no great duration, for at daybreak the next morning the passengers per Scamandre were told they were off Smyrna.

"It was very pleasant to hear this—to be told that the land I saw close to us was Asia, and that the distant slender spires that rose from the thickly clustered houses were minarets—that I should have twelve hours to go on shore, and see real camels, fig-trees, scheiks, and veiled women! And yet I could scarcely persuade myself that such was the case—that the distant Smyrna—of which I had only heard, in the Levant mail, as a remote place, burnt down once a-year, where figs came from—was actually within a good stone's throw of the steamer."

The travellers' expectations were more than realised. "I do not believe," says Mr Smith, "that throughout the future journey any impressions were conveyed more vivid than those we experienced during our first half hour in the bazaars of the sunny, bustling, beauty-teeming Smyrna." The appearance of a party of foreigners, and of the well-known face of the *valet-de-place*, caused a stir amongst the dealers, one of whom accosted Mr Smith in good English.

"How d'ye do, sir; very well! that's right. Look here, sir; beautiful musk purse; very fine smell. Ten piastres."

"A piastre is worth twopence and a fraction.

"How did you learn to speak English so well?" I asked.

"All English gentlemen come to me, sir," he said, "and I learn it from the ships, and from the Americans. Shake hands, sir; that's right. Buy the purse, sir!"

"How much is it?" asked one of our party.

"Six piastres," replied the brother of the merchant, who also spoke English, but had not heard the first price.

"And you asked me ten!" I said to the other.

"So I did, sir," he replied with a laugh; "then, if I get the other four, that's my profit—eh! But what's four piastres to an English gentleman?—nothing. It's too little for him to know about. Come—buy the purse. What will you give?"

"Five piastres," I answered.

"It is yours," he added directly, with a hearty laugh, throwing it to me.

" 'What a merry fellow you are!' I observed.

" 'Yes, sir; I laugh always; very good to laugh. English gentlemen like to laugh, I know; laugh very well. Look at his turban—laugh at that.'

"He directed our attention to an old Turk, who was going by with a most ludicrous and towering head-dress. It was diverting to find him making fun of his compatriot."

The mode of dealing, which in Christian Europe is stigmatised as Jewish—the system, namely, of asking thrice the value and twice what the seller means to take—is received, and by no means discreditable, in Turkish bazaars. The only way to purchase in such places, without being imposed upon, is at once to offer half the price demanded. This is met with a refusal; you walk away, the merchant calls you back, and you then offer him twenty per cent less than before. This plan Mr Smith, having picked up experience at Smyrna, put in practice at Constantinople, and generally found to answer.

Fig-packing, camels, and the slave-market are the three things which at Smyrna first attract the curiosity of the traveller from the West. Of the first-named, Mr Smith gives us a picturesque account. In the shade of a long alley of acacia and fig trees the packers were seated—Greeks by nation, and the women very handsome. "They first brought the figs from the warehouses, on the floor of which I saw hundreds of bushels, brought in on camels from the country. They were then pulled into shape, this task being confided to females; and after that sent on to the men who packed them. They gathered six or seven, one after the other, in their hand, and then wedged them into the drum, putting a few superior ones on the top, as we have seen done with strawberries." We have already mentioned that our sharp-sighted and lively traveller is somewhat of a naturalist, and here he favours us with the result of his observations upon the camel. That uncouth, but useful hunchback has been belauded and vaunted in prose and verse to such an exaggerated extent that we are quite tired of hearing of his virtues, and feel much indebted to the author of *A Month at Constantinople* for exhibiting his failings after the following fashion:—

tinople for exhibiting his failings after the following fashion:—

"Your camel is a great obtainer of pity, under false pretence. He can be as self-willed and vicious as you please; and his bite is particularly severe: when once his powerful teeth have fastened, it is with the greatest difficulty that he is made to relinquish his hold. The pitiful noise too, which he makes, as small natural historians remark, upon being overladen, is all sham. It proceeds from sheer idleness, rather than a sense of oppression. With many camels, if you make pretence to put a small object on their back—a tile or a stone, for instance—whilst they are kneeling down, they begin mechanically to bellow, and blink their eyes, and assume such a dismal appearance of suffering and anguish, that it is perfectly painful for susceptible natures to regard them. And yet, when their load is well distributed and packed, they can move along under seven hundredweight."

But we must get on to Constantinople. Often as the magnificent spectacle has been described that bursts upon the view as you round Seraglio Point and glide into the Golden Horn, it yet would seem affected or eccentric of a traveller who writes about Constantinople were he to neglect recording the impression made upon him by that singularly lovely panorama. Mr Albert Smith's description is to the purpose, and we like it the better for the complete absence of that magniloquence in which so many tourists have indulged when discoursing upon the beauties of Stamboul. Probably no city in the world presents so great a contrast as Constantinople, when seen from a short distance and when examined in detail. Floating on the blue waters of the Bosphorus, the wondering stranger gazes upon a fairy spectacle of domes, and minarets, and cypress groves, of graceful palaces and stately mosques, gilded wherries and gaily-attired crowds. A few minutes elapse: the grave custom-house officials in their handsome barge have received the sixpenny bribe which exempts his luggage from examination; he lands at the Tophanné Stairs, and enters the steep lane that leads up to Pera, and in an instant the illusion is dissipated:—

"I felt," says Mr Smith, who readily avails himself, and in this instance very

happily, of a theatrical comparison, "that I had been taken behind the scenes of a great effect." The Constantinople of Vauxhall Gardens, a few years ago, did not differ more, when viewed in front from the gallery and behind from the dirty little alleys bordering the river. The miserable, narrow, ill-paved thoroughfare did not present one redeeming feature—even of picturesque dreariness. The roadway was paved with all sorts of ragged stones, jammed down together without any regard to level surface; and encumbered with dead rats, melon-rinds, dogs, rags, brickbats, and rubbish, that had fallen through the mules' baskets, as they toiled along it. The houses were of wood—old and rotten; and bearing traces of having been once painted red. There was, evidently, never any attempt made to clean them, or their windows or doorways. Here and there, where a building had been burnt, or had tumbled down, all the ruins remained as they had fallen. Even the better class of houses had an uncared-for, mouldy, plague-imbuéd, decaying look about them; with grimy lattices instead of windows, on the upper stories, and dilapidated shutters and doors on the ground-floors."

It will have occurred to many, acquainted with the scenes portrayed, to exclaim, when gazing upon the bright pictures of a David Roberts, a Leopold Robert, or a Villamil, "What a deal of dirt is hidden under all that gay colouring!" It will not do for the artist to look too closely into the details of southern cleanliness and domestic economy; he must elevate his subject and wash off the dirt, or at least paint over it. Constantinople must be viewed as a panorama, not investigated as if for sale. If he would preserve the enchantment unbroken, the spectator must keep his distance, as from a picture painted for distant effect. If he will not do this, if curiosity impels him onwards, let him make up his eyes and olfactories to a cruel disappointment. A minute ago, fairyland was spread before him; he lands, and stumbles over a dead dog. Touching dogs, by the bye, we have a word to say. Mr Smith has numerous passages relating to that quadruped, esteemed in Christendom, abominable in Constantinople. Having once, he informs us, been severely bitten by a hound, and having, moreover, seen several persons die of hydrophobia, he enter-

tains a very justifiable mistrust of the canine race, or at least of such of its specimens as present themselves with slaving mouths, inflamed eyes, guttural yells, and hides ragged and bloody. Now, this being the habitual appearance and bearing of the eighty-thousand pugnacious and starving curs that infest the streets of the Turkish capital, Mr Smith, had he been a nervous person; would have passed rather an agreeable "month in Constantinople." With a paper lantern in one hand, however, and a jagged stone in the other—the usual weapons of defence—he prosecuted his wanderings most courageously, at almost any hour of the night, through the filth-strewn and dog-haunted streets. His first introduction to these pleasant animals was auricular; and truly, compared to their uproar, a German frog-swamp or a strong party of Christmas waits, jangling a negro melody in defiance of time and tune, must be considered a delightful *réveil-matin*.

"To say that if all the sheep-dogs going to Smithfield on a market-day had been kept on the constant bark, and pitted against the yelping curs upon all the carts in London, they could have given any idea of the canine uproar that now first astonished me, would be to make the feeblest of images. The whole city rung with one vast riot. Down below me at Tophanné—over at Stamboul—far away at Scutari—the whole eighty thousand dogs that are said to overrun Constantinople appeared engaged in the most active extermination of each other, without a moment's cessation. The yelping, howling, barking, growling, and snarling, were all merged into one uniform and continuous even sound, as the noise of frogs becomes when heard at a distance. For hours there was no lull. I went to sleep, and woke again; and still, with my windows open, I heard the same tumult going on; nor was it until day-break that anything like tranquillity was restored."

The traces of these nocturnal combats are plainly discernible the next morning. There is not a whole skin in the entire canine legion; some have lost eyes, others ears, some a collop of the little flesh that remains on their unfortunate bones, and all bear the scars of desperate conflicts. They keep an active look-out for dead horses and camels, and are even said

to devour their defunct comrades ; but there is no authenticated account of their making a meal of a human being, although a story is current in Galata of their having one night torn down a tipsy English sailor, and left nothing but his bones to tell the tale in the morning. Drunkards, however, must expect to go to the dogs. Mr Smith kept sober, and carried a lantern. Solely to these two precautions, perhaps, are we to-day indebted for the pleasure of reading his book, instead of mourning his interment in the ravenous stomachs of Mahomedan mongrels.

It can hardly have escaped the observation of any one who has travelled at all, that the presence of even a very few English settlers in a town or district, speedily entails the establishment of "the English shop." The keeper of this is not necessarily an Englishman ; he may be of any nation—Pole, Jew, Frenchman, German ; the essential is, that he should have a smattering of English and a trader's knowledge of the heterogeneous articles which, in foreign estimation, are indispensable to the existence of Englishmen. Foremost amongst these are beer and pickles, mustard and cayenne, Warren's blacking and Windsor soap, the pills of Professor Holloway, the kalydor of the world-renowned Rowland. Thanks to the extraordinary power of puffing, we dare to say that the paletot of Sheriff Nicoll by this time finds its nook in "the English shop." The growth of these philanthropical depots for the consolation of exiled Britons is often miraculously mushroom-like. Land an English regiment to occupy a me-

naced point on some distant foreign shore, and within the week "the shop" appears, though it be but a booth with a hamper of porter and a dozen pickle pots for sole stock in trade. In Constantinople, where English abound, either as residents or birds of passage, Stampa is a celebrity. The admirable establishment of Galignani is not more famed for books and newspapers—and especially for that far-famed *Messenger*, which reaches to the uttermost ends of the earth—than is the shop of Stampa as a rendezvous and receptacle for men and things English. There you may buy everything, from a Stilton to a cake of soap, from a solar lamp to a steel pen ; and there obtain all manner of information, from the address of a Galata * merchant to the sailing hour of a steamer. Nay, should you be weary of kebobs and craving for a beefsteak, Stampa will provide it you. He did so at least for Mr Smith ; but perhaps that gentleman was a favoured customer, as he seems indeed to have found means of rendering himself at more than one place during his ramble.

At Constantinople, as at Smyrna, Mr Smith visited the slave market. There is a volume in the word, and we all know the sort of phantasmagoria it summons up for the benefit of English ladies and gentlemen, as they sit at home at ease, dandling their fancies by the chimney corner. Exeter Hall and the picture shops have made slave-markets of their own, compared to which the reality is a tame and spiritless affair. We are all familiar, at a proper distance, with that group of young ladies, more or

* The names of the various districts of Constantinople, sometimes rather indiscriminately used in travellers' narratives, are apt to puzzle those readers unfamiliar with the divisions of the city. The following note puts its distribution clearly before them :—" *Stamboul* may be termed Constantinople proper, inhabited by the Turks, and containing the Seraglio, chief mosques, great public offices, bazaars, and places of Government and general business. It is the most ancient and most important part, *par excellence*. *Galata* is the Wapping of the city : here we find dirty shops for ships' stores ; merchants' counting-houses, and tipsy sailors. *Tophanné* is so called from the large gun-factory close at hand. Both these suburbs are situated at the base of a very steep hill ; the upper part of which is *Pera*, the district allotted to the Franks, or foreigners, and containing the palaces of the ambassadors, the hotels, the European shops, and the most motley population under the sun. *Scutari* is to Stamboul as Birkenhead to Liverpool, and is in Asia. It is important in its way, as being the starting-place of all the caravans going inland. There are some other districts of less interest to the average tourist."—*A Month at Constantinople*, p. 46.

less nude, and of every tint—from the pale Georgian to the sable Ethiop—huddled together in great alarm and the most graceful attitudes, whilst a shawled and jewelled Turk scans their perfections with licentious eye, and counts gold into the palm of a truculent dealer in human flesh. None of us but have been painfully affected by representations, both printed and pictorial, of whips and manacles, fettered hands and striped shoulders, kneeling negroes and barbarous task-masters, whereby tender-hearted gentlemen are moved to unbutton their pockets, and philanthropical ladies of excitable nerve, overlooking the misery that is often close to their doors, are set sewing flannels for remote blacks. We have all seen this sort of thing, and have been interested and touched accordingly. But Mr Smith, in the most unfeeling manner, robs us of our illusions, so far, at least, as Smyrna or Constantinople are concerned. In the slave-market at the latter place—where blacks only are exposed, the Circassian and Georgian beauties being secluded in the dealers' houses—he arrived at the conclusion that the creatures he saw wrapped in their blankets and crouching in corners, and in whom sense and feeling were evidently at the very lowest ebb, had much better chance of such happiness as they were capable of enjoying, if sold as slaves than if left to their own savage resources.

"I should be very sorry," he says, "to run against any proper feelings on the subject, but I do honestly believe that if any person of average propriety and right-mindedness were shown these creatures, and told that their lot was to become the property of others, and work in return for food and lodging, he would come to the conclusion it was all they were fit for. The truth is, that the 'virtuous indignation' side of the question holds out grander opportunities to an author for fine writing than the practical fact. But this style of composition should not always be implicitly relied upon. I knew a man who was said, by certain reviews and literary *cliques*, to be 'a creature of large sympathies for the poor and oppressed,' because he wrote touching things about them; but who would abuse his wife, and brutally treat his children, and harass his family, and then go and drink

until his large heart was sufficiently full to take up the 'man-and-brother' line of literary business, and suggest that a tipsy Chartist was as good as a quiet gentleman."

Mr Albert Smith is evidently a hard-hearted person, and we begin to repent of noticing his book. In the same pitiless matter-of-fact manner he continues to tilt at the several articles of our Eastern creed, pressing into his service as a witness Demetri the Second, (not him of Athens, but a Constantinople cicerone,) a terrible fellow for rubbing the romantic lacquer off Turkish manners and customs. After the slaves, the sack and scimitar are disposed of. "Not many executions now," quoth Demetri,—"only English subjects. Here's where they cut the heads off; just here, where these two streets meet, and the body is left here a day or two, and sometimes the dogs get at it." This was rather startling intelligence, until explained. The "English subjects" proved to be emigrants from Malta and the Ionian islands—the greatest scamps in Pera—which is saying no little, for Pera abounds with scamps. At that time, however, there had not been an execution for a whole year past.

"All English gentlemen," continued Demetri, "think they cut off heads every day in Stamboul, and put them, all of a row, on plates at the Seraglio gate. And they think people are always being drowned in the Bosphorus. Not true. I know a fellow who is a dragoman, and shows that wooden shoot which comes from the wall of the Seraglio Point, as the place they slide them down. It is only to get rid of the garden rubbish. Same with lots of other things."

Nothing like travel to dispel prejudice and romance. People are too apt to adopt Byron's notions of the East. To those who would have their eyes opened we recommend the Mediterranean steamers, or, if these would take them too far, they may stay at home and read Mr Smith.

"Travel," such is his advice to the seeker after truth, "with a determination to be only affected by things as they strike you. Swiss girls, St Bernard dogs, Portici fishermen, the Rhine, Nile travelling, and other objects of popular rhapsodies, fearfully deteriorate upon practical acquaintance. Few tourists

have the courage to say that they have been 'bored,' or at least disappointed by some conventional lion. They find that Guide-books, Diaries, Notes, Journals, &c. &c., all copy one from the other in their enthusiasm about the same things; and they shrink from the charge of vulgarity, or lack of mind, did they dare to differ. Artists and writers will study effect rather than graphic truth. The florid description of some modern book of travel is as different to the actual impressions of ninety-nine people out of a hundred—allowing all these to possess average education, perception, and intellect—when painting in their minds the same subject, as the artfully tinted lithograph, or picturesque engraving of the portfolio or annual, is to the faithful photograph."

Mr Smith's concluding chapter, including his lazaretto experiences and departure for Egypt, is very amusing, and he shows up the abuses of the quarantine system, his own annoyances when in sickly durance, and the eccentricities of his Mahometan and Christian fellow-travellers, with spirit and humour. We have good will, but no space, to accompany him further in his peregrinations. An appendix, including estimates of expenses, and various remarks suggested by his recent travelling experience, will be found useful by persons contemplating a similar trip. The general texture of his book is certainly of the slightest; but, as already implied, it pretends not to solidity or to the discussion of grave topics. It is just such a volume as might be composed by the amalgamation of a series of epistles from a lively and fluent letter-writer to friends at home, during a few weeks' ramble and abode in Turkey. If it occasionally reminds us of Cockaigne, its author, we are sure, is too patriotic to be ashamed of his native village, and we have no

mind to quarrel with him for the almost exclusively metropolitan character of his tropes and similes, for his frequent reminiscences of London streets and Surrey hills, or for his preference of the sunset seen from "The Cricketers" at Chertsey Bridge, to the same sight from "The little Burial-ground" at Pera. A good result—probably the one he aimed at—of the selection, as points of comparison, of localities more particularly familiar to Londoners, is that he thereby conveys, to those who will doubtless form a very large proportion of his readers, a clear idea of the places he visited and would describe. And his little volume affords evidence of good temper and feeling sufficient to cover a multitude of Cockneyisms.

When reviewing, about two years ago, a volume of rambles* in a very different region, we stated our opinion as to the style of illustration appropriate to books of this kind, in which cuts or engravings are most acceptable when they explain scenes and objects that written description, even at great length, would less accurately and clearly place before the reader. Mr Smith is evidently of the same way of thinking. "I have given," he says, "only those illustrations which appeared to be the most characteristic rather than the most imposing." In so doing he has shown judgment, and used to the best advantage the pencils and colour-box, which formed part of the heterogeneous contents of his well-stuffed knapsack. The reader will be more obliged to him for the appropriate and useful little sketches that thickly stud his pages, than for any drawings of greater pretensions, whose introduction the size and price of the volume would have permitted.

* Ballantyne's *Hudson's Bay*.

MADAME SONTAG AND THE OPERA.

It is now between three and four years since the town was startled by intelligence that the Opera House was divided against itself, and that melody and grace were about to take flight from the bottom of the Haymarket to the top of the Garden. In our quality of determined foes to unnecessary changes and theoretical reforms, we received the intelligence regretfully, and so, we have reason to believe, did that very considerable section of the London and provincial public into whose annual calculations of refined enjoyments the Italian Opera largely enters. Without going into the merits of the dispute, which up to this hour we have never heard clearly elucidated, we plainly discerned one thing—namely, that there was discord in the operatic camp; that harmony had abandoned its favourite abode; that managers, musicians, singers, and dancers, were drawing different ways: in short,

that the Opera, taking the lead in a fashion that soon afterwards became disagreeably prevalent throughout Europe, was in a state of revolution. With whom the fault lay we knew not, and little cared: all that concerned us was the unpleasant fact that the pleasures of the music-loving multitude, *quorum pars sumus*, were seriously endangered. It is pretty notorious that, with very rare exceptions, professional votaries of the Muses are capricious, and difficult to deal with. Painters are accused of unpunctuality and improvidence; composers are often idle dogs, fretting *impresarios* into fevers, as Rossini did Barbaja, and fulfilling their engagements only at the last minute of the eleventh hour, with the *polenta* smoking on the table;* even authors we have heard declared, upon no mean authority, to be queer cattle to guide; but, of all classes whose occupation derives from art

* Rossini's desperate idleness and habits of procrastination are proverbial. On more than one occasion personal restraint was resorted to, to compel the fulfilment of his engagements. Thus, at Milan, sentinels were placed at his door, and no exit allowed him, until he had completed an opera of which the two first acts were already in rehearsal. Barbaja, the celebrated *impresario*, kept him for some time prisoner in his palace on the Naples Toledo, refusing him liberty until he should have composed the long-promised opera of *Otello*. Remonstrances were disregarded by the inflexible manager, so Rossini set to work, and, with his usual facility, soon sent down a portion of the score, headed *Introduzione*. This was transmitted to the copyist; but the same evening Rossini applied for it again, on pretext of alteration. Next morning another MS. reached Barbaja, inscribed *Carolina*. It followed its predecessor to the copyist, and, in like manner, was re-demanded for correction. Barbaja gleefully rubbed his hands at finding that these revisions did not delay Rossini, who sent down page after page of copy, to the extent of an entire act. But the irritable manager was like to go distracted when, on applying to the copyist for the whole score, he found the introduction was all that had been composed. It had been travelling to and fro between Rossini and the theatre, and, at each journey, the incorrigible composer had headed it with a different title. The trait is characteristic, and strictly authentic. The same story is told, at greater length, and with some embellishments, in one of Alexander Dumas' volumes of Italian travelling sketches. Managers, however, found compensation in Rossini's rapidity for his provoking idleness. When he did set to work, he got over the paper at a gallop; and, when driven to the last minute, his fertility and invention were wonderful. Some of his finest things were composed on the spur of the moment, and in breathless haste. The celebrated air *Di tanti Palpiti* is one of these. His dinner hour was at hand, when, driven to the wall by urgent solicitations, he one day sat down to compose it. His cook, learning that the *Macetro* was really about to work—no very common occurrence—thrust his head in at the door, and ventured a supposition that he had "better not put the rice to boil." "On the contrary, boil it directly," replied Rossini, who was hungry. Before the rice, that indispensable preface to an Italian dinner, was fit for table, the air and its introduction were composed. *Di tanti Palpiti* is still familiarly known as the *Aria dei rizzi*.

and poetry, none, assuredly, are harder to manage and to please than actors and musicians. From those early days of Opera, when a Lully shivered Cremonas upon the heads of a refractory orchestra, to the recent ones when a Lumley in vain essayed to appease the petulance of a prima donna, and calm the choler of a conductor, the tribulations of managers have been countless as the pebbles on the shore. To judge, indeed, from their own account, few of the penalties so picturesquely set forth in Fox's martyr-book, but would be preferable to ten years' management of a large lyric theatre. Consult the comedians, and we are presented with the reverse of the medal. A manager, we shall be told, is a covetous and Helio-gabalian tyrant, fattening upon the toil and talents of the artist; a sort of vampire in a black coat, sucking the blood of genius, faring sumptuously on the proceeds of a tenor, squeezing the cost of his stud out of a soprano, and making large annual investments on the strength of an underpaid barytone. These things may be true, but we shall more readily credit them when we less frequently see managers in the *Gazette*, and when we hear of singers putting down their carriages, retrenching their suburban villas, and contenting themselves with salaries less enormous than those they now unblushingly exact. Upon such matters, however, it is not our purpose to expatiate. Theatrical quarrels rarely excite much general interest in this country, except inasmuch as they may exercise an unfavourable influence on the pleasures of the public—which has not been the case, we are happy to say, in the most recent and important instance of disagreement between the lessee of the first London theatre and certain members of his company.

At no period, probably, since London has possessed an Italian Opera, was there more room and a better chance of success for two establishments of that description than just now. Indeed, even if the particular circumstances that have caused a second establishment to be formed had not occurred, it might not improbably have arisen out of the want

of remunerative patronage for high musical talent upon the Continent, entailed by the revolutionary convulsions of the last two years. Another circumstance favourable to the Italians is to be found in the depressed state of the native stage—a depression which we maintain is to be attributed to bad management and bad acting, more than to any decline in the public taste for the drama. Second-rate talent, such as now occupies the high places on our principal theatres, will no more permanently attract full houses, than will the burlesque and tinsel that has monopolised the minor stage. It is our conviction that high tragedy and good comedy will still draw together discriminating and desirable audiences; but they must be well acted. Could you bring back Kemble and Siddons, Kean and Young, rely upon it that the taste for the theatre would revive, and Drury Lane might be opened with better than a bare chance of success. And although those masters of their art have disappeared from the scene, there still are actors who, if they would condescend to pull together, might do much to prop the declining national drama. In the provincial towns the Charles Keans, Miss Faucit, or Macready, always draw full houses; and it is our belief they would do so the year through at Drury Lane, if they all belonged to its company, under a judicious management. It is idle to say that the public has lost its taste for theatres, because it will not encourage mediocrity and bad taste; and the best proof of the contrary is, that anything really good in theatricals, no matter in what style, at once draws. We need not go far for examples. About three years ago, the little French theatre in St James's had a good working company, besides a constant flow of still better actors, succeeding each other by twos and threes from Paris. The consequence was, that the house was nightly crowded; not only, be it observed, in its more fashionable divisions, but in those cheaper regions of gallery, pit, and boxes, more accessible to moderate purses and to the general public. In short, the theatre was popular, because the performances were good; although it is,

assuredly, but a very limited portion of the English middle classes that can fully enter into and enjoy the spirit of French plays. When the management injudiciously changed the system, which, one would think, must surely have answered its purpose as well as that of the public, and gave indifferently sung comic operas instead of well-acted vaudevilles, dramas, and *petites comédies*, popularity and audience dwindled. It was no longer good of its kind. People will not be persuaded, for any length of time, that a star and a bundle of sticks compose a theatrical company worth listening to. We may take another instance, still nearer home. Under the management of Vestris and Mathews, and in spite of a deplorable absence of ventilation, the Lyceum Theatre has for many months past been nightly full to the roof, whilst nearly every other London manager has been wofully grumbling at the state of his benches and treasury. It is not that the performances at the Lyceum have been of a very high class; but of their kind they have been good, the company pulls well together, and there is a certain spirit and originality in the conduct of the theatre. And here, whilst avoiding comparisons with any particular theatre to which they might be unfavourable, we are yet led to remark, that an utter want of originality is one of the chief and most lamentable present characteristics of the London stage. Such a monotonous set of imitators was surely never beheld. They all follow each other in a string, like the boors after Dumpling's precious goose. Unfortunately the golden feathers become dross in their grasp. If one makes a hit, forthwith the others copy; without pausing to reflect whether the novelty was not the principal charm, which will evaporate on repetition. Thus, last Christmas, at the theatre already referred to, a fairy spectacle of extraordinary beauty was brought out, and "ran," as the phrase is, an unusual number of nights, long outliving most of the very middling pantomimes and holiday entertainments elsewhere produced. Easter came, and behold! half-a-dozen other theatres, taking their cue from the lucky Lyceum, came out in the same

line. Ambitious scenery, gorgeous decoration, wholesale glitter, and many-coloured fires, dazzled the eye in all directions. "If your voice were as fine as your feathers," said the crafty fox to the cheese-bearing crow, "what a bird you would be!" Were your taste equal to your tinsel, managers of the London theatres, what an improvement there would be in your receipts! Your dress-boxes and your cash-boxes would alike be replenished; and you would no longer have a pretext to indulge in undignified wailings about want of encouragement to native talent, preference given to foreigners, and the other querulous commonplaces with which the public is periodically bored.

To return, however, to the Opera. As we have already observed, about four years ago its prospects were bad. Discord, the forerunner of dissolution, had squatted itself in the Green-room. With one or two exceptions, the artists who for some years had been the chief pillars of that stage abandoned it for a rival establishment. With the few hands who stuck by the old ship, it seemed scarcely possible to make a fight. But at the most gloomy moment, when all seemed desperate, a good genius came to the rescue. One Swede proved more than an equivalent for half-a-dozen Italians, and impending ruin was replaced by triumphant success. London presented the singular spectacle—unprecedented, we believe, in any capital—of two enormous theatres simultaneously open for the representation of Italian operas. How it fares with the more modern establishment, we have no positive knowledge. Not too well, we fear, judging from the balance-sheet of a recent lessee. Should the experiment succeed, the public will doubtless be the gainers. We shall be glad to learn that all thrive and flourish; but meanwhile we are particularly pleased to find that the more ancient temple of music and dance, endeared to us by long habit, old associations, and much enjoyment, has risen, at the very moment when ill-omened prophets predicted its fall, to as high a pitch of excellence as, within our recollection, it ever attain-

ed ; and has escaped conversion to an equestrian circus, a shilling concert room, a Radical debating hall, or any other of the profane and degrading purposes to which of late years it has been too much the fashion to apply the large London theatres. When the enthusiasm excited by Jenny Lind, which at one time approached infatuation, began to subside, and that amiable and charitable, but—if rumour lie not—somewhat capricious lady, fluctuating between matrimony and fame, at last took a middle course, and decided to cross the Atlantic, Her Majesty's Theatre had another stroke of good fortune. The Swede disappeared, but Germany came to the rescue. A singer whose name recalls the most glorious days of the Opera, and who, for nearly twenty years, had exchanged the artist's laurel wreath for the coronet of a countess—the plaudits of Europe for the ease and elegance of a court—was induced to return to the profession of which, during the short time she in her youth had exercised it, she had been one of the brightest ornaments.

The double interest excited by her brilliant talent as a vocalist, and by the peculiar circumstances under which she has again sought the scene of her former triumphs, has been so strong, that by this time few can be unacquainted with the leading incidents of the Countess Rossi's career. A humble origin, the precocious development of an exquisite voice and of extraordinary aptitude for music, the conquest with almost unexampled rapidity of a place beside the first singers of the day, a few short years of theatrical triumphs, an advantageous marriage, loss of fortune, return to the stage—and the tale is told. Even in this meagre outline there is no slight savour of the romantic. "The Countess Rossi," it has been truly observed by a French writer, "has scarcely performed in any lyrical drama fuller of incident and romance than her own life. For her the line of flame which in theatres separates the real from the ideal world, has not existed."* Doubtless the details of this accomplished lady's

life would be otherwise interesting than the bare outline of its leading events with which the world is fain to content itself. Twenty-five years, divided between the aristocracy of musical talent, and the aristocracy of diplomacy and high birth, must afford rich materials for autobiography. Nor would the period of her childhood be without its strong attraction, were she able to remember, and pleased to tell, of those days of infantine renown, when Coblenz and the banks of Rhine rang with praises of the seven-year-old songstress, whose parents, although they had the good sense to refuse the solicitations of managers, anxious to produce the prodigy, would yet at times place her on their table, and bid her sing for the gratification of admiring friends. Her first appearance in public was at the age of eleven, on the Darmstadt theatre ; and perhaps even now that dullest of German capitals remains in her memory as a place of brightness and beauty, associated as it is with her early and complete success. But little Henrietta was not yet to continue the career she had so auspiciously begun. Hot theatres and unlimited praise composed a dangerous atmosphere for one so young, and her next step was to the Conservatory or great musical school at Prague, to the head of which she speedily made her way. At the age of fourteen or fifteen her proficiency in the various branches of her art was so great, that her cautious parents had scarcely a pretext for withholding her longer from the stage, which she manifestly was destined to adorn. Still they hesitated, when accident cast the die. The *prima donna* of the Prague opera was taken ill : not of one of those fleeting maladies to which singers and dancers are proverbially liable—and which appear an hour or two after noon, to disappear in time for a late breakfast next morning—but seriously, and without hope of speedy recovery. The despairing manager appealed to the pity of the Sontags. His only hope was in Henrietta, and Henrietta was allowed to appear upon the boards of the

* Theophile Gautier, *L'Ambassadrice. Biographie de la Comtesse Rossi*. Paris : 1850.

Imperial Opera of Prague—a theatre to which immortality is secured by the first performance of the *Nozze di Figaro* and the *Clemenza di Tito* having taken place within its walls. From a recently published and authentic sketch of Madame Sontag's professional life,* we extract an account of her entrance.

"If nothing was wanting in courage, natural gifts of voice, and intellectual power, on the part of the child, as regards the height of her person there was a *manquement* of several inches. But the stage-manager was not oblivious of the means by which the Greeks gave altitude to their scenic heroes and heroines; and the little *prima donna*, to whom was assigned for her *début* the principal female part in a translation of the favourite French opera *Jean de Paris*, was supplied with enormous cork heels. There was a time, at the court of Louis XV., when an inch and a half of red heel was the distinctive characteristic of a marquise, or of a lady of sufficient quality to be allowed to sit in the presence of royalty. On the occasion of the *début* of Henriette Sontag, four inches of vermilion-coloured cork foreshadowed the rank of the little lady, destined to become one of the most absolute mimic queens of the lyrical world, and afterwards a real and much respected countess. When the singer who enacted the pompous seneschal in the opera of *Jean de Paris* came forward, and said, 'It is no less a personage than the Princess of Navarre whose arrival I announce!' the applause and laughter was universal. When the little prodigy appeared on her cork pedestal, the house re-echoed with acclamations. As the business of the stage proceeded, the auditors found there was no longer any indulgence necessary on the score of age, but that there were claims on their admiration for a voice which, for purity, peculiar flute-like tone, and agility, has never been surpassed. The celebrated tenor, Gerstener, that night surpassed himself, finding he had to cope with the attraction of a new musical power. Many nights successively did she thus sing the Princess of Navarre, with increasing success, to crowded houses. Her next part was one far more difficult—that of the heroine in Paer's fine opera, *Sargis*. But the capital of Bohemia was not long to retain her. The Imperial court heard of her extraordinary success, and Henriette Sontag was summoned to Vienna, where

she appeared, the very next season, at the German Opera."

Fratülein Sontag had not been long in the Austrian capital when the eccentric Domenico Barbaja, then lessee of La Scala, the San Carlo, and of the Italian Opera at Vienna, arrived there, incredulous of the merits of the new *prima donna*. His incredulity must not be ascribed to mere prejudice, for at that time Italy was generally believed to have the monopoly of melodious throats; and even now the exceptions are only just enough to prove the rule, at least as regards female singers. Of these, Germany and Scandinavia have produced but three who have acquired European reputation. The capricious but wonderfully talented Gertrude Schmeling (La Mara,) who at nine years of age drew large audiences at Vienna by her performance on the violin, who afterwards achieved first-rate excellence on the piano, and then, for nearly forty years, held undisputed sway, as unapproachable *prima donna*, over the entire musical world—and whose name is almost as celebrated by reason of the strange adventures and vicissitudes of her life as on account of her astonishing voice and genius—is the most ancient of these, and Madame Sontag and Jenny Lind complete the trio. When at length prevailed upon to visit the German Opera, Barbaja was astonished, and he immediately offered the young singer an engagement for the San Carlo. This was declined, her parents having a wholesome, perhaps an exaggerated, dread of the temptations and perils that would await their daughter in the luxurious land of Naples. Nay, so deeply rooted was the aversion of the honest Germans for things Italian, that it was with the greatest difficulty Barbaja could obtain their permission for Henrietta to appear at the Italian Opera at Vienna. There she had colleagues worthy of herself—Rubini, the prince of tenors, and the evergreen Lablache, with whom, after an interval of five-and-twenty years, she is now again singing. There also she heard Madame Mainvielle Fodor, by the study of whose admirable style she greatly

* *A Memoir of the Countess de Rossi*, (Madame Sontag.) London: 1850.

improved herself. Leipzig and Berlin next witnessed her triumphs, and there she excited great enthusiasm by her singing in Weber's operas of *Der Freischütz* and *Euryanthe*.

"The admirers of the genius of that great composer," says M. P. Scudo, in a lively, but not strictly correct sketch of Madame Sontag's career, inserted in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "consisted of the youth of the universities, and of all the ardent and generous spirits who desired to emancipate Germany intellectually as well as politically from foreign domination. * * They were grateful to Mademoiselle Sontag for consecrating a magnificent voice, and a method rarely found beyond the Rhine, to the energetic and profound music of Weber, Beethoven, Spohr, and the new race of German composers, who had broken *all compact with foreign impiety*, and given an impulse to the national genius. Receiving universal homage, celebrated by wits, serenaded by students, and escorted by the huzzas of the German press, Mademoiselle Sontag was called to Berlin, where she made her appearance with immense success at the Koenigstadt Theatre. It was at Berlin, as is well known, that the *Freischütz* was for the first time performed, in 1821. It was at Berlin, the Protestant and rationalist city, the centre of an intellectual and political movement which sought to absorb the activity of Germany at the expense of Vienna—that catholic capital, where the spirit of tradition, sensuality, the soft breezes and melodies of Italy reigned—it was at Berlin that the new school of dramatic music founded by Weber had taken the firmest hold. With enthusiasm, as the inspired interpreter of the national music, Mademoiselle Sontag was there welcomed. The disciples of Hegel took her for the text of their learned commentaries, and hailed, in her limpid and sonorous voice, *the subjective confounded with the objective in an absolute unity!* The old King of Prussia received her at his court with paternal goodness. There it was that diplomacy had the opportunity to approach Mademoiselle Sontag, and to make an impression on the heart of the muse."

With all deference to M. Scudo, who is rather smart than accurate, we will remark that the applause of the Berliners was elicited less by the nationality of the music than by the excellence of the singing; and that they were perfectly satisfied to listen to translations of Rossini, and to the music then in vogue in the other chief

opera houses of Europe. Doubtless they were proud of their countrywoman; and their jealousy and indignation were highly excited when, after a visit to Paris, she came back to Berlin with the avowed intention of returning to the French capital. This raised a storm, and on her first appearance at the Koenigstadt, she was received, probably for the first and last time in her life, with a storm of groans and hisses. So violent was the tumult that the other actors left the stage in alarm; but the Sontag remained, strong in her right and regardless of the unmerited hurricane of censure, and of the almost menacing adjurations addressed to her by the audience to break off with the French, and remain in her own country. At last, hopeless of making an impression on the resolute young lady, the incensed Prussians calmed themselves, and from that night to the day of her departure she was as popular as ever.

At Paris was fully confirmed the favourable judgment passed upon Mademoiselle Sontag at Prague, Vienna, and Berlin. And, in one respect, her triumph there was more important and complete than any she had previously enjoyed—more important, not so much on account of the superior critical acumen and taste of her hearers, as by reason of the formidable rivals with whom she had to compete. We are far from belonging to that class of persons—a class confined, as we believe, almost exclusively to France—which holds the favourable verdict of the Parisian musical world the most difficult to obtain, and the most flattering to the artist, of any in Europe. This notion has been diligently set abroad by the Parisians themselves, who, with characteristic self-complacency, look upon their tribunal as the court of last appeal in matters of art and music. The only solid ground upon which such a presumption can plausibly be sustained, is the fact that Paris (by its gaiety and central position the European metropolis of pleasure) annually assembles,—or did assemble, before recent disastrous follies closed its saloons and deterred foreign visitors—a very large portion of the intellectual and art-loving of all countries. Upon this basis rests the sole claim of Paris to fastidiousness and

infallibility of judgment. This only can give superior value to the laurel wreaths bestowed in the Salle Ventadour, or the Rue Lepelletier, over those that may be acquired in half-a-dozen other European opera houses. As regards the worth of the verdict of an exclusively French audience, we confess that, when we see the crowds that are attracted, and the enthusiasm that is excited, by the usually flimsy and second-rate music given at the *Opera Comique*, (for many years past unquestionably the most uniformly prosperous and popular of the Paris musical theatres,) we incline to answer in the affirmative the question put by one of the shrewdest and wittiest of Frenchmen, whether the French nation be not rather song-loving than musical? * But if Mademoiselle Sontag, after conquering the unbounded applause of Vienna and Berlin audiences, and the suffrage of so keen a connoisseur as Barbaja, had no need to dread the ordeal of Parisian criticism, on the other hand she well might feel trepidation at thoughts of the competitors she was about to encounter, foremost amongst whom were the great names of Pasta, Pisaroni, and Malibran. In presence of such a trio, any but a first-rate talent must have succumbed and fallen back into the rear rank. Not so did the Sontag, but at once took and kept her place on a level with those great singers. It was with Malibran, the ardent, warm-hearted, passionate Spaniard, that she was brought into most frequent comparison. But although many tales have been told of the bitterness of their rivalry, these have been suggested by probability or malice, not by fact; for, from a very early period of their acquaintance, a sincere friendship existed between them. The Countess de Merlin, in her memoir of Malibran, gives the following account of its origin:—

"The presence of Mademoiselle Sontag at the Italian Theatre was fresh stimulus for Maria's talent, and contributed to its perfection. Each time that the former obtained a brilliant triumph, Maria wept and exclaimed, '*Mon Dieu!* why does she sing so well!' Then from those tears sprang a beauty and sublimity of har-

mony, of which the public had the benefit. It was the ardent desire of amateurs to hear these two charming artists sing together in the same opera; but they mutually feared each other, and for some time the much-coveted gratification was deferred. One night they met at a concert at my house; a sort of plot had been laid, and towards the middle of the concert they were asked to sing the duet in *Tancredi*. For a few moments they showed fear, hesitation; but at last they yielded, and approached the piano, amidst the acclamations of all present. They both seemed agitated and disturbed, and observant of each other; but presently the conclusion of the symphony fixed their attention, and the duet begun. The enthusiasm their singing excited was so vivid and so equally divided, that at the end of the duet, and in the midst of the applause, they gazed at each other, bewildered, delighted, astonished; and by a spontaneous movement, an involuntary attraction, their hands and lips met, and a kiss of peace was given and received with all the vivacity and sincerity of youth. The scene was charming, and has assuredly not been forgotten by those who witnessed it."†

The good understanding thus brought about was permanent, and many proofs of it are on record. From that time forward Sontag and Malibran frequently sang together, both in Paris and London, and displayed an amiability very rare amongst operatic celebrities, in respect to distribution of parts, and to other points which often prove a prolific source of strife behind the scenes. In the little English memoir already referred to, we find some anecdotes illustrative of the kindly feeling between the blue-eyed soprano and the dark-browed contralto. Towards the close of the London opera season of 1829, Malibran one day met Donzelli, the celebrated tenor, with discontent stamped upon his features. She asked the cause of his vexation. The time was at hand for his benefit, he said, and he had been unable to fix on an attractive opera.

"Have you thought of nothing?' inquired Malibran.

"Yes; I had thought of the *Matri-monio Segreto*; but Pisaroni says she is quite ugly enough without playing

* Beaumarchais, in his admirable preface to the opera of *Tarare*.

† *Madame Malibran*, par la COMTESSE MERLIN. Paris: 1838.

Fidalma: and then you would not be included in the cast; and I don't know what opera to choose in which you would not have the second part to Mademoiselle Sontag's first—that would not please you, and I am in despair.'

"Well," said Malibran, 'to please you, and to show you I would play any part with Sontag, I will play Fidalma.'

"What, old Fidalma! You are joking!"

"To prove that I am in earnest, announce it this very day."

The opera was announced; Malibran was as good as her word, and played the old aunt admirably: not as Fidalma has since been sometimes misrepresented by singers who sacrificed scenic truth to their own coquetry, but with the due allowance of wrinkles and the antiquated costume appropriate to the part.

Some time previously to the date of this last-recorded incident, Mademoiselle Sontag had twice changed her name. The old King of Prussia, informed of her projected marriage with a Sardinian nobleman and diplomatist, to whose sovereign it was possible that her humble birth might be objectionable, ennobled her under the name and title of Mademoiselle de Launstein, which she soon afterwards abandoned for that of Countess de Rossi. Her first visit to England was subsequent to her marriage, then kept private, although pretty generally known. She first sang in this country at a concert at Devonshire House, her passage to which was through a throng of gazers, drawn together by her reputation for grace, beauty, and musical genius. A few days afterwards, on Tuesday the 15th April 1828, occurred her appearance at the London Opera, in the character of Rosina, in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*. For two seasons she sang in London; then in Berlin and St Petersburg; and then, the King of Sardinia having authorised her husband to declare his marriage, she left the stage—for ever, as she doubtless thought. But in days when kings are discarded, constitutions annulled, and empires turned upside down at a few hours' notice, who shall presume to foretell his fate? For eighteen years Madame de Rossi adorned the various courts to which her husband was successively accredited as ambassador. The

Hague, Frankfort, St Petersburg, Berlin, each in turn welcomed and cherished her. Then came the storm: her fortune was swallowed up; her husband's diplomatic prospects were injured; she thought of her children, and sacrificed herself—if sacrifice it is to be called, by which, whilst fulfilling what she feels to be her duty to her family, she may reckon on speedily retrieving the pecuniary losses consequent on German and Sardinian revolutions.

"The position of an actress," says a clever French theatrical critic, in a pamphlet already quoted, "is a very singular one, even in these days, when prejudice is supposed to have disappeared. She is a mark for applause and adulation, for gold and flowers; she is intoxicated with incense and persecuted by lovers; the gravest personages enact follies for her sake; men unharness her horses, and carry her in triumph; the crowns refused to great poets are thrown to her in profusion; the homage that would be servile, done to a queen, seems quite natural when offered to a prima donna. Only, she must not cross the row of lamps which flame at her feet like a magic circle. From the ivory or golden throne of her lyric empire she may demand what she pleases; but let her attempt to overstep the limit, to take her place in the drawing-room by the side of one of those ladies who applaud her to the bursting of their white gloves, and who pluck the bouquets from their bosoms to throw to her, and what a change is there! How haughty now the mien of those who so lately admired! What chilling reserve; what insulting politeness; what a deep and sudden line of demarcation! A polar breeze has succeeded to the warm breath of enthusiasm; frost has replaced flowers; the idol is no longer even a woman, but a creature."

"Some of those singers who are adored amongst the most celebrated and beautiful, imagine that they go into society, because, on certain nights, when camellias deck the staircases and lustres sparkle to the wax-lights, when a crowd throngs the saloons and obstructs the entrance, they are allowed to present themselves, between eleven and twelve o'clock, at everybody's hour, at the hour of uncared-for acquaintances and friends one does not know. But, on their appearance, how quickly is the music-book opened, how speedily are they manœuvred towards the piano or singing desk, how pitilessly is every possible note extracted from these fine singers! If by chance, instead of *roulades*, they venture

upon conversation, and aspire to enjoy the pleasures of elegant and polite society, how quickly comes the cloud on the brow of the fair hostess! How evident is it that, in admitting the singer, she excludes the woman! Let the best received presume to have a cold, and she will soon see!

"A prima donna may obtain everything in the world except one thing. For a smile, for a glance, for a single pearl from her string of notes, for a single rose-leaf from her bouquet, she shall have guineas, rubles, bundles of bank-notes, marble palaces, equipages that kings might envy; the heirs of ancient houses shall give her the castles of their ancestors, and efface their fathers' scutcheon to substitute her cipher. But what she shall not have, and what she never will have is a quarter of an hour's conversation at the chimney corner, in a tone neither too polite nor too familiar, on a footing of equality with a great lady and an honest woman.

"The Countess de Rossi has attained this marvellous result; and certainly, to those who know the invincible obstacles she had to overcome, her talent as a singer will appear but a secondary quality. None can tell all the judgment, tact, reserve, sagacity, delicacy, intuition, the various qualities, in short, that have been required to accomplish this most difficult metamorphosis of the actress into the woman of good society. . . . To behold the prima donna an ambassadress is strange and striking; but still more so is it to see the ambassadress, after twenty years passed in the highest spheres of life, on an equality with all that is most brilliant and illustrious in nobility and diplomacy, again become a prima donna, taking up her success where she had left it, continuing in womanhood what she had begun in early youth, resuming her part in that duet where Malibran, alas! is now missing, and reconquering applause greater perhaps than that of former days. Time has flown for all of us, except for her. Europe has been revolutionised, a throne has crumbled, a republic has replaced the monarchy; but that one thing, so frail, so fleeting, so aerial, that a nothing can annihilate it—that crystal bell which the slightest shock may crack or shiver, the voice of a songstress—has preserved itself unimpaired; in that pure organ still vibrate the silver notes of youth."

M. Gautier is well known to be a man of wit and talent; in the passages from his pen, whose spirit and letter we have here done our best to render, he gives proof of keen obser-

vation and good feeling. But whilst implying his sympathy with the musical artist, who, like Tantalus, beholds but may not partake, and whose admittance to the saloons of good society is as a show, not as a guest, he forgets even to glance at the causes of such exclusion, necessary as a rule, but doubtless admitting of exceptions. He omits reference to the laxity of usages and morals which, although perhaps less so than formerly, is still the frequent characteristic of theatrical and musical professors, and which causes them to be, as he shows, kept at arm's length in good French society. In this country—in such matters the least facile and tolerant of any—there is still greater scruple of admitting singers and actresses, however eminent their talent, to the intercourse even of those classes into which, but for their profession, they would have a right to admission. Exceptions have occasionally, and with much propriety, been made, and royalty itself has been known to set the example. But only under the peculiar circumstances of Madame de Rossi's eventful career—only in presence of a reputation which the breath of scandal has never dared assail, and of social qualities and graces which render her an acquisition to any circle—can it occur to a singer to pass from the boards of the Opera to the most exclusive of London's saloons, to be welcomed as an equal by those who, a few minutes previously, applauded her as an actress.

With respect to Madame Sontag's voice and talent, it is unnecessary to be diffuse. Few comprehend, and still fewer care for, the jargon of contrapuntal criticism, whether applied to a singer or an opera; and for those few, abundant food is continually supplied by *dilettanti* more profound and scientific than ourselves. Purity, sweetness, flexibility, are the most prominent characteristics of Madame Sontag's voice; her execution is extraordinarily brilliant, correct and elegant, and supremely easy. No appearance of effort ever distresses her audience; the most difficult passages are achieved without the swelling of a vein, the strain of a muscle, or the slightest contortion of her agreeable countenance. Although

excelling in those *tours-de-force* which captivate the multitude, and skilled to decorate the composer's theme with an embroidery of sweet sounds as intricate as graceful, she also well knows how to captivate the true connoisseur by her exquisite taste and sobriety in rendering simple melodies, and such music as would be the worse for adornment. We commenced this paper with a determination to avoid comparisons, and we shall therefore make none: but assuredly Madame Sontag need fear none. In her own style she is quite unrivalled. That style we consider to be more particularly the genteel comedy of opera—a combination of sentiment with gaiety and grace. In her younger days she was considered less successful in more impassioned parts, but this is no longer the case. None who have witnessed her admirable personation of *Amina*, *Linda*, and *Elvira*, will tax her with want of soul and of dramatic energy; and we scarcely know whether to prefer her in those parts, or in the gayer ones of *Rosina*, *Susanna*, and *Norina*—which last character, peculiarly adapted to her arch and ladylike style of acting, she has made her own as completely as *Lablache* has identified himself with that of her elderly and disappointed wooer. To say the truth, when we first heard of Madame Sontag's expected return to the stage, it was with no pleasurable feeling. The reappearance of a singer after twenty years' absence can in few instances be other than a melancholy sight. It is mournful to listen to the efforts of a deteriorated voice that one has known in its melodious freshness. But an agreeable disappointment awaited all who ventured such unpleasant anticipations with respect to Madame Sontag. Her early campaign had been so short that she was yet in her vigorous prime when she returned, a veteran in fame but not in age or voice. Amidst various statements of her age, the most favourable give her forty-one years, whilst the least so add but two or three to that number. The subject is a delicate one, and we are too happy to give her the benefit of the doubt, which she is the more entitled to that neither on nor off the stage

does she look even the least of the ages assigned to her. This would make her but three years older than Madame Grisi, who first saw the light, if theatrical records tell truth, in 1812, and in whose voice none, that we are aware of, have as yet pretended to discover a falling off. Whether twenty years of almost constant exercise, or the same period of comparative repose, be most favourable to the preservation of the singing faculties, we shall not decide. Madame Sontag, however, has never risked by disuse the rusting of her fine organ. At the different courts at which she resided, she invariably showed the utmost complaisance, and willingly contributed, for the pleasure of her friends—and, on occasion, for the purposes of charity—those treasures of song for which managers, before and since, have been glad to pay a prince's ransom. This season her voice is even fresher and more flexible than in 1849; and there can be no reason why the opera-loving public should not, for many years to come, applaud her as their chief favourite—unless, indeed, the very high rate of remuneration her talent commands should, by speedily realising her object in returning to the stage, induce her soon to quit it. We believe it is no secret that her present engagement secures her about fourteen thousand pounds for twelve months' performances—about thrice the salary of a secretary of state. The sum is a very satisfactory one; and, whatever the fortune Madame Sontag has lost, she has evidently at her disposal the means of rapidly amassing another of no mean amount. Who will give the odds that we do not again see her an ambassador?

A host in herself, Madame Sontag is powerfully seconded. The management of the Opera House, aware of the danger of trusting for success to any one singer, however eminent, to the neglect of that general excellence essential to an effective operatic company, has shown great activity, and has been exceedingly fortunate, in filling those vacancies left by the defections already alluded to. Of first appearances, the most remarkable this season has been that of a young tenor, who has at once taken a very

high place amongst that rare class of singers. Since Mario made his debut, a dozen years ago, on the boards of the *Académie Royale*, Beaucarde is the only pure tenor who has come forward that can fairly be considered a first-rate. Mario, although his debut was decidedly successful, was little appreciated for some time after his first appearance, and, when desirous to transfer himself to the Italian stage, the manager of the French Opera readily cancelled his engagement on a nominal forfeit. The world knows the excellence, both as actor and singer, to which he has since attained. Beaucarde has come before the London public with more experience of the stage than Mario possessed when he first presented himself to the Parisians, and he has become immediately highly and most deservedly popular. Could any doubt of his excellence have existed in the minds of those who had heard him in other parts, his singing and acting of *Arturo* in the *Puritani* must at once have dissipated them. Tenderness and elegance marked his delivery of the whole of that graceful music, which displayed his beautiful quality of voice to the utmost advantage. Beaucarde is a very young man, and a very young singer. His father, a French engineer officer, who had settled at Florence after Napoleon's fall, intended him for a painter; but his own bias was for music, the study of which he secretly and enthusiastically pursued. It is not yet two years since his father's death left him at liberty to follow his own inclinations. With great difficulty he obtained an engagement at a second-rate theatre in his native city. There he was so little appreciated that, after being several months before the public, he was refused the very humble salary of two hundred pounds a-year. He was not discouraged. Perhaps he thought of Rubini—how that tenor of tenors, in his early days, could obtain no better place wherein to warble than a squalid booth at a country festival. Many who knew him in his after period of unrivalled prosperity and renown, will remember, in that room full of trophies, amidst plate and jewels bestowed upon him by kings and emperors,

where the eye was dazzled with the glitter of gold and diamonds, a certain picture frame which he was wont to turn round and exhibit to his admiring visitors, who beheld with astonishment on its reverse the announcement of his performance at a fair, admission a single *soldo*—in English currency, a halfpenny. With such an instance before his eyes, Beaucarde might well persevere. At Florence, Romani, the celebrated musical professor, heard him sing, and insisted upon giving him lessons—by which, however, he did not long profit, having accepted an engagement at a Neapolitan minor opera. At Naples he speedily ascended in the scale, and finally made his debut with complete success at the San Carlo. Mercadante, struck by the beauty of his voice, immediately offered his services as his instructor; but, like Romani, he did not long retain his pupil. Perhaps it was as well he did not; for, whatever Beaucarde might have gained in modish art under his tuition, would have been at the expense of that chaste simplicity which now characterises his style, constituting, in our opinion, one of its greatest merits. How far the taste of his present public will suffer that extreme refinement of style to be compatible with his permanent and complete popularity, may be matter of doubt. The London opera is indebted for his acquisition to the veteran Lablache, who, whilst indulging in a vacation ramble through his old haunts, heard him at the San Carlo, and brought news of his excellence from the shores of the Mediterranean to the banks of the Thames.

Calzolari, a remarkably sweet singer and graceful actor, and Sims Reeves, complete such a trio of tenors as has not often been united at one opera house. Mr Reeves' reception on the stage of the Italian theatre has certainly not been the less favourable on account of his being of home growth; and the same remark applies to Miss Catherine Hayes, a delightful singer, who will do well to pay attention to her acting. We make this remark in no unfriendly spirit: we are amongst the warm admirers of Miss Hayes' voice and talent, but we have seen her in parts whose dramatic require-

ments she seemed somewhat to overlook. It may express our meaning to say that she at times reminds us of the concert room. Upon the stage this should never be. We may instance her performance of Cherubino. Her singing in that charming part was excellent; her delivery of the thrilling and impassioned air, *Voi che sapete*, left nothing to wish for, and elicited as fervent an encore from a very crowded house as the most ambitious could desire. But as to illusion, we are bound to confess there was little enough—what with the ladylike calmness of her acting, and the epicene costume in which she thought proper to appear. We beheld before us a graceful young woman and an excellent singer—but of the wilful and enamoured page we had but glimpses. A little more spirit, and a little less satin, would have been a decided improvement. Of course we are all cognisant of the “wild sweet-briery fence” which, Mr Moore asserts, environs the beauties of Erin. But is it quite necessary that Miss Hayes should interpret the metaphor into feminine attire when she plays a male part?

We are unable, nor is it necessary, individually to criticise all the members of the Italian company now performing at her Majesty's Theatre, and which, in all respects, is excellent and most effective. There is one other singer, however, who must have a word of mention, were it only that he was the indirect means of making the English public acquainted with Jenny Lind. Belletti was formerly engaged at the opera at Stockholm, and was a great favourite with the late king, Bernadotte. Jenny Lind heard him, and his admirable method and acting at once revealed to her the treasures of the Italian school. She saw that she had much to acquire, and departed for Paris to study. But Belletti has a claim to other than second-hand gratitude. His singing and acting are alike first-rate. Nothing can be better than his Figaro; in less important characters he is equally careful and efficient. His forte is in *buffo* parts, where his rich mellow voice and contagious merriment are greatly relished. He will probably become—we will not say popular, for that he

already is in the highest degree, but an indispensable member of the London company. We regret to learn that he is shortly to accompany Miss Lind to America, and trust his absence will not be of long duration.

Can we close this enumeration without a word of our old acquaintance, Luigi Lablache? Surely a small corner may be found for the great man, who flourishes in unabated vigour, in spite of accumulating years and, as we fancy, annually increasing bulk. There is a geniality and a joviality about this long-standing pillar of the opera, which never fails of its effect upon his public. Probably no foreign actor ever enlisted so uniformly and heartily the goodwill of an English audience; and his popularity, although of course augmented by his vocal merits, is by no means dependent on them. We lately somewhere encountered a hypercritical comment upon his acting, in which he was accused of condescending to buffoonery. Never was charge more unfounded and absurd. One of the most remarkable characteristics of Lablache is the extreme skill with which he draws the line between humour and vulgarity; the perfect good taste distinguishing his drolleries and occasional deviations from the letter of his part. The practice of now and then introducing a French or English word or sentence in an Italian opera, for the purpose of producing a comic effect, is one that certainly should only be indulged with great discretion; but in this, and in all other respects, we may be sure that any dereliction from correct taste would promptly be detected and reprobated by so sensitive an audience as that of her Majesty's Theatre. But from his first appearance in London, in 1829, to the present day, an instance, we believe, was never known of a sally of Lablache not obtaining at least a smile—far oftener a hearty laugh. In him the rich Italian humour of the *buffo* *Napolitano*, the droll of the San Carlino, still exists, happily tempered and modified by the gentlemanly tact of the experienced comedian. Long may the colossus of bassos preserve his voice and his good humour! His loss would be sorely felt, and his place be hard to fill.

Who, after him, shall dare undertake Dulcamara and Pasquale? One thing certain is, that, whenever fulness of years or pocket may detach him from the stage he has so long adorned, to bask away his old age, with dignity and ease, in some sunny Italian town, the public of London and Paris, accustomed to his annual presence amongst them, will regret, in Lablache, not less the accomplished actor than the amiable and kind-hearted man.

We have not room for any particular review of the operas that have been this year performed; and, for the same reason, we can give but a few words to the chief novelty announced. We refer to the forthcoming opera of the *Tempest*, whose composition devolved, after the death of Mendelssohn, upon Halévy, the youngest, and one of the most distinguished, of living French composers. Scribe has supplied the poem. Upon his merits as a librettist it were superfluous to expatiate; it were perhaps more necessary, did it come within the scope of this paper, to correct the popular error that, compared with the music, the libretto of an opera is of little or no consequence. That kind of poetry has certainly been much degraded by the incapacity of many who have presumptuously undertaken it. Good writers of librettos are even more rare than good composers. Since Metastasio's day, those who alone can fairly claim a place in the first rank are Romani, Da Ponte, (the librettist of Don

Giovanni,) and Scribe, that able and indefatigable purveyor of the stage, to whom English managers and playwrights owe so heavy a debt of gratitude—a debt which they are not always very prompt to acknowledge. Mendelssohn, when he agreed to compose an opera on the *Tempest*, stipulated that the libretto should be confided to Scribe, who willingly undertook it, and afterwards declared that he knew few subjects so well adapted for music. This opinion, proceeding from a man who, amongst the various classes of theatrical composition in which he has succeeded, is considered to have been especially successful in that of libretti—so much so, indeed, that it has been asserted he owed more than one vote, at his election as member of the French Academy, to their excellence alone—is of no slight weight. Nor were it reasonable to doubt that the composer of the *Juive* and of *Guido et Ginevra*, who seems to have caught, especially in the last-named opera, no feeble spark of the inspiration of his brother Israelite, the great Meyerbeer, will have succeeded in clothing the verse of Scribe in music correspondingly worthy.

We must conclude without even touching upon the ballet. It needs no praise from us: the names alone of Carlotta Grisi, Marie Taglioni, and Amalia Ferraris, are sufficient guarantee of its excellence. Perhaps upon some future day we may be able to discuss its merits.

THE GREEN HAND.

A "SHORT" YARN.

PART X.

As soon as you near St Helena by a few miles, the trade-wind falls light; and making the rock, as you do from the South Atlantic, a good deal to leeward of the harbour, 'twould be pretty slow work beating round to north-east, but for the breeze always coming off the height, with the help of which one can coast easy enough along. Captain Wallis said no more than to bid the first lieutenant make the brig's number at her mast-head, while she still bore in direct upon the breast of the land, as much out of soundings as the day before; the smooth heavy swell seeming to float the island up in one huge lump ahead of us, till you saw it rolling in to the very foot, with a line of surf, as if it all rose sheer out of the bottom of the sea; as grim and hard as a block of iron, too, and a good deal the same colour. By noon, it hung fairly as it were over our mast-heads, the brig looking by comparison as tiny and as ticklish as a craft made of glass; she coasting away round, with yards braced first one way then another, and opening point after point from three hundred to two thousand feet high; while at times she would go stealing in with a faint ripple at her bows, near enough to hear the deep sound of the sea plunging slowly to the face of the rock, where the surf rose white against it without a break. There wasn't so much as a weed to be seen, the rocks getting redder and more coppery, sending out the light like metal, till you'd have thought they tingled all over with the heat. Then as you opened another bulge in the line, the sharp sugar-loaf hills, far away up, with the ragged cliffs and crags, shot over against the bare white sky in all sort of shapes; and after a good long spell of the sea, there was little fancy needed to give one the notion they were changing into these, as we passed ahead, to mock you. There was one peak for all the world like the top of St Paul's,

and no end of church spires and steeples, all lengths and ways; then big bells and trumpets, mixed with wild-beasts' heads, grinning at each other across some split in the blue beyond, and soldier's helmets—not to speak of one huge block, like a Nigger's face with a cowl behind it, hanging far out over the water. Save for the colour of it all, in fact, St Helena reminds one more of a tremendous iceberg than an island, and not the less that it looks ready in some parts to topple over and show a new face; while the sea working round it, surging into the hollows below water-mark, and making the air groan inside of them, keeps up a noise the like of which you wouldn't wish to cruise alongside of every day. The strangest thing about it, however, was that now and then, as you came abreast of some deep gully running up inland, a sudden blast of wind would rush out of it, sufficient to make the Podargus reel—with a savage thundering roar, too, like the howl out of a lion's mouth; while you looked far up a narrow, bare black glen, closing into a hubbub of red rocks, or losing itself up a grey hill-side in a white thread of a water-course; then the rough shell of the island shut in again, as still as before, save the light breeze and the deep hum of the surf along its foot. Curiously enough in a latitude like St Helena's, the island seems, as it were, a perfect bag of air. What with the heat of the rock, its hollow inside, the high peaks of it catching the clouds, and the narrow outlets it has, 'tis always brewing wind, you may say, to ventilate that part of the tropics—just as one may keep up cold draughts through and through a wet heap of loose stones, no matter how hot the weather is, as long as he pleases. As for a landing-place, though, there wasn't one of the gullies that didn't yawn over without falling to the sea; and not to mention the surf underneath, where

the dark swell came in unbroken from deep water without a shoal to soften it, why, watching it from the brig's side, I shouldn't have said a cat would scramble up or down the steep slopes and the wreck of stones, from the water's edge to the jaws of the easiest gully you saw.

Once or twice, standing further off, we caught sight of Diana's Peak over the shoulder of a hill, with the light haze melting about it; at last you noticed a large gun mounted against the sky on a lofty peak, where it looked like a huge telescope; and on clearing another headland, a beautiful frigate came in between us and the burst of light to seaward, cruising to windward under easy sail. She bore up and stood towards the brig-of-war, just as the line of wall was to be seen winding round the middle of Sugar-Loaf Point, where the sentry's bayonet glittered near his watch-box, and the soldiers' red coats could be seen moving through the covered passage to the batteries. Five minutes after, the *Podargus* swept round the breast of Rupert's Hill into the bay, in sight of James Town and the ships lying off the harbour; cluing up her sails and ready to drop anchor, as the frigate hove to not far astern.

You can fancy land heaving in sight after thrice as many weeks as you've been at sea, ladies; or the view of a ship to a man that's been long laid up in bed ashore; or a gulp of fresh water in a sandy desert,—but I question if any of them matches your first glimpse of James Town from the roadstead, like a bright piece of fairy-work in the mouth of the narrow brown valley, after seeing desolation enough to make you wish for a clear horizon again. More especially this time, when all the while one couldn't help bringing to mind one's notion of the French Emperor, how, not long ago, the sight of the French coast, or a strange frigate over the Channel swell, used to make us think of him far ashore, with half the earth for his own, and millions of soldiers. We reefers down in the cockpit would save our grog to drink confusion to Napoleon, and in a rough night near a lee-shore, it was look alive aloft, or choose betwixt cold brine and the clutch of a gendarme hauling you to

land. I do believe we looked upon him as a sort of god, as Captain Wallis did in the Temple; every ship or gun-boat we saw taken, or had a hand in the mauling of, why, 'twas for the sheer sake of the thing, and scarce by way of harm to Boney; while nothing like danger, from breakers on the lee-bow to a November gale, but had seemingly a taste of him. None of us any more thought of bringing him to this, than we did of his marching into London, or of a French frigate being able to rake our old *Pandora* in a set-to on green water or blue, with us to handle her.

But *there* was the neat little cluster of houses, white, yellow, and green, spreading down close together in the bottom of the valley, and out along the sea's edge; the rough brown cliffs sloping up on each side, with the ladder-like way to the fort on the right, mounting, as it were, out of the very street, to the flag-staff on the top, and dotted with red-coats going up and down; a bright line of a pier and a wall before the whole, the Government House dazzling through a row of spreading trees, and a little square church tower to be seen beyond. 'Twas more like a scene in a play, than aught else; what with the suddenness of it all, the tiny look of it betwixt the huge rocks, the greenness of the trees and bushes, and patches of garden struggling up as far as they could go into the stone, and the gay little toys of cottages, with scarce flat enough to stand upon: save for the blue swell of the sea plunging lazily in through the bit of a bay, and the streak of air behind, that let you in high over the head of the hollow, up above one height and another, to a flat-headed blue rise in the distance, where Longwood could be seen from the main-cross-trees I had gone to as the sails were furled. The sunlight, striking from both the red sides of the ravine, made the little village of a place, trees and all, glitter in a lump together, out of it, like no spot in the rest of the world; while elsewhere there wasn't so much as a weed to be seen hanging from the rock, nor the sign of another human habitation, saving the bare batteries on each hand, with a few sheds and ware-houses over the beach along the land-

ing-place. Once or twice the same sudden gust as before would come slap down through the valley into the brig's bare rigging, hot as the air was, with a howling kind of a sigh you took some time to get accustomed to, lest there was a hurricane to follow: in fact one didn't well know whether it was the wild look of it outside, or the lovely spot in its grim mouth of a landing-place, but the whole island gave you the notion of a thing you couldn't be long sure of, without fancying it would give a shake some day or other again; or else spout fire, as no doubt it had done before, if there wasn't more fear of Napoleon getting back somehow to France, and wreaking bloody vengeance on the kings that shut him up in St Helena.

There was apparently a busy scene ashore, however, both in the little town, which has scarce more than a single street, and along the quay, full of residents, as well as passengers from two Indiamen lying in-shore of us, while the Government esplanade seemed to be crowded with ladies, listening to the regimental band under the trees. The Newcastle frigate, with Sir Dudley Aldcombe's flag hoisted at her mizen, was at anchor out abreast at Ladder Hill; and our first lieutenant had scarce pulled aboard of the Hebe, which was hove-to off the brig's quarter, before I noticed the Admiral's barge lying alongside the Hebe. Seeing Mr Aldridge on his way back shortly after, I came down the rigging, more anxious than ever to have my own matter settled; indeed, Captain Wallis no sooner caught sight of my face, uncomfortable as I daresay it looked, than he told me he was going to wait on the Admiral aboard the Hebe, and would take me with him at once, if I chose. For my part, I needed nothing but the leave, and in ten minutes time I found myself, no small mark of curiosity, betwixt the waist and the quarterdeck of the Hebe, where the officers eyed me with as little appearance of rudeness as they could help, and I overhauled the spars and rigging aloft as coolly as I could, waiting to be sent for below. The Hebe, in fact, was the very beauty of a twenty-eight; taking the shine, and the wind, too, clean out of everything

even at Plymouth, where I had seen her once a year or two before: our poor dear old Iris herself had scarce such a pattern of a hull, falling in, as it did, from the round swell of her bilge, to just under the plank-sheer, and spreading out again with her bright black top-sides, till where the figure-head shot over the cut-water, and out of her full pair of bows, like a swan's neck out of its breast. As for the Iris, our boatswain himself one day privately confessed to me, almost with tears in his eyes, that she tumbled home a thought too much just in front of the fore-chains, and he'd tried to get it softened off with dead planking and paint, but it wouldn't do; everybody saw through them. The truth was, to feel this fine ship under one, with her loose topsails hanging high against the gloom of the red gully towards Longwood, and the gay little town peeping just over her larboard bow, a mile away, it somehow or other cleared one's mind of a load. I was thinking already how, if one had the command of such a craft, to do something with her at sea—hang it! but surely that old Judge couldn't be too proud to give him a fair hearing. By Jove! thought I—had one only wild enough weather, off the Cape, say—if I wouldn't undertake to bother even a seventy-four a whole voyage through, till she struck her flag; in which case a fellow might really venture to hold his head up and speak his mind, lovely as Violet Hyde would be in Calcutta. But then, again, there was St Helena towering red and rough over the ships, with the grand French Emperor hidden in it hard and fast, and all the work he used to give us at an end!

Just at the moment, happening to catch sight of the American mate's sallow black visage over the brig-of-war's hammock-cloths, peering as he did from the cliffs to the lofty spars of the frigate, while his Negro shipmates were to be made out nearer the bows—somehow or other the whole affair of their being burnt out and picked up started into my mind again, along with our late queer adventures in the Indiaman. Not to mention Captain Wallis's story, it flashed upon me all at once, for the first time, that the strange schooner

was after some scheme as regarded the island; and a man more likely to try something uncommon than the Frenchman, I never had seen yet. The truth was, but for my thoughts being otherwise taken up, I'd have wondered at my own confounded stupidity in not fathoming the thing sooner; whereas now, I'm not going to deny it, I half began actually to wish him good success, or else a close miss of it, where either way one couldn't well fail having a share in the squall. At any rate, I saw it was cunningly enough gone about; this same burnt barque of the Yankee's, I perceived in a moment, was part of the plot; though as for meddling in it till I saw more, 'twas likely to spoil the whole; let alone making an ass of one's-self in case of mistake. I was eyeing the shipwrecked mate, indeed, when one of the lieutenants told me politely the Admiral wanted to see me in the cabin below.

Not being much accustomed to admirals' society, as a little white-haired fellow-reefer of mine once said at a tea-party ashore, I came in at the door with rather an awkward bow, no doubt; for Sir Dudley, who was sitting on the sofa with his cocked hat and sword beside him, talking to Captain Wallis, turned his head at the captain's word, as if he were trying to keep in a smile. A tall, fine-looking man he was, and few seamen equal to him for handling a large fleet, as I knew, though his manners were finished enough to have made him easy in a king's court. As for the captain of the Hebe, he was leaning out of an open stern-window, seemingly a young man, but who he might be I didn't know at the moment. The Admiral had only a question or two to put, before he looked back to Captain Wallis again, remarking it was clear he had brought away the wrong man. "I didn't think you were so dull in the Podargus," said he, smiling, "as to let an Indianman play off such a trick on you—eh, Captain Wallis!" Captain Wallis glanced round the cabin, and then sideways down at Sir Dudley's cocked hat, in a funnyenough way, as much as to say he took all the blame on himself; and it struck me more than ever

what a kind heart the man had in him—if you only set aside his hatred to Buonaparte, which in fact was nothing else but a twisted sort of proof of the same thing. "Pooh, pooh, Wallis," continued Sir Dudley, "we can't do anything in the matter; though, if the service were better than it really is at present, I should certainly incline to question a smart young fellow like this, that has held His Majesty's commission, for idling in an Indianman after the lady passengers! I am afraid, sir," said he to me, "you've lost your passage, though,—unless the captain of the Hebe will give you his second berth here, to make amends." "You need not be afraid, Lord Frederick!" added he, looking toward the captain of the frigate, and raising his voice; "you do not know him, after all, I suppose!" The captain drew in his head, saying he had been doubtful about one of the pivots of the rudder, then turned full round and looked uneasily at me, on which his face brightened immediately, and he said, "No, Sir Dudley, I do not!" I was still in ignorance for a moment or so, myself, who this titled young post-captain might be, though I had certainly seen him before; till all at once I recollected him, with a start as pleasant to me as his seemed to him at *not* knowing me. Both Westwood and I had been midshipmen together for a while in the Orion, fifty-gun ship, where *he* was second lieutenant, several years before. As for me, I was too fond of a frigate to stay longer in her than I could help; but I remembered my being a pest to the second lieutenant, and Tom's being a favourite of his, so that he staid behind me, and got master's mate as soon as he was 'passed.' The Honourable Frederick Bury he was then, and the handsomest young fellow in the squadron, as well as the best-natured aboard. I don't believe he knew how to splice in a dead-eye, and any of the masters'-mates could take charge of the ship better in a rough night, I daresay; but for a gallant affair in the way of hard knocks, with management to boot, there wasn't his match. He never was known to fail when he took a thing in hand; lost fewer men, too, than any one else did;

and whenever there turned up anything ticklish for the boats, it was always "Mr Bury will lead." "The honourable Bury," we used to call him, and "Fighting Free-the-deck." Westwood was one of his school, whereas I had learnt from Jacobs in a merchantman's forecabin; and many a time did we play off such tricks on the second lieutenant as coming gravely aft to him during the watch, three or four of us together, me carrying a bit of rope where a "turk's-head" or a "mouse" was be worked, while I asked him innocently to show us the way. Or else it was some dispute we contrived beforehand, as to the best plan of sending up new topmasts at sea, or running out of a "round" gale in the Indian Ocean, on which the men forward would be all ready to break out laughing; and the second lieutenant, after thinking a moment, would quietly pitch upon me to go aloft, and study the point for two hours at the mast-head.

"What is *your* name then, young man?" inquired Sir Dudley Aldcombe of me. The instant I told him, Lord Frederick Bury gave me another look, then a smile. "What?" said he, "Collins that was in the Orion?" "Yes, Lord Frederick," said I, "the same; I was third in the Iris off the West African coast, since then." "Why," said he, "I recollect you quite well, Mr Collins, although you have grown a foot, I think, sir—but your eye reminds me of sundry pranks you used to play on board! What nickname was it your mess-mates called you, by the bye?" "Something foolish enough, I suppose, my lord," replied I, biting my lip; "but I remember clearly having the honour to steer the second cutter in shore one dark night near Dunkirk, when your lordship carried the Dutch brig and the two French chasse-marées—" "'Faith," broke in the captain of the Hebe, "you've a better memory than I have—I do not recollect any chasse-marées at all, that time, Mr Collins!" "Why," said I, "I got a knock on the head from a fellow in a red shirt—that always kept me in mind." "Oh," remarked the Admiral to Captain Wallis, laughing, "Lord Frederick Bury must have had so many little parties of the kind, that his memory

can't be expected to be very nice! However, I shall go ashore at present, gentlemen, leaving the Hebe and you to dispose of this runaway lieutenant in some way or other. Only you'd better settle it before Admiral Plampin arrives!" "Have you seen the—the—Longwood lately, Sir Dudley?" asked the captain of the Podargus, carelessly. "Yes, not many days ago I had an interview," said the Admiral gravely; "proud as ever, and evidently resolved not to flinch from his condition. 'Tis wonderful the command that man has over himself, Wallis—he speaks of the whole world and its affairs like one that sees into them, and had them still nearly under his foot! All saving those miserable squabbles with Plantation House, which—but, next time, I shall take my leave, and wash my hands of the whole concern, I am glad to think!" Lord Frederick was talking to me meanwhile at the other end of the cabin, but I was listening in spite of myself to Sir Dudley Aldcombe, and noticed that Captain Wallis made no answer. "By the way, Wallis," continued the Admiral, "'tis curious that he seemed anxious more than once to know what you think of him—I believe he would like to see you!" "To see *me!*" said the commander of the Podargus, suddenly. "At last, does he! No, Sir Dudley, he and I never *will* meet; he ought to have thought of it twelve years sooner! God knows," he went on, "the commander of a ten-gun brig is too small a man to see the Emperor Napoleon a prisoner—but in ten years of war, Sir Dudley, what might'n't one have been, instead of being remembered after as only plain John Wallis, whom Buonaparte kept all that time in prison, and who was sent, in course of time, to cruise off St Helena!" Here the Admiral said something about a British sailor not keeping malice, and Captain Wallis looked up at him gravely. "No," replied he; "no, Sir Dudley, I shouldn't have *chosen* the thing; but in the mean time I'm only doing my duty. There's a gloomy turn in my mind by this time, no doubt; but you've no idea, Sir Dudley, how the thought of other people comes into one's head when he's years shut up—

so I may stand for many a one Buona-parte will never see more than myself, that'll ring him round surer than those rocks there, though they're dead and in their graves, Sir Dudley!" The Admiral shook his head, observing that Napoleon was no common man, and oughtn't to be judged as such. "Too many victories in that eye of his, I suspect, Captain Wallis," said he, "for either Plantation House or his own conscience to break his spirit!" "Ay, ay sir," answered the captain respectfully, "excuse me, Sir Dudley, but there it is—so long as he's got his victories to fall back upon, he can't see how, if he'd regarded common men more, with all belonging to them, he wouldn't have been here! Why did Providence shut him up in a dead volcano, with blue water round it, Sir Dudley, if it wasn't to learn somehow or other he was a man after all?" Sir Dudley Aldcombe shrugged his shoulders and looked to Lord Frederick, upon which he rose, and the two captains followed him out of the cabin; in five minutes I heard the side piped for the Admiral's leaving, and soon after the captain of the Hebe came below again.

"This is a disagreeable affair of your old messmate's, Mr Collins," said he, seriously. "You are, perhaps, not aware that Captain Duncombe was a relative of my own, and the fact of his property having fallen by will to myself, rendered my position the more peculiarly disagreeable, had I been obliged not only to recognise Lieutenant Westwood here, but afterwards to urge proceedings against him, even if he were let off by court-martial. I cannot tell you how the sight of a stranger, as I thought, relieved me, sir!" "Indeed, Lord Frederick!" replied I, too much confused in the circumstances to say more. However, his lordship's manner soon set me at my ease, the old good-humoured smile coming over his fine features again, while he went on to offer me the place of his second lieutenant, who was going home very ill by one of the homeward bound Indiamen; adding, that Sir Dudley would confirm the appointment; indeed, he could scarce help himself, he said, as there was nobody else he could get at

present. "You must be a thorough good sailor by this time, Collins," continued he, "if you have gone on at the rate you used to do. I remember how fond you were of having charge for a minute or two of the old Orion, or when I let you put her about in my watch. Why they called you 'young Green,' I never could understand, unless it was '*ut lucet a non lucendo*' as we used to say at Eton, you know. Well, what do you say?" Now, as you may suppose, the idea of boxing about St Helena, for heaven knew how long, didn't at all suit my liking—with the thought of the Seringapatam steering away for Bombay the whole time, and a hundred notions of Violet Hyde in India,—'twould have driven me madder than the Temple did Captain Wallis: but it was only the *first* part of my mind I gave Lord Frederick. "What!" exclaimed he, with a flush over his face, and drawing up his tall figure, "you didn't suppose I should remain here? Why, the Hebe is on her way for Calcutta and Canton, and will sail as soon as the Conqueror arrives at James Town with Admiral Plampin." "Your lordship is very kind," said I looking down to cover my delight; "and if I am not worthy of the post, it shan't be my fault, Lord Frederick." "Ah, very good!" said he smiling; "'tis an opportunity you oughtn't to let slip, Collins, let me tell you! For my own part, I should just as soon cut out a pirate in the Straits of Malacca as a French brig in the Channel; and there are plenty of them, I hear, there. As for a chase, sir, I flatter myself you won't easily see a finer thing than the Hebe spreading her cloth after one of those fast proas will be—I think you are just the fellow to make her walk, too, Mr Collins—pah! to compare a day on the Derby turf with *that*, would be a sin! You have no idea, sir, how one longs for a fair horizon again, and brisk breezes, when so ineffably tired out of all those ball-rooms, and such things as you see about town just now—only I fear I shall wish to be second lieutenant again, eh?" The noble captain of the Hebe turned to look out through the stern window to seaward, his face losing the weary sort of half-melancholy cast it had shown for the last minute, while his eye

glistened; and it struck me how well-matched the Hebe and her commander were: you'd have said both had good blood in them, both being models to look at of their kind, and the frigate lifting under you at the moment, from the keel upward, with a check aloft in her main-topsail, that lifted her stem to the surge. A small telescope rolled off the sofa on to the cabin deck, and as I picked it up, another gust could be heard coming down St James' Valley from inside the island; through the gun-port one saw the trees wave over the hot white houses in the bright coloured little town, while the ship's canvass gave another flutter above decks. Lord Frederick laughed, and said, "Then, I suppose, we need say no more about it, Mr Collins, except referring once for all to Sir Dudley?" I bowed, and the upshot was, that, an hour or two after, I had my acting commission sent me from the Admiral, the same boat having called at the Podargus for my things; upon which Lord Frederick introduced me to the first lieutenant, and I found myself once more doing duty in the service—the Hebe standing out to leeward with the last light, just as the Podargus was tripping anchor to beat round again the other way. As for our friends from the burnt vessel, I must say I had forgot them already, for the time at least.

Every block, crag, and knot in the huge crust of the rock, shone terribly bright for a minute or two, aloft from over the yard-ends, as she stood suddenly out into the fiery gleam of the sun going down many a mile away in the Atlantic. Then up leapt the light keener and keener to the very top-most peak, till you'd have thought it went in like a living thing behind a telegraph, that stood out against a black cleft betwixt two cliffs. We saw the evening gun off Ladder Hill flash upon the deep blue of the sky, seemingly throwing up the peak and flag-staff a dozen feet higher; and the boom of the gun sounding in among the wild hills and hollows within the island, as if one heard it going up to Longwood door. Scarce was it lost, ere a star or two were to be seen in the shadow on the other side, and you listened almost, in the hush following upon the gunfire, for an echo to it, or something

stranger; in place of which the Hebe was already forging ahead in the dark to get well clear of the land, every wave bringing its own blackness with it up toward her forechains, then sparkling back to her waist in the seeth of foam as she felt the breeze; while St Helena lay towering along to larboard, with its ragged top blotting against the deep dark-blue of the sky, all filling as it was with the stars.

I had the middle watch that night; the ship being under short canvass, and slowly edging down to make the most leewardly point of the island, from which she was to beat up again at her leisure by the morning. All we had to do was to keep a good look-out, on the one hand, into the streak of starlight to seaward, and on the other along the foot of the rocks, as well as holding her well in hand, in case of some sudden squall through the valleys from inside. However, I shan't easily forget the thoughts that ran in my mind, walking the quarterdeck, with the frigate under charge, the first time I noticed Orion and the Serpent begin to wheel glittering away from over Diana's Peak—the others stealing quietly into sight after them, past the leech of our main-topsail: scarce an English star to be seen for the height of the island off our quarter; some of the men on one side of the booms humming a song about Napoleon's dream, which you'll hear to this day in ships' forecastles; another yarning solemnly, on the other side, about some old sweetheart of his—but all of them ready to jump at my own least word. In the morning, however, there we were, stretching back by degrees to go round the lee side of the island again; the haze melting off Diana's Peak as before, and the sea rolling in swells as blue as indigo, to the huge red lumps of bare crag; while the bright surges leapt out of them all along the frigate's side, and the spray rose at times to her figure-head.

During the day we cruised farther out, and the Hebe had enough to do in seeing off one Indianman for home, and speaking another outward-bound craft, that passed forty miles off or so, without touching; the governor's telegraphs were eternally at work on the heights, bothering her for the least trifle, and making out a sail sixty

miles off, it was said. For my part, I was pretty well tired of it already, sincerely wishing for the Conqueror, with Admiral Plampin, to heave in sight; but glad enough all aboard the Hebe were, when, after an entire week of the thing, it came to her turn, with the Newcastle and Podargus, to lie at anchor off James Town, where half the ship's company at a time had their liberty ashore. For my part, I had to see after the frigate's water-tanks, and a gang at the rigging, till the afternoon, when Lord Frederick took the first lieutenant and myself ashore with him in his gig; and no joke it was landing even there, where the swell of the surf nighhand hove her right up on the quay, while you had to look sharp, in case the next wave washed you back again off your feet. The whole place was hot as could be from the sun's rays off the rocks, slanting bare red to the cloudless sky, on both sides of the neat little gandy houses crowded in the mouth of the valley, which narrowed away beyond the rise of the street, till you didn't see how you'd get farther. But for the air of the sea, indeed, with now and then a breath down out of the hills, 'twas for all the world like a half-kindled oven; except under the broad trees along the Government esplanade, where one couldn't have stood for people. What with blacks, lascars, Chinamen, and native 'Yamstocks,' together with libertymen from the men-of-war and Indiamen, as well as reefers trotting about on ponies and donkeys, the very soldiers could scarce get down the foot of the road up Ladder Hill: as for the little town holding one half of them, it was out of the question, but the noise and kick-up were beyond aught else of the kind, saving a Calcutta bazaar. Accordingly, it was pleasant enough at last to come within a shady walk of thick green fig-trees, growing almost out of the rock near the main battery, above the small sound of the water far below; the very sea looking bluer through the leaves, while some birds no bigger than wrens hopped, chirruping, about the branches. Here we met Sir Dudley Aldcombe coming down from the batteries along with some Company's officers from India, and he stopped to speak to Lord Frederick, giving the first lieutenant and

me a bow in return, as we lifted our hats and waited behind. The Admiral proposed to get Lord Frederick a pass to visit Napoleon along with himself next day, as the Conqueror would probably arrive very soon. "You will oblige me greatly, Sir Dudley," said the captain of the Hebe. "He seems as fond of seeing a true sailor," said the Admiral, "as if we'd never done him harm! Things will be worse after I go. By the way," added he suddenly, "'tis curious enough, but there's one person on the island at present, has made wonderful progress in Sir Hudson's good graces, for the short time—that American botanist, or whatever he calls himself, that Captain Wallis took off the burnt vessel on his way here. Your new lieutenant was aboard at the time, you know, Lord Frederick." "You saw him, sir, of course?" said the Admiral, looking to me. "Only for a minute that night, Sir Dudley," answered I; "and afterwards both he and his servant were under the surgeon's charge below." "Well," continued Sir Dudley to the captain, "they seem quite recovered now; for I saw them to-day up at Plantation House, where the philosopher was in close discourse with the Governor about plants and such things; while her ladyship was as much engaged with the assistant, who can only speak Spanish. A remarkable-looking man the latter is, too; a Mexican, I understand, with Indian blood in him, apparently—whereas his principal has a strong Yankee twang; and queer enough it was to hear him snuffling away as solemnly as possible about *buttany* and such things—besides his hinting at some great discovery likely to be made in the island, which Sir Hudson seemed rather anxious to keep quiet from *me*." What Sir Dudley said made me prick up my ears, as you may fancy. I could scarce believe the thing; 'twas so thoroughly rich, and so confoundedly cool at once, to risk striking at the very heart of things this way with the Governor himself; but the whole scheme, so far, flashed upon me in a moment, evidently carried on, as it had been all along, by some one bold enough for anything earthly, and with no small cunning besides. All that he needed,

no doubt, was *somebody else* with the devil's own impudence and plenty of talk; nor, if I'd thought for a day together, could one have pitched easily upon a customer as plausible as our friend Daniel, who hadn't a spark of fear in him, I knew, just owing to his want of respect for aught in the entire creation. Still I couldn't, for the life of me, see what the end of their plan was to be, unless the strange Frenchman might have been some general or other under Buonaparte, and just wanted to see his old commander once more; which, thought I, I'll be hanged if I don't think fair enough, much pains as he had put himself to for the thing.

"How!" asked Lord Frederick, "a discovery, did you say, Sir Dudley?" "Oh, nothing of the kind *we* should care about, after all," said the Admiral; "from what I could gather, 'twas only scientific, though the American called it '*a pretty important fact*.' This Mr Mathewson Brown, I believe, was sent out by the States' Government as botanist in an expedition to southward, and has leave from Sir Hudson to use his opportunity before the next Indianman sails, for examining part of the island; and to-day he thought he found the same plants in St Helena as he did in Gough's Island and Tristan d'Acunha, twelve hundred miles off, near the Cape; showing, as he said, how once on a time there must have been land between them, perhaps as far as Ascension!" "Why," put in Lord Frederick, "that would have made a pretty good empire, even for Napoleon!" "So it would, my lord," said Sir Dudley, "much better than Elba, —but the strangest part of it is, this Mr Brown was just telling his Excellency, as I entered the room, that some of the ancient philosophers wrote about this said country existing in the Atlantic before the Flood—how rich it was, with the kings it had, and the wars carried on there; till on account of their doings, no doubt, what with an earthquake, a volcano, and the ocean together, they all sunk to the bottom except the tops of the mountains! Now I must say," continued the Admiral, "all this learning seemed to one to come rather too much by rote out of this gentleman's

mouth, and the American style of his talk made it somewhat ludicrous, though he evidently believed in what may be all very true—particularly, in mentioning the treasures that must lie under water for leagues round, or even in nooks about the St Helena rocks, I thought his very teeth watered. As for Sir Hudson, he had caught at the idea altogether, but rather in view of a historical work on the island, from the earliest times till now—and I believe he means to accompany the two botanists himself over toward Longwood to-morrow, where we may very likely get sight of them."

"O—h?" thought I, and Lord Frederick Bury smiled. "Rather a novelty, indeed!" said he; and the first lieutenant looked significantly enough to me, as we leant over the battery wall, watching the hot horizon through the spars of the ships before James Town. "What amused me," Sir Dudley said again, "was the American botanist's utter indifference, when I asked if he had seen anything of '*the General*' in the distance. The Governor started, glancing sharp at Mr Brown, and I noticed his dark companion give a sudden side-look from the midst of his talk with her ladyship, whereupon the botanist merely pointed with his thumb to the floor, asking coolly '*what it was to science?*' At this," added Sir Dudley to the captain, "his Excellency seemed much relieved; and after having got leave for myself and your lordship to-morrow, I left them still in the spirit of it. It certainly struck me that, in the United States themselves, educated men in general couldn't have such a vulgar manner about them,—in fact I thought the Mexican attendant more the gentleman of the two—his face was turned half from me most of the time, but still it struck me as remarkably intelligent." "Ah," said Lord Frederick carelessly, "all the Spaniards have naturally a noble sort of air, you know, Sir Dudley—they'll never make republicans!" "And I must say," added the Admiral, as they strolled out of the shade, up the battery steps, "little as I know of Latin, what this Mr Brown used *did* seem to me fearfully bad!"

"And no wonder!" thought I "from a Yankeeschoolmaster," as I had found my late shipmate was, before he thought of travelling; but the valuable Daniel turning his hand to help out some communication or other, no doubt, with Napoleon Buonaparte in St Helena, took me at first as so queer an affair, that I didn't know whether to laugh at him or admire his Yankee coolness, when he ran such risks. As for the feasibility of actually getting the prisoner clear out of the island, our cruising on guard was enough to show me it would be little short of a miracle; yet I couldn't help thinking they meant to try it; and in case of a dark night, which the southeaster was very likely to bring, if it shifted or freshened a little,—why, I knew you needn't call anything impossible that a cool head and a bold heart had to do with, provided only they could get their plans laid inside and out so as to tally. The more eager I got for next day, when it would be easy enough for any of us to go up inland after Lord Frederick, as far as Hut's Gate, at least. Meantime the first lieutenant and I walked up together to where the little town broke into a sort of suburb of fancy cottages, with verandahs and green venetians in bungalow style, scattered to both sides of the rock amongst little grass plots and garden patches; every foot of ground made use of. And a perfect gush of flowers and leaves it was, clustering over the tiles of the low roofs; while you saw through a thicket of poplars and plantains, right into the back of the gully, with a ridge of black rock closing it fair up; and Side Path, as they call the road to windward, winding overhead along the crag behind the houses, out of sight round a mass of cliffs. Every here and there, a runlet of water came trickling down from above the trees to water their roots; you saw the mice in hundreds, scampering in and out of holes in the dry stone, with now and then a big ugly rat that turned round to face you, being no doubt fine game to the St Helena people, ill off as they all seemed for something to do—except the Chinese with their huge hats, hoeing away under almost every tree one saw, and the Yamstock fishermen to be seen

bobbing for mullet outside the ships, in a blaze of light sufficient to bake any heads but their own. Every cottage had seven or eight parrots in it, apparently; a cockatoo on a stand by the door, or a monkey up in a box—not to speak of canaries in the window, and white goats feeding about with bells round their necks: so you may suppose what a jabbering, screaming, whistling, and tinkling there was up the whole hollow, added to no end of children and young ladies making the most of the shade as it got near nightfall—and all that were out of doors came flocking down Side-Path.

Both of us having leave ashore that night, for a ball in one of these same little bungalows near the head of the valley, 'twas no use to think of a bed, and as little to expect getting off to the ship, which none could do after gunfire. For that matter, I daresay there might be twenty such parties, full of young reefers and homeward-bound old East Indians, keeping it up as long as might be, because they had nowhere to sleep. The young lady of the house we were in was one of the St Helena beauties, called "the Rosebud," from her colour. A lovely creature she was, certainly, as it was plain our Hebe's first lieutenant thought, with several more to boot: every sight of her figure gliding about through the rest, the white muslin floating round her like haze, different as her face was, made one think of the Seringapatam's deck at sea, with the men walking the forecastle in the middle watch, and the poop quiet over the Judge's cabins. Two or three times I had fancied for a moment that, if one had somewhat stirring to busy himself with, why, he might so far forget what was no doubt likely to interfere pretty much with a profession like my own; and so it might have been, perhaps, had I only seen her ashore: whereas now, whether it was ashore or afloat, by Jove! everything called her somehow to mind. The truth is, I defy you to get rid very easily of the thought about one you've sailed in the same ship with, be it girl or woman—the same bottom betwixt you and the water, the same breeze blowing your pilot-coat in the watch on deck, that

ripples past her ear below, and the self-same dangers to strive against! At a break in the dance I went out of the dancing-room into the verandah, where the cool of the air among the honeysuckle flowers and creepers was delightful to feel; though it was quite dark in the valley, and you couldn't make out anything but the solemn black-blue of the sky full of stars above you, between the two cliffs; or right out, where the stretch of sea widening to the horizon, looked almost white through the mouth of the valley, over the house-roofs below: one heard the small surf plashing low and slow into the little bay, with the boats dipping at their moorings, but I never saw sea look so lonely. Then up at the head of the gully one could mark the steep black crag that shut it up, glooming quiet and large against a gleam from one of the clusters of stars: the sight of it was awful, I didn't know well why, unless by comparison with the lively scene inside, not to say with one's own whole life afloat, as well as the wishes one had at heart. 'Twas pretty late, but I heard the music strike up again in the room, and was going back again, when all of a sudden I thought the strangest sound that ever came to one's ears went sweeping round and round far above the island, more like the flutter of a sail miles wide than aught else I can fancy; then a rush of something like those same blasts of wind I was pretty well used to by this time—but wind it was not—growing in half a minute to a rumbling clatter, and then to a smothered roar, as if something more than mortal shot from inland down through the valley, and passed out by its mouth into the open sea at once. I scarce felt the ground heave under me, though I thought I saw the black head of the ravine lift against the stars—one terrible plunge of the sea down at the quays and batteries, then everything was still again; but the whole dancing party came rushing out in confusion at my back, the ladies shrieking, the men looking up into the sky, or at the cliffs on both sides; the British flag, over the fort on Ladder Hill, blowing out steadily to a stiff breeze aloft. It wasn't for some time, in fact, that they picked up courage again, to say

it had been an earthquake. However, the ball was over, and, as soon as matters could be set to rights, it was nothing but questions whether it had aught to do with *him* up at Longwood, or hadn't been an attempt to blow up the island—some of the officers being so much taken aback at first, that they fancied the French had come. At last, however, we who had nothing else for it got stowed away on sofas or otherwise about the dancing-room: for my part, I woke up just early enough to see the high head of the valley coming out as clearly as before against the morning light, and the water glancing blue out miles away beyond the knot of ships in the opening. The news was only that Napoleon was safe, having been in his bed at the time, where he lay thinking one of the frigates had blown up, they said. Not a word of his that got wind but the people in James Town made it their day's text—in the want of which they'd even gossip about the coat he wore that morning—till you'd have said the whole nest of them, soldiers and all, lay under his shadow as the town did at the foot of the cliffs, just ready to vanish as soon as he went down. The Longwood doctor had told some one in the Jew Solomon's toy-shop, by the forenoon, that Buonaparte couldn't sleep that night for making some calculations about a great battle he had fought, when he counted three separate shocks of the thing, and noticed it was luckily right up and down, or else James Town would have been buried under tons of rock. The doctor had mentioned besides that there was twice an earthquake before in the island, in former times; but it didn't need some of the town's people's looks to tell you they'd be afraid many a night after, lest the French Emperor should wake up thinking of his battles; while, as for myself, I must say the notion stuck to me some time, along with my own ideas at that exact moment—at any rate, not for worlds would I have lived long ashore in St Helena.

Mr Newland the first lieutenant, and I, set out early in the day, accordingly, with a couple of the Hebe's midshipmen, mounted on as many of the little island ponies, to go up inland for a cruise about the hills.

You take Side Path along the crags, with a wall betwixt the hard track and the gulf below, till you lose sight of James Town like a cluster of children's toy-houses under you, and turn up above a sloping hollow full of green trees and tropical-like flowering shrubs, round a pretty cottage called the Briars—where one begins to have a notion, however, of the bare blocks, the red bluffs, and the sharp peaks standing up higher and higher round the shell of the island. Then you had another rise of it to climb, on which you caught sight of James Town and the harbour again, even smaller than before, and saw nothing before your beast's head but a desert of stony ground, running hither and thither into wild staring clefts, grim ravines, and rocks of every size tumbled over each other like figures of ogres and giants in hard fight. After two or three miles of all this, we came in view of Longwood hill, lying green on a level to north and east, and clipping to windward against the sea beyond; all round it elsewhere was the thick red crust of the island, rising in ragged points and sharp spires:—the greenish sugar-loaf of Diana's Peak shooting in the middle over the high ridge that hid the Plantation House side of St Helena to leeward. Between the spot where we were and Longwood is a huge fearful-looking black hollow, called the Devil's Punch-Bowl, as round and deep as a pitch-pot for caulking all the ships in the world—except on a slope into one corner of it, where you saw a couple of yellow cottages with gardens about them; while every here and there a patch of grass began to appear, a clump of wild weeds and flowers hanging off the fronts of the rocks, or the head of some valley widening away out of sight, with the glimpse of a house amongst trees, where some stream of water came leaping down off the heights and vanished in the boggy piece of green below. From here over the brow of the track it was all like seeing into an immense stone basin half hewn out, with all the lumps and wrinkles left rising in it and twisting every way about—the black Devil's Punch-Bowl for a hole in the middle, where some infernal

liquor or other had run through: the soft bottoms of the valleys just bringing the whole of it up distincter to the green over Longwood hill; while the ragged heights ran round on every side like a rim with notches in it, and Diana's Peak for a sort of a handle that the clouds could take hold of. All this time we had strained ourselves to get as fast up as possible, except once near the Alarm House, where there was a telegraph signal-post, with a little guard-but for the soldiers; but *there* each turned round in his saddle, letting out a long breath the next thing to a cry, and heaving-to directly, at sight of the prospect behind. The Atlantic lay wide away round to the horizon from the roads, glittering faint over the ragged edge of the crags we had mounted near at hand; only the high back of the island shut out the other side—save here and there through a deep-notched gully or two—and accordingly you saw the sea blotched out in that quarter to the two sharp bright ends, clasping the dark-coloured lump between them, like a mighty pair of arms lifting it high to carry it off. Soon after, however, the two mids took it into their wise heads the best thing was to go and climb Diana's Peak, where they meant to cut their names at the very top; on which the first lieutenant, who was a careful middle-aged man, thought needful to go with them, lest they got into mischief: for my part I preferred the chance of coming across the mysterious Yankee and his comrade, as I fancied not unlikely, or what was less to be looked for, a sight of Buonaparte himself.

Accordingly, we had parted company, and I was holding single-handed round one side of the Devil's Punch-Bowl, when I heard a clatter of horse-hoofs on the road, and saw the Admiral and Lord Frederick riding quickly past on the opposite side, on their way to Longwood—which, curiously enough, was half-covered with mist at the time, driving down from the higher hills, apparently before a regular gale, or rather some kind of a whirlwind. In fact, I learned after that such was often the case, the climate up there being quite different from below, where they never feel a

gale from one year's end to the other. In the next hollow I got into it was as hot and still as it would have been in India, the blackberry trailers and wild aloes growing quite thick, mixed with prickly pear-bushes, willows, gum-wood, and an African palm or two; though, from the look of the sea, I could notice the south-east trade had freshened below, promising to blow a good deal stronger that night than ordinary, and to shift a little round. Suddenly the fog began to clear by degrees from over Longwood, till it was fairly before me, nearer than I thought; and just as I rode up a rising ground, out came the roof of a house on the slope amongst some trees, glittering wet as if the sun laid a finger on it; with a low bluish-coloured stretch of wood farther off, bringing out the white tents of the soldiers' camp pitched about the edge of it. Nearly to windward there was one sail in sight on the horizon, over an opening in the rocks beyond Longwood House, that seemingly let down toward the coast; however, I just glanced back to notice the telegraph on the signal-post at work, signalling to the Podargus in the offing, and next minute Hut's Gate was right a-head of me, not a quarter of a mile off—a long-shaped bungalow of a cottage, inside of a wall with a gate in it, where I knew I needn't try farther, unless I wanted the sentries to take me under arrest. Betwixt me and it, however, in the low ground, was a party of man-o'-war's-men under charge of a midshipman, carrying some timber and house-furniture for Longwood, as I remembered, from seeing them come ashore from the Podargus that morning; so I stood over, to give my late shipmates a hail. But the moment I got up with them, it struck me not a little, as things stood, to find three of the four Blacks we had taken aboard from that said burnt barque of the American mate's, trudging patiently enough under the heaviest loads of the gang. Jetty-black, savage-looking fellows they were, as strong as horses, and reminded me more of our wild friends in the Nouries River, than of 'States niggers; still, what caught my notice most wasn't so much their being there at all, as the want of the fourth one, and where

he might be. I don't know yet how this trifling bit of a puzzle got hold on me, but it was the sole thing that kept me from what might have turned a scrape to myself—namely, passing myself in as officer of the party; which was easy enough at the time, and the tars would have entered into the frolic as soon as I started it. On second thoughts, nevertheless, I bade them good-day, steering my animal away round the slant of the ground, to see after a good perch as near as possible; and, I daresay, I was getting within the bounds before I knew it, when another sentry sung out to me off the heights to keep lower down, first bringing his musket to salute for my uniform's sake, then letting it fall level with a ringing slap of his palm, as much as to say it was all the distinction I'd get over plain clothes.

At this, of course, I gave it up, with a blessing to all lobster-backs, and made sail down to leeward again as far as the next rise, from which there was a full view of the sea at any rate, though the face of a rough crag over behind me shut out Longwood House altogether. Here I had to get fairly off the saddle—rather sore, I must say, with riding up St Helena roads after so many weeks at sea—and flung myself down on the grass, with little enough fear of the hungry little beast getting far adrift. This said crag, by the way, drew my eye to it by the queer colours it showed, white, blue, gray, and bright red in the hot sunlight; and being too far off to make out clearly, I slung off the ship's glass I had across my back, just to overhaul it better. The hue of it was to be seen running all down the deep rift between, that seemingly wound away into some glen toward the coast; while the lot of plants and trailers half-covering the steep front of it, would no doubt, I thought, have delighted my old friend the Yankee, if he *was* the botanising gentleman in question. By this time it was a lovely afternoon far and wide to Diana's Peak, the sky glowing clearer deep-blue at that height than you'd have thought sky could do, even in the tropics—the very peaks of bare red rock being softened into a purple tint, far off round you. One saw into the

rough bottom of the huge Devil's Punch-Bowl, and far through without a shadow down the green patches in the little valleys, and over Deadwood Camp,—there was *nothing*, as it were, between the grass, the ground, the stones and leaves, and the empty hollow of the air; while the sea spread far round underneath, of a softer blue than the sky over you. You'd have thought all the world was shrunk into St Helena, with the Atlantic lying three-quarters round it in one's sight, like the horns of the bright new moon round the dim old one; which St Helena pretty much resembled, if what the star-gazers say of its surface be true, all peaks and dry hollows—if, indeed, you weren't lifting up out of the world, so to speak, when one looked through his fingers right into the keen blue overhead!

If I lived a thousand years, I couldn't tell half what I felt lying there; but, as you may imagine, it had somewhat in it of the late European war by land and sea. Not that I could have said so at the time, but rather a sort of half-doze, such as I've known one have when a schoolboy, lying on the green grass the same way, with one's face turned up into the hot summer heavens: half of it flying glimpses, as it were, of the French Revolution, the battles we used to hear of when we were children—then the fears about the invasion, with the Channel full of British fleets, and Dover Cliffs—Trafalgar and Nelson's death, and the battle of Waterloo, just after we heard *he* had got out of Elba. In the terrible flash of the thing all together, one almost fancied them all gone like smoke; and for a moment I thought I was falling away off, *down* into the wide sky, so up I started to sit. From that, suddenly I took to guessing and puzzling closely again how I should go to work myself, if I were the strange Frenchman I saw in the brig at sea, and wanted to manage Napoleon's escape out of St Helena. And first, there was how to get into the island and put *him* up to the scheme—why, sure enough, I couldn't have laid it down better than they seemed to have done all along: what could one do but just dodge about that latitude under all sorts of false rig, then catch

hold of somebody fit to cover one's landing. No Englishman *would* do it, and no foreigner but would set Sir Hudson Lowe on his guard in a moment. Next we should have to get put on the island,—and really a neat enough plan it was to dog one of the very cruisers themselves, knock up a mess of planks and spars in the night-time, set them all a-blaze with tar, and pretend we were fresh from a craft on fire; when even Captain Wallis of the *Podargus*, as it happened, was too much of a British seaman not to carry us straight to St Helena! Again, I must say it was a touch beyond me—but to hit the Governor's notions of a hobby, and go picking up plants round Longwood, was a likely enough way to get speech of the prisoner, or at least let him see one was there!

How should I set about carrying him off to the coast, though? That was the prime matter. Seeing that even if the schooner—which was no doubt hovering out of sight—were to make a bold dash for the land with the trade-wind, in a night eleven hours long—there were sentries close round Longwood from sunset, the starlight shining mostly always in the want of a moon; and at any rate there was rock and gully enough, betwixt here and the coast, to try the surest foot aboard the Hebe, let alone an emperor. With plenty of woods for a cover, one might steal up close to Longwood, but the bare rocks showed you off to be made a mark of. Whew! but why were those same Blacks on the island, I thought: just strip them stark-naked, and let them lie in the Devil's Punch-bowl, or somewhere, beyond military hours, when I warrant me they might slip up, gully by gully, to the very sentries' backs! Their colour wouldn't show them, and savages as they seemed, couldn't they settle as many sentries as they needed, creep into the very bedchamber where Buonaparte slept, and manhandle him bodily away down through some of the nearest hollows, before any one was the wiser? The point that still bothered me was, why the fourth of the Blacks was wanting at present, unless he had his part to play elsewhere. If it was chance, then the *whole* might be a notion of mine, which I knew I was apt to have sometimes. If I could only

make out the fourth Black, so as to tally with the scheme, on the other hand, then I thought it was all sure: but of course this quite pauced me, and I gave it up, to work out my fancy case by providing signals betwixt us plotters inside, and the schooner out of sight from the telegraphs. There was no use for her to run in and take the risk, without good luck having turned up on the island; yet any sign she could profit by must be both sufficient to reach sixty miles or so, and hidden enough not to alarm the telegraphs or the cruisers. Here was a worse puzzle than all, and I only guessed at it for my own satisfaction—as a fellow can't help doing when he hears a question he can't answer—till my eye lighted on Diana's Peak, near three thousand feet above the sea. There it was, by Jove! 'Twas quite clear at the time; but by night-fall there was always more or less cloud near the top; and if you set a fire on the very peak, 'twould only be seen leagues off: a notion that brought to mind a similar thing which I told you saved the Indiaman from a lee-shore one night on the African coast,—and again, by George! I saw *that* must have been meant at first by the Negroes as a smoke to help the French brig easier in! Putting that and that together, why it struck me at once what the fourth Black's errand might be—namely, to watch for the schooner, and kindle his signal as soon as he couldn't see the island for mist. I was sure of it; and as for a dark night coming on at sea, the freshening of the breeze there promised nothing more likely; a bright white haze was softening out the horizon already, and here and there the egg of a cloud could be seen to break off the sky to windward, all of which would be better known afloat than here.

The truth was, I was on the point of tripping my anchor to hurry down and get aboard again, but, on standing up, the head of a peak fell below the sail I had noticed in the distance, and, seeing she loomed large on the stretch of water, I pretty soon found she must be a ship of the line. The telegraph over the Alarm House was hard at work again, so I e'en took down my glass and cleaned it to have a better sight, during which I caught

sight, for a minute, of some soldier officer or other on horseback, with a mounted red-coat behind him, riding hastily up the gully a good bit from my back, till they were round the red piece of crag, turning at times as if to watch the vessel. Though I couldn't have a better spy at him for want of my glass, I had no doubt he was the Governor himself, for the sentries in the distance took no note of him. There was nobody else visible at the time, and the said cliff stood fair up like a look-out place, so as to shut them out as they went higher. Once or twice after, I fancied I made out a man's head or two lower down the gully than the cliff was; which, it occurred to me, might possibly be the botanists, as they called themselves, busy finding out how long St Helena had been an island: however, I soon turned the glass before me upon the ship, by this time right opposite the ragged opening of Prosperous Bay, and heading well up about fourteen miles or so off the coast, as I reckoned, to make James Town harbour. The moment I had the sight of the glass right for her—though you'd have thought she stood still on the smooth soft blue water—I could see her whole beam rise off the swells before me, from the dark side and white band, checkered with a double row of ports, to the hamper of her lofty spars, and the sails braced slant to the breeze; the foam gleaming under her high bows, and her wake running aft in the heave of the sea. She was evidently a seventy-four: I fancied I could make out her men's faces peering over the yards toward the island, as they thought of "Boneypart;" a white rear-admiral's flag was at the mizen-royal-masthead, leaving no doubt she was the Conqueror at last, with Admiral Plampin, and, in a day or two at farthest, the Hebe would be bound for India.

I had just looked over my shoulder toward Longwood, letting the Conqueror sink back again into a thing no bigger than a model on a mantelpiece, when, all at once, I saw some one standing near the brow of the cliff I mentioned, apparently watching the vessel, with a long glass at his eye, like myself. 'Twas farther than I could see to make out anything, save so

much; and, ere I had screwed the glass for such a near sight, there were seven or eight figures more appearing half over the slope behind; while my hand shook so much with holding the glass so long, that at first I brought it to bear full on the cracks and blocks in the front of the crag, with the large green leaves and trailers on it flickering idly with the sunlight against my eyes, till I could have seen the spiders inside, I daresay. Next I held it too high, where the Admiral and Lord Frederick were standing by their horses, a good way back; the Governor, as I supposed, sitting on his, and two or three others along the rise. At length, what with kneeling down to rest it on one knee, I had the glass steadily fixed on the brow of the rocks, where I plainly saw a tall dark-whiskered man, in a rich French uniform, gazing to seaward—I knew him I sought too well by pictures, however, not to be sadly galled. Suddenly a figure came slowly down from before the rest, with his hands behind his back, and his head a little drooped. The officer at once lowered the telescope and held it to him, stepping upward, as if to leave him alone—what dress he had on I scarce noticed; but there he was standing, single in the round bright field of the glass I had hold of like a vice—his head raised, his hands hiding his face, as he kept the telescope fixed fair in front of me—only I saw the smooth broad round of his chin. I knew, as if I'd seen him in the Tuileries at Paris, or known him by sight since I was a boy—I *knew* it was Napoleon!

During that minute the rest of them were out of sight, so far as the glass went—you'd have supposed there was no one there but himself, as still as a figure in iron; watching the same thing, no doubt, as I'd done myself five minutes before, where the noble seventy-four was beating slowly to windward. When I *did* glance to the knot of officers twenty yards back, 'twas as if one saw a ring of his generals waiting respectfully while he eyed some field of battle or other, with his army at the back of the hill; but next moment the telescope fell in his hands, and his face, as pale as death, with his lip firm under it, seemed near enough for me to touch

it—his eyes shot stern into me from below his wide white forehead, and I started, dropping my glass in turn. That instant the whole wild lump of St Helena, with its ragged brim, the clear blue sky and the sea, swung round about the dwindled figures above the crag, till they were nothing but so many people together against the slope beyond.

'Twas a strange scene to witness, let me tell you; never can I forget the sightless, thinking sort of gaze from that head of his, after the telescope sank from his eye, when the Conqueror must have shot back with all her stately hamper into the floor of the Atlantic again! Once more I brought my spyglass to bear on the place where he had been, and was almost on the point of calling out to warn him off the edge of the cliff, forgetting the distance I was away. Napoleon had stepped, with one foot before him, on the very brink, his two hands hanging loose by his side, with the glass in one of them, till the shadow of his small black cocked hat covered the hollows of his eyes, and he stood as it were looking down past the face of the precipice. What he thought of no mortal tongue can say, whether he was master at the time over a wilder battle than any he'd ever fought—but just then, what was the surprise it gave me to see the head of a man, with a red tasselled cap on it, raised through amongst the ivy from below, while he seemed to have his feet on the cracks and juts of the rock, hoisting himself by one hand round the tangled roots, till no doubt he must have looked right aloft into the French Emperor's face; and perhaps he whispered something, —though, for my part, it was all dumb-show to me, where I knelt peering into the glass. I saw even *him* start at the suddenness of the thing—he raised his head upright, still glancing down over the front of the crag, with the spread hand lifted, and the side of his face half turned toward the party within ear-shot behind, where the Governor and the rest apparently kept together out of respect, no doubt watching both Napoleon's back and the ship of war far beyond. The keen sunlight on the spot brought out every motion of the two in front—the *one* so full in my view, that I could mark his look settle

again on the other below, his firm lips parting and his hand out before him, like a man seeing a spirit he knew; while a bunch of leaves on the end of a wand came stealing up from the stranger's post to Napoleon's very fingers. The head of the man on the cliff turned round seaward for one moment, ticklish as his footing must have been; then he looked back, pointing with his loose hand to the horizon—there was one minute between them without a motion, seemingly—the captive Emperor's chin was sunk on his breast, though you'd have said his eyes glanced up out of the shadow on his forehead; and the stranger's red cap hung like a bit of the bright-coloured cliff, under his two hands holding amongst the leaves. Then I saw Napoleon lift his hand calmly, he gave a sign with it—it might have been refusing, it might have been agreeing, or it might be farewell, I never expect to know; but he folded his arms across his breast, with the bunch of leaves in his fingers, and stepped slowly back from the brink toward the officers. I was watching the stranger below it, as he swung there for a second or two, in a way like to let him go dash to the bottom; his face sluing wildly seaward again. Short though the glance I had of him was—his features set hard in some bitter feeling or other, his dress different, too, besides the mustache being off, and his complexion no doubt purposely darkened—it served to prove what I'd suspected: he was no other than the Frenchman I had seen in the brig, and, mad or sensible, the very look I caught was more like that he faced the thunder-squall with, than aught besides. Directly after, he was letting himself carefully down with his back to my glass; the party above were moving off over the brow of the crags, and the Governor riding round, apparently to come once more down the hollow between us. In fact, the seventy-four had stood by this time so far in that the peaks in the distance shut her out; but I ran the glass carefully along the whole horizon in my view, for signs of the schooner. The haze was too bright, however, to make sure either way; though, dead to windward, there were some streaks of cloud risen with the breeze, where I once or twice fancied I could catch the gleam

of a speck in it. The Podargus was to be seen through a notch in the rocks, too, beating out in a different direction, as if the telegraph had signalled her elsewhere; after which you heard the dull rumble of the forts saluting the Conqueror down at James Town as she came in: and being late in the afternoon, it was high time for me to crowd sail downward, to fall in with my shipmates.

I was just getting near the turn into Side Path, accordingly, after a couple of mortal hours' hard riding, and once more in sight of the harbour beneath, when the three of them overtook me, having managed to reach the top of Diana's Peak, as they meant. The first lieutenant was full of the grand views on the way, with the prospect off the peak, where one saw the sea all round St Helena like a ring, and the sky over you as blue as blue water. "But what do you think we saw on the top, Mr Collins?" asked one of the urchins at me—a mischievous imp he was himself, too, pockmarked, with hair like a brush, and squinted like a ship's two hawse-holes. "Why, Mister Snelling," said I, gruffly—for I knew him pretty well already, and he was rather a favourite with me for his sharpness, though you may suppose I was thinking of no trifles at the moment—"why, the devil perhaps!" "I must say I thought at first it was him, sir," said the reefer, grinning; "'twas a black Nigger, though, sir, sitting right on the very truck of it with his hands on his two knees, and we'd got to shove him off before we could dig our knives into it!" "By the Lord Harry!" I rapped out, "the very thing that—" "Twas really the case, though, Mr Collins," said the first lieutenant; "and I thought it curious, but there are so many Negroes in the island." "If you please, sir," put in the least of the mids, "perhaps they haven't all of 'em room to meditate, sir!" "Or sent to the masthead, eh, Roscoe?" said Snelling. "Which you'll be, sirrah," broke in the first lieutenant, "the moment I get aboard, if you don't keep a small helm!" We were clattering down over James Town by this time, the sun blazing red off the horizon, into it and the doors of the houses, and the huge hull and spars of the Conqueror almost block-

ing up the harbour, as she lay anchored outside the Indiamen. The evening gun fired as we pulled aboard the Hebe, which immediately got under weigh by order, although Lord Frederick was not come down yet; but it fell to her turn that night to supply a guard-boat to windward, and she stood up under full sail round Sugar-Loaf Point, just as the dusk fell like a shadow over the island.

The Newcastle's boat was on the leeward coast that night, and one of our cutters was getting ready to lower, nearly off Prosperous Bay, to windward; while the frigate herself would hold farther out to sea. One of the master's mates should have taken the cutter; but after giving the first lieutenant a few hints as far as I liked to go, I proposed to go in charge of her that time, myself—which being laid to the score of my freshness on the station, and the mate being happy to get rid of a tiresome duty, I got leave at once. The sharp midshipman, Snelling, took it into his ugly head to keep me company, and away we pulled into hearing of the surf. The moment things took the shape of fair work, in fact, I lost all thoughts of the late kind. In place of seeing the ragged heights against the sky, and musing all sorts of notions about the French Emperor, there was nothing but the broad bulk of the island high over us, the swell below, and the sea glimmering wide from our gunwale to the stars; so no sooner did we lose sight of the Hebe slowly melting into the gloom, than I lit a cheroot, gave the tiller to the mid, and sat stirring to the heart at the thought of something to come, I scarce knew what. As for Buonaparte, with all that belonged to him, 'twas little to me in that mood, in spite of what I'd seen during the day, compared with a snatch of old Channel times: the truth was, next morning I'd feel for him again.

The night for a good while was pretty tolerable starlight, and in a sort of a way you could make out a good distance. One time we pulled right round betwixt the two points, though slowly enough; then again the men lay on their oars, letting her float in with the long swells, till the surf could be heard too loud for a safe berth. Farther on in the night, however, it

got to be dark—below, at least—the breeze holding steady, and bringing it thicker and thicker; at last it was so black all round that on one side you just *knew* the rocks over you, with the help of a faint twinkle of stars right aloft. On the other side there was only, at times, the two lights swinging at the mast-head of the Podargus and Hebe, far apart, and one farther to sea than the other; or now and then their stern-window and a port, when the heave of the water lifted them, or the ships yawed a little. One hour after another, it was wearisome enough waiting for nothing at all, especially in the key one was in at the time, and with a long tropical night before you.

All of a sudden, fairly between the brig and the frigate, I fancied I caught a glimpse for one moment of another twinkle; then it was out again, and I had given it up, when I was certain I saw it plainly once more, as well as a third time, for as short a space as before. We were off a cove in the coast, inside Prosperous Bay, where a light in the rocks softened the force of the surf, not far from the steep break where one of these same narrow gullies came out—a good deal short of the shore, indeed, but I knew by this time it led up somewhere toward the Longwood side. Accordingly the idea struck me of a plan to set agoin, whether I hit upon the right place or not; if it *was* the schooner, she would be coming down right from windward, on the look-out for a signal, as well as for the spot to aim at: the thing was to lure her boat ashore there before their time, seize her crew and take the schooner herself by surprise, as if we were coming back all right; since signal the ships we couldn't, and the schooner would be wary as a dolphin.

No sooner said than done. I steered cautiously for the cove, fearfully though the swell bore in, breaking over the rocks outside of it; and the reefer and I had to spring one after the other for our lives, just as the bowman prized her off into the back-wash. As for the cutter, it would spoil all to keep her off thereabouts; and I knew if a boat did come in of the kind I guessed, why she wouldn't lay herself out for strength of crew. Snelling and I were well armed enough to manage half a

dozen, if they fancied us friends, so I ordered the men to pull clear off for an hour, at least, leaving fair water. In fact there were sentries about the heights, I was aware, if they could have heard or seen us; but the din of the surf, the dark, and the expectation of the thing set us both upon our mettle; while I showed the boat's lantern every now and then, like the light I had noticed, such as the Channeel smugglers use every thick night on our own coast. I suppose we might have waited five or ten minutes when the same twinkle was to be caught, dipping dark down into the swell again, about opposite the cove: next we had half an hour more—every now and then we giving them a flash of the lantern, when suddenly the reefer said he saw oars glisten over a swell, which he knew weren't man-o'-war's strokes, or else the fellows ought to have their grog stopped. I had the lantern in my hand, slipping the shade once more, and the other to feel for my cutlass hilt, when the mid gave a cry behind me, and I turned just in time to see the dark figure of a Black spring off the stones at our backs. One after another, three or four more came leaping past me out of the gloom—the Frenchman's red cap and his dark fierce face glared on me by the light of the lantern; and next moment it was down, with him and me in a deadly struggle over it in the thick black of the night. Suddenly I felt myself lose hold of him in the heave of the swell, washing away back off the rock; then something else trying to clutch me, when down I swept with the sea bubbling into my mouth and ears.

I came up above water again by the sheer force of the swell, as it seemed to me, plunging into the shore; with the choice, I thought, of either being drowned in the dark, or knocked to a jelly on the rocks; but out I struck, naturally enough, rising on the huge scud of the sea, and trying to breast it, though I felt it sweep me backwards at every stroke, and just saw the wide glimmer of it heave far and wide for a moment against the gloom of the cliffs behind. All at once, in the trough, I heard the panting of some one's breath near alongside of me, and directly after, I was

caught hold of by the hair of the head, somebody else grabbing at the same time for my shoulder. We weren't half-a-dozen fathoms from the stranger's boat, the Blacks who had fallen foul of me swimming manfully together, and the boat lifting bow-on to the run of the sea, as her crew looked about for us by the light of their lantern. I had just got my senses enough about me to notice so much, when they were hauling me aboard; all four of the Negroes holding on with one hand by the boat's gunnel, and helping their way with the other; while the oars began to make for the light, which was still to be caught by fits, right betwixt those of the two cruisers, as the space widened slowly in the midst of them, standing out to sea. Scarce had I time to feel some one beside me as wet as myself, whether the reefer or the Frenchman I didn't know, when crash came another boat with her bows fairly down upon our gunwale, out of the dark. The spray splashed up betwixt us, I saw the glitter of the oar-blades, and heard Snelling's shrill voice singing out to "sink the villains, my lads—down with 'em—remember the second lieutenant!" The lantern in the French boat flared, floating out for a single instant amongst a wreck of staves and heads, bobbing wildly together on the side of a wave. One of my own men from the cutter pulled me by the cuff of the neck off the crest of it with his boat-hook, as it rose swelling away past, till I had fast grip of her quarter; the Blacks could be seen struggling in the hollow, to keep up their master's body, with his hands spread helplessly hither and thither above water. The poor devils' wet black faces turned so wistfully, in their desperation, toward the cutter, that I gasped out to save him. They kept making towards us, in fact, and the bowman managed to hook him at last, though not a moment too soon, for the next heave broke the unlucky wretches apart, and we lost sight of them; the cutter hanging on her oars till they had both him and me stowed into the stern-sheets, where the Frenchman lay seemingly dead or senseless, and I spitting out the salt water like a Cockney after a bathe.

"Why, Mister Snelling," said I, as soon as I came fully to myself, "I can't at all understand how I got into the water!" "Nor I either, sir," said he; "I'll be hanged, sir, if I didn't think it was a whirlwind of Niggers off the top of Diana's Peak, seeing I made out the very one we found there this afternoon—the four of them took you and this other gentleman up in their arms in a lump, as you were floundering about together, and took to the water like so many seals, sir!" I looked down into the Frenchman's face, where he lay stretched with his head back and his hair dripping. "Is he gone?" said I. "Well, sir," said the mid, who had contrived to light the lantern again, "I'm afraid he's pretty near it. Is he a friend of yours, sir?—I thought as much, by the way you caught him the moment you clapped eyes on each other, sir." "Silence, sirrah!" said I: "d'ye see anything of the light to seaward?" For a minute or two we peered over the swells into the dark, to catch the twinkle of the signal again, but to no purpose; and I began to think the bird was flown. All of a sudden, however, there it was once more, dipping as before beyond the heave of the sea, and between the backs of it, sliding across the open space, with the blind side to the cruisers. "Hollo, my lads!" said I, quickly, and giving myself another shake as I seized the tiller, "give way seaward—stretch your backs for ten minutes, and we have her!" We were pulling right for the spot, when the light vanished, but a show of our lantern brought it gleaming fairly out again, till I could even catch glimpse by it of some craft or other's hull, and the iron of one boom-end, rising over the swells. "Bow-oar, there!" whispered I; "stand by, my lad, and look sharp!" "Hola!" came a short sharp hail over the swells; "*d'où venez-vous?*" "Oui, oui!" I sung out boldly, through my hand, to cover the difference as much as possible; then a thought occurred to me, recollecting the French surgeon's words on board this very craft the first time we saw her—"De la cage de l'*Aigle*"—I hailed—"bonne fortune, mes amis!" "C'est possible! c'est possible, mon capitaine!" shouted seven-

ral of the schooner's crew, jumping upon her bulwarks, "*que vous apportez lui-même!*" We were pulling for her side as lubberly as possible, all the time—a man ran up on her quarter with a coil of line ready to heave—but still the main boom of the schooner was already jibing, her helm up, and she under way; they seemed half doubtful of us, and another moment might turn the scales. "Vite, vite!" roared I, choosing my French at hap-hazard. "Oui, oui, jettez votre corde—venez an lof, mes amis!"—luff, that was to say. I heard somebody aboard say it was the American—the schooner came up in the wind, the line whizzing off her quarter into our bows, and we came sheering down close by her lee quarter, grinding against her bends in the surge, twenty eager faces peering over at us in the confusion; when I sung out hoarsely to run for brandy and hot blankets, as he was half-drowned. "Promptement—promptement, mes amis!" shouted I, and as quickly there was a rush from her bulwarks to bring what was wanted, while Snelling and I made dash up her side followed by the men, cutlass in hand. Three minutes of hubbub, and as many strokes betwixt us, when we had driven the few that stood in our way pell-mell down the nearest hatchway. The schooner was completely our own.

We hoisted up the cutter, with the French captain still stretched in the stern-sheets—hailed aft the schooner's head-sheets, let her large mainsail swing full again, and were soon standing swiftly out toward the light at the frigate's masthead.

When the Hebe first caught sight of us, or rather heard the sound of the schooner's sharp bows rushing through the water, she naturally enough didn't know what to make of us. I noticed our first luff's sudden order to clear away the foremost weather-gun, with the rush of the men for it; but my hail set all to rights. We hove-to off her weather quarter, and I was directly after on board, explaining as simply as possible how we had come to get hold of a French craft thereabouts in such a strange fashion.

Accordingly, you may fancy the

surprise at James Town in the morning, to see the Hebe standing in with her prize; let alone the governor's perfect astonishment at suspecting some scheme to carry off Napoleon, apparently, so far brought to a head. The upshot of it was, to cut this bit of my story short, he and the military folks would have it, at last, that there was nothing of the kind; but only some slaver from the African coast wanting to land a cargo, especially as there were so many Blacks aboard of her; and the Frenchman at once took the cue, the little Monsieur of a mate swearing he had been employed by several of the islanders, some months before, to bring them slaves. For my own part, all things considered, I had nothing to say; and, after some likelihood of a shine being kicked up about it at first, the matter was hushed up. However, the schooner was of course condemned in the mean time, as the Hebe's fair prize, till such time as the Admiralty Court at the Cape should settle it on our outward-bound voyage.

As the Hebe was to sail at once for India, the governor took the opportunity to send two or three supernumeraries out in the vessel along with us to the Cape of Good Hope, amongst whom was the Yankee botanist; and though, being in the frigate, I didn't see him, I made as sure as if I had it was my old shipmate Daniel.

Well, the morning came, when we weighed anchor from St James's Bay for sea, in company with the prize: it wasn't more than ten or eleven days since we had arrived in the *Podargus*, but I was as weary with the sight of St Helena as if I'd lived there a year. The frigate's lovely hull, and her taunt spars, spreading the square stretch of her white canvass sideways to the Trade, put new life into me: slowly as we dropped the peaks of the island on our lee-quarter, 'twas something to feel yourself travelling the same road as the *Indiaman* once more, with the odds of a mail coach, too, to a French diligence. What chance might turn up to bring us together, I certainly

didn't see; but that night, when we and the schooner were the only things in the horizon, both fast plunging, close-hauled, on a fresh breeze, at the distance of a mile, I set my mind, for the first time, more at ease. "Luck and the anchors stowed!" thought I, "and hang all forethoughts!" I walked the weather quarterdeck in my watch as pleasantly as might be, with now and then a glance forward at Snelling, as he yarned at the fire-rail beside a groggy old mate, and at times a glimmer of the schooner's hull on our lee-beam, rising wet out of the dusk, under charge of our third lieutenant.

It was about a week afterwards, and we began to have rough touches of Cape weather, pitching away on cross seas, and handing our 'gallant-sails oftener of a night, that Lord Frederick said to me one evening, before going down to his cabin, "Mr Collins, I really hope we shall not find your *Indiaman* at Cape Town, after all!" "Indeed, Lord Frederick!" said I, respectfully enough; but it was the very thing I hoped myself. "Yes, sir," continued he; "as I received strict injunctions by Admiral Plampin to arrest Lieutenant Westwood if we fell in with her there, and otherwise, to send the schooner in her track, even if it were to Bombay." "The deuce!" I thought, "are we never to be done with this infernal affair?" "'Tis excessively disagreeable," continued the Captain, swinging his gold eye-glass round his finger by the chain, as was his custom when bothered, and looking with one eye all the while at the schooner. "A beautiful craft, by the way, Mr Collins!" said he, "even within sight of the Hebe." "She is so, my lord," said I; "if she had only had a sensible boatswain, even, to put the sticks aloft in her." "I say, Mr Collins," went on his lordship, musingly, "I think I have it, though—the way to get rid of this scrape!"

I waited and waited, however, for Lord Frederick to mention this; and to no purpose, apparently, as he went below without saying a word more about it.

PALACE THEATRICALS.

A DAY-DREAM.

I NEVER heard, nor is it important, why my father, Major Von Degen, an old officer of the King's German Legion, resolved to have me educated in his native country, unvisited by him since boyhood, and supplanted in his affections, to all outward appearance, by the land he long had served and dwelt in, of whose daughters he had taken a wife, and in which he proposed to end his days. Be that as it may, at an early age I was sent from England to a town in the north of Germany, where I passed four years in the house of a worthy and kind-hearted professor, and which I quitted at the age of eighteen to proceed to the university of Heidelberg. For me, as for most young men, the gay, careless, light-hearted student-life, with its imaginary independence and fantastical privileges, its carouses of Rhenish wine and Bavarian beer, its harmless duels and mock-heroic festivals, at first had strong attractions. And when, after a certain number of joyously-kept terms and pleasant vacation rambles, university diversions began to pall, and I became a less constant attendant in the fencing hall and at the evening potations, I still was detained at Heidelberg—not by love of study, for to study, being destined to no profession, I little applied, but by the force of habit, by the charm of a delightful country, and, more particularly, by the agreeable society I found in a number of families resident in and around the town. Although but moderately attentive to the branches of learning usually pursued at a university, I was not altogether unmindful of my improvement. I busied myself with modern languages, exercised my pencil by sketching the surrounding scenery, and, above all, assiduously cultivated a tolerable talent for music. In this I was particularly successful. Enthusiastically fond of the art, gifted by nature with a good tenor voice, and having chanced upon an excellent instructor, I made rapid progress; and during the latter part of my residence at Heidelberg, no

musical party or amateur concert for miles around was deemed complete without me.

I left the university in my five-and-twentieth year, and, after passing another twelvemonth in a tour through southern Europe, I was upon my way to England, when I paused for a day in the village of Mauseloch, capital of the Duchy of Klein-Fleckenberg—an independent and sovereign state of which geographers make little mention, and historians still less, but which is known, at least by name, to most persons who have travelled through those pleasant districts of central Germany watered by the Rhine and its tributaries. Those ignorant of its existence, and curious of its whereabouts, will do well to consult the larger and more accurate maps of that country; upon which, greatly to the credit of the topographers, they will find it noted down, although its entire superficies is scarcely more extensive than that of the private park of more than one European monarch. Its population is perhaps equal to that of the Jews' quarter in Frankfort on the Maine, and its revenue would enable a private gentleman to live in tolerably good style in London or Paris. Its standing army, which, when seen upon parade, bears a strong resemblance to a sergeant's guard, greatly distinguished itself in the wars against Napoleon, sustained dreadful losses, and by its valour, as several patriotic Klein-Fleckenbergers have informed me, decided the fate of more than one hard-fought field. In most respects Klein-Fleckenberg differs so little from many other German principalities, duchies, landgraviates, &c. &c., that description is almost superfluous. In spring it is white with the blossoms of plum and pear, fruits which constitute no unimportant article of its consumption and commerce; it is celebrated for sour krant; its pigs yield the best of sausages; it has half a dozen corn-fields and a hop-ground, and also a mineral-spring, whose waters, although not sufficiently re-

nowned to attract strangers, annually work miraculous cures upon sickly natives. At the time I speak of, the reigning duke was Augustus IX., an amiable and easy-going prince, whose illustrious brows were more frequently bound with a velvet smoking-cap than with a golden diadem, and whose hand, in lieu of sceptre, usually carried a riding-whip, sometimes a fowling-piece. His mild sway was lightly borne by his loyal subjects, who failed not, each successive Sabbath, to pray for his welfare and preservation, and who, if they sometimes grumbled when called upon for the contributions destined to support his princely state, imputed blame only to the tax-gatherer, and never dreamed of attaching it to their benevolent and well-beloved sovereign.

The chapel of the ducal residence of Mauseloch was filled to the roof, when, upon a bright Sunday morning of the year 183—, I entered and looked around for a vacant seat. Not one was to seen. More than one good-natured burghess screwed himself, as I passed near him, into the smallest possible compass, to try to make room for me, but on that sultry autumn morning I had too great regard both for my own comfort and that of others, to avail myself of the scanty space thus courteously afforded. In the whole church there literally was not a sitting vacant, and several persons seemed, by their attitude, to have resigned themselves to stand out the service. I hesitated whether to do the same or to leave the church, when somebody touched my arm, and on looking round I saw the precentor beckoning to me, and pointing to an empty stool behind the singing-desk. Glad of the offer, I at once installed myself amongst the choristers.

The extraordinary concourse in the church was not owing, as I afterwards learned, to any unwonted pious fervour of the Klein Fleckenbergers, but to the presence—for the first time after a visit of some weeks to a brother potentate—of the reigning duke and his duchess, and of their daughter the Princess Theresa. From my seat in the choir, I had a full view of these distinguished personages. The duke was a sleek elderly gentleman, with at least as much *bonhomie* as dignity

in his bearing; his wife, with rather more of the starch of a petty German court, was yet a kindly-looking princess enough. But their daughter was a pearl of beauty. She seemed about twenty years of age, slender and graceful, with darker eyes and hair than are common amongst her countrywomen, and—but I shall not attempt to describe her. With all the advantages of ivory tablets and silken brushes, and the seven tints of the rainbow, it would need a cunning artist to do justice to her perfections; so it were absurd of me, a mere sketcher, with pen, paper, and an indifferent ink-bottle for sole materials, to attempt to portray them. I will therefore merely say, that with elegance of form and regularity and delicacy of feature, she combined the highest charm that grace and intelligence of expression can bestow. Fresh from the sunburnt shores of Italy, where I had basked at the foot of Vesuvius till my heart was as inflammable as tinder, I took fire at once. My eyes were riveted upon the peerless Theresa, when she chanced to look up. There was electricity in the glance. I was stricken on the spot; my heart was brought down like a snipe with a slug through his wing, and fell fluttering at its conqueror's feet. I know not how long I had gazed, when I was roused from my contemplation by a stir in the choir, and the choristers struck up a psalm to a fine old German air, in which I had often joined at concerts of Handel's and Haydn's splendid church music. Instinctively I took my accustomed part, and was scarcely conscious of doing so, until, after a few bars, I perceived myself the object of the choristers' curious attention, and saw the singer whose part I had taken cease to sing, either of his own accord or at a sign from the precentor. Certainly the viry quavering and unskilled execution of the Klein Fleckenberger tenor could not compete for an instant with a voice which was then in its mellow prime, and of very considerable power; without vanity, the substitution was for the better, and so apparently thought the congregation, for a cat's footfall might have been heard in the church, and all eyes were turned towards the

choir. Amongst them I particularly observed the beautiful hazel orbs of the Princess Theresa, which more than once fixed themselves upon me, so I fancied, as if she singled out my voice and distinguished it from the less cultivated vocalisation of my companions. The singing at an end, I observed her whisper the duke, who immediately cast a glance in my direction.

The service over, I hurried from the church, eager to catch a view of my divinity, on whose passage I stationed myself. Presently an open carriage, with high-pacing Mecklenberg horses and a bearded chasseur, rolled rapidly by, its occupants receiving on their passage the respectful greetings of the people. In my turn I took off my hat, and I could not but think there was a gleam of recognition in the beautiful Theresa's eyes as she gracefully bent in acknowledgment of my salutation. And when the carriage had passed me a few yards, the duke put his head out and looked back, but for whom or what the look was intended I could not decide, before a turn of the road hid the vehicle from my view.

The ragouts at the Fleckenberger Arms were not of such excellence as to induce me to linger over them, even if my appetite had not been somewhat destroyed by the feverish excitement in which the sight of the peerless Theresa had left me. The fact was, absurd as it may seem, that I had actually, and at first sight, allowed myself to fall violently in love with the charming and high-born German. I say absurd; because, although my father was of a good enough Brunswick family, and my mother, a rich English heiress, had brought him a rent-roll perhaps not much inferior to the combined civil list and private revenue of the dukes of Klein Fleckenberg, yet a princess is always a princess, whether her realm be wide as China or limited as Monaco, a hemisphere or a paddock; and I was well assured of the haughty astonishment with which Augustus IX. would not fail to repel the presumptuous advances of plain Charles von Degen. At the time, however, I did not stay to calculate all this, but yielded to the impulse of the moment.

I was sitting after dinner in the public room of the hotel, and planning a walk abroad in hopes of obtaining another glimpse of the lady of my thoughts, when I heard my name pronounced. The door was half open, and by a slight change of position I saw into the entrance-hall, where Herr Damfnudel, landlord of the Fleckenberger Arms, was exhibiting, to a stranger in a dapper brown coat and of smug and courtly aspect, the folio volume in which, according to German custom, each visitor to the hotel was expected to inscribe his name and calling, his whence-come and his whither-go. Presently the stranger entered the room and paced it twice in its entire length, whilst I sat at the table turning over a newspaper, in whose perusal I affected to be busied, but at the same time observing, by the aid of a friendly mirror, the appearance and movements of the stranger, to whom I was evidently an object of curiosity and examination. Presently he took up a paper, sat down at no great distance from me, offered me snuff, and glided into talk. Aided by tolerable familiarity with the ways and style of little German courts and courtiers, I soon made up my mind as to what he was. His manner, appearance, and tone of conversation convinced me he was in some way or other attached to the ducal residence, although I had difficulty in conjecturing his motive for trying to extract from me various particulars concerning myself and my country, and especially concerning the object of my visit to Mauseloch. He either did not possess, or thought it unnecessary to employ, any great amount of *finesse*, and I soon detected his drift. My pure German accent could have left him no doubt that in me he addressed a countryman; the hotel-book told him little besides my name, for I had inscribed myself as a *particular* or private gentleman, coming from the last town I had slept at, and proceeding to the next at which I proposed pausing on my journey homewards. Hope and vanity combined to flatter me with the belief that the chamberlain, or whatever else he was, acted merely as an agent in the affair; and, at any rate, I thought it wise to affect the mysterious, being sufficiently acquainted with optics to

know that a fog magnifies the objects it envelops. The stranger could make nothing of me. At times his sharp little grey eyes assumed an expression of doubt, and at others his manner had a tinge of deep respect that puzzled me not a little. At last he took his departure, and it was my turn to play the inquisitor. Calling for Herr Damfnudel, I preferred those two requests which no innkeeper was ever known to refuse—namely, a bottle of his best wine, and his company to drink it. The generous juice of the Rhine grape speedily oiled the hinges of his tongue; and at the very first assault, by speaking of the stranger as the *Kammerherr* or chamberlain, I ascertained that he really held a somewhat similar post in the duke's household. Before the bottle, of which I took care my host should drink the greater part, was quite empty, I had learned all that the worthy Damfnudel knew. This amounted to no great deal. The duke's gentleman had been inquisitive as to who I was, had inspected the book, had inquired if I had a servant, and had seemed disappointed at finding I was quite alone, and that the innkeeper could tell him little or nothing about me. Damfnudel was much inclined to believe, indeed had heard it rumoured in the town, that an important personage was expected at the castle, whom it was thought possible might be standing in my boots under the assumed name of Charles von Degen. Flattering as was the implied compliment to the aristocratic distinction of my appearance, I nevertheless repudiated the incognito, declared myself to be no other than I seemed, and begged Damfnudel to treat me and charge me as an ordinary traveller, and by no means as a prince, ambassador, or field-marshal, or other great dignitary. Dumfnudel, however, was of opinion that in these times so many real and ex-potentates travel incognito, that it is impossible to say who is who, and that a prudent innkeeper must consequently suspect all his guests of high rank until the contrary be proven, and charge accordingly.

Although I most perseveringly perambulated Mauseloch and its vicinity, I saw nothing more that day of the too fascinating Theresa. I ascertained, however, that the follow-

ing morning was fixed for a grand shooting party in the ducal preserves, and that there I might confidently expect to obtain a view of my enchantress. Accordingly, at an early hour I mingled with the sportsmen and idlers who were thronging to the scene of action, and had not very long to wait before the party from the castle drove through the park gates. At first I had no eyes but for the lovely Theresa, who stepped lightly from her carriage, more beautiful than ever, her sweet face and graceful form shown to the utmost advantage by a closely-fitted hunting dress, in which she might have been taken for the queen of the Amazons, or for Cynthia herself newly descended from Olympus to hunt a boar in Klein Fleckenberg. Bright was her glance, gay and graceful her smile, as she alighted on the turf whose blades her fairy foot scarce bent. There was a murmur of admiration amongst the bystanders as she bowed cheerfully and kindly around, and again I thought her eye rested half a second's space on me, as I stood a little in the background, in the shadow of the trees. The duke and duchess were with her, and the three were attended by their little court, amongst whose members I recognised my inquisitive friend of the previous day.

The kind of park in which the battue was to take place, was a romantic tract of forest land, veined and dotted with rows and clusters of trees, abounding in excellent cover, and interspersed with grassy glades and lawns, whose delightful freshness was preserved by the meanderings of two rivulets, feeders of a neighbouring river, which flowed shallow and rapid over beds of white sand, and between banks gorgeous with wild flowers. The sport began. There was no lack of beaters. Besides a certain number of peasants, whose duty it was to attend when their lord went a-hunting, half the idlers of the duchy were at hand, eager to volunteer their services; and soon began a shouting and clamour, a thrashing of bushes and rummaging of brushwood, which drove the terrified game headlong from form and harbour, across the open ground, in full view and under the muzzles of

the sportsmen. Loud then rang rifle and fowling-piece, and cheerily clanged the horns, arousing the echoes of the woods, and reverberated back from the clefts and ravines of the neighbouring mountains, whilst the lusty cries of German woodcraft were on every side repeated. So gay and inspiring was the scene, that for a moment it had almost diverted my thoughts from Theresa, when I was suddenly accosted by my friend the Spy. With a low bow he offered me a double-barrelled gun and a hunting-knife. "His highness," he said, in a tone of the utmost ceremony and respect, "was far from seeking to dispel the strict incognito I thought fit to maintain, but he trusted I would be pleased to take post, and share in the sports of the day." Having said thus much, he made another profound bow, wished me good sport, then bowed again, and retreated, leaving me so astonished and perplexed, that I was scarce able to reply to his civility, and to stammer out something about "a mistake under which his highness laboured," words which elicited only a bland and respectful smile, and another obeisance deeper than before. I was utterly confounded; puzzled and anxious to see how the mistake, of which I was evidently the subject, would ultimately be cleared up; whilst at the same time I could not help caressing a sweet presentiment that the misapprehension of the court would afford me opportunity of nearer acquaintance with the princess. Before these thoughts had passed through my mind, the gun was in my grasp, the hunting-knife by my side, and I was alone and without choice but to stand like an advanced sentry in the open ground, or to take post in the line of sportsmen stationed around the skirt of an adjacent cover. I chose the latter; but truly neither hare nor roebuck had much to fear from me. I had been too recently shot through the heart myself to be a very formidable foe to the startled creatures that scampered and scudded in all directions. I had made but slight addition to the stock of venison, when an end was put to this part of the day's sport, and a respite given to the smaller game by the appear-

ance of a huge wild boar. The bristly monarch of the German forest had been tracked and driven upon a previous day into a *sau-garten*, an enclosure allotted for the purpose, and was now let out into the duke's chase. With eyes inflamed with fury, bristles erect, and white tusks protruding from under the blood-red wrinkles of his lip, he now dashed along, pursued by a few stanch mastiffs, more than one of which, when pressing too closely on the monster, atoned for his temerity with his life. Thus escorted, the fierce animal came careering down a long green alley, when one of the duke's counsellors, seized suddenly with a perilous ardour, brandished a boar-spear, planted himself in the middle of the path, and awaited the onset. In appearance he was not much of a Nimrod, being chiefly remarkable for the shortness of his legs and rotundity of his body, which seemed but ill at ease in a tight green hunting-coat, whilst the picturesque low-crowned hat and bunch of cock's feathers sat oddly enough above a jolly rubicund visage that might have belonged to Falstaff himself. The comical twinkle in his eye, which seemed to indicate his vocation to be that of court-jester in the drawing-room, rather than court-champion in the hunting-field, was quenched and replaced by a stare of visible uneasiness as the wild pig came bowling along, squinting ominously at him from under its shaggy eyebrows, and evidently wondering what manner of man thus rashly awaited its formidable charge. The worthy privy counsellor already puffed and perspired with his exertions, but still he manfully stood his ground, and, greeting his antagonist with the customary defiant cry of *Hui Sau!* he lowered his broad, keen spear-point, and prepared for a deadly thrust. But the dangerous contest required a firmer and prompter hand than his. Evading the weapon, the boar darted forward, thrust himself between the legs of the portly sportsman, and, without injuring him, carried him fairly off, astride upon his back. At this moment a *char-à-banc*, containing the duchess, the Princess Theresa, and two other ladies, and escorted by the

duke and some gentlemen on horse-back, drove out of a cross-road, and the cavalcade obtained a full view of the scene. The piteous mien of the fat counsellor astride upon the pig, whose curly tail he grasped with a vehemence that augmented the indignation of the furious animal, was irresistibly ludicrous. There was a peal of laughter from the spectators, the duke swayed to and fro in his saddle with excess of mirth, and even the ladies caught the contagion. The joke, however, became serious earnest when the boar, by a sudden wriggle of his unclean body, shook off the counsellor, and turned upon him with the evident purpose of ripping his rotundity with his dangerous tusks. This occurred within a few steps of where I stood, and at the moment that the mirth of the spectators was exchanged for cries of anxious horror, and when the swine's ivory seemed already fumbling the ribs of the fallen man, I sprang forward and drove my *couteau de chasse* deep into the shoulder of the grunting savage. The next moment, a well-directed and powerful thrust from a huntsman's boar-spear laid the brute expiring upon the ground, cheek by jowl with the luckless sportsman who had so nearly been its victim. Bewildered by his fall, and panting with terror, the corpulent courtier, when set upon his legs by the huntsman, at first seemed in doubt whether the blood that sprinkled his smart hunting-dress belonged to himself or the pig. Satisfied upon this point, he picked up his crushed castor, and, without replacing it on his head, turned to me, with an air of profound respect. "Gracious sir," he said, bowing to the ground, "I am doubly fortunate in being rescued by so illustrious a hand from so imminent a danger." I at first thought the man was playing the buffoon by addressing me in this style, which had been more appropriate to a prince than to an unpretending commoner like myself, and I scanned his features sharply, but their sole expression was one of satisfaction at his deliverance, and of obsequious gratitude to his deliverer. Before I could frame a disclaimer of the honour thrust upon me, we were surrounded by the court.

In a tone of mingled cordiality and circumspection, the duke paid me a compliment on the prompt aid afforded to his trusty friend and counsellor, upon whom he then opened a smart fire of good-humoured sarcasms, which, as in duty bound, his snite heartily laughed at and applauded. His wit was lost upon me, engrossed as I was by the presence of the lovely Theresa; who, encouraged by her father's example, smiled approvingly, and addressed to me a few obliging words, whilst a blush mantled her beauteous cheek. Then the *char-à-banc* drove on, accompanied by the horsemen, and I remained as one entranced, her silver tones yet ringing in my ear, her sweet and graceful smile still shedding sunshine around me. I had not yet recovered full possession of my senses, scattered and confused by the quick succession of events, and the curious dilemma in which I found myself, when one of the duke's grooms led up a saddle-horse, and respectfully held the stirrup for me to mount. I began to be resigned to the sort of *equivogue* in which I was entangled, and, somewhat tired by the exertions of the morning, I willingly availed myself of the proffered steed. At the door of the hotel I gave the animal up to my attendant, with a *douceur* whose liberality may certainly have contributed to maintain a belief of my being a more important personage than I seemed. My appearance on a horse of the duke's, and attended by one of his grooms, produced a great and manifest impression upon Herr Damfnudel, who treated me with redoubled respect, and, I have little doubt, augmented my score in the same proportion.

Left to solitude and reflection, after the bustle and excitement of the morning, a certain uneasiness took possession of me. Hurried along by a stream of odd but agreeable incidents, I had as yet lacked time to weigh the possible consequences. I almost wished I had kept in the background, and contented myself with sighing at a hopeless distance for the amiable Theresa, instead of accepting proffered attentions, and so passively encouraging the error into which the duke and his family had evidently

run. I felt that I was in some degree an impostor, unless I at once broke down the blunder by declaring who I was. On the other hand, I could not make up my mind thus rudely to alter a state of things which I had not brought about, for which I consequently was not to blame, and which, I plainly saw, was likely to afford me opportunities of interviews, and even of intimacy, with her by whom my thoughts were now entirely engrossed. Another course was certainly open to me, namely, instant departure; but to this I had great difficulty in making up my mind. My perplexities haunted me in my dreams, and the next morning found me in the same state of painful indecision, when a letter weighed down the scale of inclination, and made prudence kick the beam. It was brought me by a servant in the duke's livery, and written in courtly French by the marshal of his household. I had betrayed, it said, so charming a musical talent, that I must not feel surprised at the inference that my dramatic abilities were equally remarkable. To celebrate the birthday of his highness the duke, the court proposed getting up Kotzebue's play of the *Love Child*, and it was earnestly hoped I would not refuse to take the part of Ehrmann, which was accordingly enclosed. There was to be a rehearsal that evening at the palace.

This tempting invitation swept away my uncertainties like cobwebs. My theatrical experience little exceeded a few acted charades, but I had always been a great playgoer, and had long frequented a school of elocution, where I had acquired readiness of delivery, and the habit of speaking before a numerous audience. So I doubted not of making at least a respectable appearance upon the boards of the palace theatre. I had no reason to complain of the part assigned to me, for it was to be rewarded upon the stage with the hand of a beautiful baroness. Like more than one pious congregation, I thought the Klein-Fleckenbergers were in distress for a good parson, and doubtless I might pass muster as a tolerable one. It was no small stimulus to me to accept the part and do my best, that I should thereby be giving pleasure to her

who I felt assured would be at once the most illustrious and the most lovely of my audience. And since the court persisted in discerning in me, an undisguised and unassuming private gentleman, a distinguished Incognito, whose mask, however, it carefully abstained from plucking off, I made up my mind there was no harm in letting the mistake go a stage further.

Kotzebue's agreeable play of the *Love Child* (*Das Kind der Liebe*) has, I think, appeared in an English dress, and will be known to many. I need here refer but to a small portion of the plot. Baron Wildenhain, a wealthy nobleman, destines the hand of his beautiful and artless daughter, Amelia, to Count Von der Mulde, a Frenchified German and empty coxcomb, but in other respects an advantageous match. Unwilling, however, to bestow her hand upon one to whom she may be unable to give her heart, he commissions Ehrmann, a clergyman, who has been her tutor, to ascertain her feelings towards the count, and to warn her against accepting him as a companion for life if she is unable to love and esteem him. Ehrmann, who has long been secretly attached to Amelia, but has scrupulously concealed his passion, magnanimously accepts the difficult and delicate mission; but whilst accomplishing it, and explaining to his former pupil the indispensable conditions of conjugal happiness, he is at once surprised, pained, and overjoyed by her *sincere* confession that the sentiments of esteem and affection he tells her she ought to entertain towards her future husband, are exactly those she experiences for himself. This scene is skilfully managed, and a happy *dénouement* is brought about by the baron's preferring his daughter's happiness to his own pride, and giving her to the humbly-born but accomplished and virtuous minister.

By assiduous application during the whole of that day, I knew my part pretty well when the hour of rehearsal came. On reaching the palace, I was conducted to one of the wings, where a small but very complete theatre was fitted up. The marshal of the household, who received me with the most courteous attention, played Baron Wildenhain; his lady was Wilhelmina.

Bottger; the humorous part of the butler was worthily filled by my boar-hunting friend of the previous day. The other male characters had all found very tolerable representatives, with the exception of the important one of Count Von der Mulde, which was taken by a young secretary who had scarcely set foot over the boundary of the duchy, and who, strive as he might, was but a tame and inefficient representative of the mincing Frenchified fop. The morrow being the duke's birthday, there was time but for this one rehearsal, which was therefore to be gone through in full dress. A costume awaited me, and I flattered myself I made a most reverend and imposing appearance in my priestly sables. My next concern was to know who took the character of the baron's daughter, the sprightly and innocent Amelia, with whom my own part was so closely linked. I conjectured it would be the marshal's daughter, but did not choose to ask. Great indeed was my surprise when, in the second act, the Princess Theresa made her entrance in a morning dress of exquisite elegance and freshness, and, in the character of Amelia, tripped and prattled, with natural and enchanting grace, through the scene where the baron sounds his daughter respecting Count Von der Mulde. With lightning swiftness the tender scenes I should have to play with her flashed across my memory, and drove every drop of blood to my heart. It was fortunate I was not then required on the stage, for I should have been unable to remember or utter a word. During that and the following scene, however, I had time to recover my composure; and when I at last went on for an interview with the father, I quickly glided into the spirit of my part, and acquitted myself well enough. Soon I found myself alone on the stage with Amelia, with the task set me to expose and explain to her the joys and sorrows of wedlock, and then her admirable acting and my feelings towards her converted the dramatic fiction into gravest reality—so far, at least, as I was concerned. When she so innocently and artlessly confessed her love, when she placed her hand in mine to move me to an avowal of affection, when I felt the pressure of

her delicate fingers, it was all I could do to adhere to the letter of my part, and not avow in earnest the passion I was to appear to repress and conceal. With what seductive simplicity did she deliver the passage, "Long have I wondered what made my heart so full; but now I know; 'tis here!" And as she spoke, her bosom rose and fell beneath its covering of snow-white muslin. "Lady!" I exclaimed, and never were words more heartfelt, "you have destroyed my peace of mind for ever!"

It was with feelings approaching to rapture that I observed how completely the princess identified herself with her part. More than once I saw tears of sensibility suffuse her eyes. Her admirable performance elicited from the other actors applause too hearty and cordial to be the mere tribute of courtly adulation. And the scene in which Amelia, pretending to seek a needle beside her father's chair, throws herself suddenly on his neck, and passionately implores his consent, took the hearts of all present by storm. As for mine, it had long since surrendered at discretion.

The better to adapt it to the means and circumstances of a private theatre, the play had been a good deal cut and altered. The scene in which the fortunate Ehrmann obtains the hand of Amelia had been somewhat toned down, in consideration for the rank of the actress; and the embrace and kiss had been struck out. But, as it often happens that one involuntarily does the very thing that should be avoided, so, when Baron Wildenhain said, "I am indeed deeply in your debt: Milly, will you pay him for me?" she adhered to the uncurtailed version, let herself fall upon my arm, and exclaimed, with tender emotion, as my lips pressed her cheek, "Ah, what joy is this!" That thrill of felicity could not be surpassed. Immense was the happiness concentrated in that one brief moment. How incredulously should I have listened had I been told, twenty-four hours previously, that I so soon was to press that angel to my breast, and feel upon my arm the quick throbbings of her heart!

The rehearsal over, I was divesting myself of my clerical robe, when the

princess passed near me, accompanied by the marshal's lady.

"Dear Mr Ehrmann!" she said, "surely we soon shall see you doff another disguise?"

"Gracious princess," I was forced to reply, "unhappily I am and must ever remain what I now appear."

With a half-incredulous, half-mournful look she passed on, and left the theatre.

On returning to the hotel, I found there had been an arrival during my absence. A gentleman, mounted on a fine horse, and attended by a servant, had alighted about an hour previously at the Fleckenberger Arms, and was now seated in the coffee-room at supper. The stranger, a young man of agreeable exterior and remarkably well-bred air, had already heard of the private theatricals in preparation at the palace, and doubtless the loquacious Damfnudel had also informed him I was one of the performers; for scarcely had we exchanged a few of those commonplace remarks with which travellers at an hotel usually commence acquaintance, when, with an air of lively interest, he began to question me on the subject. I told him what the play was, described the arrangement of the theatre and the distribution of the parts, and added some remarks on the comparative merits of the performers, the least effective of whom, I observed, was the young secretary, who took the prominent and difficult character of Count Von der Mulde. There was something so encouraging to confidence in the frank and pleasing manner of the stranger, that before we retired to bed, after a pretty long sitting over our cigars, I narrated to him the curious chain of trifling circumstances that had led to my sharing in the projected performance, and did not even conceal that the inmates of the palace evidently took me for some great personage travelling incognito. I said little about the Princess Theresa, and nothing at all of the romantic passion with which she had inspired me. The stranger was vastly diverted at the whole affair; and declared me perfectly justified in yielding to the gentle violence done me, and profiting for my amusement by the harmless misapprehension. He then told me

that he himself was a great lover of theatricals, and that he should like exceedingly to share in the performance at the palace; and, if possible, to take the part of Count Von der Mulde, in which he had frequently been applauded in his own country. He was a Livonian baron, who had been much at Paris; and I made no doubt that he really would perform the Gallomaniac fop extremely well, the more so that he himself was a little Frenchified in his manner. And I felt sure the general effect of the performance would be greatly heightened if a practised actor replaced the present unskilled representative of Von der Mulde. It was out of the question for me to think of proposing or presenting him, when my own footing was so precarious; but I informed him that the whole management was vested in the marshal of the duke's household—an affable and amiable person, by whom, if he could obtain the slightest introduction, I thought his aid would gladly be accepted. My Livonian friend mused a little; thought it possible he might get presented to the marshal; fancied he had formerly known a cousin of his at Paris; would think over it, and see in the morning what could be done. Thereupon we parted for the night.

I passed the whole of the next morning studying my part, and it was afternoon before I again met the accomplished stranger. With a pleasant smile, and easy, self-satisfied air, he told me he had settled everything, and should have the honour of appearing that evening as my unsuccessful rival for the hand of the fair Amelia Wildenhain. He had procured an introduction to the marshal, (he did not say through whom,) and that nobleman, delighted to recruit an efficient actor in lieu of a stop-gap, had proposed calling a morning rehearsal; but this the new representative of Von der Mulde declared to be quite unnecessary. He was perfectly familiar with the part, and undertook not to miss a word.

The hour of performance came. The little theatre was thronged with Klein-Fleckenbergers, noble and gentle, from country and town. The duke and duchess made their appearance, and were greeted by a flourish

of trumpets, whilst the audience rose in a body to welcome them. Count Von der Mulde dressed at the hotel, and did not appear in the greenroom till towards the close of that portion of the play in which he had nothing to do. In the fifth scene of the second act he made his entrance, and almost embarrassed Wildenhain and Amelia by the great spirit and naturalness of his acting. Kotzebue himself can hardly have conceived the part more vividly and characteristically than the stranger rendered it.

"I have scarcely recovered myself yet, dear Mr Ehrmann," said the Princess Theresa to me, between the acts. "The count quite frightened me. I could not help fancying it was the real Von der Mulde."

The completeness of the illusion was undeniable. The jests of the portly boar-hunter, in the part of the butler, passed unperceived, amidst the admiration excited by the count, who bewailed the pomatum-pot, forgotten by his servant, as though it were his best friend he had been compelled to leave behind, and whose eyes actually glistened with tears as he whined forth his apprehensions that unsavoury German mice would devour the most delicate perfume France had ever produced. The question passed round, amongst actors and audience, who this admirable performer was, and the duke himself sent behind the scenes to make the inquiry. "A Livonian gentleman," was the reply, "who would shortly have the honour to pay his respects to his highness."

The play proceeded, and if the rehearsal had had circumstances peculiarly gratifying to me as an individual, as an amateur of art I could not withhold my warmest approbation from this day's performance. The admirable tact and delicacy of the princess's acting, combined with the utter absence of stage-trick and conventionality, gave an unusual and extraordinary charm to her personation of a part that is by no means easy. The honours of the evening were for her and the count, and with justice, for few of the many German theatres I had visited could boast of such able and tasteful actors. Between the acts, the marshal's lady took her jestingly to task, and asked

her whether, if the play were reality, she should not be disposed, without disparagement to me, to admit that the count was no despicable or unlikely wooer? "To her thinking," the princess replied, "our merits in real life might very well bear about the same relative proportion as those of the characters we assumed, and, for her part, she preferred her amiable and gentle tutor." Then perceiving, as she finished speaking, that I was within hearing, she turned away with a blush and a smile, that seemed to me like an opening of the gates of Elysium. Upon this occasion, however, the embracing scene was gone through according to the corrected version—that is to say, with the embrace omitted—but my vanity consoled me by attaching so much the greater price to the deviation that had been made in my favour upon the preceding evening. In short, I gave myself up to the enchantment of the hour: I was, or fancied myself, desperately in love; visions of felicity flitted through my brain to the exclusion of matter-of-fact reflections; I had dreamed myself into an impossible Paradise, whence it would take no slight shock to expel me. One awaited me, sufficiently violent to dissipate in a second the whole air-built fabric.

The performance was drawing to a close, when a sudden commotion arose behind the scenes, and cries of alarm were uttered. The flaring of a lamp, fixed in one of the narrow wings, had set fire to the elaborate frills and floating frippery that decorated the coxoombical costume of Count Von der Mulde. His servant, a simple fellow, who had attended him to the theatre, was ludicrously terrified at seeing his master in a blaze. "Water!" he shouted, at the top of his lungs. "Water! water! the Prince of Schnapselzerhausen is on fire!"

And, snatching up a crystal jug of water that stood at hand, he dashed it over his master, successfully quenching the burning muslin, but, at the same time, drenching him from head to foot. His exclamation had attracted universal attention.

"The Prince of Schnapselzerhausen!" repeated fifty voices.

"Blockhead!" exclaimed the stranger.

"Count Von der Mulde, I mean!" cried the bewildered servant. "Well," he added, seeing that none heeded his correction, "the murder is out; but it was better to tell his name than let him burn."

The murder was out, indeed. With much ado the scene was played to an end, and the curtain fell. Every one crowded round the singed and dripping Von der Mulde. The princess, instead of greeting in him the son of the reigning Prince of Schnapselzerhausen, her destined bridegroom, seemed bewildered and almost shocked at the discovery, and was carried fainting from the theatre. The prince was hurried away by his future father-in-law, whilst I, with my brain in a whirl, betook myself to my inn.

After a feverish and sleepless night, I fell at daybreak into a slumber, which lasted till late in the day. On getting out of bed, with the sun high in the sky, and before I was well awake, I began, almost unconsciously, to pack my portmanteau. The instinct was a true one; evidently I had now nothing to stay for in Klein-Fleckenberg. I rang for the waiter, and bade him secure me a place in that day's *cil-wagen*. I was not yet dressed, when a servant brought me a letter and a small packet. I opened the former first. It was from the Countess Von P——, the wife of the marshal of the household. Its contents were as follows:—

"Rev. Mr Ehrmann—I thus address you because it is in that character we shall longest remember you. You are entitled to an explanation of certain circumstances and overtures concerning whose origin the appearance of his highness the Prince of Schnapselzerhausen will already have partly enlightened you.

"The description given us of the prince in the last letter of our confidential correspondent at his father's court—in which letter his musical skill and love of dramatic performances were particularly referred to—coincided, as did also the probable time of his arrival here, so closely with your appearance, that, when the real prince presented himself, under the assumed name of a Livonian gentleman, we were far from suspecting who he really was.

"I am commissioned to thank you, in the joint names of the Princess Theresa and her illustrious parents, for your excellent performance in yesterday's play. The princess, who is suffering from indisposition, brought on by the alarm of fire and subsequent surprise, requests your acceptance of the accompanying trinket as a slight token of her esteem."

The trinket was a gold ring, with the initial T. in brilliants. I pressed it to my lips, and I know not why I should be ashamed to confess that my eyes grew dim as I gazed upon it. I had had a vain but happy dream, and the moment of awakening was painful. An hour later I crossed for the last time the frontier of the pleasant little duchy.

The *Gotha Almanack* supplies the date of the marriage of the Princess Theresa of Klein-Fleckenberg with the son of the reigning Prince of Schnapselzerhausen. It also records a series of subsequent events which would induce many to believe in the conjugal felicity of the illustrious pair;—the birth, namely, of half a dozen little Schnapselzerhausens. That the second-born is christened Charles, may be ascribed by the world to caprice, accident, or a god-father: my vanity explains it otherwise.

THE QUAKER'S LAMENT.

[THE subject of the following poem will best be gathered from the entry in the notice-sheet of the House of Commons of 7th May last. We do not disguise our delight at finding that Mr Bright is about to take up the cause of protection in any portion of Her Majesty's dominions; and although his sympathies seem to have been awakened at a considerable distance from the metropolis, we are not without hope that the tide will set in, decidedly and strongly, towards the point where it is most especially needed. It is, at all events, refreshing to know that the Ryots of India have secured the services of so powerful and determined a champion, who has now ample leisure, owing to the general dulness of trade, to do every justice to their cause.

"MR BRIGHT,—That an humble Address be presented to her Majesty, praying her Majesty to appoint a commission to proceed to India, to inquire into the obstacles which prevent an increased growth of cotton in that country, and to report upon any circumstances which may injuriously affect the economical and industrial condition of the native population, being cultivators of the soil within the presidencies of Bombay and Madras. *Tuesday 14th May.*"]

I.

ALL the mills were closed in Rochdale,
Shut the heavy factory door;
Old and young had leave to wander,
There was work for them no more.
In the long deserted chambers
Idly stood the luckless loom,
Silent rose the ghastly chimney
Guiltless of its former fume.

II.

Near a brook that leaped rejoicing,
Freed once more from filthy dye,
Dancing in the smokeless sunlight,
Babbling as it wandered bye—
Walked a middle-aged Free-trader,
Forwards, backwards, like a crab:
And his brow was clothed with sorrow,
And his nether-man with drab.

III.

Chewing cud of bitter fancies,
Dreaming of the by-gone time,
Sauntered there the downcast Quaker
Till he heard the curfew chime.
Then a hollow laugh escaped him:
"Let the fellows have their will—
With a dwindling crop of cotton,
They may ask a Five-hours Bill!

IV.

"Side by side I've stood with Cobden,
Roared with him for many a year,
And our only theme was cheapness,
And we swore that bread was dear;
And we made a proclamation
Touching larger pots of beer,
Till the people hoarsely answered
With a wild approving cheer.

V.

" Did we not denounce the landlords
As a ravening locust crew ?
Did we not revile the yeomen,
And the rough-shod peasants too ?
Clodpoles, louts, and beasts of burden,
Asses, dolts, and senseless swine—
These were our familiar phrases
In the days of auld-langsyne.

VI.

" And at length we gained the battle :
Oh, how proudly did I feel,
When the praise was all accorded
To my brother chief by Peel !
But I did not feel so proudly
At the settling of the fee—
Cobden got some sixty thousand—
Not a stiver came to me !

VII.

" Well, they *might* have halved the money—
Yet I know not—who cares ?
After all, the free disposal
Of the gather'd fund was theirs :
And it is some consolation
In this posture of affairs,
To reflect that 'twas invested
In the shape of railway shares !

VIII.

" O, away, ye pangs of envy !
Wherefore dwell on such a theme,
Since a second grand subscription
Is, I know, a baseless dream ?
Haunt me not with flimsy fancies—
Soul, that should be great and free !
Yet—they gave him sixty thousand,
Not a pennypiece to me !

IX.

" But I threw my spirit forwards,
As an eagle cleaves the sky,
Glaring at the far horizon
With a clear unflinching eye.
Visions of transcendent brightness
Rose before my fancy still,
And the comely earth seemed girdled
With a zone from Rochdale Mill.

X.

" And I saw the ports all opened,
Every harbour free from toll :
Countless myriads craving shirtings
From the Indies to the pole.
Lapland's hordes inspecting cotton,
With a spermaceti smile,
And Timbuctoo's tribes demanding
Bright's ' domestics ' by the mile !

XI.

" O the bliss, the joy Elysian !
O the glory ! O the gain !
Never, sure, did such a vision
Burst upon the poet's brain !
Angel voices were proclaiming
That the course of trade was free,
And the merchants of the Indies
Bowed their stately heads to me !

XII.

" Out, alas ! my calculation
Was, I know, too quickly made ;
Even sunlight casts a shadow,
There is gloom in briskest trade.
I forgot one little item—
Though the fact of course I knew,
For I never had considered
Where it was that cotton grew.

XIII.

" Wherefore in this northern valley,
Where the ploughshare tears the sod,
Spring not up spontaneous bushes
Laden with the precious pod ?
What an Eden were this island,
If beside the chimney-stalk
Raw material might be gathered,
Freely of an evening walk !

XIV.

" But alas, we cannot do it.
And the Yankee—fiends confound him !—
Grins upon us, o'er the ocean,
With his bursting groves around him.
And these good-for-nothing Negroes
Are so very slow at hoeing,
That their last supply of cotton
Will not keep our mills a-going.

XV.

" Also, spits of Cobden's speeches
Made in every foreign land,
Which, 'tis true, the beastly natives
Did not wholly understand,
Hostile tariffs still are rising,
Duties laid on twist and twine ;
And the wild pragmatic Germans
Hail with shouts their Zollverein.

XVI.

" They, like madmen, seem to fancy
That a nation, to be great,
Should as surely shield the workman
As the highest in the state :
And they'd rather raise their taxes
From the fruits of foreign labour,
Than permit, as nature dictates,
Each man to devour his neighbour.

XVII.

" So my golden dreams have vanished,
 All my hopes of gain are lost ;
 Fresh accounts of glutted markets
 Come with each successive post.
 And I hear the clodpoles mutter
 As they pass me in the street,
 That they can't afford to purchase,
 At the present rate of wheat.

XVIII.

" Well, I care not—'tis no matter !
 My machines won't eat me up ;
 And the people on the poor-rates
 Have my perfect leave to sup.
 Let the land provide subsistence
 For the children of the soil,
 I am forced to feed my engines
 With a daily cruise of oil.

XXI.

" Ha ! a bright idea strikes me !
 'Tis the very thing, huzzay !
 I have somewhere heard that cotton
 May be cultured in Bombay.
 Zooks ! it is a splendid notion !
 Dicky Cobden is an ass.
 Wherefore should we pay the Yankees
 Whilst Great Britain holds Madras ?

XX.

" Cotton would again be cultured
 If, with a benignant hand,
 Fair protection were afforded
 To the tillers of the land.
 'Tis a sin and shame, we know not
 Where our real riches lie ;
 Yes ! they *shall* have just protection,
 Else I'll know the reason why.

XXI.

" Surely some obscene oppression,
 Weighs the natives' labour down,
 Or their energies are palsied
 By a tyrant master's frown.
 To my heart the blood is gushing—
 Righteous tears bedew my cheek—
 Parliament shall know their burdens,
 Ere I'm older by a week !

XXII.

" Ha ! those fine devoted fellows !
 'Twere a black and burning shame,
 If we let the Yankees swamp them
 In their mean exclusive game.
 I have always held the doctrine,
 Since my public life begun,
 That it was our bounden duty
 To take care of Number One.

XXIII.

"What!—allow the faithful Indian
To be crushed in cotton-growing?
O forbid it, truthful Wilson!
O refuse it, saintly Owen!
Have their claims been disregarded?
There is life within a mussel;
And I've got a kind of bridle
On the neck of Johnny Russell.

XXIV.

"I shall move a special motion,
Touching this o'erlooked affair:
El-Dorado would be nothing
To the wealth that waits us there.
Let us get a fair protection
For our native Indian niggers,
And, I think, the Rochdale mill-book
Would display some startling figures!

XXV.

"Ha! I've got another notion!
Things are rather dull at home,
And I feel no fixed objection,
In my country's cause to roam.
It is needful that some cautious
Hand should undertake the task,
Hum—there *must* be a commission—
Well—I've only got to ask.

XXVI.

"They'll be rather glad to spare me,
In their present precious fix:
Charley Wood is somewhat shakey
With his recent dodge on bricks.
Palmerston's in hottest water,
What with France, and what with Greece;
As for little Juggling Johnny
He'll pay anything for peace.

XXVII.

"Faith, I'll do it! were it only
As a most conclusive trick,
And a hint unto our fellows
That I'm quite as good as Dick.
Hang him! since he's made orations,
In a sort of mongrel French,
One would think he's almost equal
To Lord Campbell on the bench.

XXVIII.

"Time it is our course were severed;
I'm for broad distinctions now.
Since my mills are fairly stoppaged,
At another shrine I bow.
Send me only out to India
On this patriotic scheme,
And I'll show them how protection
Is a fact, and not a dream."

THE GREAT PROTECTION MEETING IN LONDON.

WE have considered it our duty to record in a permanent form the proceedings of the most important meeting which has been held in Britain, since Sir Robert Peel deliberately renounced that policy of which he was once the plighted champion. Not many months have elapsed since the Free-traders were wont to aver, with undaunted effrontery, that all idea of a return to the principles of Protection to native industry was eradicated from the minds of the British public; that, saving some elderly peers and a few bigoted enthusiasts like ourselves, no sane man would attempt to overturn a system which placed the untaxed foreigner on a level with the home-producer; and that cheapness, superinduced by exorbitant competition, was in reality the greatest blessing which could be vouchsafed to an industrious people. The great measure of the age, originally propounded as an experiment, was eagerly assumed as a fact; and we were told, for the first time in British history, that legislation, however faulty it might prove, was to be regarded as a thing irrevocable.

It was, however, rather remarkable that, whilst making these broad assertions, the Free-traders manifested a distinct uneasiness as to the working of their favourite scheme. If the measures which they advocated and carried were indeed final, there was surely no need for the bluster which was repeated, week after week, and day after day, from platform and from hustings, in Parliament and out of it, in pamphlet, broad-sheet, and review. If no considerable party cared about Protection, and still less meditated a vigorous effort for its revival, why should Mr Cobden and his brother demagogues have uselessly committed themselves by threatening, in so many words, to shake society to its centre, and overturn the constitution of the realm? Men never resort to threats, when they deem themselves positively secure. Such language was, to say the least of it, injudicious; since it was calculated to create an impression, especially among the

waverers, that the temple of Free Trade, (which, by the way, is to be roofed in next year,) might after all have its foundation on a quicksand, instead of being firmly established on the solid stratum of the rock.

No charge can be made against the country party, that they have precipitately commenced their movement. On the contrary, we believe it would be impossible to find an instance of a vast body of men betrayed by their appointed leader; aggrieved by a course of legislation which they could not prevent, since a direct appeal to the suffrages of the nation was denied; injured in their property; and taunted for their apathy even by their opponents—yet submitting so long and so patiently to the operation of a cruel law which day by day was forcing them onwards to the brink of ruin. The practical working of the withdrawal of agricultural protection dates from February 1849, when that event was inaugurated by a Manchester ovation. In April the price of wheat had fallen to about 44s.—in December it was below 40s.; and then, and not till then, was the spirit of the people fairly and thoroughly aroused. We need not here advert to the foolish and deplorable trash put forward by the political economists in defence of a system of cheapness, caused by an unnatural depreciation of the value of British produce. That such a depreciation could take place, without lowering in a corresponding degree the rates of labour all over the country, and curtailing the demand for employment in proportion to the diminished means of the consumers, was obviously impossible. Nor could the wit of man devise any answer to the proposition at once so clear and so momentous, that the burden of taxation, already felt to be severe, was enormously aggravated and increased by the measures which virtually established a new standard of value for produce, and which violently acted upon the incomes of almost every ratepayer in the kingdom. But it is well worth noting that the leading advocates of Free Trade, previous to the

conversion of Sir Robert Peel, cautiously abstained from arguing their case on the ground of permanent cheapness. We have on this point the valuable testimony of Mr Cobden, who repeatedly declared his conviction that the farmers, and even the landowners, would derive a large and direct advantage from the repeal of the corn laws. We have the treatises of Mr Wilson, Secretary of the Board of Control, pathetically pointing out the positive detriment to the country which must ensue from a long continuance of low prices of grain. And finally, we have Sir Robert Peel's distinct admission that 56s. per quarter is the average price for which wheat can be raised with a profit in Great Britain. It was not until all rational hope of a rise was extinguished—until the amount of importations poured into this country demonstrated the fallacy of all the calculations which had been made as to the amount of surplus supply available from the Continent and from America—that any section of the Free-traders ventured to proclaim the doctrine that cheapness, ranging below the level of the cost of home production, was a positive advantage to the nation. It is true that this monstrous fallacy is now maintained by only a few of the more unscrupulous and desperate of the party; and that the Ministry have as yet abstained from committing themselves to so fatal a dogma. They would have us rather cling to the hope that present prices are only temporary, though they cannot assign a single plausible reason to account for the continued depression. They talk, in vague general terms, — the surest symptoms of their actual incapacity and helplessness—of “transition states of suffering,” of “partial derangement inseparable from the formation of a new system of commercial policy,” and much more such pompous and unmeaning jargon; whilst, at the same time, they refuse to commit themselves to any decided line of action, if it should actually be found that they were wrong in their calculations, and that prices so low as to be absolutely ruinous are *not* temporary in their operation, but must hereafter prevail as the rule. How

often have we heard, on the part of their organs, even within the last two months, joyous assertions that the markets were again rising, and foreign supplies diminishing! Within this last fortnight, the *Times*, emboldened by the continuance of cold easterly winds, and the backward state of the vegetation, prophesied, with more than its usual confidence, a rapid rise and a consequent diminution of cheapness. On the 13th of May, our prospects were thus described:—“Happily just now corn is rising, and we are quite as likely to see wheat at 60s. as 30s. in the course of the year.” On the 14th, the journalist again returned to the charge—“Just now the market is rising all over the world, and it seems likely enough that the farmer will soon have, in the natural course of things, what Mr G. Berkeley wants to obtain by a return to Protection. . . . The same agreeable tidings pour in from all parts of the kingdom, and indeed from all parts of the world.” Alas for human prescience! On the 21st, the note was changed, and the bulletin from Corn-Exchange announced that “the trade was dull, and the prices gave way 1s. to 2s. per quarter before any progress could be made in sales.” The aggregate average of wheat for the six weeks ending May 11th, was 37s. 1d.—a rate at which no one, not even the most sanguine dabbler in agricultural improvement, has ventured to aver that corn can be raised, under present burdens, without occasioning an enormous loss to the grower.

We do not complain of these calculations or prophecies, however fallacious they may be; but we do complain, very seriously, that Ministers, their organs and their underlings, are halting between two opinions. If cheapness is their watchword and principle, then they have no right to plume themselves upon any rise in the value of produce. We can understand the thorough-paced Free-trader who tells us broadly, that the cheaper food can be bought, no matter whence it comes, so much the better for the community. That is, at all events, plain sailing. But we say deliberately, that a more pitiable spectacle of mental imbecility cannot be imagined

than that which is now presented by the Cabinet, who, with cheapness in their mouths, are eagerly catching at the faintest shadow of a rise in prices; and who, did such a rise take place, would be the first to congratulate the country on the improved condition of its prospects! Mr Wilson, who usually communicates to the Premier, in the House of Commons, the invaluable results of his experience, has been blundering on for months in the preposterous hope of getting rid of facts by trumpery and fallacious statistics; and has at last landed himself in such a quagmire of contradictions, that his best friends are compelled to despair of his ultimate extrication. Yet this gentleman is one of those authorities whom we are told to regard with reverence; and whom we do regard with just as much reverence as we would bestow upon a broker's clerk who had set up for himself in business as a dealer in the scrip of exploded and abandoned lines.

It was not until sinking markets, and continued foreign importations, showed as clearly as facts could do that the depression of value was permanent, and not temporary—until the farmers of England found that they were absolute losers in their trade, and that their stock had become unprofitable—until wages were beginning to fall in many important districts, and the means of employment for thousands were gradually taken away—not until all this was seen, and felt, and known, that the suffering interests awoke from their presumed lethargy, and commenced that system of active agitation which, in an incredibly short period of time, has become universal over the face of the country. We shall not particularise the language which was used by men of the opposite party during the first period of the movement. All that insolence, bluster, and menace could do, was attempted by the former leaders of the League, to intimidate those who knew that they were performing their duty to their country and themselves, by making head against the most monstrous system of tyranny which ever yet was devised for the oppression of a free and prosperous people. Mr Cobden had the consummate folly

—we need not call it wickedness—to threaten that, if one iota of the free-trade policy were reversed, he would raise up such a storm as would shake England to its centre and thoroughly revolutionise society. And, to the eternal disgrace of the Government be it spoken—the name of the demagogue who had dared to hold such language was allowed by the first Minister of the Crown to stand on a list of public commissioners! Then the landowners were emphatically warned to beware of originating a struggle, from which they might chance to emerge with something worse than a mere depreciation of their property. The warning, though doubtless well meant, was almost wholly unnecessary. The marked and characteristic feature of the new agitation is, that the landlords, as a body, have kept themselves so far aloof from it that their apathy has more than once been made a topic for the severest censure. It was among the tenant-farmers and yeomen of England—we say it to their praise and glory—that this mighty movement began. They saw how they had been deceived and betrayed by those to whom they had intrusted their cause; and the gallant Saxon spirit, never so greatly shown as when roused by a sense of oppression, was exerted to vindicate and champion the rights of their insulted order. The men of almost every county of England spoke out manfully in their turn. By a wise and timely system of organisation, skilfully planned and energetically carried into effect, their isolated efforts were directed into one grand channel of action. The National Association for the Protection of Industry and Capital, under the presidency of that high-minded and patriotic nobleman, the Duke of Richmond, and the energetic direction of Mr George Frederick Young, whose services to the cause can never be adequately acknowledged, afforded a centre and rallying point to the operations of the English Protectionists; and county after county, division after division, town after town, came forward to give new impulse and confidence to the movement. It might have been expected that a feeling so general, so undeniably powerful in itself, might have been treated with fair respect

by the experimental party and their organs. The fact was otherwise. The farmers were branded with falsehood, with fraud, with getting up fictitious cases of distress, with ignorance in not understanding their own peculiar business. Last year they had been invited to join the enemy, and to embark in a crusade the object of which was not explicitly set forth; but enough was disclosed to indicate that it boded no good to the maintenance either of the constitution or the public credit, or the interests of society as these have hitherto been acknowledged. They were told to let the landlords fight their own battle, and they, the farmers, would be cared for. Those who held such language had forgotten that, of all known sins, hypocrisy is the one most odious to the English mind. True, if familiarity with hypocrisy could have blunted that finer moral sense, it might have been assumed that the many public examples to be gathered from the history of the last few years, might have overcome that extreme repugnance to deceit which is part of the national character. If so, the Free-traders little understood the temper of the men with whom they had to deal. The proposal of an amalgamation with those who had never scrupled to use the most tortuous and questionable means for the attainment of their own object, was rejected with consummate scorn; and the disappointed agitators revenged themselves by discharging against the agriculturists whole volleys of unmeaning invective.

As if to add to real injury as much insult as the most perverted ingenuity could devise, the yeomen and farmers were publicly and repeatedly told, that the suffering of which they complained was their own deliberate choice. There was plenty of excellent land for tillage elsewhere than in Britain—acres might be had at a cheap rate either in America or in Poland—why not emigrate to those countries, and assist in augmenting that stream of importation which would only swamp them at home? Such was the advice tendered, and tendered seriously, in more than one of the leading journals of the day; and we hardly know whether to reprobate it most on

account of its folly or its wickedness. If it was meant as a jest, all we shall say is, that a sorrier or more indecent one was never hatched in a shallow brain. We have not yet, thank God! arrived at such a pass that love of country and of kindred, and those ties which ought to be dearest to the human heart, are regarded by Englishmen as no better than idle and unmeaning terms—we are not yet prepared to abandon our nationality, and receive the fraternal hug from the arms of cosmopolitan democracy. That such insults as these have been felt bitterly, we know; and it is small wonder. Those who coined them knew little of the workings of human nature, if they hoped by such wretched means to deter any one from the path of duty. They have simply succeeded in arousing a feeling which had far better have been allowed to slumber—a conviction on the part of those whom they deride, that the injury which the Free-trading party has inflicted on the community at large arose less from an error in judgment than from a wilful obduracy of heart.

We have spoken thus strongly, because we would fain see less bitterness connected with a contest which is clearly inevitable, and which ought to be one of principle. Men who are in the deepest earnest, and thoroughly impressed with the truth and magnitude of their cause, are not apt to make allowance for the play of ill-regulated sarcasm, or the efforts of a clumsy humour. Still less will they brook such insolent defiance as lately emanated from Mr Cobden at Leeds. To the latter individual we presume to offer no advice. He stands chargeable with having done his utmost to excite a war of classes, and if he fails in doing so, it will not be for want of determination of purpose. But we do say to others, and we say it most seriously, that it is not safe, in the present posture of affairs, to heap insult upon a body of men, comprehending in their numbers the very flower of England's population—a body at all times averse to combination, and to those agitating arts which of late years have been so successfully practised in the towns—a body which never is roused except on occasion of the utmost moment; but which, when

once roused, will never rest till it has triumphantly achieved its purpose.

The movement, which has been so rapid in the south, has also extended to Scotland. A Central Protective Association has been instituted in Edinburgh, comprising amongst its members many of the highest rank and greatest intelligence in the country. Local societies have been formed in East Lothian, Morayshire, Banffshire, Ross-shire, Aberdeen, Roxburghshire, and elsewhere; and, from the communications received from every quarter, we have no doubt that, in a very short while, similar Protection Associations will be organised in every county of Scotland from Berwick to Caithness. From the present Parliament it is now quite plain that nothing can be expected. We never were so unreasonable as to expect that, however strong might be the convictions of individual members—however public opinion and the lessons of experience might shake the faith of many in the wisdom of our late commercial policy—this Parliament would undo the work which was sanctioned by its predecessor. Had the Free-trade question been before the public at the last general election, we might have entertained an opposite opinion. But it was not so. Sir Robert Peel had no intention that the country should have a voice in the matter. He seized the moment when, by an extraordinary combination of circumstances, a majority was at his command, to play into the hands of the enemy, and to complete, by the surrender of the Corn Laws, the furtive scheme of which his tariffs were the mere commencement. That once carried, the nation was unwilling to disturb, by premature opposition or attempt at a reversal, an experiment in behalf of which such weighty testimony had been given. No impediment was thrown in the way—no unnecessary obstacle interposed. The Whig Ministry, who, in their new character of Free-traders, had undertaken the superintendence of affairs, were allowed by the constituencies of the Empire to have more than a working majority; so that, at all events, whatever might be the issue of the scheme, they could not pretend that a fair trial was denied to it. The ques-

tion now arises, whether the trial has been of sufficiently long endurance. On that point there is no doubt in the minds of the agriculturists, of those connected with the Colonies, of the shipowners, of a large proportion of the merchants, and of a considerable body of the tradesmen. The effect of the experiment has been felt; and that, too, more severely and intensely than perhaps the most determined opponent of the Free-trade policy had anticipated. The movement has been begun, as is most natural, among those who are first in the order of suffering; and who now see, very clearly, that longer endurance and quiescence is tantamount to absolute ruin. Each day swells their ranks by a fresh accession of adherents, whilst the opposite party, defeated in argument, and unable to adduce a single proof of the advantages which they formerly prophesied, are compelled to have recourse to the Janus-like attitude which we have already attempted to sketch, and, when hard pressed, to repeat their sullen refusal of originating a change—for no better reason than that they are ashamed to acknowledge the extent of their error.

From the present Parliament, then, we expect little. Whatever impression may be made upon it by the present unmistakable ferment abroad, we cannot indulge in a rational hope that it will depart from its original character. Our business is to prepare for a change by that pacific but most necessary agitation, which, if properly conducted, must compel the most obstinate Minister, for his own sake, and in fulfilment of his sworn duty to his Sovereign, to advise that opportunity of an appeal to the sense of the country which is now so generally demanded, and which can scarce be constitutionally refused.

In the following pages our readers will find a correct report of the proceedings of the delegates who were deputed from almost every part of the United Kingdom to assemble in London in the earlier part of May, and to hold a conference on the present alarming prospects of the industrial condition of the nation. We shall not offer any comment on the speeches delivered at the great public meeting at the Crown and Anchor on the 21st

ult.—a meeting which has stricken with confusion and dismay those who affected to deny the existence of general distress throughout the kingdom—further than to notice the odious and unfounded charge of disloyalty and disaffection which has been preferred against some of the speakers. That the leading journals opposed to Protection should have made the most of casual expressions uttered by honest men, unused to platform exhibitions, whilst referring to circumstances of almost unparalleled provocation, appears to us nowise wonderful. The journalist, writing at short notice, has a certain conventional license of interpretation; and unless he is unusually stringent or unfair, few people are inclined to quarrel with the pungency of a leading article. But we confess that we were not prepared for the sudden bursts of loyalty which emanated from the Whigs. With the memory of the T. Y. correspondence still vividly impressed upon our minds, we were surprised by the improved delicacy and refinement of tone exhibited by certain parties who are popularly supposed to know something of those famous letters. For their satisfaction, we are glad to inform them that their apprehensions are as groundless as their insinuations are hypocritical. It never has been, and it never will be, a charge against the yeomanry and tenantry of Great Britain that they are cold in their loyalty, or deficient in their duty and devotion to their Sovereign. But when they are taunted and defied by the approvers of republican institutions—when they are told broadly, from the manufacturing districts, that whatever may be the decision of another Parliament, whatever may be the verdict of the electoral body throughout the kingdom—that decision and that verdict shall avail nothing to reinstate them in their former position, but shall be nullified and overwhelmed by revolutionary risings and appeals to physical force—it is not only most natural, but most proper, that they should declare their resolute determination to vindicate their rights, if needful, by all the means which Providence has placed in their power, and to rescue their country from the lawless usurpation and tyranny of those who have been

audacious enough to disclose the true nature and character of their schemes. It is perhaps needless to say any more upon this subject; indeed, after the remarks which fell from Lord John Russell at his interview with the delegates, it would be absurd to proceed further in the refutation of a charge which can only recoil with disgrace and ridicule on those who ventured to prefer it. Nor do we think it any matter of regret that the persons who have so often taunted the agricultural interest with their supineness, and drawn unfavourable conclusions as to their zeal from the singular extent of their patience, should at length be made aware that it may be dangerous to trifle with men who are driven by indefensible legislation to the brink of misery and ruin.

The annexed report of the meeting at the Crown and Anchor, revised by the several speakers, will show the unanimity which prevailed, the ability with which the interests of the country party were advocated, and the enthusiasm with which the spirited addresses were received. It was indeed an assembly which will be long remembered after the excitement and emergency which created it have passed away. We need not dwell upon details which are still fresh in the public mind: we shall best perform our duty by making one or two commentaries upon the replies which were made to the addresses of the delegates who were deputed to wait upon the Premier and on Lord Stanley.

The address to Lord John Russell is a document deserving of the most serious attention. It is a broad protest and warning, on the part of the loyal and constitutional people of the realm, against obstinate perseverance in a course of policy which has already proved disastrous to many of the most important interests. After setting forth in clear and temperate language the nature of the measures complained of, it concludes with as solemn a remonstrance and charge of responsibility as ever yet was addressed to a Minister of Great Britain. Lord John Russell accepts the responsibility, which, indeed, he cannot deny; but, without ignoring the justice of the complaint, he refuses the required relief.

Perhaps no other answer was expected by the most sanguine of those who formed the deputation, nor should we have done more than simply note the general tenor of the refusal, had not Lord John Russell volunteered a statement which, we humbly think, is by no means calculated to augment his reputation as a minister, and which discloses certain views which we maintain to be at utter variance with the genius and spirit of the constitution. The passage to which we refer is as follows:—"I am sorry to say that I think the conduct of the agricultural, the colonial, and the other interests, was not prudent in declaring that there should be no change in 1841. Still, that was their decision, and in 1846 a much greater change was effected in those laws. In 1847, a general election took place, by which the electors had to decide upon the conduct of those who had taken part in the adoption of these changes; and the result was the election of the present Parliament, which has decided upon continuing the policy which the House of Commons had laid down in 1846. I own I do think it was very unwise, if I may be allowed to say so, in 1841, not to have sought some compromise; but I think it would be far more unwise now to seek to restore a system of protective duties." Here we have the acknowledgment, quite unreservedly made, that expediency and not justice is the principle recognised by Her Majesty's Government. What Lord John Russell said resolves itself clearly into this: "If you, who represent the agricultural, colonial, and other interests, had thought fit to make a bargain with us in 1841, we, in return for your support, would have insured you a certain amount of protection. I think you were fools not to have done so; but, as you did not, you must even take the consequences." We should like very much to know upon what principle of ethics this singular declaration can be defended. To us it appears at utter variance with honesty, fair dealing, and honour. If, as the Free-traders say, the continuance of protection was a manifest wrong to the industrious classes of the community, what right could Lord John Russell have had to effect any manner of compromise? From

every Government, whatever be its constitution, we are entitled to expect clear and uninfluenced justice. We know of no rule acknowledged in heaven or on earth, which, by the most forced construction, can justify Ministers in sacrificing the general interests of the community for the advantage of one particular class, or in making compromises between public right and private monopoly and gain. For ourselves, and those who think with us, we declare emphatically that we never would be parties to any such degrading compromise; that we should feel ourselves dishonoured if we were advocating merely the interests of a class; and that it is because we know that we have justice on our side that we are resolute in our present appeal. To talk now of former lapsed opportunities of compromise, is to use the language of a freebooter. It reminds us forcibly of an incident in the life of the famous outlaw Rob Roy Macgregor, who, when challenged for having driven away a herd of cattle belonging to his neighbour, very coolly replied—"And what for, then, did he not pay me black-mail?" The cases are perfectly similar. In 1841 no black-mail was tendered: in 1850, after the depredation has *been made*, we are taunted with not having purchased the favour and the protection of the Whigs!

What right, moreover, we may ask, has Lord John Russell to separate the interests of classes, and to talk of the agriculturists and those connected with the colonies as having taken a distinct and responsible part in the deliberations of 1841? According to the constitutional view, Parliament is the sole tribunal for the settlement of national questions. It is rather too much at the present day to insinuate such a taunt, and to tell the ruined farmer that he has only himself to blame, when, in all human probability, the expected negotiator on the other side, who ought to have made terms with the Whigs, was no less notable a person than Sir Robert Peel! It is difficult to imagine a more detestable and dangerous state of affairs, or one more hurtful to the general morality of the country, than must ensue if these indicated views of the Premier were to pass into general

acceptance; and if it were to be understood that individuals, and corporations, and interests, might, on special occasions, effect compromises with the Government, at variance with public justice, with equity, and with honour. We all know what sort of "compromises" were made by Sir Robert Walpole in the course of last century; and evil indeed will be the day when the example so set shall be acted on by a British minister, with this difference merely, that large and avowed "compromises" are substituted for private purchase.

Very different, indeed, was the reception which the delegates received from Lord Stanley. At this peculiar crisis, before the many hundreds of gentlemen who had assembled in the metropolis from all parts of the United Kingdom separated, each to report progress to those of his own county or district, it was determined that a select number of them should wait upon the man to whom the eyes of all were turned as their chosen leader—not only to testify their deep respect for his character and principles, but respectfully to ask advice as to the course which they ought in future to pursue. The universal feeling of the delegates—their confidence in Lord Stanley—their prospects, and the spirit which animated them, were admirably expressed by Mr Layton, who was intrusted with the duty of presenting the address; and the speech of Lord Stanley, which that address elicited, can never pass from the memory of those who were privileged to hear it.

Clearly, rapidly, and with a master hand, Lord Stanley described the position of parties in both Houses of Parliament, not vindicating—for vindication was unnecessary—but guarding himself and those who acted with him against any charge of apathy or indifference in the cause that lay most warmly at their hearts. He explained for the satisfaction of those who, in their impatience, would have precipitated measures, why it was that the leaders of the Protection party had abstained from originating that direct discussion which their opponents, confident in the possession of a majority, were so palpably eager to provoke. Admitting to the full, and deploring the magnitude and preva-

lence of the suffering which Free Trade has brought upon the country, he did not disguise his belief that a yet further period of probation must be endured, ere the full conviction of the fallacy of those schemes which have passed into law came home to the understanding of the nation. The advice, so cordially asked, was frankly and freely given. "You ask me for advice," said the noble lord—and we cannot forbear again quoting his memorable words, "I say, go on, and God prosper you. Do not tire, do not hesitate, do not falter in your course. Maintain the language of strict loyalty to the crown; and, with a spirit of unswerving obedience to the laws, combine in a determined resolution by all constitutional means to obtain your rights, and to enforce upon those who now misrepresent you the duty of really representing your sentiments, and supporting you in Parliament. . . . If you ask my advice, I say persevere in the course you have adopted. Agitate the country from one end to the other. Continue to call meetings in every direction. Do not fear, do not flinch from discussion. By all means accept the offer of holding a meeting in that magnificent building at Liverpool; and in our greatest commercial towns show that there is a feeling in regard to the result of our so-called Free Trade widely different from that which was anticipated by the Free-traders, and from that which did prevail only a few years ago. Your efforts may not be so soon crowned with success as you hope; but depend upon it, let us stand hand to hand firmly together; let the landlord, the tenant, and the labourer—ay, and the country shopkeeper—ay, before long, the manufacturer himself, be called on to show and to prove what the effects of this experiment are—and, as sure as we stand together, temperately but firmly determined to assert our rights, so certainly—at the expense, it may be, of intense suffering, and perhaps of ruin to many—of ruin which, God knows, if I could avert, I would omit no effort for that purpose—but ultimately, certainly, and securely we shall attain our object, and recede from that insane policy which has been pursued during the last few years."

We shall not attempt to describe

the effect which that address produced upon those who were present—suffice it to say, that every individual there esteemed it a privilege to be allowed to labour in the same cause with the true-hearted, patriotic, and eloquent statesman who had that day so frankly ratified their unanimous choice of a leader, and in whose honour, integrity, and perseverance they reposed the fullest confidence

that can be yielded by man to man. Of this our readers may be well assured, that the movement so auspiciously begun will not be allowed to flag; and that it will not be abandoned until the full measure of justice is conceded to all classes throughout the British empire who have been made the victims of a rash experiment, and of one-sided and unjustifiable legislation.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROTECTION OF INDUSTRY AND CAPITAL.

A General Meeting was convened by the above body at the Crown and Anchor on Tuesday, 7th May, at one o'clock. The great hall was crowded from one extremity to the other by delegates and others from various parts of the kingdom. Nearly two thousand gentlemen were present during the proceedings, whilst many more were compelled to retire without having obtained admittance for want of standing room. On the platform were—the Duke of Richmond, K.G., in the Chair; Major William Beresford, M.P.; Mr Richard Blakemore, M.P.; Captain Boteler, R.E.; Mr T. W. Bramston, M.P.; Mr R. Bremridge, M.P.; Sir Brook W. Bridges, Bart.; Mr L. W. Back, M.P.; Sir Charles M. Burrell, Bart., M.P.; Viscount Combermere, G.C.B.; Major Chetwynd, M.P.; Colonel Chatterton, M.P.; Mr E. Cayley, jun.; Mr E. S. Chandos Pole; Mr R. A. Christopher, M.P.; the Marquis of Downshire; Baron Dimsdale; Mr J. W. Dod, M.P.; Mr E. Fellowes, M.P.; Mr Floyer, M.P.; Lord Feversham; Mr H. Frewen, M.P.; the Earl of Glengall; Mr A. L. Goddard, M.P.; Mr Howell Gwyn, M.P.; Sir Alexander Hood, M.P.; Mr William King; Sir C. Knightley, Bart., M.P.; Sir Ralph Lopez, Bart., M.P.; Mr W. Long, M.P.; the Earl of Malmesbury; Mr W. F. Mackenzie, M.P.; Lord John Manners, M.P.; Mr J. Neeld, M.P.; Mr Newdegate, M.P.; Mr C. W. Packs, M.P.; Mr Melville Portal, M.P.; Lord Rollo; Earl Stanhope; Viscount Strangford, G.C.B.; Sir Michael Shaw Stewart; Lord Sondes; Colonel Sibthorpe, M.P.; Mr A. Stewart; Earl Talbot; the Hon. and Rev. C. Talbot; Alderman Thompson, M.P.; Sir John Trollope, Bart., M.P.; Sir John T. Tyrell, Bart., M.P.; Captain R. H. R. Howard Vyse, M.P.; Mr H. S. Waddington; the Rev. Edward Young; Mr P. Foskett; Mr G. F. Young; Professor Aytoun, Edinburgh; Mr J. Butt, Q.C.; Professor David Low; Lieutenant-Colonel Blois; Rev. W. M. S. Marriott; Sir James Ramsay, Bart.; Mr W. Caldecott; Captain E. Morgan; Mr Richard Oastler; Rev. A. Duncombe Shafto; Colonel Warren; Mr C. Byron; Rev. H. Franklin; Mr George Edward Frere; Captain Pearson; Sir John Hall, Bart., of Dunglass; Sir Thomas G. Hesketh, Bart.; Mr C. G. White, Limehouse; Rev. R. Exton; Rev. V. G. Yonge; Rev. C. H. Mainwaring; Major Rose; Sir James Drummond, Bart.; Mr Henry Burgess; Mr Samuel Kydd; Mr De-la-force, secretary of trades' delegates; Mr John Blackwood, Edinburgh; Mr H. Higgins, &c., &c.

The following is a correct list of the delegates from the different societies:—

BEDFORDSHIRE.

MESSRS Joseph Paine, John Rogers, William Biggs, Benjamin Prole, Thomas Gall, T. James.

BERKSHIRE.

MESSRS E. Tull, R. Warman, George Shackel, J. J. Allnatt, J. Brown, Job Lousley, William Aldworth, W. Sharp.

NEUBURY DISTRICT.—MESSRS John Brown, Job Lousley.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

BUCKINGHAM.—MESSRS Philip Box and Henry Smith.

AMERSHAM DISTRICT.—MESSRS Philip Goddard and Robert Ranshaw.

BUCKS ASSOCIATION FOR THE RELIEF OF REAL PROPERTY.—MESSRS Edward Stone and Edwin W. Cox.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—MESSRS Alexander Cotton, Edward Hicks, Thomas St Quintin, Samuel Webb, John Ellis, W. Bennett, John King, Edward Ball, Samuel Jonas, James Witt,

King, John Osler, Wilson, Holben, Peter Grain, James Leonard, Samuel Witt, James Ivatt.

ISLE OF ELY.—MESSRS Joseph Little, W. Layton, John Vipan, (High Sheriff,) J. Fryer, Henry Martin, Thomas Saberton, Henry Rayner, J. Cropley, W. Martin, W. Saberton, T. W. Granger, W. Harlock, John Cuffack, H. Martin, Thomas Vipan, John Reid, W. Luddington, W. E. Reid, John Swift, John Hall, Henry Martin, jun., George Cook, William Vipan.

NEWMARKET.—MESSRS R. D. Fyson (chairman,) P. Smith (vice chairman,) J. Dobede, W. Layton, G. F. Robins, John Fyson, William Fyson, Edward Staples, Walter Miles King, George Dennis, John Lyles King, R. F. Seaber, William Staples, William Westrope, Thomas Gardner, Robert Fyson, Ambrose Gardner.

DERBYSHIRE, SOUTH.

SOUTH DERBYSHIRE.—E. S. Chandos Pole Esq., Mr Mallins.

DEVONSHIRE, SOUTH.

SOUTH DEVON BRANCH.—J. Elliott, Esq.
DEVON AND EXETER BRANCH.—Sir J. Y. Buller, Bart., M.P., L. W. Buck, M.P., R. Bramridge, Esq., M.P., Lawrence Palk, Esq., George Turner, Esq., R. Brent, Esq., M.D., secretary, Sir J. Duckworth, Bart., M.P., Edward Trood, Esq.

DORSETSHIRE.

DORCHESTER.—J. Floyer, Esq., M.P., W. Symonds, Esq.

ESSEX.

ESSEX PROTECTION SOCIETY.—Messrs John Ambrose, S. Baker, Geo. Barker, John Barnard, T. Bridge, Jas. Carter, John Clayden, J. G. Firm, John Francis, Jos. Glascock, Jas. Grove, W. Fisher Hobbs, Jos. Lawrence, S. Reeve, T. K. Thedam, W. Tall, S. Willis, and H. T. Biddell (the secretary.)

ROMFORD DISTRICT.—Messrs Christopher Thomas Tower, William Bowyer Smyth, Robert Field, John S. Thompson, Major Cross, J. Gilmore, G. Mashiter, E. Vipan Ind, W. Haslehurst, John Bearblock, John Coesker, James Paulin, Hon. and Rev. H. W. Bertie, Rev. T. L. Fannshaw, Rev. D. G. Stacey, Rev. George Fielding, Thomas Mashiter, jun., W. H. Clifton, Thomas Lee, Robert Pemberton, J. Wallen, James Biggs, John P. Peacock, Henry Moss, T. W. Brittain, James Laming Padnall, George Hooper Theydon, Richard Bunter, Henry Joseph Hance, Thomas Champness, Charles Mollett, Richard Webb, James Hill, George Porter, John Bearblock (Hall Farm), John Francis, S. B. Gooch, Frederick Francis, Henry Joalin, Wm. Baker, Wm. Blewitt, Thomas Surridge, Rowland Cowper, Collinson Hall, S. R. G. Francis, Daniel Haws, Wm. Freeman, W. Sworder, Charles Pratt, Daniel Hicks.

GRAVE DISTRICT.—Messrs Richard Meeson, J. Curtis, T. Sturgeon, Thos. Skinner, Chas. Asplin, Chas. Squier, W. L. Bell, W. C. Cook, J. Sawell, Richard Knight, W. Willis, W. Stevens, H. Sackett, R. Bright, J. Nokes, H. Cliff, C. Sturgeon, R. Ingram, D. Jackson, —Uwins, H. Long, S. Newcome, A. Causon, —Woodthorpe, Rev. W. Goodchild, Rev. C. Day, Rev. H. S. Hale, Rev. J. Boulby, Rev. J. Tucker.

BILLERICAY.—Messrs Isaac Cruah, J. Brewitt, G. Shaw.

GLAMORGANSHIRE.

GLAMORGAN.—Rev. Robert Knight, Captain Boteler, Dr. Carne; Messrs A. Murray, E. David, William Llewellyn, and R. Franklin.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE, EAST.

CIRENCESTER AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—Messrs F. Matthews, Edmund Buck, David Bowly.

HAMPSHIRE, NORTH.

ALTON DISTRICT.—Messrs H. Holding, Edward Knight, H. J. Mulcock, W. Garnett, J. Ragan.

BASINGSTOKE.—Mr George Harriott.

HAMPSHIRE, SOUTH.

BOTLEY AND SOUTH HANTS.—Messrs Edward Twynnam, Josh. Blundell, Caleb Gater, W. C. Spooner.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

HEREFORDSHIRE.—Mr Henry Higgins.
LEDGUR DISTRICT.—Rev. Edward Higgins, Messrs Reynolds Petton, Thomas France.

ROSS DISTRICT.—Mr H. Chillingworth.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.—Rev. James Linton, Messrs John Mann, Hammond, Ibbot Mason, Robert T. Moseley, Geo. Brightly, Peter Purvis, John Warsop.

KENT, EAST.

EAST KENT.—Sir B. W. Bridges, Bart., Messrs D. H. Cartlar, Edward Hughes, John Abbot, Edward C. Hughes, Rev. Bradley Dyne, Mongrave Hilton, Charles Neame.

KENT, WEST.

CRANBROOK.—Rev. W. M. S. Marriott, Messrs J. E. King, R. Tooth, Geo. Hinds, J. E. Wilson.

GRAVESEND.—W. M. Smith, Esq., late high sheriff, Messrs W. F. Dobson, T. Collyer, Pinching, W. E. Russell, R. C. Arnold, J. Armstrong, W. Brown, W. Hubble, T. Mace, **ROCHESTER.**—Messrs W. Mauncialk, W. Miles, C. Lake.

MAIDSTONE.—Messrs T. Abbott, F. B. Eloy, G. Powell.

EDENRIDGE.—Messrs W. Searle, sen., J. Holmden, Geo. Arnold.

SEVENOAKS.—Messrs J. Selby, G. Turner, E. Crook.

BROMLEY.—Messrs Hammond, Moynar, and Edgerton.

DARTFORD.—Messrs W. Allen, J. Solomon, and Slaughter.

TOWBRIDGE.—Rev. G. Woodgate, and others.
WROTHAM.—Messrs Leary, Thomas Spencer, and Charlton.

LANCASHIRE, SOUTH.

LIVERPOOL.—Messrs Richard C. Naylor, H. Clever Chapman, Charles Turner, Lawrence Peel, Thomas Bold.

LEICESTERSHIRE, NORTH.

LEICESTERSHIRE.—Messrs Perkins, G. Kilby.
WALTHAM.—Messrs John Clark, F. Vincent.

LEICESTERSHIRE, SOUTH.

MARKET HARBOROUGH.—Messrs Edward Fisher, jun., Josh. Perkins.

HINCKLEY.—Messrs Matthew Oldacres, John Champion, Charles D. Breton, Thomas Swinerton, John Brown, Richard Warner, John P. Cooke, James H. Ward.

LINCOLNSHIRE, NORTH.

LINCOLN AND LINDSBY.—Colonel Sibthorp, M.P., R. A. Christopher, Esq., M.P., Mr T. Greetham, Mr J. G. Stevenson.

GRIMSBY.—Mr F. Iles.

CAISTON.—Mr Wm. Torr.

ALFORD.—Mr W. Loft.

LINCOLNSHIRE, SOUTH.

LONG SUTTON AND HOLBEACH.—Messrs Wm. Skelton, Spencer Skelton, George Poot.

SKELFORD.—Messrs Tinley and Nickolls.

LINCOLNSHIRE, EAST.

EAST LINCOLNSHIRE.—Messrs Fricker, Joseph Rinder, jun.

NORFOLK, EAST.

NORTH WALSHAM.—John Warnes, Esq.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—Messrs Gray, Rogers, and J. Scriven.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

NORTHUMBERLAND.—Sir Matthew White Ridley, Bart., Messrs Robert David, John Ayersby, John Robson, Walter Johnson, Thomas Smith, H. Wilkin.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

NORTH NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.—Messrs John Holmes, John Walker, T. Hopkinson.

SOUTH NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.—Messrs George Storer, W. Chouler, Richard Milward, W. Champion, J. Parkinson, jun., H. Gilbert.

OXFORDSHIRE.

BANBURY.—Messrs S. Lovell, J. Gardner, J. Selby.

RUTLANDSHIRE.

RUTLAND BRANCH.—Messrs Thomas Spencer, Christopher Smith, Samuel Cheetham.

UPPINGHAM BRANCH.—Messrs Owsley, Edward Worley.

SHROPSHIRE, NORTH.

SHROPSHIRE.—Four delegates.
OWESTRY DISTRICT.—S. Bickerton, Esq.

SHROPSHIRE, SOUTH.

BRIDENORTH.—E. W. Powell, Esq., John Stephens, Esq.

SOMERSETSHIRE, WEST.

SOMERSET.—Messrs Cridland and Bult, John Wood, H. G. Andrews, R. Hooke, J. Hooke.

- LANGPORT AND BRIDGEWATER DISTRICT.—Mr John King, (vice chairman,) and Mr T. B. Morle.
- STAFFORDSHIRE, NORTH.
STAFFORD.—Major Chetwynd, Messrs T. Harris-horne, W. T. Lockyer, C. Keeling, J. Nicklison, J. Aston.
- STAFFORDSHIRE, SOUTH.
EXCELSALL BRANCH.—Rev. V. G. Yonge, Rev. Charles Mainwaring.
- SUFFOLK.
EAST SUFFOLK.—Rev. Mr Alston, Messrs John Mosely, N. Barthropp, P. Dykes, W. Bloss. IREWICK BRANCH.—C. Lillington, Esq. Deputy Lieutenant, Messrs T. Haward, W. P. Schrieber, J. Gannall, Venn, W. Back, W. Rodwell, J. D. Everett, Morgan, R. C. Perry, Mark Wade, Rev. F. K. Steward.
- HARTSMERE BRANCH.—Dr Chevalier, Messrs Samuel Peck and Deek.
- STRADBROKE DISTRICT.—W. L. B. Frener, Esq. Rev. A. Cooper.
- WEST SUFFOLK.—Messrs King, Vvall, Simpson, Woodward, George Gayford.
- COFOARD HUNDRED.—Messrs C. Kersey, P. Postans.
- BUNGAY BRANCH.—Two delegates.
- SURREY, EAST.
KINGSTON.—Messrs G. Nightingale and Daniels.
CROYDON BRANCH.—Messrs Cressingham, (chairman,) Rowland, Raincock, Robinson, Walker, and Gutteridge.
- REIGATE BRANCH.—Messrs Peter, Caffyn, Jesse Pym.
- TANDRIDGE HUNDRED BRANCH.—Messrs Isaac Stavelly, Edward Kelsey.
- SURREY, WEST.
WEST SURREY UNITED ASSOCIATION.—Col. Holme Summer, Rowland Goldhawk, Esq.
- EPBOM DISTRICT.—Messrs Francis Garner and King.
- DORKING DISTRICT.—Messrs Waller and Dewdney.
- SUSSEX, EAST.
SUSSEX.—Messrs W. Ridden, A. Denman, S. H. Bigg, Edward Wyatt.
- EAST GRINSTEAD.—Messrs George Head, Wm. Turner, John Rose, John Mills, John Payne.
- WARWICKSHIRE, NORTH.
RUGBY AND DUNCRURCH BRANCH.—Messrs H. Townsend, John Perkins.
- SUTTON COLDFIELD.—The Hon. E. S. Jarvis, W. M. Jarvis, Esq., Rev. W. K. B. Bedford, Messrs R. Fowler, R. Fowler, jun., Bodington, Sadler, Osborne, Buggins.
- COLESHILL.—Messrs Cook, Gilbert, H. Thorley, John York, and Dr Davies.
- WARWICKSHIRE, SOUTH.
WARWICKSHIRE.—Messrs Edward Greenave, C. M. Caldecott, Luke Postman, J. H. Walker, W. W. Bromfield, R. Hemming, S. Umbers, B. Sedgely, John Moore, H. Brown.
- WILTSHIRE, NORTH.
Messrs G. Brown, W. Ferris, J. A. Williams, R. Strange, J. Wilkes, E. L. Rumbold, L. Waldron.
- WILTSHIRE, SOUTH.
SALISBURY BRANCH.—Messrs Stephen Mills, F. King, George Burt, Leonard Maton, B. Pinnegar, — Lush.
- WORCESTERSHIRE, WEST.
WORCESTERSHIRE BRANCH.—The Hon. and Rev. W. C. Talbot, F. Woodward, Esq., Richard Gardner.
- YORKSHIRE, NORTH RIDING.
KNARESBOROUGH.—Mr T. Collins, jun., of Scotland.
- EASINGWOLD.—Mr Charles Harland.
- YORKSHIRE, EAST RIDING.
EAST RIDING.—Mr John Almack.
MALTON.—E. Cayley, Esq.
- HOLDERNESSE.—Messrs Josh. Stickney and G. C. Francis.
- POCKLINGTON.— — Cross.
- YORKSHIRE, WEST RIDING.
BOROUGHBRIDGE BRANCH.—Wm. Josh. Caltman, Esq.
- SCOTLAND.
SCOTTISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.—Sir J. Drummond, Bart., Professor Aytoun, Professor Low, Dr Gardner, Messrs Geo. Makgill, Jno. Dickson, Jno. Dudgeon, J. Murdoch, J. Shand, Blackwood, Garland, Hugh Watson, Cheyne, Stewart of Auchlunkart.
- EAST LOTHIAN.—Sir Jno. Hall, Bart. of Dun-glass, Messrs R. Scot Skirving and Aitchison, of Alderton.
- ANKERDENSHIRE.—Dr Garden.
- IRELAND.
COUNTY DOW.—The Marquis of Downshire.

The noble CHAIRMAN rose and said—Gentlemen, it will not be necessary for me upon the present occasion to trespass but a few moments upon your attention, because I am happy to say that there are gentlemen much more able to discuss the question upon which we are met here to-day than the individual who now stands before you—more able, I say; but there is no man in the United Kingdom who is more deeply impressed than I am with the conviction that, if this country is to continue to be great and free, moderate import duties must be imposed (loud cheers.) Though some persons have called free trade a “great experiment,” and wish us to wait and see what the result of that “experiment” is to be, I tell them fairly now, that that experiment has been tried—that it has failed—and that common sense always said it would fail (great cheering.) But during the trial of this “great experiment,” have they calculated the amount of hazard which they are incurring! Are they aware of the mass of landowners and tenant-farmers of England who must be cast away if this experiment is not immediately put an end to! (loud cheers.) We are met here to-day to receive deputations from different parts of the country, and it has been thought advisable to convene this meeting, because doubts have been expressed in Parliament whether distress was universal or not. We are met to-day to hear from the tenant-farmers from various parts of the country the prospects of their localities (hear, hear.) Gentlemen, I fear those prospects are bad indeed. But still I will say before you that which I stated in Parliament—that I have the greatest confidence in the good feeling of the people of England (cheers.) I believe that the tenant-farmers will follow the advice which I have ventured to give them, and persevere (hear, hear.) They know the justice of their cause. Let you, all of you, when you return home, tell your neighbours to persevere; and depend upon it, justice will, sooner or later,

be done to you (loud cheers.) I will not now detain you longer than to say I hope that the expressions which may be made use of here to-day will be to show that, ill used as we are, we are still loyal to our Sovereign, and firmly attached to the constitution of our country (tremendous cheering.)

Mr T. W. BOOKER, Ex-High-Sheriff of Glamorganshire, of Velindra House, near Cardiff, was then called upon by the noble chairman, and amidst great applause stepped forward to propose the first resolution—"That the difficulty and intolerable distress pervading the agricultural and other great interests of the country, and the state of deprivation and suffering to which large masses of the industrial population are reduced, are, in the opinion of this meeting, fraught with consequences the most disastrous to the public welfare, and if not speedily remedied must prove fatal to the maintenance of public credit, will endanger the public peace, and may even place in peril the safety of the state."—Mr Booker spoke as follows: My lord duke, my lords, and gentlemen,—It is, I do most unfeignedly assure you, with the deepest diffidence, if not with the deepest reluctance, that I stand before you thus early in the proceedings of this most eventful day; for, gentlemen, I came here under the sincere hope that I might be allowed to listen to others instead of myself occupying your time. But there are times, and this is an occasion, when I feel that it would ill become any man to shrink from the discharge of a public duty which those with whom he has an identity of feeling and a community of interest will and wish should devolve upon him. Humble, therefore, though my name may be, yet I will, without further apology, proceed at once to the objects which have called us together. (Cheers.) At this time of day, and on this occasion, I need not, I think, enter upon any lengthened argument, nor need I adduce any elaborate statements of statistical facts, to prove that the condition of Great Britain and Ireland and her dependencies is, to say the least, most unsatisfactory. (Hear, hear.) Your own experience will tell you that. Therefore to save your time, and with a knowledge of those who will have to follow me, I will assume three propositions. First of all, I will assume that the agricultural interest is immeasurably the most important interest of the state. (Hear.) Secondly, I will assume that that interest is in a state of alarming and greatly increasing depression. (Hear, hear.) And, thirdly, I will assume that that depression is occasioned and aggravated by the adoption and continuance in that altered policy of the country which now prevails. (Cheers.) I presume that my two first propositions will be conceded to me everywhere; and as to the third, here at least I presume we are unanimous, that the difficulties, the dangers, the distresses, and the disasters that now accompany us are attributable to that vile, suicidal policy falsely called free trade. (Cheers.) Having gone thus far, and having arrived at this point, it will not be of much advantage to you that I should dwell long upon the nature and extent of the distress which now accompanies you, and now environs you. That I will leave to others of those intelligent practical men who, in such multitudinous numbers, have left their homes and have come here to tell, in this central heart of England, their feelings upon the distresses and dangers that have overtaken them. But I will just glance at what is the prevailing symptom of the distress of the present day. And, strange as it may appear, the prevailing symptom is cheapness—cheapness of all the necessities and conveniences of life—cheapness of the bountiful gifts of Providence, the productions of the earth—cheapness of the works of man, the produce of his skill and labour. And how is it that this cheapness, which augurs plenty and abundance, should not be accompanied with its usual, nay, its invariable concomitants—ease, enjoyment, safety, and repose? (Cheers.) There must be something fundamentally wrong in a state which produces such startling results. It was the opinion of one whose opinion, and whose memory too, ought to be an object of veneration with every Free-trader, as unquestionably they are of respect, from the sterling, amiable, pains-taking qualities of the man—I allude to the late Mr Huskisson—it was his opinion, and he delivered it in his place in the House of Commons so long ago as the year 1815—it was his opinion that nothing could be more delusive than the proposition that cheapness in the price of provisions is always a benefit. On the contrary, cheapness, without a demand for labour, is a symptom of distress. (Cheers.) The French, he adds, in his day, had cheapness without capital, and that was a proof in them of progressive decay. But this all-pervading state of cheapness is so ably glanced at and set forth in a document which I hold in my hand, and which has been transmitted to me since my arrival in town, that I cannot forbear quoting some passages from it. It is the Address of the Metropolitan Trades' Delegates to their fellow-countrymen, on the interests and the present position of the labouring classes of the empire; and if there can be words of solemn warning and import, they are contained in this most extraordinary document. It commences:—

"Fellow-Countrymen,—There is not recorded an era in the history of our country, nor, indeed, in the history of all nations, when the great subject of the natural and social rights of those who live by means of their labour was required to be so thoughtfully considered, so clearly explained, and so zealously and faithfully supported, as the present era."

It afterwards goes on to treat the question of cheapness thus :—

"We have it announced to us that it is under the operation of unregulated, stimulated, and universal competition, we are henceforth to live.

"Cheapness is proclaimed to be the one great and desirable attainment. But the cheapness that is attained under this system is not the result of fair and distributory abundance—being mainly acquired by diminishing the enjoyments, or the consumption, of those by whose labour productions are derived, and by that economy of labour by which, in so many instances, the labourer is cast off altogether from employment, because a cheaper, that is, a less consuming instrument than his body, is invented and applied. The labour of the working man thus becomes a superfluous commodity in the market, so that he must either be an outcast altogether from society, or else find some way of doing more work for less of materials of consumption ; and even then, if he should succeed in this course of realising cheapness, he becomes instrumental in bringing many others of his fellow-labourers down to the same degraded level to which he is reduced. (Loud cheers.)

"Bad and appalling, however, as is the existing condition of so many whose only means of supporting themselves and their families is the exercise of their daily labour, yet we maintain that the prospect before us is still more dark and gloomy. We declare to you our conviction that a far greater degree of suffering and of destitution impends over the labouring class and their families, both of this and of all other nations, unless the falseness of the free or competitive system be thoroughly penetrated, clearly exposed, and a course of general commerce, very different from that emanating from the free system, be entered upon." (Great cheers.) In this manner do these practical men, who are practically groaning under the evils of this altered system, dispose of the question of cheapness. The men whose signatures are appended to that document, have done me the honour also of communicating with me since I have been in town, and of stating to me what their intentions and objects are. They write me on the 4th of May inst. that "The delegates have a desire to collect all the statistics in their power showing the decline in the employment of the people, and also showing the gradual falling-off of wages since the introduction of free-trade measures to their respective trades ; and also the condition of those trades which have not been directly interfered with by foreign imports, but which the delegates have reason to believe are indirectly affected by the displaced hands, from other industrial branches, continually forcing themselves into the above-mentioned trades—this is the reason they have appealed to all who are friends to native industry for assistance." But, gentlemen, it is said that free trade has not yet had fair play. Most fortunately I am indebted to the kindness and courtesy of a member of parliament, a personal friend of my own, the invaluable member for Falmouth, Mr Gwyn, for the returns of trade and navigation up to the close of last month, which only appeared and were placed in my hands last night. I have gone through these documents with all the business habits that I am capable of ; and I come to this conclusion and result, the truth of which I defy any Free-trader to controvert. (Cheers.) The flourishing state of the cotton trade is boasted of. Why, these documents prove to you that the export of cotton goods has increased 10 per cent, but the consumption of cotton altogether has decreased 20 per cent. (Loud cheers.) And what does this show ? That there is a decrease in the consumption of cotton of 30 per cent. What ! free trade not had fair play ! Why, our colonies have had free trade for the last twenty years. For the last ten years they have had the blessing of free and unrestricted trade, and let me appeal to any colonist, what is the universal language which defies even contradiction—We are ruined ! (loud cheers.) Our own British possessions get their supplies cheaper from the United States than they can from Great Britain or our North American colonies. They expend the property of their own colonies, and of ours too, which they get there, in fostering the trade of our rivals to the destruction and exclusion of their own. Free trade not had fair play ! Why, what have been its effects in Ireland ! (hear, hear.) In the year 1844 or 1845, there were of acres cultivated in wheat in Ireland, 1,059,620 ; but in 1847, the blessed year that followed the consummation of free trade, the number was reduced to 743,871, and in 1848 it was still further reduced to 565,746, thus showing a decrease in three years of the palmy days of free trade of no less than 500,000 acres of wheat, equal to the production of 2,100,000 quarters, and in value, at what ought to be the price of

wheat, upwards of six millions sterling. (Shouts of "hear, hear.") This shows with a vengeance that capital is flowing from the banks of the Shannon to the shores of the Vistula (hear, hear.) Free trade not had fair play! What will you, farmers, your wives and daughters, say to this! In the year 1833, the export of salt butter from Ireland was 25,000 tons, in value L.3,000,000 sterling, and it would take 260,000 cows to produce that quantity of butter. Now, let the Free-traders tell us what has been the export of salt butter from Ireland during the last year (hear, hear.) Ireland has broken up her old pastures, and has sown wheat upon them; and yet with all that forced and ruinous cultivation, the foreigner beats her out-and-out. But it is only a waste of time to go through the extent and the nature of the distress which afflicts you. I will no longer dilate upon it. I will leave its effects upon England to those admirable men whose public spirit and whose private wrongs have brought them here. And I will at once ask, what is to be the remedy! You will answer me with one acclaim, There can be but one, and that is a return to the policy of protection to native industry (cheers.) And how is this remedy to be attained! Why, by a cordial union of all classes whose labour has been invaded, and the produce of whose skill, enterprise, and industry has been excluded by that vile policy which has supplanted us in our own markets. I presume, and I say it with all respect and deep humility, that you can have no remaining hope from the present parliament (cheers), nor from the present advisers of the Crown (tremendous cheering.) But we have a constitutional sovereign, who well knows that her own peace and happiness depend upon the welfare and prosperity of her people. She well knows that upon that peace and prosperity, not only her own happiness, but the security of her throne (cheers), and the stability of the monarchy that she administers, all alike depend (cheers.) Let us carry to the foot of the throne the wishes of her faithful people. Let us tell her of the distress and difficulties that are overtaking the industrious cultivators of the soil of the empire which she benignly governs. (Loud cries of "hear.") Let us tell her of the dangers and disasters that environ the hard-working, industrious occupiers of the territorial domains of the ancient nobility and gentry of her land (hear, hear.) Let us tell her, as the noble duke said, that, although oppressed, we are still faithful—still uncompromising—still unswerving—still unseduceable—still loyal and true to her; and I will stake my life on it, that she will be compassionate and true to us (hear, hear.) The humble individual who now addresses you is no proud aristocrat—he is no lordly possessor of wide-spread territorial domains; but he has obtained his fortune by the active pursuits of commercial industry (hear, hear.) He affords daily employment to hundreds, and thousands are dependent for their daily bread on his care and success (hear, hear.) I hope, therefore, that I speak with a due sense of the responsibility of my words and actions; and I desire—and, with God's blessing, I shall use every energy and talent that my Maker has endowed me with (loud cheers)—I desire, and with God's help, I shall endeavour to transmit to my children's children unimpaired those laws and liberties, those customs and institutions, which have afforded me protection during my own career of successful toil (cheers.) You will take one word of counsel from me. You, the owners and industrious occupiers of the soil, will, I hope, from this vast assembly hurl back with proud defiance that gross threat, that, if success should attend your exertions for a restoration of protection, the foundations of property would be shaken to their centre (hear, hear.) Such is the language used by Free-traders in fustian, in words as well as in merchandise (hear, hear.) Ay, forsooth, by the apostle of peace, who would have the manly quarrels of nations, as well as of individuals, settled by palaver and humbug, instead of musketry and gunpowder (great cheering.) Hurl back, I say, that defiance, and let your answer reach the ears of all who dare to obstruct the exercise of free discussion, and the results of free discussion in this hitherto free and prosperous land (hear.) But, in the struggle that must of necessity ensue before we can obtain the gracious accession of our beloved Sovereign to the prayers of her people, it may and will happen that our friends who, amidst treachery and desertion unparalleled (hear, hear), had stood firm and faithful to their principles and professions, may be inconvenienced, and that their seats in the legislature may be jeopardised by the miscellaneous onslaught of our ministerial and jacobinical opponents (hear, hear.) But this must not, this shall not, be; for these men must be protested at the hustings (hear, hear.) When I look at this vast, this magnificent assemblage—when I consider whom and what it represents—I cannot for a moment doubt that there are, in the ranks of the protectionists of England, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, a thousand men who will put down their hundred pounds a-piece to form a fund against all aggressors (hear, hear.) For myself, I shall at once avow that I will be one, either of a thousand to put down my

hundred pounds (hear, hear,) or, if need be, I will be one of a hundred to put down my thousand pounds (loud cheers,) for this national, this necessary object. And then, having done our duty, and having among our hereditary legislators a Richmond (cheers,) a Stanhope (hear,) a Stanley (cheers,) an Eglinton, a Talbot, a Downshire, a Malmesbury, a Beaufort, and a host of others, who will forgive me if I now fail to name them; and a Disraeli (great cheering followed the mention of Mr Disraeli's name,) a Granby (hear, hear,) a Manners (hear, hear,) a Beresford, a Stuart, a Newdegate, and many more such whom we will send to aid them in the House of Commons, let us commit our cause, the cause of peace and plenty, the cause of truth and justice (cheers,) the sacred cause of protection to native industry and capital (hear, hear) — let us commend that cause to our Sovereign, to our country, and to our God (loud cheers.) My lords and gentlemen, I must apologise for the undue length at which I have addressed you. I thank you most cordially for the kindness and the enthusiasm with which you have listened to me, and I now beg to propose the resolution with which I have the honour to be intrusted.

The honourable gentleman sat down amidst the most deafening cheers.

Mr W. CHOULER, South Muskham, Newark, Notts, in rising to second the resolution, said he should not waste their time by offering any apologies for his unfitness to address them upon that occasion. He had come forward to state facts, and he should at once proceed to discharge that duty to the best of his ability. He should first of all advert to the state of the labourers in his own immediate neighbourhood. He could state that the wages of those labourers had of late been reduced nominally from 12s. to 10s., and in some parts of the county to 9s. a-week; while the real reduction was much greater, because, in consequence of the depressed condition of their employers, they had been deprived of that piece-work by which they had formerly earned a further sum of 1s. or 2s. a-week. Since he had come to London he had received a statement of the condition of the labourers in a part of Leicestershire which adjoined South Nottinghamshire, and from that statement he found that during the winter there had been many unemployed labourers in that district; and that latterly, even at the approach of the spring-time, eight of those labourers had been going about begging. They had not asked, however, for alms, but for employment, by which they could have obtained an honest livelihood for themselves and their families. (Hear, hear.) Now, he appealed to every one whom he was addressing, whether a cultivator of the soil could be placed in a more heartrending situation than when he found himself unable to afford employment to an honest and industrious, but necessitous labourer? But, feeling dissatisfied with things at home, he had taken some trouble to ascertain how the labourers are situated in other districts with which he had no immediate connexion. As a matter of course, he had thought that the place in which he might expect to find perfection was the estate of Sir Robert Peel. (Loud cries of "hear, hear," jeers, and laughter.) He had read the document issued some time since by Sir Robert Peel to his tenantry, and through his tenantry to the country at large; and from the wording of that document he had been led to suppose that in the parish of Kingsbury, the property of Sir Robert Peel, the labourers were fully employed, well housed, and well fed. But he would tell them what he had seen there only a few days ago. The parish of Kingsbury was an extensive one, and the farms there were large, for that part of the country, as they varied from 300 to 400 acres. But instead of the labourers in Kingsbury being lodged in comfortable cottages, he found scarcely any labourers' cottages upon the estate. There were no small holdings, no cottage allotments in the parish; and he had been told that the labourers employed in it resided at a distance of two or three miles from the place. The fact was, that for some years a system had been carried on in that parish for reducing the number of its agricultural labourers, (hear, hear,) and removing the poor off the property. He confessed he only wondered that the "*Times* Commissioner" had not been down there (hear, and laughter,) to tell the tenantry how much of the physical force of the labourer was lost by living so far from his work. But he had found worse than that. He had found that English labourers were being gradually displaced by low-priced Irish labourers. He had found that the tenants of Sir Robert Peel had been employing during the winter, as well as during the summer, six or eight Irish labourers each, to whom they paid little or no money wages. (Cries of "shame.") Now he should not have thought much about that if he had found that the Irish labourers were prospering, as they are British subjects; but he had seen them in a very wretched condition, to which the English labourers also were being rapidly reduced. The Irish there have no house to live in, no bed to lie on, or fire to go to, but lay on straw in an outhouse; therefore this system has this tendency,—to depress the English labourer to the

Irish or Continental level, without elevating the other. He would pass, however, from the parish of Kingsbury to a district represented by another lion of the day. (A laugh.) They would recollect that Mr C. Villiers, the member for Wolverhampton, had stated at the commencement of the session that there had been L.91,000,000 a-year saved to the country by the fall in prices which had followed the adoption of the free-trade policy. Now it had occurred to him that the constituents of Mr Villiers must have obtained a pretty good share of that sum. But he had found that in Wolverhampton the poor-rates had been gradually increasing during the last eight or ten years. It appeared that, during the twelve months ending in March 1842, the poor-rates in the union of Wolverhampton had not amounted to half the sum which they had reached during the twelve months ending in March 1850. It further appeared that in the year ending March 25, 1849, they had amounted to only L.10,007, while in the year ending March 25, 1850, they had amounted to L.11,625. He had mentioned these facts for the purpose of showing that the people of Wolverhampton had derived no advantage from the supposed saving of L.91,000,000 a-year effected by the adoption of a free-trade policy. But he said, without fear of contradiction, that no such saving had been made. He admitted that that sum had been lost to one class in this country (hear, hear,) but he denied that it had been gained by any other. (Cheers and laughter.) Lord John Russell said last Friday night week, that if Mr Henley brought forward a direct motion in favour of protection, he should be prepared to show that the great mass of the people were in possession of as great comforts as they ever had been. Now this was three months after the country had been said to have been the gainer of L.91,000,000 a-year, and yet all that Lord John Russell could say was that the people were in "as good" a position as ever they were. He would admit, if necessary, that this sum had been lost to one class, but it had not been gained by another. He should not be so much dissatisfied if the farmers had lost it, if only some other class had gained it. But the farmers had lost it and no one in this country had gained it. (Cheers.) Two-thirds of the people of this country were engaged in agricultural pursuits, and could any policy, he would ask, be more suicidal than to deprive them of L.91,000,000 a-year, without conferring any benefit on the remaining one-third of the population? (Hear, hear.) He had no hesitation in saying that the agriculturists, as a body, had never been in a worse position than that in which they were at present placed. He felt convinced that, if the existing prices for agricultural produce were to continue much longer, the tenant-farmers would be wholly unable to afford full employment to labourers; great efforts had been made last winter to employ the labourers; and when parliament met we were told, because we had employed them, that there was no distress. But if the class of able-bodied labourers were offered no alternative but to perish from destitution or to enter the workhouse, he had no hesitation in saying that this country would soon be reduced to a state which he should be most sorry to witness. Already the agricultural labourers talked of combinations; and although the farmers might be able to stem the torrent by affording them employment until the termination of the harvest, he could not help anticipating the most serious perils after that period. The labourers did not blame the farmers for their condition, for they were well aware that the farmers had not the means for affording them employment; and under those circumstances, could it be expected that the farmers would mount their horses for the purpose of opposing the just demands of their humbler fellow-countrymen? (Hear, hear.) If a man was willing and able to work in this country, he had a right to have the means of living in comfort in it. (Hear, hear.) Mr Cobden had said what he would do if a system of protection were re-established, and what would then become of the landlords. But I will say openly and publicly, that if the landlords will stick to us, we will stick to them. (Loud and enthusiastic cheers.) But I will go further than that—I have not yet quite finished the subject. We own nine-tenths of the horses of the kingdom, and we have the men to ride upon them. (Vociferous cheering.) And we go further still: we will support the Crown as well as the landlords. (Cheers.) Her Majesty need not fear, if she turn her back upon the towns, that she will not be supported. Protected ourselves, we will protect her against all assailants. (Loud cheers.) Mr Chouler then proceeded to say that, in his opinion, it matters not what prices were, provided all interests were placed upon the same footing. But if one interest were reduced below another, if employment were lessened whilst taxation was kept up, if more money left the country than came into it, the result must be beggary. (Cries of "Hear," and "Now for the rents.") He would come to that directly; but first

stop a bit. (Laughter.) He had not quite done yet, (cheers;) but would mention to them the case of a tenant-farmer who had applied to him for advice as to what he should do under his present circumstances. This gentleman occupied three farms, had a large family, and employed a good deal of capital. The ages of his children varied from 24 to 9. He stated that his wheat wanted hoeing, and that he had no money to do it with; that he intended to have placed his family on the farms, but that if he were to do so they could not live. What could he do with them? Some of them were too old to be put to trades, and then, if he were to take out his capital, all his dead stock would go almost for nothing. He (Mr Chouler) knew he could not do anything for him. The man was a good cultivator, in good circumstances, and that was the case of hundreds and thousands of tenant-farmers. (Hear, hear.) Rent had been alluded to by some one just now. He had always regarded rent as a private bargain between two individuals. He did not come there to find fault with either his own landlord or the landlord class generally, because, as a class, he had seen them act as the very best friends of the people. But he did think that in this particular movement, latterly, they had left it almost entirely not only to the tenants to do the work—that he should not care anything about; but to defray all the expenses. (Cheers and laughter.) Now, if the tenant-farmer could not cultivate his land properly, his labourers and himself would get worse off, and he would be in a worse position to pay his rent, his tithes, and his taxes; and if no tithes and rent were paid, how are the clergy and aristocracy to pay their taxes and servants? (Cheers.) With regard to taxes, he would ask, was there a class of men in any other country who produced an article that was taxed from 75 to 100 per cent, before they could use it themselves? for that was the case with the malt-tax in this country at the present moment. (Cheers.) Sir Robert Peel had told them that the food of the labouring man should be free from taxation; but what was the fact? Why, he held in his hand a list of no less than 15 articles, all of which were eatables or drinkables, and necessities to the poor man, which had to pay taxes at this moment. They were—butter, cheese, cocoa, coffee, corn and meal, eggs, fruits, hams, rice, spices, spirits, sugar, refined ditto, molasses, and tea; and they produced a revenue to the country of L.13,677,795. And yet this “wiseacre” had said that the food of the working man should be free from taxation. In addition to that, there were the articles of tobacco and snuff, which produced upwards of L.4,000,000 more. (Hear.) And was not tobacco a necessity of the working man? (Hear, hear.) Well, that brought the amount up to L.18,000,000 sterling, or more than one-third of the whole of the general taxation of the country, raised upon articles of food. (Laughter and cheers.) With regard to the malt tax, he thought that no impost was more unjust, because there was not a great quantity of malt liquor consumed by the higher classes, the greater portion being consumed by the working classes; and, with the exception of one or two cyder counties, malt liquor, in one shape or other, was the universal beverage of the labourers. But beer must be taxed, forsooth! That was not the food of the people! (Hear.) There is only one other point (continued Mr Chouler) upon which I will make an observation, and that is with reference to the great “Exhibition” of 1851. (Oh, oh! groans and hisses.) I have heard of many curious things in my lifetime; but there is one thing which I have always regarded as visionary, or as never having had an existence—but it has actually been realised in this 19th century, and in this great city—ay, in this year of grace 1850—a “mayor’s” nest has been discovered. (Roars of laughter.) Yes; and in this “mayor’s nest” was “the Prince,” and what does “the Prince” say! Now I beg that it may be distinctly understood that I mean no disrespect to my Sovereign or the Prince; but I came here to speak the truth, and I have spoken it fearlessly, and the truth I will know before I go home. The Prince says that, when you get the productions of all countries and nations before you, you have only to choose which is the cheapest and the best. Well, if you are to do that, is it not to show you that you have the opportunity of buying them? (Hear, hear.) A little umbrage has been taken at this exhibition as savouring somewhat of free-trade, and the royal commissioners have told us that they do not intend that the articles shall be sold, but that they shall be merely shown. But do you believe that the foreigner will bring his produce across the Channel or the Atlantic, and take it back again without receiving English money for it? Now, I want to know who does speak the truth! (Cries of “the Prince.”) I suppose the Prince does. (Shouts of “no.”) Well, well, have it as you like. (Roars of laughter.) I am come here as a delegate from the part of the country in which I reside. I came to seek the truth, and I will know it and declare it. I ask, is the foreign corn that will be imported into England in the year 1851, to come in and be looked at without being sold? (Loud cheers.) What will

the foreigner say? Why, he will say "I care nothing about your 'looks,' give me your money" (Cheers and laughter.) That is what he will say. It is my duty then to ascertain whether or not it is intended still to encourage the sending out of the country money which it would be better to circulate at home. And I hope I am not exceeding my functions as a delegate in asking that question. Now you have heard my opinions upon this subject, and the concluding remarks I shall make are these: that without an alteration this country will be so shaken—after harvest, mind you, as there will be a good deal of work until then, not before—that I am perfectly confident it will be totally impossible to preserve the public peace. (Loud cheers.) I am not surprised at untruths coming from the royal commission, considering whom that commission is composed of, when I find Peel and Cobden amongst them. (Groans and hisses.) There is one name amongst them, however, which I am always in the habit of speaking of with respect and honour, and that is the name of Lord Stanley. (Cheers.) How far he will come out from among these royal commissioners without harm (bravo, loud cheers, and laughter,) from such a den of—you must supply the rest—I do not know, but I have confidence in the man. (Loud cheers, and great laughter.)

The resolution was put from the chair, and carried unanimously.

Mr EDWARD BALL, Burwell, Cambridgeshire, then moved the next resolution:—"That the indifference with which the just complaints of the people have been received by the House of Commons, its disinclination to adopt any measures for removing or alleviating the existing distress; and the want of sympathy it has exhibited for the sufferings of the people, have produced a widely-diffused feeling of disappointment, discontent, and distrust, which is fast undermining their reliance on the justice and wisdom of Parliament, the best security for loyalty to the Throne, and for the maintenance of the invaluable institutions of the country." The attendance of the noble duke this day, observed Mr Ball, imposes a fresh debt of gratitude upon us, and realises the hope we entertain, that whenever there is a grand field day he will be found in his right position—at the head of the troops. As our great commander, it is obligatory upon us that we should observe his orders, and one of those orders is, that we should express ourselves temperately and with moderation. (Hear, hear.) But I am sure that, from his experience of the field of conflict, he knows that sometimes the ardour and zeal of the British troops carry them somewhat beyond the exact line marked out by their leader and chief. (Cheers.) And if we should be found upon this occasion to advance a little beyond that strict line of propriety which he has chalked out for us, his kindness will excuse it when he knows that it is out of the fulness of our hearts, and the deep distress in which we are plunged, that we are assembled to-day to make our representations and complaints. (Cheers.) Coming, then, to the resolution which I have to propose, I ask is the allegation contained in it true? For if the thing stated in it be not true, it is useless for us to use it as an argument in justification of our assembling here to-day. Is it true? (Cries of "Yes; it is true.") Is it true that the House of Commons has shown great disregard to our petitions? (Cheers.) Is it true that it has rushed on heedless of the entreaties of the whole body of agriculturists, and passed a measure which it was elected for the very end and purpose of preventing? This (proceeded Mr Ball) constituted the bitterness of their grief, that when Lord John Russell's commercial measures of 1841 were defeated, a new parliament was called, and the voice of the nation proclaimed through that parliament against free trade—that the great mass of the constituencies rallied around the banner of protection—that they raised such a number of men to represent them in the House of Commons, that Lord J. Russell was obliged to throw up the reins of government into the hands of Sir Robert Peel, who took the leadership of the House of Commons with a good majority of 100, who were thought truly and honourably to represent the agricultural interest, and ready to protect their cause. (Cheers.) Then he wanted to know if the complaint in the resolution was not just when they saw that very house, which was congregated for the express purpose of maintaining protection, unhesitatingly strike that protection down, defeat all their objects, blast all their hopes, and prove untrue and unfaithful to the great constituencies of the empire. (Loud cheers.) I say, exclaimed Mr Ball, that we will never cease to represent that it was not by fair and legitimate means that we were beaten (cheers); but that it was by the unfair, the foul play, the treacherous betrayal of those who had headed us to lead us on to victory, but who conducted the enemy into the camp, introduced the foe into the citadel, and destroyed all our hopes and prospects. (Loud cheers.) That being true, what is the language of the Free-trader upon the occasion? He sees a consequence that he never anticipated. He sees the result which we pointed out, and which he disbelieved. He finds that prices are as ruinous as we stated that they

would be, and that free trade is as great a hindrance to the welfare of agriculture as we always reported that it would be. And now how does he shelter himself! Instead of coming forward, and honestly saying we have failed—it was only an experiment, which was forced upon us, and having made an error we will endeavour to correct it—he says that it is an exceptional case; that it is not the legitimate consequence, but that there are some particular circumstances which make the principles of free trade press with unusual severity just now. (Hear, and oh.) Now, look at the reasoning of this. If the foreigner, when he had no hope of such a market being opened to him, could for the last two years send in a supply of nearly twenty-two million quarters of various descriptions of corn, and if he could do that out of his surplus produce, what will he do now that he has the market entirely open to him—when he has got our capital to improve his cultivation, and when he knows that he may produce and send an unlimited quantity into our markets! (Hear.) I want to know how it is that, with an express declaration of the principles of the people upon the question of free trade, the landlords in the House of Lords and in the House of Commons, contrary to their own creed and in opposition to their own judgment, swerved from all that they had promised us, and threw up to those who were more impassioned and boisterous than themselves all that protection which they were bound in honour and in interest to uphold! (Loud cheers.) I feel that it is painful to speak of the landlords of this kingdom in the presence of so many of that aristocracy who shed a lustre upon their order, and whose presence here shows us how much they respond to our own principles. (Cheers.) We can never forget that those laurels which adorn the brow of the noble duke who presides over us were won in the most terrible and hard-fought encounters that ever brought glory, honour, and renown to the British arms, and that the noble duke has, from the period that he turned his sword into a ploughshare, ever stood true to the best interests of agriculture—(loud cheers)—has ever stood true to the declarations which he has made; and under all changes, and in the midst of the vapourings of his opponents, has been steadfast, untarnished, and unsullied, and now comes before us with renewed glory and increased claims upon our gratitude and support. (Loud cheers.) We cannot forget that the noble lord on his right—the Earl Stanhope—(great cheering)—whom it has been my privilege for five-and-twenty years to follow in the paths of philanthropy—who has come to the evening of a long and a useful life, in which he has shown sympathy to the poor, and has had the best interests of his fellow-men at heart—that he comes here, too, for the purpose of giving his powerful support to the great principles to which he and we are alike devoted. (Loud cheers.) They had also several other noble and honourable gentlemen present. They all knew the undaunted courage with which the Marquis of Downshire had fought for their right. They knew that the gentlemen around him were noble exceptions to that great defalcation which had been committed by so large a portion of the aristocracy. (Cheers.) Therefore, he (Mr Ball) could not discharge what he considered to be his duty now, without pointing them out as exceptions to the statement he was about to make—that they had fallen, not by Cobden's—that they had fallen, not by the League's tricks—that they had fallen, not by the treachery of Peel; but because their landlords—the aristocracy—those who should have upheld them—had swerved from their duty in the houses of Parliament. (Cheers.) We had the power—we had the majority—we had the voice of the country, not loud, but strong and firm, and ready to manifest itself when the moment for action came; but they were faint-hearted, they failed in the hour of need, and sacrificed us to the discordant elements of demagoguism and free-tradeism. (Uproarious cheering.) Moreover, they have contrived to take the full tale from the poverty and the debilitated circumstances of a struggling tenantry, (Loud cheers.) Let me put this simple case to you. I take the free-trade landlord, and I take the tenant-farmer. They are in partnership, are engaged in the same pursuit, and have a joint interest in the same property. A is the landlord, B the tenant-farmer. A comes to B and says, "We must make an experiment upon this land. We must introduce certain fresh modes of cultivation. We must change our plan; and if we do so—and so you will farm better, my rent will be more secure, and we shall be altogether in more favourable circumstances than before." B, the tenant, says, "No, it is too frightful an experiment. No, it may involve me in ruin. No, you risk nothing—I risk all." (Great cheering.) But A is the richer man—A has the greater power, and he insists upon the experiment being made, in spite of the tears and protestations of the tenant. In the legislature A assents that the experiment shall be made. Thus he sweeps away and brings down to ruin the tenant who, in his wretchedness, looks up to the landlord for relief; and I do say that, according to the immutable principles of justice, and on the ground of what is due from man to man, the landlord, who is a party to the passing of free-trade measures, is bound to sustain

and uphold his tenant, and reimburse his losses. (Vehement cheers.) I want to know, also, if I have L.5000, L.10,000, or L.20,000, placed in the funds, and a similar sum invested in the land, both of them being sustained and supported by the law—I want to know if the land be to pay the interest of the national debt, whether it is fair and just to take away the income out of which the interest of the national debt is to be paid, and what right or justice there is in demanding the full payment of the national debt! (Loud cheers.) If the fundholder has looked on and encouraged the movement which was made to bring us to ruin, I want to know with what propriety or consistency he can ask to gather out of our ruined means the wealth which, under other circumstances, we would gladly and cheerfully pay him! (Cheers.) But we are told that our landlords cannot now reverse this policy—that they have gone too far to recede—and Cobden, in that celebrated speech of his, which he made at the close of last year in Leeds, said “Only let the agriculturist come forward and put on one shilling in the shape of corn duty, and I will create such a tumult as shall shake the kingdom to its centre.” (Laughter.) Most deliberately and dispassionately my answer to that is—The sooner the better! (Tremendous cheering; the whole of the vast assemblage rising to their feet, and waving their hat and hands.) I say that we have a conscience, that we have a superintending Providence, that we have laws violated, that we have all these things which will sustain and give endurance to us in any conflict that may approach; and that, therefore, we may laugh at all threatenings, and set them at defiance. (Loud cheering.) But what have the tenant-farmers to fear at the approach of discord? Can you be worse off? (No, no.) Can any alteration damage you? (Renewed cries of “no no.”) All is lost! Persevere in your free-trade laws, and there is no concealing the fact that, as a class, we are swept away. (Hear.) Persevere in those laws, our homes will be taken from us. Persevere in those laws, our wives will be without protection. Persevere in those laws, our children will become paupers. (Cheers.) Will you then tell me, when laws have been enacted that reduce me to that position, that I, a broken-hearted man, passing into poverty and my family degraded, that I shall fear the threats of a demagogue! (Much cheering.) My answer for the whole body of the tenantry of the country is this—that we are disposed to risk all, brave all, dare all! (vociferous cheering, again and again repeated;) and that we are prepared, come what will, and cost what it may, at the hour of our country’s peril, for our homes, our wives, and our families, to take those terrible steps which are the most frightful for a good and peaceable man to imagine, but which necessity and unjust treatment hurry us on and bring us to the contemplation of. (Vehement plaudits.) The most abominable part of it is this, however. If it had been a calamity brought on in the Providence of God—by the failure of the seasons, or by something which was above legislative control, we would have humbly bowed to it. But here comes the scourge—we fell through the cowardice and faint-heartedness of him whom we considered to be the greatest of modern statesmen; and when the history of the age that is passing has been recorded, it will tell us that at the same period there was in Italy a man (Count Rossi) who had been appointed minister of the Pope; that he was the witness of a rising tumult and a coming desolation; and that on the very morning of his death he was told not to go to the Senate, for if he did so there would be danger attending him. His reply was, “I have taken office—and when I did that, I took not only its honours and emoluments, but its duties and its dangers.” He went to the Senate, and perished upon the steps of the Forum. But our statesman (Sir Robert Peel) saw the approach of the storm, quailed at the tempest, bowed down to the lowering cloud, dishonoured the country, brought infamy upon his own name, and poverty upon the people. (Great cheering.)

Mr J. ALLIN WILLIAMS, of Wiltshire, seconded the resolution. He stood before them that day as a Wiltshire farmer, second to none in the kingdom in his loyalty and attachment to the throne and his love of the constitution of old England. (Cheers.) Moreover, he stood before them deputed by the farmers of the county of Wilts, for the purpose of protesting against the treatment to which the occupiers of the soil of Great Britain, as a class, had been subjected by the measures of her Majesty’s Ministers and by the House of Commons. (Cheers.) He wished he could think that those measures and their consequences had been properly considered and contemplated by their framers before they were brought forward. Despite the remonstrances of the defenders of the agricultural interest in the House of Commons, and of the noble duke in the chair, and of other noblemen in the Upper House of the Legislature, her Majesty’s Ministers persisted in those measures which must ultimately reduce the tenantry of England to beggary. (Hear, hear.) An individual, whom he would not name, as his name appeared to grate upon the ears of every

honest farmer in this country—(cheers)—but whom it was impossible to forget, as he had laid down maxims which they felt obliged to take up and consider—a few years ago that individual laid down, as a rule, that the British farmer could not grow wheat in this kingdom under 56s. per quarter. (Hear, hear.) And upon the faith of that statement many of the men that he saw before him, himself included, had entered into agreements with their landlords for the purpose of occupying their estates for a certain period of years. (Hear, hear.) He himself had taken a lease for 14 years. What, then, must be the condition of the farmers of those estates whom they were obliged to sell wheat at 36s. per quarter! The consequence was, that all, or the greater part of those who were similarly situated with himself, must be ruined. Upon the same figures was also based the Tithe Commutation Act; and by that act, which, as they too well knew, was ruled by a septennial clause, last year, when they were selling their wheat at the price of two guineas per quarter, they were compelled to pay after the rate of 54s. 10d. per quarter as the tithe of their produce; and this year, when they were selling their wheat at from 36s. to 40s. per quarter, they had to pay upon an average of 53s. (Hear, hear.) It was on that account that he came there to proclaim that her Majesty's Ministers had done the farmers a great piece of injustice, and that they had in fact emptied the pockets of the British farmers by their legislation. If there had been a necessity for the late Free-trade measures, (and he denied that there was any such necessity,) he contended that every portion of the community ought to have been made to bear a fair share of the burdens which had been placed upon the agriculturists. But what was the fact? He maintained that the industrious classes, the producers, alone were made to feel the burden, and that property and capital were wholly exempt. (Hear, hear.) The Free-traders, when proposing their ruinous measures, appear to have made a grand discovery, and assert, that we have no right to tax the food of the people. But did it ever enter their brains that on the wheat produced by the British farmer he paid a large tax in the shape of the superior wages paid to the labourers as compared with those of the labourers of the foreigner, to meet the taxes that are imposed on them upon the necessities of life! That in fact the proportion of labour in a quarter of wheat (which he would assert to be two-thirds) was taxed to the enormous extent of 33 per cent! (Hear, hear, hear.) Again, was not the wheat produced by the British farmer taxed by the poor rates, the highway rates, &c. and the heavy rents which he paid as compared with the foreign farmer, (such rents as were not heard of in any other country in the world,) was it not on account of the heavy taxes the landlords had to pay! If these things never entered the brains of her Majesty's Ministers, they were no men of business. (Hear, hear.) If they did enter into their brains, then their conduct was most knavish, most scandalous; for thereby they compelled the farmers of England to compete on most unequal terms with the foreigner. (Hear, hear.) The aristocracy of this country, he regretted to say, had not as a body done their duty in this matter. (Hear, hear.) Had the farmers of England had the aristocracy and the clergy of the country with them, they might easily have resisted the iniquitous measures of the Free-traders, and they would not have been in their present deplorable condition. (Cheers.) But now let them look for a remedy. Let them from that day call forth those men who had hitherto been blind and apathetic as regarded their own best interests, as well as those of their own immediate dependents. Let them call upon the landed gentry and the clergy throughout the country to do their duty. (Hear, hear.) He thought he might say with confidence, if they responded to that call, that the agricultural interest had nothing to fear. If nothing else would rouse the aristocracy of the country to a proper attention to their vital interests, as well as those of their common country, surely the insolent language of Mr Cobden at Leeds was enough to rouse them from their lethargy. But if they still refused to do their duty, he would call upon them, in the language of Milton, to

“Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen.”

(Cheers.) He knew that time was pressing on, and that he must be brief. He would therefore conclude by again protesting against the treatment they had received, and most heartily seconding the resolution which had been proposed to them by Mr Ball. But he could not resume his seat before he had conjured them to send Whig principles to the winds. (Laughter and cheers.) His belief was, that Dr Samuel Johnson never made so happy a hit in his definition of those principles, as when he said that the devil was the first Whig. (Great laughter and cheers.)

The resolution was then put and unanimously carried.

Professor AYTOUN, of Edinburgh then came forward, amidst loud cheering, to propose the following resolution :—"That this meeting attributes the depression and distress of the agricultural, colonial, shipping, and other interests to the rash and impolitic changes in the laws which had long regulated the importation of foreign productions ; that it is of opinion that those laws were based on the most just principles, and dictated by the soundest policy ; that, under their salutary influence, the British nation had attained an unexampled state of prosperity, and a proud pre-eminence in the scale of nations ; and that if their object and spirit in fostering and protecting native industry be finally abandoned, many of the most important interests of the state will be sacrificed, and the national prosperity and greatness be ruinously impaired." The learned Professor proceeded as follows :—Gentlemen, I have been desired, perhaps, rather than requested, on the part of the Scottish Protective Association, (hear, hear,) to attend this meeting, and to move one of the resolutions. I most sincerely wish that the task had been confided to abler hands than mine ; but all of us have a distinct duty to perform ; and those of my countrymen who act with me feel that, on such an occasion as this, it would be wrong and faint-hearted if Scotland, which is so deeply interested in the grand question of protection to native industry, were to hang back, and refuse to come forward to testify to you and to the tenantry of England that our zeal in this cause is as great, our feeling as decided, our determination as strong as your own. (Cheers.) I cannot offer to you the testimony of a practical agriculturist, but, perhaps, I may be allowed to say that I do not consider this is a meeting entirely of agriculturists. (Hear, hear.) Every man in this nation, from the lowest to the highest, has, I conceive, a distinct stake in this question. Every man, whatever be his occupation or his calling, is entitled to come forward here and declare his opinion upon those measures which have been thrust on the nation by an act of perfidy and treachery, to find a parallel for which we shall search the pages of history in vain. (Hear, hear.) I do not exaggerate our case when I say that Scotland is, if possible, more interested than England in the maintenance or the restoration of protection to native industry. Far later in point of time were our fields broken up, our moors reclaimed, our morasses drained ; and the prosperity of Scotland, great as it has been, can hardly be reckoned as of older date than the last seventy years. Glasgow, the largest city of Scotland, the second city of the United Kingdom, rose to its present high wealth and distinction by its colonial connexion within a comparatively recent period. Our counties and our towns are alike interested in this matter. The "transition state" of suffering which our opponents now affect to have foreseen as the inevitable result of their measures—though they took especial care to conceal that revelation from every human eye—is more than beginning to make itself felt in the latter : in the former, it is evident and undenied, and already, I am sorry to say, in our remote Highland districts the work of desolation has begun. They may call it peace if they please ; it is not peace, alas ! it is solitude. (Hear, hear.) Now, there are certain things you have imported from Scotland for which perhaps you may not thank us very much, and one of those things is a certain race called Political Economists. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) I do not, however, wish to include among the number the father of political economy, Adam Smith, now in his grave three-quarters of a century, who wrote at a time and under circumstances very different from those in which we are at present placed. I observe that Mr Cobden is going about the country with the works, as he says, of Adam Smith in his hands, and favouring the public with his comments on those works ; but I hope those comments will be taken by the public, as I take them, at their true value—estimating the quality of the text at a different ratio from the perverted interpretations of the expounder. There is another Scottish Political Economist, Mr McCulloch, who has written a great deal on the subject of the corn trade, and who has been hitherto, during his long life, a decided enemy to all restrictive duties ; but who, I believe, is now discovering at the last hour, that he has been going too fast in his views, and that the total withdrawal of protection is not likely to do all the good which he had at one time anticipated from it. Then, there is another gentleman, who is an ornament to the present House of Commons—the illustrious Mr Macgregor, (roars of laughter,) the gifted and infallible seer, who won the suffrages of a benighted city by telling its electors from the hustings that the nation was to increase in wealth, under the free-trade system, at the rate of precisely L.2,000,000 a-week. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) That was to be the national gain ; a gain in which we were all to participate the moment the corn laws were swept away. Mr Macgregor also told the people of Glasgow that in this matter he was the political tutor of Sir R. Peel, (hear, hear, and laughter ;) that he, the two million a-week man, was the individual who laid down that grand plan under which we are all at present suffering. If that

be true, all I shall remark is this, that surely never did any pupil select so singular a master. Under these circumstances, I must admit that, however we may be entitled to appear here as a deputation, one gift which we have sent you from Scotland, in the shape of political economists, is a gift for which you cannot be very thankful. This is, I may add, an age in which men have been more beset by figures than by anything else which we can mention. (Hear.) Half a century ago, when any extraordinary account appeared in the newspapers, it used to be said that it must be true because it was to be found in print. Now, that delusion seems to have passed away; the charm of infallibility is broken, and people do not at present suppose that the press has got any particular exemption from error. But a delusion quite as great, and even more baneful, still prevails with respect to figures. There are men seated in their closets, with blue-books before them, casting up long columns of accounts, and making out statements which they call statistics, which are to form the invariable rules by which mankind is to be governed, and by which the commerce of this country is to be regulated; and it is by putting their noxious dogmas into effect that this country has of late been exposed to so much suffering. The system is older even than the days of Adam Smith; for about a century ago there went forth from Edinburgh a man of the name of John Law, the founder of the famous Mississippi scheme—a scheme for enriching men by foreign trade and for conferring on them fortunes at once, while it did away with native industry. History has its cycles, and we have again arrived at a period when quackery and imposture have usurped the place of sound common-sense, of wise policy, and I fear not to add, of truthful and Christian legislation. (Great cheering.) I know well that it is not my part to dwell long upon topics with which others are better acquainted, but if you will allow me, I shall make a few observations with regard to the present state of agricultural industry in Scotland. We have of late years been much flattered by commendations of our system of farming in that country. Whenever any of the farmers of England were supposed not to be quite up to the mark, it used to be said by Sir Robert Peel and his friends, that those farmers had only to imitate the example of the men of the same class in the Lothians. But in the beginning of this year, after a fair trial had been given to the so-called experiment of free trade, the farmers of the Lothians came forward, and testified by the leading members of their body that they were losing under the present system, and that their industry, skill, energy, and frugality were employed in vain so long as that incubus weighed upon them. (Hear, hear.) What followed? Why, the note was immediately changed, and it was said that those men were not farming high enough! That discovery was made by a gentleman who now appears to be Sir Robert Peel's great authority upon the subject—a certain Mr Caird. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) Now that gentleman, although a farmer, does not happen to be able to say that he ever made anything himself by farming. But he is acquainted with another individual, who is the factor on an estate of a very liberal landlord, who lets him have land for a merely nominal rent. That individual is at present in possession of a fine peat-moss, exceedingly well fitted for growing potatoes; and, as there has been less rot this year in his potatoes than in those of the greater portion of other farmers, he had derived from them a considerable profit. That is the farmer whose example is now recommended by Mr Caird as the grand panacea for all the evils under which the agricultural class is suffering. (Hear, hear.) So you see, gentlemen, in what you are to put your trust—peat-moss and potatoes! (Great laughter.) These are the twin resources with which you are to meet unlimited importations of grain! Pity, for the sake of Ireland, where both articles are abundant, that the discovery was made so late! I believe, indeed I know, you have something of the same sort here. Mr Mechi—(hear, hear, and laughter)—a gentleman whose razors are of undeniable excellence—has been attempting to show the farmers of England how to shave close (a laugh); and the unclean spirit of free trade, finding no other place of refuge, has at last flown into the herd of Mr Huxtable's swine. (Immense cheering.) But I must say a few words with regard to the poorer districts—with regard to the Highlands of Scotland. The misery prevailing in many of those districts, more especially in the west and in the islands, did not proceed solely from the repeal of the corn laws; for it was also in a great measure owing to the noxious tariffs of Sir R. Peel, which admitted provisions duty-free into this country. It appears—indeed I believe it is an uncontradicted fact—that the British fleet is now virtualised by foreign produce. (Cries of “Shame.”) I hold in my hand a letter from a banker in the town of Oban in Argyleshire, stating that emigration is now taking place to a very considerable extent there, that most of those who can scrape a few pounds together are taking their passage to America, and that shortly the landlords will be left with no class of people on their lands save the reckless, the improvident, and the idle. Free trade is now rapidly

driving from the Highlands their most industrious inhabitants; and I believe that unless we compel the Government to retrace their steps, a large portion of Scotland will soon be brought back to the condition in which she was placed at the time when the Heritable Jurisdictions were repealed, and when the country was in a half savage state. (Hear.) I say that Scotland is now rapidly assuming the place which Ireland has hitherto occupied. A deluge of Irish labourers is already flowing over to us, and forcing down wages all over the country. I believe that, if this fatal experiment should be allowed to go on for another year, the cry from Scotland, and especially from her remoter districts, will become overpowering and appalling. We have seen the recent revelations made by the public press with regard to the state of the poor in this country. Everybody, I believe, has read in the graphic letters in the *Morning Chronicle* upon that subject, tales of the most appalling distress, flowing from excessive competition in every branch of industry. But that competition must necessarily be increased by that crowding into the towns from the country, which I know is now taking place in Scotland, of labourers who would emigrate if they had the means of doing so. I observe that it has been proposed, in a pamphlet recently published by an eccentric writer, that the surplus population of our towns should be marched out in industrial regiments, and sent to till the bogs and reclaim the hill sides. Such schemes are utterly visionary; and they are founded upon a shallow and perverted view of the social grievances against which we emphatically protest. Why, it is the want of occupation in the country just now which is doing the whole of the mischief, and which is creating that mass of pauperism which we all deplore. (Hear, hear.) It would seem, indeed, as if the present Ministers and the Free-traders would wish to realise no better picture of Great Britain than this—

“Wasted fields and crowded cities,
Swarming streets and desert downs;
All the light of life concentrated
In the focus of the towns.”

The Free-traders tell us that they are at present as determined as ever on persisting in their experiment; but they talk incoherently about some future measure of relief, which, if we will consent to be quiet, they may possibly, out of their great bounty, vouchsafe to the victims of their policy. Now, let us see in what position we are placed. For the first time probably in the memory of man, the Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer has a surplus; but he does not well know what to do with it; and he thinks that perhaps the best way of employing a portion of it is to give the manufacturers another bonus by taking the duty off bricks; but he calls that a boon to the agriculturists. (Hear.) Why, in a single factory stalk there are more bricks than would build cottages for a whole parish! Let us see, however, how that surplus has been occasioned. That surplus would be a deficit, and a large deficit, were it not for the property and income tax laid on by Sir R. Peel—(hear, hear)—under a promise as solemn as ever flowed from the lips of man, that it was to be but temporary in its operation. But that tax has never been removed, and never will be removed, unless this country shall speak with more determination upon the subject than it has hitherto done. How does that tax work on you farmers! (Cheers.) You are charged to the income-tax in proportion to the amount of your rents, so that you do not pay it out of your profits. Now, I say that the continuance of that tax on the farmers, after the legislature has deprived them of the profits of their business, is a crying iniquity. (Hear, hear, and cries of “We will no longer pay it.”) I suppose you will not pay it because you cannot pay it; that is, no doubt, the reason. But let us see what argument is advanced in favour of the continuance of Free Trade. What tangible ground have they for telling us that we are still bound to persevere! There is none; there cannot be any argument advanced in its favour. The experiment was adopted, we are told, with a view to stimulate exports, and to give the manufacturers of this country more extended markets for their produce. Well, but last year the amount of these exports had not reached the amount of the year 1845—the last year of Protection. (Immense cheering.) So then, even the exporting manufacturers have been disappointed. As to the home trade, we all know, and the manufacturers themselves know to their cost, in what a wretched position that is placed. But when the Free-traders were asked why they had adopted the Free-trade policy, or why they continued it, they replied that it was because if they had not done so there would have been a revolution in this country. (Hear, and laughter.) That is, indeed, the most precious reason I have ever heard assigned for any course of policy. What does that say for the loyalty of the individuals for whom the change has been made! (Loud cries of “Hear, hear.”) But you are known to be loyal, and you

are therefore the class selected to be sacrificed to buy up the loyalty of the towns. (Enormous cheering.) Test this argument of theirs in any way you will, and I defy you to arrive at any other conclusion. Is it not enough to make one sick to see such legislation going on? But it is not confined to Great Britain alone: we have it in Canada also at this moment. There the Government is buying up the rebels, compensating those who rose in arms against this country, and spreading dissatisfaction among the loyal people of that colony, who were ready to lay down their lives in defence of the Queen and the Constitution. But I fear I have already detained you longer than I ought to have done. We are here simply to tell you, that in this great national struggle, for a principle which is scarce less vital to us than our liberties, our co-operation, according to the measure of our ability, shall be cordially and unreservedly given. (Loud cheering.) This is not England's battle only: it is ours as well; and therefore are we here to-day. It is matter for regret that the tenantry in Scotland have not oftener had opportunities of meeting their brethren in the south, and, indeed, that the agriculturists of the country generally cannot, from obvious reasons, be brought into contact with each other as frequently as would be desirable. But this I will say, that I believe the feelings among the yeomanry and the tenantry in both countries are the same; and that those two classes who, in days long gone by, met in hostile conflict, are now united in their determination to have the infamous measures which are over-riding us all repealed; and when the red cross of St George and the silver cross of St Andrew are blended indissolubly together, I fear no Cobdens—I fear no opposing force: I fear neither the machinations of the intriguer, nor the empty bluster of the demagogue. (Loud and long-continued cheers.) I despise their threats, as I know that their hearts are cowardly; and I tell them that their insolent challenge has been taken up, in a manner which they fear to answer, by the true men and the valiant spirits of Britain; and in the justice of the cause we repose our faith in its issue. (Loud and vociferous cheering.)

Sir M. RIDLEY WHITE, Bart., of Northumberland, seconded the resolution. He could undertake to say, from his personal knowledge, that, in the important county with which he was more intimately connected, the Free-trade policy had proved most seriously prejudicial to the agricultural classes. Earl Grey had declared that he did not consider the value of his property had been diminished by the adoption of that policy. But he (Sir M. Ridley White) could state one very striking fact, which, he thought, would show how groundless was that declaration. The noble Earl possessed, among other fine farms on his large estates, what might be called the picked farm of the county, as regarded the production of barley and turnips. That farm had been tenanted, a few years ago, by an intelligent and enterprising man, who had hitherto paid for it a rent of L.2240. The tenant had, some time since, announced that the circumstances of the times were such that he could no longer pay that rent, and that it should be reduced to L.1600. That proposal had not been agreed to by the noble Earl, and the farm had been advertised in all the local prints, as well as in other portions of England and in Scotland. One offer had been made for it, which, however, had subsequently been withdrawn, and the highest sum afterwards bid for it was a rent of L.1680. That offer had been refused by the noble Earl, and the result was that that farm, the pick, as it were, of the county, was at present occupied by the noble Earl himself. (Loud cries of "Hear, hear.") With such a fact staring the noble Earl in the face, he (Sir M. Ridley White) supposed he would not again get up in his place in the House of Lords and say that his property had not been depreciated by the adoption of the Free-trade system. But he should proceed to lay before the meeting a number of other facts, the truth of which he should at any time be ready to substantiate, for the purpose of showing how much the value of agricultural property had, of late, been diminished in the county of Northumberland. Many farms in that county had been recently relinquished in consequence of the depressed state of the markets for agricultural produce, and the rentals of those that had been re-let, had, in general, been reduced. A few instances to the contrary might be cited, but that variation could be satisfactorily accounted for. In the farm of Berwick Hill, the old rent had been L.500, the new rent was L.300. In Great Ryle, in the parish of Whittingham, the old rent had been L.1100, the new rent was L.855, being a decrease of 22 per cent. In Morwick, in the parish of Warkworth, the old rent had been L.715, the new rent was L.533, being a decrease of 24½ per cent. Prestwick East Farm, in the parish of Dinnington, within five miles of the populous town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, which had been recently let at L.300, was re-let this year at L.220, being a diminution of 26½ per cent. Then, again, he found that agricultural capital had been reduced very considerably, and in many cases rents were being paid out of the capital, and not from the returns of the farms.

Reductions had been made in the wages paid to labourers to the amount of from 1s. to 2s. per week, and in the northern parts of the county to 2s. 6d. The sales of farm-stock had been unprecedented, both as to numbers, extent, and importance: the reduction in value at ready-money sales, as compared with former years, had been very considerable in every instance, varying from 20 to 40 per cent. Many labourers had been thrown out of employment, and the demand for able-bodied workmen was much reduced, while improvements in agriculture were not carried on to the same extent, or with the same spirit, as in former years. The demand for adventitious manures had also decreased, and that depression extended to the towns throughout the county, in which the tradesmen, whose prosperity was mainly dependent on that of the agriculturists, had suffered a depreciation to the amount of from 30 to 35 per cent. Having submitted those facts to the meeting, he had much pleasure in recommending the resolution for their adoption. (Cheers.)

The resolution was then put, and unanimously agreed to.

Mr J. J. ALLNATT, Wallingford, in Berkshire, proposed the following resolution:—"That no relief from general or local taxation, which is consistent with the maintenance of national faith, and the efficiency of public establishments, can enable the British and colonial producer to maintain a successful competition with foreign productions, and that the only hope of replacing the agricultural and other British interests in a state of prosperity rests on the re-establishment of a just system of import duties." He regretted to find that at that advanced hour he could trespass but a few minutes on their attention, because he had much to say of the atrocious position in which the agricultural classes had been placed by the legislation adopted of late years in this country. He felt convinced that unless that policy were speedily reversed, it would be impossible to continue to raise the amount of revenue necessary for the maintenance of those great establishments on which the national safety and honour mainly depended. He did not see why the farmers should be made the victims of an experiment which every one, except her Majesty's Ministers and the Free-traders, had foretold must bring ruin on the country. But what would be the nature and extent of that ruin? Were those institutions which constituted our pride and the world's envy to be toppled down merely that an "experiment" might be tried? Why, that experiment had already been tried, and, moreover, had most signally failed. He spoke as a Berkshire farmer, representing the feelings and opinions of the Berkshire farmers, and he might say of Oxfordshire too, for he lived upon the borders of the Thames, which separated the two counties; and he spoke advisedly and decidedly when he said that these insane laws had already produced great distress amongst the agricultural classes generally in these counties, and, he regretted to add, had also shaken those constitutional feelings and that attachment to the Crown which were once their boast. (Cheers.) Now, if he asked a brother farmer how he felt upon certain points of great importance connected with these matters, he would answer him thus—"I thought it was the duty of a government to uphold and protect every individual who is called on to pay taxes for the support of that government. I thought that we owed our fealty upon certain conditions, and that we had a right to demand protection, in the exercise of our skill and industry, against unfair competition." I am not enamoured of the word Protection, but I certainly thought we had a right to live and to say to any government—"You shall not, and you dare not, put your hand into my pocket and rob me." (Loud cheers.) Reference had been made to the statement of Mr Charles Villiers—that £90,000,000 sterling had been saved to the country through the operation of Free Trade, and that therefore the country was the richer to that amount. He (Mr Allnatt) denied that proposition. He admitted that the agricultural interest had been robbed of £90,000,000, but the country was not the richer for the transaction. (Hear, hear.) And if it were a fact that from a depreciation in the value of agricultural produce the country was gaining £90,000,000 a-year, the agricultural interest had had taken from them to that extent their capability of paying the taxes of the country; and if so, truly did the resolution he was about to propose express one important fact, that the national faith was in danger. (Cheers.) Was it to be supposed that if they were still to be robbed of 90,000,000 a-year of their income, they would not look to the public funds and say, "It is impossible that we, the working bees, having been plundered of our honey, can continue to support the drones." This consideration was of great importance, and ought to sink deeply into the minds of those who, because they possessed fixed incomes, must of course feel a certain degree of temporary prosperity on account of the depreciation in the value of agricultural produce; but he warned those gentlemen not to put too much faith in that temporary prosperity. If the agricultural interest were to be

thus treated—if they were to be thus robbed—for he could find no other expression that would accurately describe their treatment—he warned the fundholders that their time of trial and suffering would speedily arrive, and that shortly the term “national faith” would not be found in the vocabulary of the farmer. (Great cheering.) With regard to public establishments, he was as much disposed to support just and useful establishments as any man; but there were establishments in existence that were much too costly; and it was unjust that those persons who were connected with them should be in the receipt of the same amount of salary that was paid to them when wheat was 60s. a quarter. Therefore he told these officials—*ay*, the greatest of them—for he would go to the very pinnacle of power, and descend to the meanest of those who were paid by the State—“There ought to be some understanding as to how we are to pay you, and what amount we are to pay you in future.” (Cheers.) But when he saw men like Mr Cobden and Mr Bright, professing the highest attachment to the principles of financial reform, and then reflected on their recent conduct in the House of Commons, when Mr Henley, the honest and patriotic member for Oxfordshire, brought forward his proposal embodying a proposition that was irrefutably true, and these men had the audacity, the hardihood, (a voice—“Impudence,”)—*ay*, the impudence to meet that proposal by voting for the previous question, he (Mr Allnatt) was almost afraid to avow himself a financial reformer, lest he should be thought by honest men in some degree to partake of the inconsistency and hypocrisy of the leaders of the Free-trade faction. (An explosion of cheers.) The resolution concluded by the simple proposition that no relief which could be given by the remission of general taxation could save the agricultural interest from impending ruin. With respect to the House of Commons, he had formerly taken an active part in getting up petitions to that honourable house, but he had now done with that. (Loud cheers.) He should no more think of signing a petition to the House of Commons, under present circumstances, on behalf of the agricultural classes, than he should to the man in the moon. (Renewed cheers.) There was a time when he (Mr A.) was under the impression that the farmers of Great Britain and Ireland would, at all events, receive the sympathy, if not the assistance, of the majority of that branch of the Imperial Legislature at all times of difficulty and distress; That delusion had now vanished; and when he saw a majority of that House disbelieving the honest representations of those who were suffering the deepest distress, when he witnessed, in that majority, a disposition to evade the fair inference from facts which they dared not positively deny, and that they would do nothing voluntarily for the relief of that distress, which had been effected by their own erroneous legislation; then, he said, he considered it utterly useless either to trouble himself or disturb the calm repose of such an assembly as that, by stating to them his apprehensions of the impending ruin of British agriculture, and humbly soliciting their aid in averting so dire a calamity, which must ere long place in jeopardy even the most valued institutions of this great and powerful nation. (Cheers.) Did the farmers recollect what Mr S. Herbert had said about them—that they were coming before the House of Commons, ingloriously “whining for protection”? Now, I (continued Mr A.) do not mean to “whine.” I mean to say, farmers of England! that you have no cause for whining—that you can, if you will, raise up your heads erect and demand the restoration of protection. (Vehement cheering.) I say it advisedly, that upon you, and upon the class which you represent, depends the great question, whether eventually the monarchy shall rest upon a rock, stable as those rocks which gird our shores, or whether a system shall be introduced breeding disaffection, alienating the attachment of the good and the loyal, and producing general confusion in the country. (Loud cheers.) I know, and I affirm fearlessly, that the continuance of the present system will ruin the landed interest of the country. We shall go first, but noble lords and the aristocracy of England will be the next to follow. It is impossible that the aristocracy of the country can be supported without the tenantry. We have lived long enough to find out that the expression of “rowing in the same boat” has been used figuratively, and has meant nothing. True, there are many exceptions, and noble lords and the gentlemen on the platform are amongst them. The allusion to “rowing in the same boat” is no longer generally applicable. We have rowed in the same boat, but they have too often pulled one way while we pulled another. (Cheers.) I want to see each one with a labouring oar in his hand. Let the landlords join the tenantry in pulling towards the desired haven, and I will be bound that the tenantry pull harder than they. (Loud cheers.) We come forward not only in defence of our own rights, but the rights of our landlords, and the rights of our labourers also. I am proud of the aristocracy of the country, and I believe their eyes will yet be opened, and that, when united with the tenant-farmer,

they will not only re-establish his right to live and prosper on the soil of Old England, but preserve the Throne and prevent the establishment of a republican form of government in this country, which would be but the prelude to anarchy, bloodshed, and national disgrace. Mr Allnatt concluded by moving the resolution, amidst loud cheers.

Mr HUGH WATSON, Keillor, N.B., considered it a high compliment to the farmers of Scotland, that he, as representing that body, should be called upon to take a part in the business of this great meeting by seconding the resolution, so ably moved and introduced, for which purpose he now rose. He had come there as one of a deputation from the Protective Association of Scotland, and could answer for his brother farmers in the North, that in heart and soul they were with them. The farmers of Scotland had been accused, perhaps justly, of being a little slow in the Protection movement; but if they were so, it was not for lack of good will, but from motives of expediency or prudence. Although we had not made any great public demonstration in the North, we had, thanks to a valuable portion of the periodical press in Scotland, been enabled to express our feelings. To this influential organ of public opinion, which was not to be bought or sold, we owed a debt of deep gratitude, for it had stood by us in our adversity as well as in former prosperity. He was sorry that he was not able to tell that things were better in Scotland than they were in England. The tale that he might have related to them, was one of as great misery as any they had been called upon to listen to that day. At this late hour of the meeting, he would not go much into detail. The experiment now being made has nearly ruined the farmers of Scotland—a large portion of the arable land must go out of cultivation—and confiscation of property had this year extended to more than the gross rental of that kingdom. But, though the farmers felt they were grievously oppressed, they were not yet subdued. (Loud cheers.) There was a time when the interests of the landlords and tenantry of Scotland were regarded as inseparable; but, he was sorry to say, that feeling was not now so strongly entertained as formerly. Delusions and deceptions had been practised which had, in some cases, weaned the affections of the one class from the other; he could see, however, a growing disposition to return to the path in which they had formerly trod. He would say to his brother farmers of England, that some apology was due to them from the farmers of Scotland, for the unfounded aspersions which had been cast upon them by a few empirical pretenders, who, from their insignificance, only deserved their contempt. Let them be assured that the farmers of Scotland were not so ignorant of the modes of farming, the management of stock, and the general economy of well-managed English farms, or of the intelligence of English farmers, as to try and deceive them by any fine-spun theories of high-farming, or any such humbug. (Cheers and laughter.) They might depend upon it, that the parties who thus attempted to deceive them, or their landlords, were not those sterling farmers of Scotland we have been accustomed to look to during the last forty years. (Hear, hear.) One subject, which had been alluded to here and in other places, had roused his Scottish blood a little. The tenant farmers have been told that they have not the courage, moral or physical, to stand up, and insist upon their rights. Surely the fools who made such assertions as these do not know of what stuff the yeomanry of England are composed. (Loud cheers.) Surely they could never have seen such a sample of an Irishman as was then on his left hand—the Marquis of Downshire; and I am quite sure they were equally ignorant of the character of the hardy sons of Scotland, who would spend the last drop of their blood rather than submit to insult. (Cheers.) In conclusion, this I will say, that if such men as this Apostle of Peace and his satellites choose to insult us, the men of England, Ireland, and Scotland, or dare us to the strife, then say I—

“Come on, Macduff,

And damned be he who first cries—Hold, enough!”

(Vociferous cheering.)

The resolution was carried unanimously.

WILLIAM CALDECOTT, Esq.—My Lords and Gentlemen, I rise not only as a landowner of one farm, and an occupier of another, but as a delegate from the neighbourhood of Colchester, deputed by my brother delegates to move the following resolution:—“That the members of the various delegations from all parts of the United Kingdom now present cannot separate without recording their deep sense of the invaluable services rendered to the cause of Protection by the noble President, the respected chairman of the acting committee, and the other members of the National Association, in whom the whole agricultural community repose the most deserved and unbounded confidence. And they earnestly recommend to their fellow-countrymen who desire the restoration of protection as the leading principle of

legislative policy, to support the Association; and whatever differences of opinion may prevail on minor points, unitedly to follow its energetic but prudent guidance in the great struggle in which they are engaged." In my case, gentlemen, you see an instance of the distinction made between classes; for, when in private life as a merchant, my funded property escaped all contribution to tithes, poor-rates, and all other taxes; but no sooner was I induced, by the assurances of Sir Robert Peel, (the Judas Iscariot of political life,) that it would be madness to alter his corn-law, to invest it in land, than it became subject to an unequal and unjust share of public burdens, and which ought and must be inquired into, since faith has been broken with us; or how are we to keep faith with the national creditor when the means of doing so are taken from us! Knowing as I do from private friends, (Free-traders,) that the ulterior objects of the Free-traders are the destruction of the union between Church and State, the abolition of the Monarchy, and the establishment of a republic; and, lastly, the application of the sponge to the national debt, I tell Lord John Russell that, in aiding and abetting the Free-traders in these designs, instead of being a public reformer, he will prove himself a public destroyer, by alienating from her Majesty the most loyal and attached body in her kingdoms—the yeomanry of England. For the purpose of remedying the distress which was complained of, I would not (exclaimed Mr Caldecott) petition the House of Commons; but if we are to have no protection, let us go thousands in a body to insist upon equality of burdens. We have the power in our own hands. If they will not listen to the voice of reason—if constitutional means will not avail, band yourselves together in a league for withholding the taxes, the tithes, and the poor-rates, (immense cheering,) until the Government do listen to your complaints.

"What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?"

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;

And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,

Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

Mr WILLIAM RIGDEN, Hove, Sussex, seconded the resolution, and said at that late hour he would not detain the meeting, but merely make a single remark upon the report of the "*Times*' Commissioner" in reference to the county of Sussex. In the course of his travels the "Commissioner" seemed to have encountered a farm of 400 acres in the neighbourhood of Brighton, upon which he said the occupier had made a profit of £900 last year. He (Mr R.) undertook to say that that statement was not true, and he now publicly challenged the "Commissioner" to prove his assertion. (Loud cheers). As a proof of the distress prevailing in the county of Sussex, he might state, that within the last fortnight he had had more than fifty able-bodied labourers applying to him for work.

The resolution was put from the chair, and carried by acclamation.

Mr GEORGE BODINGTON, of Sutton Coldfield, said—I appear here to-day from the county of Warwick; and on behalf of the men of Warwickshire I say, that whatever may take place in this country as the consequence of the false policy of Free Trade, they will, under all circumstances, be ready to do their duty. It is, I think, a most surprising spectacle to see the yeomanry of England and Scotland assembled in the centre of this metropolis, for the purpose of carrying on an agitation in opposition to the measures of Government. We might almost appear to come forward in a new character upon this occasion, for we have been always ready to support the Monarchy, the Government, and the Constitution of this country. It might seem as if at present we were placed in a false position, but in reality we appear in the same position we have ever occupied, namely, as defenders of the institutions of the country. Free Trade is the policy of the Government, and it is a policy founded on the success of an agitation which was unconstitutional in its character and objects, and therefore we are here to-day to oppose it. The agitation which was carried on by the Anti-Corn-Law League, went to an extent, and had a purpose in view, far beyond the limits which the Constitution safely and fairly allows in the conduct and movement of measures by the people against the Government of the country. But how came the Constitution to fail on that occasion? For my part, I have faith in the British Constitution; and I do not believe that that great error would ever have been committed except through the treachery of those to whom its administration had been intrusted. Our cause has been lost by treachery and cowardice. (Cheers.) But how are we to rectify the error? I fear it can only be done by a dissolution of the present Parliament, and the election of another in its stead determined to vindicate the rights of native industry, and re-assert the authority and dignity of the Constitution from the violence and degradation to which it has been subjected. Are the present Ministers prepared to add to the dark catalogue of Free-

trade disasters, (embracing the ruin of the West Indian colonies, the disaffection and threatened alienation of the Canadas, the entire ruin of Ireland, which, through Free Trade, special as well as general, is sunk to the lowest depths of misery and destitution,) the utter destruction of the capital in the hands of the tenant-farmers and yeomen of the country!—and with that, as a consequence, of the aristocracy!—and with that, of the throne! Why, these things must follow as the inevitable results of one another. It had been asserted by Sir R. Peel, on a recent occasion in the House of Commons, that the doctrine of Free Trade was analogous in principle to the law of gravitation which governs the great material world around us. He used this allusion, however, merely as a piece of empty declamation, without the smallest particle of reasonable argument to support his position. It is obvious that the law of gravitation operates as a restrictive, repulsive, and prohibitive power, as well as an attractive; or otherwise the planet we inhabit and the other spheres would quit their orbits, run in upon the sun the great centre, and produce chaos and universal ruin. (Loud cheers.) And thus, to compare great things with small, in the commercial world, Great Britain, the sun and centre, is producing confusion and general disorder by her abandonment of those great negative principles which are essential to the maintenance of natural distinctions and differences, and of the several inferior commercial centres, so to speak, in their respective orbits. And these results are exemplified in the destruction of the labour-interest of Ireland, involving, as we see it does, the destruction there of every other interest; in the deterioration of the labour-interest of England; in the outcast, from circulation, of a very large proportion of monetary capital from the commercial world; in the conflict of classes, now induced both abroad and now at length at home; and in a host of other social and political evils. And thus this analogous allusion, fairly argued, justifies the principle of Protection by restrictive laws, and utterly repudiates that of unguarded intercourse.

Free Trade will inevitably lead to the ruin of every great national interest, and it is therefore the duty of every one who wishes well to the British Empire, to assist in obtaining as speedily as possible a complete reversal of that policy. I will not detain the Meeting any longer, but at once read the resolution which has been intrusted to me, as follows:—"That a Memorial to the right hon. the First Lord of the Treasury be prepared, founded on the foregoing resolutions, protesting in the strongest manner against the continuance of the present system of mis-called 'Free trade,' and solemnly casting on the Administration, of which his Lordship is the head, the heavy responsibility of rejecting the appeals of the people for the abandonment of that system, and that a deputation be appointed for the purpose of presenting the same to his Lordship, and of representing to him the present critical and alarming position of many districts of this country, and of some of the most important colonies and dependencies of the British Crown."

Mr H. HIGGINS, of Herefordshire, came forward to second the resolution. He said that the county which he then represented suffered greater distress than had ever been known within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. He believed that if the present Free-trade policy were persisted in they would no longer have any of those fine exhibitions of cattle for which that county had hitherto been so famous. An hon. gentleman who preceded him had told them of the distress which at present prevailed in Ireland. But for his part, he believed that England was now being Irelandised as fast as possible. (Hear, hear.) And for whom had they (the tenant-farmers) been victimised? Who were reaping the harvest of their ruin? Why, the foreigner, the drone, and the millocrat. (Hear, hear.) It was not the industrious classes, as asserted by Mr Villiers, that had effected a saving of L.90,000,000 a-year by the repeal of the corn laws; for the greater portion of that sum went into the pocket of the foreigner. He told the Government that the industrious classes in this country would not stand that much longer. He warned the Government against driving these classes to desperation, and he told them that it was their firmness and loyalty which had at all times mainly contributed to keep the country in peace and quietness. But when a man lost his property he became reckless of consequences: for, in the scramble that might take place, he had everything to gain and nothing to lose. He would address one word to the landlords of England. He would tell them that they had not done their duty. (Hear, hear.) But he would further tell them, not to be misled by the delusion that they could derive from extra production a compensation for the depreciation of prices. He would call on the Legislature of this country to redress the wrongs of the agricultural classes, unless they intended to excite those classes to exercise the strength which they still retained in their hands. If they could not obtain justice by rational means—if they could not succeed by more

force—he for one was prepared to do anything in defence of his own. (Hear, hear.)

The Right Hon. the Earl of EGLINTON then came forward, amidst loud cheers, to move the following resolutions :—"That the cordial thanks of this meeting be respectfully offered to his Grace the Duke of Richmond, K.G., for his manly and consistent maintenance of the cause of Protection on all occasions, and especially for the able and impartial manner in which he has presided over the proceedings of this day." The noble earl said, that meeting had been characterised by more unanimity than any meeting, perhaps, at which he had ever assisted ; but he felt certain that whatever might be the unanimity, and whatever might be the enthusiasm with which they had received the preceding resolutions, the one which he had then to propose would be received with still more unanimity, and with still greater enthusiasm. He had to propose the thanks of the meeting to their noble chairman. (Loud and long continued cheers.) Many censures had that day been unsparingly, but he should confess most justly, showered down upon that class to which he belonged. He was, however, proud to say, that he, in common with hundreds of others, had escaped from that censure. He was also proud to say that the class to which he more especially belonged—he meant the peerage of Scotland—had been particularly exempt from that vacillation and apathy which had distinguished too many of the nobility of the empire. (Hear, hear.) When he told them that out of 16 representative peers who sat in the House of Lords for Scotland, on the great division which took place with respect to the repeal of the corn laws, 10 had voted against the measure, 2 had not voted at all, one of whom was now as staunch a Protectionist as any present, and only 4 had recorded their votes against the principle of Protection—one of these being thousands of miles off, and perhaps incapable of forming any decision of his own upon the subject—when he told them those facts, he thought they would admit that the peerage of Scotland had not as a body been deficient in their duty upon that occasion. One of the most eloquent speakers who had addressed them that day, Professor Aytoun, had told them of some bad articles which came from Scotland in the shape of political economists. But he (the Earl of Eglinton) could not refrain from saying one word in favour of "Auld Scotland" upon that occasion, and he would ask them whether they had not seen one good article come from that country in the shape of the Professor himself ? (Cheers.) It might not be so well known to the body of the meeting as it was to him, how deeply the Protectionist cause was indebted to that gentleman (hear) ; but he knew that the most powerful, the most eloquent, and the most convincing statements in favour of Protection had come from his pen. (Cheers.) He should also call to their recollection the honest specimen of a Scotch tenant-farmer—namely, Mr Watson, whom they had heard that day, and of whom he confessed he, as a countryman, felt proud, (hear, hear ;) but, above all, he begged to state, that Scotland owned one-half of their noble chairman. The noble duke was one-half a Scotchman by birth, by property, and by feeling. (Hear, hear.) He knew that that was not a time of the day to go on descanting on all that they owed to the noble duke, and still more did he know that the presence of the noble duke did not afford the fitting opportunity for adopting such a course. He should say, however, that he well knew that there was not in that room, or in the country, a sincere well-wisher to the British empire, who did not look upon the noble duke as one of the most straightforward, one of the most gallant, and one of the most useful men whom this country ever possessed. (Cheers.) He should not detain them longer ; but would content himself with leaving the resolution in their hands. (Great cheering.)

Lord JOHN MANNERS, M.P., came forward, amidst very loud and general cheering, to second the resolution. The noble lord said that in terminating the proceedings of that most remarkable meeting—remarkable not only for the ability of the speeches which they had heard, and the unanimity that had characterised their proceedings, but also for the presence of so many delegates, representing, and representing so truly, every suffering interest in this great community—he felt that he had a task at once most difficult and most gratifying to perform. Most truly had Lord Eglinton said that in the presence of the noble duke a certain reserve was necessary in speaking of those qualities which commanded their admiration ; but still they should not be doing justice to their feelings if they permitted that opportunity to pass without saying that they did not know in the whole peerage one man who more justly commanded the respect, the admiration, and the affection of the industrious classes of this country. (Cheers.) Lord Eglinton had said something in favour of that house to which the noble duke belonged ; and he (Lord J. Manners) hoped he might be allowed for one moment to say something in favour of that house to which he had so recently been returned. He could not, like some of the gentlemen who had that day addressed

them, despair even of the present graceless House of Commons. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) If they asked him his reason, he should tell them that he found one in the fact, that, when that House of Commons had first met, the majority then against those principles which that meeting had assembled to enforce, and which they intended to carry into successful operation, amounted to not less than 100 ; while at the present moment that majority could not, he believed, be estimated at more than a score of votes. Another reason why he did not despair of the present House of Commons was derived from the recent election of the hon. and gallant colonel the member for Cork, who was then assisting at their proceedings. (Hear, hear.) He had no doubt but that at future elections they would continue further to increase the number of members ready to advocate and support their cause. If he might be permitted to give one word of advice, he would suggest that, while they took every precaution for returning, for the future, members who were prepared to vindicate the great principle of protection to native industry, they ought not to discourage, but to aid, those members in the present House of Commons who zealously sought to put down that system which they believed in their consciences to be working the destruction of this mighty empire. (Hear.) He should further say, that he found a fresh justification for a return of their somewhat waning confidence in the House of Lords, in the presence among them that day of the noble duke to whom they were going to offer by acclamation the vote of their unbounded confidence and admiration. (Cheers.) When they saw the noble duke supporting the dignity of the peerage with so much gallantry, so much honesty, and such unswerving onwardness of purpose, they might, he thought, well take courage ; and believe that both Houses of Parliament would yet faithfully represent, and faithfully carry out, the principles on which the Constitution of this country had so long depended, and on which it must continue to depend if it was still to remain the Constitution of the greatest empire of the known world. (Hear hear.) He called on them to vote by acclamation the resolution which he had the honour to second. He called upon them to rise as one man and give three lusty cheers for their noble chairman the Duke of Richmond. (The call was responded to with enthusiasm, the whole meeting rising as one man.)

The NOBLE DUKE proceeded to acknowledge the compliment as follows:—I rise, as you may well conceive that I must, impressed with a deep feeling of gratitude to you, the delegates from nearly every county in England and Scotland, for the very kind and flattering manner in which you have been pleased to pass the present resolution. I claim no merit for myself for what I have done in Parliament and out of Parliament, with the view of preventing the adoption of the Free-trade policy, or with a view of regaining protection to native industry. I claim no merit to myself for the course I have pursued, because I think that course is absolutely necessary, not only for the welfare and the prosperity of the landed interest of the country, but for the welfare of all classes of our fellow-subjects. (Hear, hear.) I never advocated protection to the farmer without also advocating protection to the silk weaver and to the manufacturer. (Hear, hear.) I am called on in Parliament not to legislate for one class, but to legislate for all classes, and I therefore have not pledged myself to the maintenance of the principle of protection without an earnest inquiry into the whole subject. I have, however, thought it my duty to give a pledge, and, with God's help, I will never violate it. (Cheers.) I am not made of that stuff which would permit me to veer about like the wind, and to flatter every popular demagogue. (Hear, hear.) I have one English quality in me, which is, that I will not be bullied into any course of which my judgment disapproves. (Hear, hear.) I will not allow a knot of Manchester Free-traders to dictate to the good sense of the community at large. (Hear, hear.) I will not consent to lose the colonies of this great empire. (Hear, hear.) I will not help to carry out a system which is bringing ruin to our shipping interest, (cheers,) and which forces to emigration those honest and industrious mechanics, who, by their skill, their energy, and their good conduct, have, up to the time of the repeal of the Navigation Laws, been able to get a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. (Cheers.) Neither will I consent to have the honour and glory of this great country dependent upon Mr Cobden and his party. (Cheers.) I am for English ships, manned by English hearts of oak. (Renewed cheers.) I am for protecting domestic industry in all its branches. (Hear, hear.) I feel, however, that at this time of the evening I ought not to trespass at any length on your attention ; but cordially agreeing with all the resolutions that have been put here to-day, and carried unanimously, and agreeing with much that has fallen from the different eloquent gentlemen who have addressed you, I must speak out my own mind ; and I hope that you, the farmers of England, will not respect me the less for doing so. (Hear.) Well, then, I must say that I only recommend constitutional means, (hear, hear,) and I certainly do not recommend the

adoption of any threats of violence or force, and still less do I recommend that we should band ourselves together not to pay taxes, (Hear, hear.) We are the representatives of a truly loyal people. By constitutional means we shall gain a victory of which we shall afterwards have reason to be proud; but if we descend to the miserable and degrading tricks of the Anti-Corn Law League, (hear, hear,) we cannot be respected, because we cannot respect ourselves. I thank you for the confidence you have shown towards me. I thank you, in my own name, and in the name of many Protectionists who have not been able to be present here to-day, for the unanimous manner in which you have carried the resolutions, and the patience with which you have listened to him who is now addressing you, who is so little worthy of attention. But as long as I shall continue to have health, I shall take every opportunity of meeting the tenant-farmers of this country, (hear, hear,) notwithstanding that I may be told in the House of Lords, in a majority of whose members I have no confidence, (hear, hear,) that by presiding at meetings of this description I am creating a panic among the tenantry. That, gentlemen, is the last attack that has been made on me and on my noble friends around me. I was told the other night, in the House of Lords, by a noble lord who is a disciple of Sir R. Peel, that it was to myself and to those who pursued a similar course to mine that the lowness in the price of corn is to be attributed. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) His assertion was, "That the speeches delivered in this country found their way into the German newspapers, and that the German farmers, believing that shortly a duty on the import of foreign corn would be imposed, sent over their corn to this country and sold it here at a loss." In reply I stated that, if this statement was correct, I could not regret that I had contributed to the foreigners losing money, if they choose to send their corn here. I have no bad feeling to the foreigner; but I may say that, if we are exposed to taxes from which he is exempt, I could feel no pity for any loss that he might sustain in his competition with the agriculturists of this country. (Cheers.) One word on the subject of the income tax, which is now so oppressive to the tenant-farmer. When I stated in the House of Lords, a few evenings ago, that the farmers had no right to be called upon to pay that tax whilst they derived no profit from their holdings, Lord Grey said that he admitted the hardness of the case, but that he and his party had not originally enacted the law, but that it emanated from Sir R. Peel. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) To that I felt it my duty to say, that although they did not originally enact the law, they had extended the time of its operation. (Hear, hear.) At the same time, I certainly did not attempt to justify Sir R. Peel; for I would be the last man to undertake such a task. (Hear, hear.) I again thank you for the confidence you have shown towards me; and if my services can ever be of the slightest use to the tenantry of this country, or to its domestic industry, I can only say that those services, such as they are, will ever be at your disposal. (The noble Duke concluded amidst enthusiastic cheering.)

The meeting immediately separated, Mr G. F. Young informing the delegates that the National Association was anxious for their presence at their rooms, at the South Sea House, on the following morning, at eleven o'clock.

PRESENTATION OF THE MEMORIAL TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

The delegates re-assembled in considerable numbers at the South Sea House on Saturday morning, when they agreed to the following address to the Prime Minister, which had been prepared, in conformity with the resolutions passed at the great aggregate meeting at the Crown and Anchor on Tuesday last:—

"TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M.P., FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY, &c.

"May it please your Lordship,—We are deputed to address you in the name and at the desire of a public meeting held in this metropolis on the 7th inst., which, consisting of a considerable number of members of both Houses of Parliament, merchants, shipowners, tradesmen, and others connected with the most important interests of the nation, and comprising nearly 500 owners and occupiers of land, specially delegated by the agriculturists of every part of the United Kingdom, to represent the present condition of their respective localities, and to express their opinion on the public policy of your lordship's administration, presents a just claim to the serious attention of her Majesty's Government.

"On the authority of this meeting, unanimously expressed, it is our duty to declare to your lordship that intolerable distress now almost universally pervades the British agricultural interest; that many branches of the colonial interest are fast sinking into ruin; that the shipping and other great interests of the country are

involved in difficulty and deep depression ; and that large masses of the industrial population are reduced to a state of lamentable deprivation and suffering.

"It must be obvious that such a condition of affairs is fraught with consequences disastrous to the public welfare ; and if not speedily remedied, it is the conviction of the meeting that it will endanger the public peace, prove fatal to the maintenance of public credit, and may even place in peril the safety of the State.

"It is our duty further to declare to your lordship that the dangerous evils we have thus described are, in the deliberate judgment of the meeting, attributable to the recent changes made in those protective laws by which the importation of articles of foreign production had long been regulated, which changes it regards as most rash and impolitic. It considers the ancient system of commercial law to have been based on the most just principles, and dictated by the soundest views of national policy. It cannot forget that, under that system, Great Britain attained an unexampled state of prosperity and a proud pre-eminence in the scale of nations ; and it is its firm conviction that if the principle of fostering and protecting British industry and British capital be abandoned, many of the most important interests of the State will be utterly and cruelly sacrificed, and the national prosperity and greatness be ruinously impaired.

"The meeting is further of opinion that no relief from general or local taxation, which would be consistent with the maintenance of public faith and the efficiency of public establishments, could enable the British and colonial producer successfully to compete with foreign productions ; and that the only hope of replacing the agricultural and other native and colonial interests in a state of prosperity rests on the re-establishment of a just system of import duties.

"The meeting deeply deplores that the distressing and destructive consequences of the system of mis-called Free Trade having been repeatedly and urgently pressed on the attention of Parliament, the House of Commons has treated the just complaints of the people with indifference, has exhibited a total want of sympathy for their sufferings, and has refused to adopt any measures for removing or alleviating the prevalent difficulty and distress.

"This conduct has naturally produced a widely-diffused feeling of disappointment, discontent, and distrust, which is rapidly undermining the reliance of the people in the justice and wisdom of Parliament, the best security for loyalty to the Throne, and for the maintenance of the invaluable institutions of the country.

"Having thus faithfully represented to your lordship the general views on the policy of the country, expressed in the recorded resolutions of the meeting we represent, we proceed to discharge the further duty intrusted to us of addressing your lordship as the head of that Administration by which the policy so strongly deprecated is continued and defended.

"We are charged earnestly to remonstrate and protest on the part of the deeply injured thousands whose property has been torn from them by the unjust and suicidal impolicy of which we complain ; and still more emphatically on behalf of the millions of the industrial population dependent on them for employment, and consequently for subsistence, against the longer continuance of a system which, under the specious name of Free Trade, violates every principle of real freedom, since it dooms the taxed, fettered, and disqualified native producer to unrestricted competition in his own market with the comparatively unburdened foreigner. We not only deny the moral right of any government or of any legislature to have involved in certain loss and suffering large masses of a flourishing community, for the sake of giving trial to a mere experiment ; but we assert that the experiment has been tried, and has signally and disastrously failed, and we demand therefore, as the right of those we represent, the prompt restoration of that protection from unrestricted foreign import which can alone rescue them from impending destruction.

"It is painful for us to declare, but it is our duty not to disguise, that the pertinacious adherence of the Cabinet, of which your lordship is at the head, to the policy of mis-called Free Trade, and its determined rejection of the appeals of the people for a reversal of that policy, have extended to the executive government of the country the same feelings of distrust and discontent which are widely diffused with respect to the representative branch of the Legislature. We solemnly adjure your lordship to remember that discontent unattended to may ripen into disaffection.

"We know that the loyalty of the people to their most gracious Sovereign, under all their grievances and wrongs, remains, and will remain, unshaken ; but we are aware, and it is our duty, therefore, to warn her Majesty's Government, that the state of feeling in many districts of the country is most critical and alarming, hazardous to its peace, perilous to the maintenance of public credit, and dangerous to its established

institutions; nor must we be deterred, either by our unqualified respect for your lordship's personal character, or by the just consideration we owe to the elevated position you occupy, from casting on your lordship and your colleagues the awful responsibility of all the consequences that may result from a continuance of your refusal either to redress the wrongs of the people, or to allow them the constitutional opportunity for the vindication of their rights, by dissolving the Parliament and appealing to the voice of the country.

"London, May 11, 1850."

(Signed)

George Frederick Young, Chairman of Acting Committee,
F. Cayley Worsely, Vice Chairman,
James Blyth, Vice Chairman,
Augustus Bosanquet, Chairman of Colonial Committee,
Richard Davis,
Benjamin B. Greene,
David Charles Guthrie,

Members of Ditto,

Of the National
Association.

Charles Beke, Secretary.

W. Tindall.—
H. C. Chapman, Liverpool.
Wm. Layton, Cambridgeshire.
Nathaniel Barthropp, Suffolk.
Edward Tull, Berkshire.
James Linton, Huntingdonshire.
Paul Foskett, East Surrey.
John King, Somerset.
John Elliot, South Devon.
Robert Baker, Essex.
Joseph Pain, Bedfordshire.
Samuel Cheetham, Rutland.
Thomas Vowe, Leicestershire.
John Simpson, Suffolk.
Frederick King, Wilts.
Richard Strange, Wiltshire.
John Walker, Nottinghamshire.
George Storer, Nottinghamshire.
William Skelton, Lincolnshire.
J. H. Walker, Warwickshire.
John Ellman, Sussex.
Rowland Goldhawk, West Surrey.
William Mallins, South Derbyshire.
Charles Day, clerk, South Essex.
W. E. Russell, West Kent.
Reynolds Peyton, Herefordshire.
Math. Henry Bigg, West Sussex.
Daniel Baker, Monmouthshire.
E. J. Perkins, North Warwick.

Thomas Hartshorne, South Staffordshire.
Thomas Jesty, Dorsetshire.
G. P. Dawson, Yorkshire, West Riding.
W. T. Lockyer, North Stafford.
Samuel Lovell, Oxfordshire.
Douglas Lynes, West Norfolk.
E. Cayley, jun., East Yorkshire.
R. Hewett, Northamptonshire.
William Gray, Northamptonshire.
Philip Box, Buckinghamshire.
S. Musgrave Hilton, East Kent.
Charles Lillingston, Ross-shire.
Edward Trood, Devonshire.
Richard Franklen, Glamorganshire.
Thomas Bold, Liverpool.
J. Parsons Cook, Leicestershire, South.
John Wood, East Somersetshire.
Charles Harland, North Riding of Yorkshire.
M. White Ridley, Northumberland.
Richard Belton, South Shropshire.
John Hall, Bart., East Lothian.
R. Scot Skirving, Haddingtonshire.
H. St. V. Rose, Ross-shire.
James A. Cheyne, Argyllshire.
George Burt, North Hampshire.

Shortly after twelve o'clock the deputation proceeded to the Premier's official residence in Downing Street. It consisted of the several gentlemen whose names were appended to the address, and was accompanied by Mr Newdegate, M.P., Colonel Sibthorp, M.P., Mr Bickerton, (Shropshire,) Sir J. F. Walker Drummond, Bart., (Midlothian,) Mr Hugh Watson, (Keillor,) Forfarshire; Mr John Dudgeon, (Spylaw,) Roxburghshire, &c.

On the deputation being ushered into the reception-room, Lord John Russell welcomed the gentlemen composing it with characteristic courtesy, and cordially shook Mr Young by the hand, at the same time expressing his regret that the Duke of Richmond was unable to attend.

Mr YOUNG.—I was about to explain to your lordship that his Grace is unable to attend from indisposition, and that I this morning received a letter from his Grace, which I will read to your lordship:—

"Goodwood, May 10, 1850."

"My Dear Sir,—I write to ask you to make my excuses to the deputation if I do not make my appearance to-morrow at a quarter past twelve in Downing Street. I

have not been able to leave my room to-day from a violent cold and rheumatism, and if not better, shall not be able to go to London for some days.

“Believe me, my dear sir, yours sincerely,
(Signed) “RICHMOND.”

“G. F. Young, Esq.

Mr Young continued—I feel deep regret that his Grace is unable to attend here to-day ; but I beg to assure your lordship that we have his Grace's concurrence in all our proceedings, and I am about to place in your lordship's hands a document which has been drawn up under his full sanction, and to which his Grace's signature would have been affixed if his absence from indisposition had not prevented it, and we had not been ignorant of that fact until it was too late to transmit it to him for signature. Your Lordship is, no doubt, aware that a large public meeting took place in this metropolis on Tuesday last, at which certain resolutions were adopted relative to protection to native industry ; and amongst them one appointing a deputation to wait upon your lordship with a memorial, and to furnish you with such explanations as you may require. With your lordship's permission, I will now proceed to read the address with which I have the honour to be intrusted. Mr Young here read the address, and continued thus :—I do not know, my lord, that it becomes me to make any comments upon this document, which has been prepared with the unanimous assent of the gentlemen whom I have here with me to-day, except to refer you generally to the opinions which it contains, and on their behalf to tender any explanation which your lordship may deem requisite in reference to the assertions therein made, or to any point connected with the subject which is now brought under your lordship's notice with very great pain on the part of those for whom I have the honour to speak.

Lord J. RUSSELL.—I may be allowed to say—and I do not do so without due consideration—that, of course, I am ready at all times to take upon myself all the responsibility which belongs to the executive government ; but with regard to the assertions in this address respecting the House of Commons, you state—“That the meeting is further of opinion that no relief from general or local taxation which would be consistent with the maintenance of public faith, and the efficiency of public establishments, could enable the British and colonial producer successfully to compete with foreign productions.” Now, that proposal for relief from general and local taxation, consistent with the maintenance of public faith and the efficiency of public establishments, is, in fact, the only proposition of a large nature that has been rejected by the House of Commons. You also say here, “that the only hope of replacing the agricultural and other native and colonial interests in a state of prosperity, rests on the re-establishment of a just system of import duties.” I do not deny, or wish in any way to shrink from the responsibility which rests upon her Majesty's government for the line of policy they have adopted ; but no such proposition has been made to the House of Commons, and the House of Commons has not rejected any such proposition.

Mr Young.—It is intended to express the deep disappointment we felt that no such proposition has been made, whether as emanating from the Government, or from any party in the House of Commons.

Mr NEWDEGATE.—Your lordship will permit me to remind you, that although no direct motion has been made in the House of Commons for the immediate restoration of Protection, that great question has been admitted to have been involved in the course of discussions that have arisen upon other questions.

Lord J. RUSSELL.—That is true ; but whilst some persons have said it would be beneficial, there are others who say that it would be injurious.

Mr Young.—I wish to impress upon your lordship's mind that I, and those with whom I am associated, do not attach much importance to those discussions in the House of Commons, because we are perfectly well aware that, if such a proposition were made, it would certainly be rejected. We attach no importance to them. We think that the House of Commons, as at present constituted, does not truly represent the feelings and opinions of the majority of the people of this country, and we should be glad to have the opportunity of seeing whether it does or not.

Mr JOHN H. WALKER (of Leamington).—I am here as the representative of South Warwickshire, to express to your lordship my conviction that a great change has taken place in the opinions of the people with regard to free trade. I am in the habit of travelling a great deal, and I never enter a railway carriage or go into company that I do not find those who were formerly regular Free-traders, and have now become quite the reverse. They object to the operation of free trade, that the foreigner gets all the benefits which we are losing.

Mr YOUNG.—It does not become us now to attempt to enter upon the discussion of so wide a question as that. I feel that we should not be able to do so with advantage, or be justified in intruding upon your time for that purpose. There is, however, one part of the proceedings at the recent meeting, a report of which your lordship has no doubt seen, upon which I wish to make a few observations. You will there have seen that some rather strong expressions were used. Without at all wishing to apologise for those expressions, or giving an opinion as to their propriety or impropriety, I will take the liberty of expressing our hope that, whatever opinion your lordship may have formed of those expressions, you will not take them as speaking the general sentiments of the meeting—which ought alone to be held responsible for the opinions expressed in their recorded resolutions. I allude to this simply as a matter of explanation, for I should be sorry if your lordship were led to depart from the general principle laid down, of only recognising the acts of the meeting, without judging of its character by merely isolated expressions falling from individual speakers.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.—I can assure you, Mr Young, that I should not have adverted to that circumstance, as I am quite aware that in public meetings, where a number of persons are desirous of giving expression to their opinions, great latitude of speech must be allowed. With regard to the expressions alluded to, though I may think them rather stronger than necessary, I observed in the report of the proceedings that the Duke of Richmond, in his reply, went as far in censure of them as I should be disposed to do; and having every confidence in the Duke of Richmond's loyalty, his wish to support the law, and his discretion, I think what he said upon the subject was amply sufficient.

Mr YOUNG.—I will only add that many of us are magistrates ourselves, and that we are fully conscious of the duty which devolves upon us to do all we can for the maintenance of the public peace. What was said, I believe, was only intended to show the facts of our position to the House of Commons, from whom we claim protection, as an act of justice.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.—Mr Newdegate, do you wish to say anything further?

Mr NEWDEGATE.—I wish merely to express my concurrence in the objects of the deputation, and that I consider it fortunate that your lordship has permitted the deputation this opportunity of bringing before your notice the reality and extent of the distress which prevails in many districts, the severity of its pressure, and the danger from the feelings of discontent which has unhappily but indubitably grown up under the severe depression to which a large portion of the community is now exposed.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, (addressing Mr Young).—You have very truly stated that it would be quite useless to enter into a discussion here upon, not only one large question, but the several large questions, which are involved in this memorial, and which refer to our commercial laws, the state of agriculture and shipping, and the condition of the country at large. These various subjects would lead to a most extended discussion, if once we were to enter upon it. All I can say, therefore, is, that I take upon myself the whole responsibility of any advice which I may consider it my duty to give to my Sovereign. Certainly my experience leads me, I confess it, to a directly opposite conclusion with respect to the main point contained in this memorial—I think it would neither be desirable to go back from free trade to prohibition or restriction; nor advisable to dissolve Parliament in order to ask the opinion of the country upon the subject. That is the conclusion to which I have come. With respect to the suffering which has been stated to exist, it is neither inconsistent with my expectations, nor inconsistent with what I have heard, that in various parts of the country deep suffering does exist, and that that suffering is partly—and I should say in part only—owing to recent changes in our commercial laws. I believe that these changes were, in their general aspect, inevitable. I believe that ten years ago it might have been foreseen that this country, as it became more opulent and commercial, would require great changes in that direction, and my object was at that time to make the transition accompanied by as little suffering and distress as possible. But the advice I gave with that view was rejected, not only with contempt, but with indignation. Other changes have taken place since then, and the changes which have now taken place have been certainly of a much more decisive character than those which I originally proposed. I am sorry to say that I think the conduct of the agricultural, the colonial, and other interests, was not prudent in declaring that there should be no change in 1841. Still that was their decision, and in 1846 a much greater change was effected in those laws. In 1847 a general election took place, by which the electors had to decide upon the conduct of

those who had taken part in the adoption of these changes, and the result was the election of the present parliament, which has decided upon continuing the policy which the House of Commons had laid down in 1846. I own I do think it was very unwise—if I may be allowed to say so—in 1841, not to have sought some compromise; but I think it would be far more unwise now to seek to restore a system of protective duties. I believe that that, so far from leading to a settlement of this great question, would lead to fresh agitation, and a renewal of the present law—the law repealing those protective duties. I would put it to any man who is engaged in industrial pursuits of any kind, however he may think it would be advisable to restore the ancient system of protection, whether it would be wise or advantageous to have those laws re-enacted in 1851, again to be repealed in 1852 or 1853! I own I must think that to all interests concerned, especially to the agricultural interest, those changes and those renewals would be the very worst measures that could be adopted. All return to the former system being, as I believe, impossible, it may be desirable to equalise, if possible, the charges upon land, which I believe to be the wish of all parties. The changes which have been made, I believe to be, in their general aspect, agreeable to the progress of society in this country, and that the endeavour of all interests should henceforth be to adapt themselves to those changes rather than attempt their reversal. I may be mistaken in these views, but in the position I occupy, whether as a minister of the Crown or as a member of parliament, I feel that I cannot do otherwise than act upon convictions which I so strongly entertain; and if I held your opinions I should act as you do.

MR YOUNG.—Perhaps you will not deem me unreasonable if I advert to one or two remarks which have just fallen from your lordship. In the first place, your lordship says it will not be wise again to return to a system of protection and restriction. I can speak especially for the interest to which I belong—and being almost altogether unconnected with the landed interest, I could have wished some of the gentlemen whom I see around me stood in the position in which I have been unexpectedly placed; but I can speak especially for the shipping interest, and I believe I may also for the agricultural interest, when I say that they do not seek, that they do not desire, a system of prohibition. If you refer to the expressions which are contained in that memorial, you will find that all they ask is a just and equitable system of import duties. We do not presume to dictate the degree which would constitute justice; but we believe that, if the principle were once acknowledged, there would be no difficulty in placing the details upon such a basis as to give satisfaction to all parties. The next point upon which I would venture to offer one word by way of explanation, and as the expression of that which I know to be the universal sentiment of this deputation, is, that although, after the enactment of the changes of 1846, namely, in 1847, a general election did take place, yet your lordship will recollect that which is imprinted upon the mind of the country at large, that that election took place under circumstances which had shattered to pieces all parties in the state, and had placed the constituencies in such a position that, as we think, the election of 1847 was not a fair exponent of the sentiments and opinions which were entertained by the people at large.

MR GUTHRIE.—Your lordship has expressed it as your opinion that it was unwise to reject the proposition which you made in 1841, for imposing a fixed duty of 8s. per quarter on wheat. Now, supposing your lordship acted wisely in proposing that measure, and the other party unwisely in rejecting it, if the other party should come round to your lordship's former opinion upon that subject, allow me to ask if you think it would be wrong, in 1850, to revert to the proposal which you deemed to be so perfectly right in 1841.

LORD J. RUSSELL.—I can easily answer that question. Without going into other considerations, supposing the price of corn to be at that time 58s., a law that would reduce the average to 50s. would be well taken; whereas, if the price were 42s., the law which would raise it from 42s. to 50s. would be ill taken.

MR YOUNG.—Allow me, on behalf of the deputation, to thank your lordship for the attention with which you have heard us, and to express a hope that, should any of the observations in the address which I have had the honour to place in your lordship's hands appear too strong, you will not consider it as any mark of disrespect to yourself, but merely as an indication of the feelings which we entertain on the subject. I can now only apologise for having detained your lordship so long, but trust the important nature of the interests we represent will be a sufficient excuse.

MR GUTHRIE.—Are you not going to say anything relative to the colonial interests?

Mr YOUNG.—I left that in your hands. I thought you were going to speak upon that subject rather than upon agriculture.

Mr GUTHRIE.—Then, perhaps, your lordship will excuse me for again occupying your attention for a few moments relative to the interests of the colonies. I had the honour to wait upon you once before on the same subject, and can assure you that the difficulties under which the colonies laboured last year are in no degree diminished. Indeed, since that time the creditors have become the possessors of the estates, and the proprietors are now between sinking and swimming. Whether or not they shall be ruined will depend upon whether the differential duties shall be continued or not. I consider that the colonists have a right to demand that some protection should be given to them, seeing the difficulties that have been thrown in their way in obtaining labour. Those duties are to be again reduced in July next, and go off entirely in the following July ; but I consider that some measure ought to be introduced to put the produce of the colonies on an equal footing with the produce of slave countries. Immense sums have been spent by this country to put a stop to the slave trade, while every encouragement is given to the produce of slave-holding countries. The tendency of all the legislation of late years has been to raise the value of foreign produce, and depress the property of the colonies. I am sure that I need not inform your lordship that a deep sympathy is felt throughout the country for the sufferings of the colonists, and I hope that your lordship will give the subject your early consideration and attention, as the distress existing among the various interests of the country bound us as in a common bond to endeavour to revise and amend our present position.

The audience then terminated, and the deputation withdrew to the large room at the King's Arms, Palace Yard, where several delegates delivered spirit-stirring addresses, which contained earnest exhortations to each other, and to their friends in the country, to combine and manfully to fight the battle of protection for England's best interests ; and a determination was expressed to act, in their respective localities, upon the advice of the committee of the National Association, to " Register, register, register."

THE DELEGATES' ADDRESS TO LORD STANLEY, AND HIS LORDSHIP'S REPLY.

LORD STANLEY having complied with the request which had been made to him, founded upon a resolution agreed to at the meeting at the South Sea House, on Thursday last, to receive an address from the delegates, on the termination of the above proceedings, a large body of gentlemen, headed by Mr William Layton, the chairman of the Isle of Ely Protectionist Society, proceeded to Lord Eglinton's mansion in St James's Square, for that purpose, there being no room in Lord Stanley's residence sufficiently large for their reception. In addition to the delegates already named, there were present the noble owner of the mansion ; the Earl of Malmesbury ; Mr W. Forbes Mackenzie, M.P. ; Mr Newdegate, M.P. ; Colonel Sibthorp, M.P. ; Mr Albert Williams ; Mr W. Long of Hurts Hall, Suffolk ; Major Playfair, St Andrew's ; Mr Ritchie, Dunbar ; Professor Aytoun, and Mr Blackwood.

Mr LAYTON, who was intrusted with the duty of presenting the address to Lord STANLEY, said that the gentlemen then present had been deputed by their co-delegates to wait upon his lordship, as the leader of the Protectionist party in the House of Lords, to make known to him the extent of the distress which was at this time prevailing in all parts of the country, and to ask his advice with regard to the course which it was most advisable for them to pursue in the midst of their difficulties. They felt that they had been deserted by a considerable portion of the members of both houses of the legislature, and in this extremity they turned to his lordship, who had so long been the ablest and most powerful of the advocates in this cause. (Hear.) They had that morning had the honour of waiting upon Lord John Russell ; but grieved to heart was he to say that the noble lord, the Prime Minister of England, was unwilling in any way to respond to the appeal which had been made to him on behalf of the suffering tenantry of the country. He (Mr Layton) held in his hand a copy of the address which had been submitted to Lord J. Russell, and, with Lord Stanley's permission, would lay it before him, that he might gather therefrom what were the feelings and sentiments which were entertained by the great body of the agricultural community. The delegates were prepared, if his lordship would give them encouragement, to return to their respective localities, and use their best exertions for the purpose of accomplishing the overthrow of that insane policy to which was attributable the distress of which they complained. (Hear.) Mr Disraeli had stated that it was outside the walls of the Houses of Parliament that this great battle was now to be fought. And we are prepared to fight the battle—exclaimed

Mr Layton — we are prepared to go into our respective localities, and convince the House of Lords that the yeomanry and tenant-farmers of this country, amongst whom this great movement emanates, will not cease agitating until we have attained our object. (Hear, hear.) We have to-day been taunted by Lord J. Russell that there has been no movement made by the Protectionist party in parliament to reverse the present policy. But, as you, my Lord Stanley, know well, this is for the best of all possible reasons. You know that we have not that support and encouragement in either house, which will warrant an attempt to reverse that iniquitous policy. (Hear, hear.) We have come to town at great expense and inconvenience to ourselves. I myself am deputed from a locality which is distinguished in every respect, alike for the richness of its soil, and the industry, the virtuous habits, and the loyalty of its people—the Isle of Ely. That district comprises 300,000 acres of the most fertile and productive land in the United Kingdom, and yet, with all these advantages, we have been plunged into difficulties; and unless we have the powerful aid and co-operation of men like your lordship, we must inevitably be ruined. (Hear, hear.) If such be the case with a country like that of the Isle of Ely, what must be the state of those districts where the cold clay soils prevail? (Hear, hear.) I am the owner of property, and I find it impossible to collect my rents. Believe me that we do not come here under false colours. We simply desire, as honest men, to inform your lordship of the exact position in which we are placed; and also, I regret to say, of the deplorable condition to which the agricultural labourers are being reduced. With your lordship's permission I will now read the address :—

“ TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD STANLEY, &C.

“ My Lord,—We have the honour to wait upon your lordship, in your acknowledged character of leader of the great Protection party in the House of Lords. We form a portion of a numerous body of delegates this week assembled in London, from the various local agricultural societies in Great Britain, and our object in troubling your lordship is to represent to you the sentiments of those delegates, and of their constituents, on the present alarming position of the agricultural interest in this kingdom.

“ Your lordship has probably seen in the public prints the reports of the proceedings of the great meeting of delegates, held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in the Strand, on Tuesday last. The resolutions of that meeting embody generally the sentiments of the delegates on the subjects then under discussion, and to them, therefore, we beg respectfully to refer your lordship, and also to the very important facts stated by the various speakers, and the arguments advanced by them in support of the resolutions.

“ Your lordship will be able to collect from them the following distinct propositions :—

“ That the existing system of a free importation of foreign agricultural produce is destroying the income of the farmer, and gradually undermining his capital.

“ That the labourer, from inadequacy of wages and dearth of employment, is fast approaching a state of poverty and destitution, and that he is becoming discontented, dispirited, and dissatisfied with the laws of his country.

“ That land is rapidly declining in value, and in many districts, as well as in the colonies, is becoming unsaleable, except at great sacrifices on the part of the owners.

“ That the difficulties of entering into new engagements for the hire of farms are increasing to an alarming extent, and that in various parts of the country occupations have been already abandoned.

“ That many of the great trading interests of the country are beginning to feel the mischievous effects of the free trade policy; and the home trade, already in a languishing state, will soon become greatly depressed.

“ That in some parts of Scotland and England an extensive emigration of small farmers and labourers prevails, affording the strongest proof that can be adduced of their perilous condition in this country.

“ That the evils adverted to are fraught with imminent danger to the best interests of the state, which can only be averted by a just system of import duties based on a fair remuneration to the cultivators of the soil.

“ That prompt and efficacious measures of relief ought to be adopted, and any postponement of them to a future session, or a future parliament, may be fatal in its consequences, and may have the effect of seriously damaging, if not of destroying, some of the most valuable of our institutions in Church and State.

“ The foregoing propositions, my lord, we sincerely believe will be found on examination to contain indisputable truths. We have already been in communica-

tion on the subject with the First Lord of the Treasury, and we have felt it our bounden duty, in a matter of such vast importance to the national interests, to convey to your lordship a frank and explicit avowal of our sentiments. We firmly believe that any delay in redressing the grievances under which the agricultural and other interests labour, will be found pregnant with danger to the institutions of the country, and, as loyal subjects of the Throne, firmly attached to those institutions, we have not hesitated to give warning of it in every quarter where any degree of responsibility may be considered to rest. We feel well assured your lordship will give to this communication, and to any observations any member of the deputation may address to you, a most anxious and earnest consideration.

"With great respect,

"I have the honour to be, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's very obedient servant,

"WILLIAM LAYTON, Chairman,

"And on behalf of the Delegates now assembled in London."

Having informed Lord Stanley of the intended Protectionist meeting at Liverpool at which a great number of agricultural delegates were to be present, Mr Layton concluded by assuring his lordship of the determination of those gentlemen to be guided by his counsels in prosecuting their future crusade against the destructive system of free trade. (Hear, hear.)

LORD STANLEY.—Gentlemen,—I need hardly say to you that I have listened to the observations so forcibly made by Mr. Layton with very mingled feelings. I have listened to them with feelings of deep gratitude for the kindness with which, in your present alarming circumstances, you have expressed the confidence which you feel in me; and at the same time with an earnest desire that you may find that confidence not to have been misplaced, if not with regard to my ability, at least with regard to my inclination to serve you. But mixed with those feelings of personal gratification there cannot but be others of a most painful character. (Hear.) Mr Layton has truly observed that this delegation, and this move, is altogether unparalleled in the history of the country. The agricultural interest is not one that is generally quick to move, eager and ready to combine, or disposed to agitate. (Hear, hear.) It is of all other interests the most stable, the most peaceful, the least excitable; and great indeed must have been the distress of all connected with that interest—of landlords, of tenants, and of labourers—when it has been such as to overcome the natural difficulties which stand in the way of their combination, to excite so mighty a movement as that which is now stirring the country from one end to the other, and to create such a manifestation of opinion as I have read of as displayed in your proceedings the other day, and as I see embodied in the deputation whom I have now the honour to address. But, lamentable as have been the consequences of a mistaken and an insane policy, they are not greater than those which, when that policy was first proposed, I fearfully and anxiously anticipated. (Hear, hear.) So far, at least, I may claim, I hope, some justification for the confidence which you have been pleased to repose in me; for from the first I have never entertained a doubt of the melancholy results that would flow from that policy; and being convinced that that policy was alike unwise and unjust, my part was taken at once. (Hear, hear.) Office, and everything that is gratifying to a public man, was abandoned without hesitation; and to that policy I declared then, as to that policy I repeat my declaration now, that I would not, and I will not be a party. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, the anticipations of those who opposed the repeal of the corn laws have been fully accomplished, whilst the predictions of those who justified that repeal, and the arguments by which they sought to vindicate that repeal, have been falsified by the test of experience. (Hear, hear.) Importations of foreign produce have increased to the full amount that we anticipated they would do under the system of free trade. Prices have fallen to the full amount, and to a greater amount, than we ventured to predict, and for predicting which our apprehensions were ridiculed as exaggerated and absurd. The distress has gone on increasing. That distress is still increasing. That distress is pressing upon every portion of the com-

munity; and it is the most lamentable part of this case that I feel convinced—and here I must speak to you frankly and plainly—that the reversal of that policy can only be obtained at the expense of still greater suffering on the part of still more extended interests. (Hear.) Mr Layton has stated that we have been taunted in the House of Commons, and taunted in the House of Lords, with bringing forward no specific measure, and asking for no decision by parliament on the merits of this question. Gentlemen, the taunt proceeds from our political opponents, and the advice implied in the taunt being the advice of an enemy, I must take the liberty of regarding it in that light, and not looking upon it as most likely to forward the objects and to be productive of the results which we desire. (Hear, hear.) Firmly adhering to the principle of protection—going along with the resolutions which have been read by Mr Layton—believing that a return to a system of reasonable import duties is indispensable to the prosperity of this country—not accepting the experiment which has been tried as an accomplished fact—not acquiescing in that policy, and determined to do all in my power to reverse it, I in the House of Lords, and my friends in the House of Commons, must be guided as to the course which is most likely to attain our ends in the several assemblies which we have to address, by our own knowledge of the dispositions of the bodies with which we have to deal. I know there are those who say we are slack, that we are not bringing forward measures, nor asking for the decision of the Houses of Parliament. Take the House of Commons to begin with. If we bring forward a distinct proposition, embodying our own principles, what have we to expect from the present House of Commons? Have we to expect—can we believe that that House of Commons, which has sanctioned the free-trade measures of the Government, will stultify itself by reversing its own decision, and pronouncing against the policy which it has approved? (Hear, hear.) If it will not, and still more, if there be some who, agreeing with us, but doubting the policy of bringing forward the question, would desert our ranks, and if the result of raising the question in the House of Commons would be to show an apparently diminishing minority for us, and an apparently increasing majority against us, I ask what advantage have we gained for our cause within the walls of parliament, and what encouragement have we given to our friends out of doors? (Hear, hear.) You and we have different parts to play. I rejoice to see the energy, I rejoice to see the zeal, I rejoice to see the courage and the perseverance with which the agricultural body of England are exerting themselves, and that throughout the length and breadth of the land, in every corner, in every agricultural district—ay, and in the great towns they are working upon public opinion, and compelling the country to look this question in the face, and to judge of the effects which have resulted from our present course. You ask me for advice. I say, Go on, and God prosper you. (Hear, hear.) Do not tire, do not hesitate, do not falter in your course. Maintain the language of strict loyalty to the Crown and obedience to the laws. Do not listen to rash and intemperate advisers, who would urge you to have recourse to unwise and disloyal threats. But with a spirit of unbroken and unshaken loyalty to the Crown, and with a spirit of unswerving obedience to the laws, combine in a determined resolution by all constitutional means to obtain your rights, and to enforce upon those who now misrepresent you the duty of really representing your sentiments and supporting you in Parliament. (Loud cheering.) It is not in the House of Lords—it is not in the House of Commons—it is in the country at large that your battle must be fought, and your triumph must be achieved. (Hear, hear.) You have the game in your own hands. You may compel your present members—or, at least, you may point out to them the necessary, the lamentable consequences to themselves of persisting in their present courses; and when the time shall come you will have it in your own power, by the return of men who really represent your sentiments, to exercise your constitutional influence over the legislature of the country, and to enforce your just demands in another House of Parliament. (Hear, hear.) If, as I said before, it be unwise in my judgment to bring forward a definite proposition in accordance with our own views, as a party question in the House

of Commons—I say that, looking at the constitution and character of the House of Lords, it is more unwise still to bring it forward there. Remember that the House of Lords is not like the House of Commons, a fluctuating body, of which one class of representatives may at a general election be replaced by another. The House of Lords is a permanent body, composed for the most part of men advanced in years, exercising their judgment—their independent judgment I will hope, though I won't say I speak confidently (hear, and a laugh)—cautious in coming to a decision, but still more cautious and naturally reluctant to reverse that decision when they have once formed it. At present I lament to say—and there is no use in concealing the fact—we are in a minority in the House of Commons; we are also in a minority in the House of Lords. How then are we to change that minority into a majority? In the House of Commons you have it in your own hands. Through the House of Commons and through the country you may act—not perhaps as speedily or as quickly as you or I might desire; but depend upon it that, when by a general election, or by individual elections as they occur, you have produced an effect upon the judgment and the votes of the House of Commons, the opinion of the country, as represented in the House of Commons, will never be lost upon the House of Lords. (Hear, hear.) The House of Lords, I do not doubt, many of them most unwillingly, gave their assent to the fatal measure which came up recommended by the Commons. I did all in my humble power to prevent their coming to that decision; but I failed in doing so. I should fail still more signally if, the House of Lords having come to that decision, I were to bring forward week after week, or even month after month, specific motions for reversing the decision to which they had so come. (Hear). Men are slow to come forward and confess that they have been mistaken, and, confessing that they have been mistaken, reverse the votes they previously gave; and if I compelled the House of Lords to pronounce a judgment upon the merits of the question month after month, or week after week, every vote given by those—and they are not a few—who have increasing doubts and misgivings, but are not fully convinced as to the mischievous result of the experiment, pledges them anew to the position which they originally took up, and adds to the difficulty of overcoming the present majority. The view which I have taken, and in which I am supported by those of the wisest and soundest judgment with whom I am in the habit of consulting, is not to meet this question by direct motions in the House of Lords for a reversal of this policy, but never to lose an opportunity of showing, if need be, week after week, the progressive effects of the experiment which is now going on. Now, observe, since last year—I will not say since last year, but since the commencement of the present session of Parliament—there has been a material change in the language of the Government. They who a short time ago advocated a reversal of this policy, or even doubted the finality of its adoption, were either scouted as madmen or ridiculed as fanatics. But we now hear the Marquis of Lansdowne, in the House of Lords, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the House of Commons, speaking of this policy as “an experiment”—as an experiment in course of progress—and no longer as an act that has been decided, and therefore irreversible. They admit, moreover, that prices are low—lower than they expected; and it is admitted also by the Government, not simply that Free Trade has produced low prices, but lower prices than they had ever intended, and they apologise for this effect, which, upon the principles of Free Trade, ought to have been the triumph of their policy. (Hear). Well, then, we have brought them to admit that it is an experiment—we have brought them to admit that this cheapness is not what they intended or desired—we have brought them to apologise for its existence, as an exceptional and temporary state of things, and not attributable to their experiments. And step by step, if it is not the quickest, it is at least the soundest, policy; we shall have first this man and then that man saying, “The experiment has been tried long enough.” “I am satisfied that it has not answered the intended purpose.” “I think something must be done.” “Really matters

are become alarming." And gradually, in that manner, and in that manner only, shall we, in a permanent body like the House of Lords, convert a minority against Free Trade into a majority in favour of our protective principles. (Hear). That is the course which I have felt it to be my duty to pursue during the present session of Parliament. That is the course which—not taking the advice of our opponents—I shall continue to pursue. Constantly we shall bring before them the results of their experiment. I hold in my hand at this moment a paper, which I received only this morning, and which was moved for by my noble friend the Earl of Malmesbury this session, in order to controvert an assertion of the Government, that at present prices the foreigner could not by possibility import, that present prices would not pay for the importation, and that we should therefore see a rapid and great diminution of the imports of foreign corn. That was the language which they held so late as the month of January last. I have heard several persons say that February or March would show an improvement in prices. We waited till February and March were past, and at my suggestion the Earl of Malmesbury moved in April for a return, showing the weekly price of wheat in the British markets, and the quantity of corn imported from abroad during each week in the present year. The result is, that, so far from indicating a falling-off in imports, or a rise in price, this return shows that the prices have fallen from 40s. on the 5th day of January, to 37s. 10d. on the 20th of April; whilst the imports have increased from 36,000 quarters of wheat in the second week of January, to 118,000 quarters of wheat, exclusive of flour, in the week ending the 17th of April. And the total amount of imports, in little more than three months, with an average price of from 37s. to 38s. a quarter, has not been far short of 1,000,000 quarters of corn, converting the flour into quarters at the ordinary rate. By the production of this paper before the House of Lords, we disprove the assertions of those who tell us that we have no reason to be alarmed at the course which the experiment is taking, or that at all events we have not sufficient grounds to call on Parliament to put an end to it. And in this course of practical argument from facts as they occur we mean to persevere. I know that this is a policy which is wearisome in its nature. (Hear, hear). I know that "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." I know that there must be increasing distress. I know that every month and every week that this fearful experiment is in progress the dangers and the difficulties are increasing. But how, with the present constitution of Parliament—how, with the present constitution of the House of Lords—how, with the present constitution of the House of Commons, with the best desire to serve you, with the most earnest and anxious wish to promote your interests—how can we take any step which shall more rapidly force conviction upon the minds of those whom it is necessary to convince before we can attain our ends? (Hear, hear.) I say again, do not complain of our apathy. Believe that we have no such feeling. Believe that we deeply sympathise with the misfortunes of those with whom we are bound up by so many ties; in whom all our interests—not to say our affections, are centred; and if we appear to be less speedy and energetic in the House of Lords and the House of Commons than you would desire us to appear to be, believe that it is not from indifference—believe that it is from a well-calculated policy, and a deliberate adoption of the course by which alone we may attain the object which you and we desire. (Hear, hear.) If you ask my advice, I say persevere in the course you have adopted. Agitate the country from one end to the other. Continue to call meetings in every direction. Do not fear, do not flinch from discussion. By all means accept the offer of holding a meeting in that magnificent building at Liverpool; and in our greatest commercial towns show that there is a feeling in regard to the result of our so-called Free Trade widely different from that which was anticipated by the Free-traders, and from that which did prevail only a few years ago. (Hear, hear). Your efforts may not be so soon crowned with success as you hope; but depend upon it, let us stand hand to hand firmly together; let the landlord, the tenant, and the labourer—ay, and

country shopkeeper—ay, before long, the manufacturer himself, be called on to show and to prove what the effects of this experiment are,—and as sure as we stand together, temperately but firmly determined to assert our rights, so certainly, at the expense, it may be, of intense suffering, and perhaps of ruin to many—of ruin which, God knows, if I could avert I would omit no effort for that purpose—but ultimately, certainly and securely we shall attain our object, and recede from that insane policy which has been pursued during the last few years. (Hear, hear). I have now only to return you my most grateful thanks for the compliment you have paid me in wishing me to receive this deputation. I have heard with the liveliest interest the statements of Mr Layton. If in any part of the country—for now through you I address every district—if there be but one district in which a suspicion is entertained that I am flinching from, or hesitating in my advocacy of, those principles on which I stood in conjunction with my late deeply-lamented friend Lord George Bentinck, I authorise you—one and all of you—to assure those whom you represent, that in me they will find no hesitation, no flinching, and no change of opinion; that, attached as I have ever been to the principle of Protection, that attachment remains unchanged; and I only look for the moment when it may be possible for us to use the memorable words of the Duke of Wellington on the field of Waterloo, and to say, “Up, Guards, and at them!” (Loud cheers.)

Mr PAUL FOSKETT.—My Lord Stanley, I know I speak the universal sentiments of the delegates who have attended our meetings this week, when I say that the address you have just delivered to us has penetrated our heart of hearts, and has made us feel that under your leadership our triumph is secure. (Cheers.) We shall now return to our several homes, and “agitate,” “agitate,” “agitate,” until our object is attained. (Hear, hear.)

After a few observations from Mr Newdegate, Mr Box, (of Buckinghamshire,) and Mr Malins, (of Derbyshire,)

Mr LAYTON expressed the gratification he experienced at the result of the interview with Lord Stanley. They might all take comfort that they had such a leader and friend; and on the part of the delegation and the tenantry and labourers of the land, he begged to convey to his lordship his unqualified admiration and thanks for the manner in which he had received the deputation, and for the encouragement and hope he had held out to the various suffering interests of the country. (Hear, hear.)

Lord STANLEY in taking leave of the deputation, hoped that on their return to their several localities their efforts would be crowned with success. They might depend upon it, that whilst they kept up the pressure from without, if they would authorise him, he would not fail to keep up the pressure within.

The deputation then took their leave; and upon re-assembling at the King's Arms, Mr LAYTON briefly reported the reception which had been given to them by Lord Stanley; and amidst the enthusiastic cheering of the audience, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

“That this meeting cannot separate without recording their grateful acknowledgments to Lord Stanley for the courteous and satisfactory reception he has afforded them this day, and their high gratification at the encouraging approval he has expressed of the steps they are taking; and they beg his lordship will receive the assurance of their perfect confidence in his powerful and talented advocacy of the cause of Protection in the House of Lords.

“That a copy of this resolution be transmitted to Lord Stanley.”

It was also resolved,—

“That it is the opinion of the delegates now assembled in London, that a meeting in Liverpool, on as early a day as practicable, is highly desirable; and the delegates now present pledge themselves to support such meeting by personal attendance as far as practicable.

“And that as circumstances may occur, either during the present session of Parliament or after a prorogation, which may render it necessary for the delegates to reassemble in London, this meeting of delegates be at its rising adjourned till again summoned by the committee of the National Association, to which summons they will be ready instantly to respond; and that in such case, this meeting considers that one delegate at least for each district should attend the meeting.”

After the transaction of some routine business, the meeting separated.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

ON ARTICLE IN NO. CCCCXI.,

ENTITLED

BRITISH AGRICULTURE AND FOREIGN COMPETITION.

WITH NOTES, LETTERS, AND REPLIES.

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APPENDIX, &c.

IN the following pages we publish an Appendix, containing at some length the opinions offered by the Press upon the article in our last number, entitled "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition." We were pretty well aware that the article in question would attract a large share of public attention; indeed that, from the all-important nature of the subject, and the specific facts brought to bear upon it, it could not fail to do so. The result has fully borne out our expectations; and numerous and heterogeneous as our readers will find the following extracts to be, we do not think they form one tithe of the comments which this much-canvassed paper has called forth. We have taken these extracts from such newspapers as we habitually receive; but we have also inquired for others of our contemporaries whom we knew to entertain opinions differing from our own, and whom we thought capable of advancing something like argument: none such, however, have we found venturing into the lists, with anything that can be accepted as answer to the statements we advanced. Lamentable, indeed, is the exhibition of the Free-Trade Press, whether we look at the *Times* dashing off a leader to prove that under our old laws a farmer was a beggar,—founding such proof upon a palpable blunder, involving de-

ductions so utterly absurd, that no journal dare follow them out; or the humble devotee among the Provincial Press first quoting the boltless thunder of the *Times*, and then blindly rushing on to say that we have *overstated* the profits of the farmer under protection—recklessly asserting that our accounts of the working and proceeds of farms under protection were frauds and exaggerations, while forced to admit the incontestible fact, that better farmers than those drawing up and attesting these accounts are not to be found in Scotland. To our brethren of the Press, so ably advocating the opinions which we entertain, we beg to offer our thanks for the very handsome manner in which they have expressed themselves in regard to our humble efforts in the common cause. To our numerous Readers, we trust that this necessarily rambling Appendix may prove not uninteresting, and so far instructive, as evidencing how deeply the public mind is moved upon the subject of protection to native industry. Our own settled conviction is, that a persistence in what are called the principles of Free Trade must sooner or later end in the entire prostration and ruin of this country; and we shall never cease to oppose this mischievous policy to the utmost of our energy and power.

MORNING HERALD, JAN. 3, 1850.

At the commencement of a year fraught, we trust, with more happiness and promise to the British labourer than the year through which he has just struggled—an important and striking document is submitted to the candid and careful consideration of all who are interested in the wellbeing

of the people and the prosperity of the British empire. We are indebted to Messrs Blackwood, the well-known publishers of Edinburgh, for the valuable contribution to which we refer, and, in the name of the agriculturists of England, we tender these gentlemen our hearty thanks for the important aid they have given towards the solution of the most anxious question that ever engaged the attention of statesmen or agitated a civilised community.

English farmers, as our readers well enough know, have been bitterly taunted by free-traders of all classes, by members of the government, by the ex-premier, by geological divines, by incendiary republicans, for not availing themselves of the admirable example of their northern brethren, who, placed under far greater disadvantages than the farmers of the south, have yet, by a liberal expenditure upon the soil, by an enlightened persistence in a system of high farming, so wonderfully increased the resources of the land as to be able to set free-trade legislation at defiance, and to take no heed whatever of the tremendous pressure of unchecked foreign competition. In vain English farmers have attempted to argue the impossibility of the feat; in vain they have shown, by a reference to figures and facts, that high farming with free-trade laws is the pursuit of a millionaire, to whom the loss of capital is no great punishment, or of a lunatic, who rather laughs at havoc than retreats from it. They have been called for their pains as ignorant as their own cattle, and as dull as the clods which they know not how to handle; they have been compared, even in their own occupation, with tradesmen who never saw a field until they neglected the shop for experimental agriculture, and been pronounced miserably wanting in the balance; they have been designated the Bœotians of their kind, and finally received warning to quit the land which they wantonly injure by their senseless stupidity, and to make way for their betters, blessed by Providence with the especial privilege of extracting bread from stones.

The case upon which the free-traders mainly relied when they ventured the impudent assertion that high farming in Scotland is an all-sufficient substitute for protection, is found, it appears, in a pamphlet published by Mr Caird, who, it is alleged, has been deputed by government, upon the recommendation of Sir Robert Peel, to visit Ireland in order to ascertain the agricultural capabilities of that country. Mr Caird, the other day, published to an astonished world, not the results of his own experience as a farmer, but an account of the successful experiments of one Mr M'Culloch of Auchness, who, it was alleged, contrived by dint of high farming to realise, at present prices, a handsome profit from his fields. Anxious to arrive at an accurate opinion upon a case which had already been disputed in a counter-pamphlet, Messrs Blackwood requested Mr Stephens, the author of "*The Book of the Farm*," to investigate the matter, and to favour them "with his views as to Auchness cultivation." The result was quite conclusive. *One third of the whole farm had been under potato cultivation.* "*Without* potatoes, and such an extent of potato as would be plainly ludicrous if adopted as a general rule, Auchness never could have paid. *With* potatoes, it failed in the very year wherein Mr Caird has chosen to exhibit it as a universal model."

The next step in the patriotic movement of Messrs Blackwood was to extend their inquiries, and to obtain elsewhere the information upon the subject of high farming which the much-vaunted case of Mr Caird was manifestly unable to afford. "We put ourselves," say Messrs Blackwood, "into communication with two gentlemen of the highest eminence in their profession. We need scarcely tell our countrymen on this side of the Border, that it would be difficult to find better testimony on such a subject than

that of Messrs Watson of Keillor, and Dudgeon of Spylaw, and we apprehend, moreover, that many English agriculturists are fully acquainted with their character and high reputation. Through their kindness, we have been furnished with the statistics of farms situated in the fertile grain-growing districts of Forfar and Roxburgh; and the calculations as to the yield, prices, and expenses, were made from their own books. The rent set down is that which is usual in the district for the best description; and the tenant's capital is named at an amount which might enable him to develop the full capabilities of the soil. The estimates have been most carefully framed with the view of avoiding every kind of exaggeration; and they have been gone over by Mr Stephens, who attests their general accuracy." Our space, of course, forbids insertion here of the details of these communications. The *results* are too valuable to be spared. From Mr Watson of Keillor, we learn that from a 500-acre farm in Strathmore, county of Forfar, "on a five-shift rotation of crops, with an improved stock of cattle and sheep," a farmer could annually obtain, previous to free trade in corn, for his skill and industry, over interest of capital employed, a sum of £106; whereas, under the present legislative measures affecting British agriculture, the total loss annually incurred by the farmer, even at present prices, amounts to the enormous sum of £518, 5s. The return of Mr Dudgeon of Spylaw is equally significant. Upon a farm of 500 acres, that gentleman shows the remuneration of the tenant's skill under the old law to have been £245 per annum, and his certain loss under the new *regime* to amount to £141 upon the grain crop alone. Not content with these high testimonies, Messrs Blackwood addressed themselves further to some fifty of the most eminent agriculturists of Scotland, enclosing to them the statements of Messrs Watson and Dudgeon, and requesting them to testify to the truth of the calculations if they deemed them correct, or to point out errors if any appeared. Of the fifty correspondents, *three* only refused their assent to the statements, upon the ground of difference of opinion; and the most important objection specified even by these was, "that the prices of grain assumed in the second statement as having been received before protection was withdrawn, were *higher* than those warranted by the *fiars'* prices of the county." Such, however, were the actual prices received in those years by Mr Dudgeon and by others in his district. Thirty of these credible witnesses not only signed these statements with the desire of attesting their accuracy, but gave Messrs Blackwood permission to publish their names; and their names accordingly appear in the present number of *Blackwood's Magazine* as vouchers for the fact that British agriculture, under no circumstances, however favourable, can successfully compete with unrestricted foreign competition.

But the indefatigable gentlemen, to whom we have so often referred, did not rest even here. Having received back the statements, thus authenticated, of Messrs Watson and Dudgeon, they invited other gentlemen, in different parts of the country, "to draw up further estimates of the working of farms in their own districts." Such estimates, furnished from Aberdeenshire, Roxburghshire, Mid-Lothian, and other places, are published at length, and are fully as instructive as those which precede them. The tale is the same throughout. From Mr Watson's statement, it appears that "the enterprising and skilful tenant of a farm of 500 acres, in the best corn district of Forfar, cannot clear his expenses unless the rent of the land is reduced by one half; and if even that were done, he could only realise a profit of sixpence per acre." From the statement sent from Berwickshire, it is seen that "a reduction of half the rent would barely place the tenant in the same position which he occupied previous to the withdrawal of protection." In the case of the

Roxburghshire farm, were one half of the rent remitted, "the profits of the tenant, at present prices, would be less by L.100 than they were at the former rates of corn;" so it is with the Mid-Lothian farm—so with all!

We have not space in this article to pursue this subject at the length which its immense importance demands at our hands. But we shall return to it again and again. For the present we content ourselves with announcing the important addition made by Messrs Blackwood to our knowledge of Scottish agriculture, and with recommending our readers to digest the invaluable facts submitted to them under the head of "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition," in the current number of *Blackwood's Magazine*. The estimates found there speak for themselves—the arguments deduced from them, and by which they are accompanied, are submitted to the reader in a tone of moderation, and with a spirit solicitous for the development of truth, that must command his sympathy and respect. In the words of the writer of the article of which we speak, we entreat not only the protectionist, but all who fondly believe that by high farming the soil can be stimulated so as to produce enormously augmented crops at a large additional profit, to bear in mind that these published statistics "are the statistics of the *very highest farming in Scotland*. The tables exhibit the experiment worked out to its highest point. In all the cases, capital has been liberally expended, energy tasked to the utmost, and every means which science can devise or experience suggest called into active operation. The farmers of Mid-Lothian, Berwickshire, and Forfarshire may fairly challenge the world in point of professional attainments. They have done all that man can do, and here is the reward of their toil."

Farmers of England! listen to the words, and note them well when your teachers next approach you with taunting references to the prosperous exertions of your brethren across the Border, with their earnest assurances "that low prices can in no way interfere with your success, and that only exertion and enterprise are wanting to raise you one and all above the reach of foreign competition."

TIMES, DEC. 31, 1849.

Under the title "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition," *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* for January contains a more thorough exposure of agricultural protection than any that either Villiers or Cobden could have devised. It is unnecessary to say that the blow is not designed, but it is not the less effectual. The article consists of "facts" and speculations, arranged in the form of text and commentary. The "facts" are of extraordinary importance and authority, the greatest pains having been taken to obtain them at the fountain-head. "In order to arrive as nearly as possible at the true state of the case, in so far as Scottish farming is concerned, we have put ourselves," says the writer, "in communication with two gentlemen of the highest eminence in their profession. We need scarcely tell our countrymen on this side the Border, that it would be difficult to find better testimony on such a subject than that of Messrs Watson of Keillor, and Dudgeon of Spylaw; and we apprehend, moreover, that many English agriculturists are fully acquainted with their character and high reputation. Through their kindness, we have been furnished with the statistics of farms situated in the fertile grain-growing districts of Forfar and Roxburgh; and the calculations as to the yield, prices, and expenses are made from their own books." Mr Watson's contribution consists of the "returns of produce from a 500-acre farm in Strathmore, county of Forfar, on a

five shift rotation of crops, with an improved stock of cattle and sheep, on an average of years previous to free trade in corn, cattle, &c." To this he adds what he calls a "comparative statement of what may be calculated upon" under free trade; but this more properly belongs to the speculative part of the article; and as the experience of practical men is always more valuable than their theories, we will confine ourselves to the "returns." In one or two points the statement is not quite so explicit as might be desired. It does not give the exact term of years on which the average is taken, and we are only left to suppose, from the high average assumed for the inferior grain, that 1847, the year of the famine, is included. It is, however, sufficiently explicit for its purpose, which is to prove that under protection, with the market high, with a quality of crops so good as to command a more than average price, with capital amply sufficient, with extraordinary skill, enterprise, and experience, from 500 acres of fertile land Mr Watson could not scrape more than just two pounds a week in the shape of profit for the maintenance of himself and his family.

The result of this unfortunate speculation is expressed in the following significant words:—"Leaving annually to the farmer, for his skill and industry, over interest of capital employed, a sum of £106." From the high terms in which the magazine speaks of this gentleman, his acquirements, and his reputation, there can be no doubt that he is such a man as an English landowner would be glad to employ for £500 a-year, or £1000 a-year, according to the rental, to manage his estates. With his £5000 and moderate luck in Australia, he might have realised a fortune, and either returned home in affluence, or founded a family destined, perhaps, for ages of glory in Antipodean history. Lured by protection into "high farming" he has thrown himself away. Knowing nothing of Mr Watson except what we find in the article before us, we will suppose him to be a man of some education, accustomed to the comfortable ways of the middle, if not the higher class, with a numerous family to be educated and settled in life. If, during his past occupancy of his farm he has received income from some other source—from the funds, from mortgage, or from practice as land-agent, so much the better. If not, his lot under protection has been really so bad as to be almost "a case for the benevolence of the charitable public." Letting alone his capital sunk or employed in the farm, and yielding only such an interest as he might easily have got on railway debentures, or other safe investment, Mr Watson has positively had no more income from a very good farm, paying a rent of £800 a-year, than £106—the stipend of a draper's assistant, the foreman of a whitesmith in a country town, a junior clerk in the Bank or the Post-office, a curate, a gentleman's gentleman, the captain of a collier, or the first-mate of a respectable merchant ship. In the midst of abundance, with spacious fields and hosts of labourers under his command, with the greatest labour and the most trying responsibilities, and, it must be added, with the greatest success for a considerable term of years, he has not had more than 40s. 5d. a-week for meat, drink, and clothing, and for all the other immediate or prospective wants of a numerous family. In this metropolis, it is well understood what is meant by this income. It allows a hot joint once a-week, and the sight of cold meat three days out of the other six; the smallest beer, with a single tumbler of grog on Sunday; a new coat and a new pair of boots every other year; a servant of all work, changed as soon as she becomes saucy, i. e., every three months; an occasional ride in a bus or a river steamer; and once or twice in the year a visit to the pit of a minor theatre: otherwise, no indulgence or amusement of any kind. The superior artisans of the metropolis find it impossible, accord-

ing to their own notions, to bring up a family on this pay. Of course, in some respects, £106 would go farther in Forfar than in Middlesex; but, by Mr Watson's own showing, under the reign of protection, the necessities of life, such as bread, meat, bacon, cheese, butter, and beer, must have been equally dear in both places. Such, however, is all the profit Mr Watson was able to extract, "on an average of years previous to free trade," from 500 acres of excellent land in a high state of cultivation.

It is natural to suspect that Mr Watson may have overlooked some difference in his favour, or may have exaggerated his expenses, and understated his returns. The careful and sagacious editor of the Magazine has anticipated this suspicion by sending Mr Watson's statement, together with Mr Dudgeon's, in a circular to a numerous selection of the most eminent agriculturists in Scotland. Copious extracts from their answers are appended to the two statements, and, so far from justifying the above suspicion, they are almost unanimous in thinking that, in one item or another, Mr Watson has stated things too much in his own favour—in other words, that he cannot have raised so large a profit as £106 a-year from his farm. One of them thinks that, for land yielding such crops, Mr Watson ought, by common rules, to have paid a higher rent; another thinks Mr Watson's allowance for stock and insurance "low enough," and that, for an average example, he has put his crops rather too high; another has paid at least £100 more for manure than Mr Watson seemed to allow under the title "expenses of management;" another says, that if he had to furnish a like statement, the result would be still *less favourable* for the farmer; because, "if we have such returns as are stated by Messrs Watson and Dudgeon, we obtain them by the application to our land of a larger quantity of foreign manure than those gentlemen seem to use." There can, then, be no real ground for suspecting the statement, and we can only regret that a gentleman of Mr Watson's talents and capital should have sunk them both in such a thankless investment. It is scarcely necessary to say that he is not the only victim of protection who figures in the article. There are several other equally deplorable instances. Perhaps the most so is one which the writer justly calls attention to as a peculiar case:—"It is that of a first-class farm, within five miles of Edinburgh, attested by men of the same standing as its tenant, and similarly situated; the average of the produce is very high, and the rent corresponding. Mr Gibson, the tenant, has taken the details of the statement from his books; so that it becomes of much value as showing the statistics of farming in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis of Scotland. It will be allowed on all hands that the yield of this farm is extraordinary." The price obtained for the wheat was 3s. 6d. a quarter above the average of the county. Yet, on a farm of this extraordinary character, on an average of seven years, previous to the potato failure in 1846, Mr Gibson, who paid all the time a rent of £1440 a year, realised no more profit than £106, 2s. 6d. a-year—only half-a-crown more than Mr Watson's. Such have been the results of high farming in Scotland under protection! The magazine argues that, if the tenants were beggars then, what will they be now? If such men as Messrs Watson and Gibson, with extraordinary capital, experience, and enterprise, have not been able to get more out of their farms than the starvation income of a half-pay lieutenant or a common exciseman, the magazine contends they will get less than nothing now. We beg, however, to demur to its conclusion. Admitting its "facts" as to the disastrous working of protection, we do not admit that they afford any certain cue to the working of an altogether different order of things, such as that we are now on the point of entering.

JOHN BULL, JAN. 5, 1850.

"BLACKWOOD" AND THE "TIMES" ON AGRICULTURE AND FREE TRADE.—Rarely has the cause of free trade been more seriously damaged than by the masterly article, entitled "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition," from the pen, we believe, of Mr Henry Stephens, the author of "The Book of the Farm," in the January number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, which disposes, by evidence the most satisfactory, of the malicious falsehood that the present distressed state of British agriculturists is owing not so much to the baneful influence of free trade, as to the ignorance and indolence into which they have sunk under the somniferous influence of protection. This aggression upon the free-trade camp was sensibly felt; it demolished at a stroke the staple fallacy by which free-traders are endeavouring to escape from the palpable fact that, by ruining the landlords, the farmers, and the agricultural labourers of Great Britain, they are ruining the empire itself—the fallacy reproduced with such inimitable coolness in the letter of Sir Robert Peel to his tenants—that the effects of foreign competition will be sufficiently counteracted by the adoption of a system of high farming. Accordingly, that Prince of Sophists, the *Times*, has at once set to work with a view to discredit the facts adduced by the writer in *Blackwood*, and the calculations founded upon them; and finding that the Protectionist argument was unassailable by truth and reason, the ministerial organ has resorted to falsification of facts, and bad reasoning, to an extent unparalleled even in its own unscrupulous columns.

First as for the FACTS. The *Times*, fastening upon one of the cases introduced in *Blackwood*, that of Mr Watson, makes it appear that, according to the statements of the article which it has undertaken to controvert, "Mr Watson has positively had no more income from a very good farm, paying a rent of £800 a-year, than £106—the stipend of a draper's assistant, the foreman of a whitesmith in a country town, a junior clerk in the Bank or the Post-office, a curate, a gentleman's gentleman, the captain of a collier, or the first-mate of a respectable merchant ship. In the midst of abundance, with spacious fields and hosts of labourers under his command, with the greatest labour and the most trying responsibilities, and, it must be added, with the greatest success for a considerable term of years, he has not had more than 40s. 5d. a-week for meat, drink, and clothing, and for all the other immediate or prospective wants of a numerous family."

Such is the style in which the *Times* launches forth upon the strength of what it conceives to be an excellent *reductio ad absurdum*. But unfortunately for our sarcastic contemporary, the whole of his argument is based upon a most flagrant *suppressio veri*. It happens to be simply UNTRUE that Mr Watson has, by the showing of his own figures, positively had no more income from a very good farm, paying a rent of £800 a-year, than £106;" as any man who is not a fool or a knave, may convince himself by the following statement of the account:—

Rent of the farm as fixed for 19 years, assuming former average price of corn and cattle, &c.,	£800	0	0
INVESTED CAPITAL of £6 per acre at entry, £3000. INTEREST UPON THIS SUM, AT RATE OF 10 PER CENT,	300	0	0
FLOATING CAPITAL of £4 per acre, £2000. INTEREST THEREON, 5 PER CENT,	100	0	0
Expenses of management, wages, tradesmen's accounts, insurances, grass seeds, &c., at the rate of 20s. per acre per annum,	500	0	
Annual loss by casualties on live stock by disease and accidents,	100	0	0
Public burdens leviable upon the farmer, including poor rates, .	50	0	0
Sum chargeable against the farm annually,	£1850	0	0

Here, then, we have it stated, as plain as figures can make it, that Mr Watson derived from his farm an income of £400,—equal to one half the rental—independently of the surplus of £106 on the general balance of his account; and with these figures before his eyes, and while quoting, to save his bacon, the very words of the account — “Leaving annually to the farmer, for his skill and industry, over interest of capital employed, a sum of £106,” — our contemporary ventures to affirm that the purposes of the statement given in *Blackwood* is “to prove that under protection, with the market high, with a quality of crops so good as to command a more than average price, with capital amply sufficient, with extraordinary skill, enterprise, and experience, from 600 acres of fertile land, Mr Watson could not scrape more than just two pounds a-week in the shape of profit for the maintenance of himself and his family.” A similar suppression of the important item of interest on the capital employed, is resorted to in the case of Mr Gibson, who debits his farm with £250 in the shape of interest, but is represented nevertheless, as realising no more than the sum of £106, 2s. 6d. “only half-a-crown more than Mr Watson.”

So much for the good faith of the *Times* in reproducing the FACTS of its opponent. Now for the REASONING. The writer in *Blackwood* very naturally and very logically argues, that if the result of high cultivation, even under the former system of protection, is so moderate an excess of profit above the interest of the principal invested, upon the removal of protection farming must become a matter of dead loss. And not only he argues that such must be the consequence, but he demonstrates it by figures, exhibiting in each case the value of the farm produce at the prices produced by free trade; the result of which is, that the farm of Mr Watson not only yields no interest on his principal, and no surplus profit, but entails on him a net outlay of £12 per annum over and above all his receipts, to meet his expenses, *exclusive* of interest; while on Mr Gibson's the dead loss, over and above the loss of interest, as well as labour, amounts to £246, 19s. Of these figures the *Times* takes no notice whatever, and of the argument it disposes in the following cavalier style:—“If such men as Messrs Watson and Gibson, with extraordinary capital, experience, and enterprise, have not been able to get more out of their farms than the starvation income of a half-pay lieutenant, or a common exciseman, the magazine contends they will get less than nothing now. We beg, however, to demur to its conclusion. Admitting its ‘facts’ as to the disastrous working of protection, we do not admit that they afford any certain cue to the working of an altogether different order of things, such as that we are now on the point of entering.”

What that “altogether different order of things” is, upon which we are “on the point of entering,” our contemporary wisely abstains from stating. To make his argument worth a straw, he must show that this “altogether different order of things” will have the effect of indemnifying Mr Watson to the tune of £518, and Mr Gibson to the tune of £803, per annum for the injury inflicted upon them by the substitution of free trade in the place of protection. We shall be curious to see the figures by which he will accomplish that surprising feat. We have seen nothing equal to it, except occasionally at the Christmas pantomime, when its magical powers of metamorphosis have been strained to the highest pitch. Meanwhile, what shall be thought of the cause, which can be successfully defended only by so discreditable a suppression of facts, and so strange a perversion of sound reason?

MORNING CHRONICLE, Jan. 2, 1850.

The papers in *Blackwood* this month are few in number, but somewhat lengthy. The first is a review of the condition of home and European poli-

tics during the year just closed, as compared with the posture of affairs in 1848 : regarding the two as a year of reaction succeeding a year of revolution. The writer seeks to prove that the reaction must of necessity have occurred, as it had invariably occurred after all similar convulsions since the beginning of the world ; and he searches into the causes both of the revolutionary and the reactionary spirit. The first he ascribes to the want of moral courage in the depositaries of power. In France, Louis Philippe was old, enfeebled by disease, and paralysed by the consciousness of a throne won by treason ; while his sons evinced by their conduct that the Orleans family had lost, with the possession of a usurped throne, the courage which "for several generations had constituted the only virtue of their race." In Prussia the King abandoned the contest in Berlin in the moment of victory. In Austria the moral and physical imbecility of the Emperor delivered over the empire to revolutionary murderers, and rendered a change in the reigning monarch indispensable. In Rome the Pope had in the first instance encouraged the reform crusade, and all subsequent sufferings are to be ascribed to his blind delusion and weak concessions. The causes, on the other hand, which produced the reaction, and arrested convulsion, he conceives to rest in those "moral laws of nature destined for the correction of wickedness and the coercion of passion when they have risen to such a pitch as seriously to endanger the existence of society." The first circumstance which caused the tide of advancing evil to be stemmed more rapidly than before, was the memory of the sufferings produced by the first Revolution. The force of that event consisted in its novelty, in the enchantment of its visions, and the magnitude of its promises. But those delusions are now dispelled. The second circumstance to which he attributes the more speedy and decisive check to the progress of revolution in 1848 is the firmness and loyalty of the military ; the third, the great amount of interests in France which could not fail to be injured either by foreign warfare or domestic Socialist triumph ; and the last and most powerful cause of all, in stopping the progress of revolution in Europe, is the private insolvency and consequent prostration of industry which always follow such convulsions. From the memorable events of these two years he concludes that "the wisdom of Providence has provided barriers against the passions, vices, and follies of men ; and that if the leaders in thought and station fail in their duty, an invisible bulwark against the progress of anarchy is provided in the general misery which is the consequence of their excesses."

With respect to our domestic position during the year 1848, a general approval is bestowed upon the firmness of the government in repressing those insurrectionary indications, weak in actuality, but threatening and dangerous, which manifested themselves in some parts of England and Ireland. But in speaking of the foreign policy of the cabinet, a very different tone is assumed :—

"Would that we could say that our foreign policy during the two last eventful years has been as worthy of praise as the conduct of our government in combating our internal enemies has been. But here the meed of our approbation must fail. Contrary alike to our obvious interests, and to our real and long-established principles, we have apparently been guided by no other principle but that of fomenting revolution after the example of France, in every country which the contagion had reached. We all but severed Sicily from Naples, and openly assisted the Sicilian insurgents with arms and ammunition. We once stopped, for 'humanity's sake,' the Neapolitan expedition from sailing to combat the rebels : we more than once interposed in favour of Charles Albert and the Piedmontese revolutionists : we have alienated Austria, it is to be feared, beyond redemption, by our strange and tortuous policy in regard to the Hungarian insurrection : we, without disguise, countenanced the revolutionary Germans in their attack upon the Danes. What object ministers had in that, or how

they thought the interests of England, a great commercial and exporting nation, were to be forwarded by throwing its whole customers into confusion and misery, we cannot divine. Apparently, their sympathy with revolution, anywhere but at home, was so strong that they could not abstain from supporting it all around them, though to the infinite detriment of their own people. And it is a most curious circumstance that, while the Chancellor of the Exchequer constantly told us—no doubt with a certain degree of truth—that the failure of our exports, and the general distress of the country, was, in a great degree, to be ascribed to the European revolutions, the whole policy of the Foreign Office, during the same period, was directed to countenance and support these very revolutions."

Following the above article are the third Part of the recollections of the Peninsular Veteran, and an able review of that particular portion of American literature which is devoted to the prairie, the Indian camp, the backwood settlement, the trapper's hunting-ground; and, now, to the Californian gold mine. We next come to an analysis of the character of Howard the philanthropist, with a consideration of the merits of his biographers:—an article which will be read with deep interest, as giving a key to the inner motives which influenced the career of that extraordinary man. *Delta* has a poem called "The Dark Waggon," describing the mode in which Sir William Wallace was after his capture conveyed through the length of England to Westminster.

The concluding article is a Protectionist and anti-free-trade declaration or manifesto on behalf of Scotland, under the title of "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition." It is very long, and overflowing with statistics, and we cannot here attempt to analyse or even describe it with fulness. One argument is, that Sir Robert Peel admitted, in 1842, that an average of 54s. was the lowest price at which the British farmer could raise wheat for the market under the existing rent and burdens upon land, and that he gave his solemn guarantee against foreign competition when prices should fall below 51s. But the average price of wheat at the close of 1849 is taken at 40s., with a likelihood of further reduction; and, as the cost of production must be taken into the calculation, the recommendations to high farming are impracticable. The writers in *Blackwood* put themselves in communication with two eminent Scottish agriculturists, Mr Hugh Watson of Keillor, and Mr Dudgeon of Spylaw, with the view of being furnished with statistics, prior and subsequent to free-trade measures, of farms in the grain-growing districts of Forfar and Roxburgh, and received from those gentlemen calculations as to yield, prices, and expenses, from their own books. These estimates are printed, *in extenso*, Mr Watson giving as a total loss, annually incurred on a 600 acre farm, by difference in price occasioned by free trade, the sum of £518, 6s.; and Mr Dudgeon says of another farm, that the difference of proceeds of grain crop alone more than absorbed the tenant's remuneration by £141. Copies of the above statements were enclosed to the leading agriculturists of Scotland in a circular, requesting corrections or attestations to their accuracy; and the returns sent in reply, showing the losses to the farmers by difference of price under the free-trade system, are given in detail. These, the writer states, to be statistics of the highest farming in Scotland. In conclusion, the tocsin is sounded, and the men of the North summoned to aid the Protectionist reaction, and to obliterate and crush the principles of free trade:—

"Deprived of her yeomanry, as noble a body of men as exists upon the face of the earth, the nationality of Scotland is gone. We trust, then, that in every part of the country the appeal will be energetically answered. Scotsmen are slow to move; but being moved, they have a will and resolution that can bear down any obstacle whatever. There never was a time when the old national spirit was more imperatively required to show itself than now. Let us, then, speak out boldly in defence of our country, and

conspirators, in answer to their insolent challenge, that, beyond
 ries, which they falsely imagine to be the heart of Britain,
 British subjects, who despise their dictation, detest
 "their power."

"I'll be found in this article.

LE, JAN. 19, 1850.

(ironicle.)—Sir,—Will you allow me
 e statement of Mr Watson, as given in
 e amount of corn used for horses, &c., on
 are only 300 acres of it under plough culti-
 are the utmost he would want to keep, and two
 nths in the year is all they would require; the
 ould be at grass; this would make their consump-
 shels, only (say fifteen horses at one bushel per head
 for horses; and the seed for 100 acres, at three bushels
 50 bushels; together, 510 bushels. If Mr Watson's other
 qually correct with this, no wonder he comes to the result
 else statements surely do their cause no good.—Your obedient

Note in Reply to the above.

e not been fortunate enough
 rve Mr Whitmore's letter;
 would appear that he has im-
 ed Mr Watson's mode of farm-
 On that point he may consult
 r Watson's statement towards the
 close of this Appendix, or any corres-
 pondent he may have, at all acquainted
 with farming in Scotland.

The blunders of W. are so trans-
 parent that we should not have alluded
 to them, save to caution the *Morning
 Chronicle* to keep a more vigilant eye
 on the language of its correspondents,
 and not to term statements false
 until it is in a position to prove them
 so. The following dissection of W.,
 by one of our agricultural friends, is
 alike amusing and instructive.

"This writer is evidently unac-
 quainted with Scotch farming, as may
 be shown in a few words. He seems
 to believe that 'there are only 300
 acres' of Mr Watson's farm of 500,
 'under plough cultivation,' founding
 his belief, perhaps, on the notion of
 the remaining 200 acres being in per-
 manent grass, as is frequently the
 case in English farms. This 'strange
 error' in truth rests with the writer,
 and not with Mr Watson. He next
 makes a tissue of very 'strange
 errors' as regards the horse corn.
 After stating loosely that 'twelve or
 fifteen horses are the utmost he, Mr
 Watson, would want to keep,' the
 writer says 'two bushels per horse

for six months in the year is all
 they would require,' which would
 be marvellous economy indeed in the
 matter of horse keep. 'This' he adds,
 'would make their consumption, in-
 stead of 2400 bushels, (Mr Watson's
 statement contains no such item,) only
 360 bushels for horses.' How
 two bushels per horse, given to fifteen
 horses, for six months—that is 30
 bushels, can be converted into 360
 bushels—does not appear, unless we
 take his second method of calculating
 the amount—'say fifteen horses at
 one bushel per head per week, 360
 bushels for horses.' But, even in this
 way, he commits another 'strange
 error,' as the 360 bushels should be
 390 bushels. But this economical
 critic proposes to give the poor horses
 the stinted allowance of one bushel
 per week, only for six months, be-
 cause 'the other six months they
 would be at grass.' This additional
 'strange error' the writer commits
 from not knowing that the farmers in
 Scotland cannot afford to keep horses
 only on grass, as these have too much
 hard work to do in summer. They
 are engaged with the turnip husbandry
 until perhaps the second week of
 July, and harvest work commences
 the toil for the autumn by the end of
 August; and in the mean time they
 have to dung and lime the portion of
 bare fallow there may happen to be;
 so that a fortnight or three weeks are

all the time the horses have for a run of comparative idleness on grass—and even then there is no economy in keeping the corn from them altogether, although some niggard farmers do so. After making Mr Watson debit the horses with the whole 2400 bushels of oats, the writer allows that ‘the seed for 100 acres, at three bushels, would be 150 bushels.’ This is one ‘strange error’ more; for, if he had known anything at all about the matter, he would have known that six bushels of oat-seed are sown on the imperial acre in Strathmore: and even at 3 bushels per acre, ordinary arithmetic would have made the total 300, instead of 150 bushels. We may add one more ‘strange error’ still—for the writer evidently does not know that a large proportion of the wages of farm hands in Scotland is paid in oats, or oatmeal; and he takes good care to omit the &c. inserted by Mr Watson, which means that he feeds his very superior stock of cattle and sheep largely on oats. We can assure this well-informed writer that Mr Watson’s ‘other calculations are equally

correct with this,’ and agree with him, that it is ‘no wonder he comes to the result he does;’ and he will no doubt agree with us, that such false statements as his own can do the cause of the Free-traders no good.”

Before leaving the *Chronicle*, we beg to apologise for the non-insertion, in this Appendix, of another article, to which reference is made in the present number of our Magazine. The reason for this omission is simply, that our copy of the paper in which it appeared has fallen aside; and we must tender the same excuse to the *Morning Post*, and one or two other contemporaries, whose criticisms we had marked for insertion in their proper places. Press of matter, moreover, has prevented us from fully discussing Mr Huxtable’s farming views; but we regret this the less, as we observe, from our advertising columns, that he is already in other hands,—Mr Huxtable and his *Pigs*, by Porcius, is likely to prove a racy pamphlet; and our anticipations are not lessened by its singularly felicitous Homeric motto,—

“Said the hero divine, to the keeper of swine—
‘Old man, what a fanciful notion is thine!’”

MORNING HERALD, JAN. 11, 1850.

In one respect, there is a striking want of originality in all the meetings held throughout the country in favour of protection to native industry. The tale is the same on all occasions—in truth, it admits of no variation. The complaint is as monotonous as the cause of it is universal. At one of the last demonstrations recorded in these columns, viz., the large and important county meeting, held on Wednesday last, in Shrewsbury—the same arguments were brought forward—the same truisms submitted—the same facts stated as we found at the first meeting held now many months ago in Surrey, with the same object and under the same melancholy and alarming circumstances. Under the pressure of unrestricted foreign competition, British agriculture is swamped. In spite of the surplus with which ministers are prepared to vindicate the wisdom of their government upon the meeting of parliament—in the teeth of the repeated declarations made by scientific deans and farming tradesmen, to the effect that free trade can in no way interfere with the success of skilful and intelligent labour, there exists in this kingdom a whole class—the largest and most important in the country—paralysed by free-trade laws, and all but ruined by their relentless operation. This is the awful and undeniable fact proclaimed on all occasions. It is not the querulous complaint of idleness in this district, or the impatient remonstrance of greediness in that; but from every side, and from every county—from the furthestmost part of England to the remotest corner of Scotland, and from Ireland across the sea, come the same unvarying accents. Are we to believe that a general delusion prevails amongst farmers in England, Scotland, and Ireland, in respect of their vital and dearest interests; and that none have authority to speak of the concerns of agriculture but those who,

from previous occupation and study, are practically ignorant of the subject? Is it conceivable, if the smallest vestige of hope remained to these hapless men, that they would lose their time and money, and waste their breath, in an appeal to the justice and good sense of their fellow-countrymen, which, whilst there was room for hope, could only be met by indignant rebuke and stern dismissal? Can it be supposed, if by any further outlay of capital and additional perseverance, any fresh exercise of skill, it were possible to withstand the effects of the fearful flood that has finally set in, that rational Englishmen, remarkable for their good sense, for their industry, and resolution, would shrink from the most obvious of all duties, in order to set up a cowardly whine for the extrinsic aid of which their own confession would prove them to be unworthy? The supposition is absurd. There is a general movement, because there is a wholesale calamity; there is a common cry for redress, because there has been a universal blight; there is one loud and accumulated demand for protection, because free trade has rendered subsistence for the honest cultivator of British soil utterly impossible.

The plea that high farming is in itself sufficient to meet the coming devastation can no longer be urged by the farmers' opponents. That question has been already satisfactorily disposed of, and must not again be mooted. We were told by all the great free-trade authorities, that the farmers of Scotland were able to set free trade at defiance by dint of their superior cultivation and liberal expenditure upon the soil. The farmers of Scotland, through the columns of *Blackwood's Magazine*, have replied that free trade is synonymous with destruction, and that no amount of capital or labour spent upon the land can enable the farmer either of England or Scotland to meet the fearful trial to which the legislature of the country has forced him. It is worthy of remark, that not the slightest notice has been taken of the striking evidence submitted by Messrs Blackwood to the calm consideration of their countrymen, by any of the free-trade organs, save and except the ministerial journal, which, in accordance with its own peculiar views of fair and candid comment, has quoted one case from many in order to mis-state it. Too much attention cannot be given to this point. We have already quoted in our columns the case of Mr Watson, farmer in Strathmore, county of Forfar. According to this gentleman, from a 500 acre farm in Strathmore, "on a five-shift rotation of crops, with an improved stock of cattle and sheep," a farmer could annually obtain, previously to free trade in corn, for his skill and industry, *over interest of capital employed*, a sum of £106, whereas, under the present legislative measures affecting British agriculture, the total loss annually incurred by the farmer, even at present prices, amounts to the enormous sum of £518, 5s. What has the ministerial organ to say to such a statement, given under the hand of Mr Watson himself, and vouched for in all its details by farmers equally respectable? Upon the question of loss our contemporary declines to enter. With the figures before him, which have been carefully extracted from Mr Watson's books, and pronounced accurate by competent authority, he refuses to believe, although he will not altogether deny, that the loss upon cultivation, under existing circumstances, can be so utterly ruinous to the cultivator. But he triumphantly summons public notice to the fact that, under a system of protection, an enlightened model farmer, after a large outlay of capital, after the most praiseworthy exertions, and the most scientific appliances, has been able to obtain as a reward for his labour and skill no more than a miserable £106 per annum—hardly the salary of an English nobleman's butler. What can protection be worth to the farmer if it yields him so melancholy a compensation as this for all his expenditure and industry? But who has said that protection yielded

him no more? Certainly not Mr Watson; for upon turning to that gentleman's statement, we find, over and above the £106 absolute profit, an income derived from this very farm, amounting to £400, charged as interest in the account; and we learn, moreover, that Mr Watson has the enjoyment of his farmhouse, and the satisfaction of knowing that all his taxes are charged to the farm. It is needless to add, that in addition to all, so long as land is prosperously cultivated, there is much about a farm—although the item is not taken into Mr Watson's account—which materially assists in the rearing of a family without visibly diminishing the total saleable produce; but of this, and of the farmhouse, and of the farm taxes, and of the interest charged, (at the rate of 10 per cent,) our candid contemporary is thoroughly oblivious. It suits his purpose, since he cannot deny that free trade is ruin, to declare that protection was no blessing. How "the leading journal" proves the strong assertion, our readers may now decide.

Yet this is a landlord's question! According to Mr Watson's well-authenticated statement—according to the statement of one whose condition is referred to as a satisfactory answer to all protectionist clamour as a proof that free trade is no stumbling-block in the way of an enlightened farmer's success—according, we repeat, to the statement of a model farmer in Scotland, it appears beyond all doubt "that the enterprising and skilful tenant of a farm of 500 acres, in the best corn district of Forfar, cannot clear his expenses unless the rent of the land is reduced by one half, and even if that were done, he could only realise a profit of sixpence per acre." Is Mr Watson's landlord, then, to forego more than half his rent? Is he to make that indefatigable gentleman a present of his property in order that he may earn his bread under laws that are perfectly agreeable to Mr Richard Cobden? Free trade hardly requires, at all events, at this early period of its history, so wholesale and desperate a confiscation. But, between a renunciation of his property and forthwith taking it into his own hands, what course remains for the proprietor under existing arrangements? There is none; and, as Mr Disraeli well observed on Tuesday last, "Lower the proprietor, and make the cultivator of the soil himself a proprietor, and what is it you do? Why, you blot out of this country the most important portion of the middle class. This age of civilisation, which pretends that we owe so much to progress, to social development, and to the middle class assuming the position that it does, is absolutely encouraging a spirit of legislation, the object of which, or, if not the object, the result, at least, will be, that you will have two classes—the proprietor and the savage peasant."

It behoves the farmer to relax no exertion to prevent so fearful a catastrophe. But Mr Disraeli has clearly proved to him that it behoves him to do still more. "There are two things," said the hon. gentleman, in his eloquent speech at Great Marlow, "which the English farmer has at this moment a right to demand. He has a right to demand, in the first place, that he should be put on an equality with his fellow-subjects; in the second place, he has a right to demand that in his own market he should be placed on an equality with the foreigner." There is not a Radical in England who will demur to the first proposition; and the Republican President of the United States has, within these few weeks, testified to the justice of the second. Till both are allowed by the legislature of England, let there not be one moment's relaxation in any part of the country. The British farmer requires no privileges at the expense of his fellow-subject—he is no agitator for monopoly—he asks permission to live by the sweat of his brow, and he must have it. He implores the adoption of "a system that shall fix the duties at rates high enough to afford substantial and sufficient encouragement to his industry,

and at the same time so adjusted as to insure stability." Such, and in so many words, is the demand set up by the President of America on behalf of his fellow-citizens. Our farmers will be contented with nothing short of the same measure of ordinary justice.

BRITANNIA, JAN. 5, 1850.

PROFITS OF SCOTCH FARMING.—It is a great drawback to the usefulness of the English press that its views are more commonly factious than comprehensive. Our papers are able advocates, but seldom anything better. The independent, equal, and luminous survey of a judicial mind is seldom found in them. Committed to the support or opposition of particular questions, they cannot afford to be candid. When they cannot refute, they misrepresent, ridicule, or abuse.

The evil may partly be in the nature of the newspaper itself. Anonymous articles, intended only for a day or week, are not likely to be very conscientiously written. When the paper is issued, no more is thought of it. The more unscrupulous its advocacy, the greater is its popularity with the class it especially addresses.

Yet even advocacy, to be respectable, should pay some regard to truth. It should argue, not pervert. Perfectly opposite conclusions may legitimately be drawn from the same facts. It is fair to enlist them on one side or the other; but it is not fair to allude to them only to cheat the reader into a belief that they are different from what they really are.

In a previous article we have noticed the appearance of an elaborate paper in *Blackwood's Magazine* on British agriculture and foreign competition. In this article an attempt is made—the first comprehensive attempt of the kind we have seen—to show what were the profits of Scotch farming under a protective system, and what they are likely to be—or rather what the losses are likely to be—under a system of free trade. To this end a number of careful estimates are made of the annual expenditure and income of the best-managed farms in Scotland.

The *Times*, in commenting on these estimates, takes one contributed by an eminent Scotch agriculturist, Mr Hugh Watson, of Keillor. The estimate supposes a farm of 500 acres (Scotch,) for which £800 a-year rent is paid. The items of receipt and expenditure are all given, and it is shown that, at protection prices—7s. per bushel for wheat, 4s. for barley, and 3s. for oats—there is left “annually to the farmer, for his skill and industry, over interest of capital employed, a sum of £106.” At what are assumed to be free-trade prices—5s. per bushel for wheat, 2s. 9d. for barley, and 2s. for oats, with 20 per cent depreciation on live stock—it is shown that the profit of £106 is converted into a loss of £412, 5s.

This state of facts might have been met in several ways. The facts themselves might have been controverted, if there were room for doing so; or faults of management might have been exposed, if such faults could be detected; or the bold ground might have been taken of insisting that the rent should be reduced one half, or two thirds, or to any extent which might be required to meet the depreciation. In either of these cases there would have been something tangible to grapple with, and the argument would have been confined within narrow limits.

But the *Times*, avoiding all practical reasoning, fixes on the fact of the smallness of the farmer's profit, and thence infers that, whatever changes may be made by free trade, his condition cannot be changed for the worse:—

“From the high terms (it says) in which the magazine speaks of this gentleman,

(Mr Watson,) his acquirements and his reputation, there can be no doubt that he is such a man as an English landowner would be glad to employ for £500 a-year, or £1000 a-year, according to his rental, to manage his estates. With his £5000 and moderate luck in Australia he might have realised a fortune, and either returned home in affluence, or founded a family, destined, perhaps, for ages of glory in Antipodean history. *Lured by protection into high farming, he has thrown himself away.* In the midst of abundance, with spacious fields and hosts of labourers under his command, with the greatest labour and the most trying responsibilities, and, it must be added, with the greatest success for a considerable term of years, he has not had more than 40s. 5d. a-week for meat, drink, and clothing, and for all the other immediate or prospective wants of a numerous family. . . . There can, then, be no real ground for suspecting the statement, and we can only regret that a gentleman of Mr Watson's talents and capital should have sunk them both in such a thankless investment. It is scarcely necessary to say that he is not the only *victim of protection* who figures in the article. *There are several other equally deplorable instances."*

If the critic had read the article on which he comments with moderate attention, he would have discovered that Mr Watson does not give the case as his own, but as an "estimate" of the average expenditure and income of such a well-managed farm as he has supposed, and that his personal experience is vouched no farther than to the general correctness of the several items which make up the estimate.

Nor is the case of the supposed Forfarshire farmer so bad as the writer in the *Times* represents. All profits are not to be estimated by the standard of Printing-house-square. The Forfarshire farmer has £3000 invested in his farm. It is set down that, at 10 per cent, this yields him £300 per annum. He has a floating capital of £2000, which, at 5 per cent, is set down to yield him £100 per annum. So that with his £5000 capital he makes £500 per annum. But further, he lives rent-free, as his house is reckoned in his rent, and it is to be supposed that he takes from his farm such produce as is necessary for household use. Altogether, therefore, the position of a Scotch farmer, with a moderate capital, does not seem a distressing one. We very much doubt whether he would do better in Australia, or whether agriculturists can so speedily make a fortune in that land as the writer in the *Times* seems to conceive.

But why should he not be bailiff to an English landowner, with a salary of £500 or £1000 a-year? Mark, reader, it is the case of an ordinarily intelligent Scotch farmer which is under consideration. Undoubtedly, if there were as many places for bailiffs at £500 or £1000 in England as there are persons renting 500-acre farms in Scotland, the wisest course for them would be to cross the border in a body. But do such places exist except in the imagination of this writer? If he wishes to know what the salary of a farm-bailiff commonly is, he will find it accurately set down in the sixth of these estimates—"Wages of farm-overseer per annum, £32."

There is an old story of a princess of France, who, when told that the people, in a time of scarcity, were crying for bread, innocently asked, "Why do they not eat plum-cake?" We always, until now, regarded the story as a fable invented by rabid revolutionists to bring royalty into contempt. But the exclamation of this cockney critic makes it credible. He actually believes, and expresses his belief for the benefit of a million of readers—that, if the Scotch farmers are forced by the pressure of free trade to throw up their holdings, they have only to come to England, and pick and choose out of a variety of situations, from L.500 to L.1000 a-year, for managing the land of English proprietors.

The other estimates given in the magazine—the other "equally deplorable instances," as they are termed in the *Times* — are usually more favourable

to the farmer. In No. II. his profit on a 500-acre farm is set down at L.245, which, with the interest on L.2500 invested at 10 per cent, and the interest on L.1500 floating capital at 5 per cent, make up an income of L.570 from L.4000 capital. In No. III. the profits on a 250-acre farm are estimated at L.111, 5s. and the interest on L.2800 capital at L.190—together L.201, 5s. In No. IV. on a 500-acre farm the tenant's profit is assumed to be L.263, and the interest on L.4500 to be L.350—together L.613. In No. V. on a 400-acre farm the profit is estimated at L.287, 12s., the interest on sunk and floating capital at L.240—together L.527, 12s. In No. VI., made out from actual experience, the tenant's profit on a 320-acre farm is only L.106, 2s. 6d., his interest on capital L.250—together L.356, 2s. 6d. This farm is situated within five miles of Edinburgh, and presents an example, we imagine, of the best kind of high farming, the annual value of the year's produce being L.4132. The expenses of management are proportionally high,—the rent being set down at L.4, 10s. per Scots acre. The example, so far as it goes, shows that the condition of the tenant is not necessarily benefited by that "high farming" which is recommended as the panacea for foreign competition.

From these facts, the conclusion we are inclined to draw is, not that the Scottish farmer is in so desperate a condition as that no change can hurt him, but that, on the whole, his state is moderately prosperous. Taking the average of six estimates, we find that a Scotch farmer, with a capital of from L.3500 to L.4000, might expect to realise under the protection system from L.450 to L.500 a-year, together with a house rent-free, and also, as we suppose, farm produce for his family.

That there may be more lucrative professions is possible. That is not the point. The question is, whether, from the facts stated, the condition of the Scotch farmer is so deplorable as the *Times* intimates:—

"Such have been the results of high farming in Scotland under protection! The magazine argues that, if the tenants were beggars, then—[The magazine argues nothing of the kind]—what will they be now? If such men as Messrs Watson and Gibson, with extraordinary capital, experience, and enterprise, have not been able to get more out of their farms than the starvation income of a half-pay lieutenant, or a common exciseman, the magazine contends they will get less than nothing now. We beg, however, however, to demur to its conclusion. Admitting its 'facts' as to the disastrous working of protection, we do not admit that they afford any certain cue to the working of an altogether different order of things, such as that we are now on the point of entering."

We have given the facts of the whole six estimates fairly, so far as they bear on the farmers' profits. We cannot think they show "the disastrous working of protection." Under the conditions supposed, the lot of the Scotch farmer must be one of the most enviable in the world. His occupation is healthy; his labour insures him competence. He has enough to provide for the wants of his family, to settle them in life, and to reserve something for retreat when the period of labour shall be past. He lives and dies in the fold of his church, and perhaps feels his condition the happier that it is removed from the temptation of those seductive luxuries which in a great city might render him covetous of a larger income. Australia, with its savage life and unbroken soil, can present few temptations to him. From any change such as that likely to be effected by free trade, he has nothing to hope, but much to fear. The possession of L.30,000 in the funds would hardly give a family the same command of the comforts of life as he enjoys.

And, while thus receiving a decent reward for his skill and capital, he must be elevated by the consciousness that he is diffusing comfort round him, and contributing very materially to the wealth and greatness of his country.

Taking the items of expenditure in estimate No. VI., it is instructive to find how large a proportion is spent in the encouragement of industry. We say nothing of the L.510 paid annually for manure drawn from Edinburgh,—though Edinburgh would feel the loss of such a source of profit, nor of the L.420 set down for the keep of fifteen horses, and L.28 for the keep of “one riding horse,”—though the items do not indicate that the farmer is such a “beggar” as the *Times* is pleased to represent him; but we will begin with the amount directly paid for labour:—

	£	s.	d.
Wages of farm-overseer per annum,	32	0	0
Ditto eight ploughmen at L.27 per ditto,	216	0	0
Ditto two labourers at 10s. and one boy 5s. per week,	65	0	0
Outdoor women workers per annum,	96	0	0
Wages of extra men securing crop,	13	0	0
Cutting thirty acres of hay at 3s. 9d.,	5	12	6
Ditto hedges, and keeping fences, gates, and houses in repair,	10	0	0
Smith work per annum,	35	0	0
Carpenter work ditto,	22	0	0
Veterinary surgeon ditto,	7	0	0
Saddler work ditto,	17	0	0
Millwright, engineer, mason, and slater's accounts,	10	0	0
	L.693	12	6

What may be considered as contributions towards public objects are:—

Tolls, custom, and marketing expenses,	£25	0	0
Poor-rates and statute-labour,	30	17	0
Assessed taxes and income-tax,	19	18	0
	£75	15	0

The rent paid, which of course is distributed mainly in the employment of industry, in the support of public burdens, and in the encouragement of those finer pursuits which advance civilisation, and give to every country intellectual eminence, amounts to the large sum of L.1440 yearly. And all this done by a farm of no greater extent than 320 (Scots) acres, or about 400 English acres.

The mere mention of these facts is sufficient to show that any rude disturbance of the system which leads to a sudden and permanent depreciation in the value of the produce raised, must needs be attended with very widespread and very disastrous results. The best-cultivated land will feel the shock first. While we are pursuing the phantom cheapness, we shall be losing the solid blessings of wealth and plenty.

The farmers show no disinclination to state fairly their gains: will the Manchester men imitate their candour, and give us, on an average of years, the profit of their factories?

SPECTATOR, *Jan. 12, 1850.*

THE CONFLICTS OF AGRICULTURE.—Controversy carried on like that between landlord, farmer, and agricultural free-trader, can lead to no satisfactory issue, because they do not argue upon common terms; on neither side is the case presented entire, on neither side does the counsel comprehend the whole case. Certain recent publications enable us to exemplify this one-sided manner of arguing, and to indicate the method by which the separate fractions of the truth might be reduced to a common integer.

The elaborate statistics in *Blackwood's Magazine*, ascribed to Sheriff

Alison, may be taken to set forth the case of the farmer according to his present lights. The writer's object is to show that at existing prices, or without prices artificially raised by "protection," the farmer cannot attain an adequate return for his capital, skill, and industry; and to this end, we are presented with detailed accounts of farming by two eminent farmers, Mr Hugh Watson, of Keillor in Forfarshire, and Mr Dudgeon, of Spylaw in Roxburghshire; with vouchers from thirty-eight other farmers, occupying lands distributed in nine counties, testifying to the accuracy of those detailed accounts, and to their general bearing. It is alleged by a writer in the *Economist* that these persons are selected for their known adhesion to Protection doctrines, and that the accounts are "cooked;" an imputation not justified by any proof. The writer indeed brings forward another set of accounts, produced by Mr George Robertson, late of Balmanno and Thornton, before the third Committee on Agricultural Distress in 1836, which present somewhat different features, and show rather more cheering mercantile success; but, as we shall see presently, they do not materially differ from the others on certain broad essentials. Meanwhile, we will take the statistics set forth by *Blackwood*, not as presenting the absolute state of farming, but as representing the case of the Protectionist farmers. We take the larger totals from some of the accounts, and place them in a compressed form.

1. Mr Hugh Watson makes a return for a farm of 500 acres, on the five-shift course, calculated "on an average of years." His rent is fixed for nineteen years at £800. His capital is £3000 sunk and £2000 floating; for which he sets down as annual charges interest at 10 and 5 per cent respectively, or £300 and £100, in all £400. The total expenditure is £1850; the income derived from produce is £1956; leaving to the farmer for his skill and industry £106. [Under free trade he estimates a loss of £518.]

2. Mr Dudgeon supplies a statement calculated on averages, for a farm of 500 acres, on the five-shift course, exhibiting these heads: rent, £800; capital, sunk £2500 at 10 per cent, floating £1500 at 5 per cent, in all £4000, at an annual interest of £325; total expenses £1770; income £2015; return for industry and skill £245. [Under free-trade he estimates a loss of £141.]

3. Mr James Hay, of Little Ythaie in Aberdeenshire, supplies the average statement of a farm of 250 acres. Rent £262, 10s.; capital, sunk at 10 per cent £1000, floating at 5 per cent £1800, in all £2800 at £190; wages £144; total expenditure, £741; income £852; for skill and industry £111. [Estimated loss on grain alone, £147.]

4. Mr Thomas Sadler, of Norton Mains in Mid-Lothian, gives the statement for a 400 imperial acre farm, on the four-course shift; rent, £900; interest on sunk and floating capital, £240; total, yearly expenditure, £2037; income £2324; profit, £287. [Estimated loss, £490.]

5. Mr John Gibson, of Woolmet, a first-class farm of 320 acres, Scotch, within five miles of Edinburgh, on an average of ten years: rent, £1440; interest at 10 per cent on £1500 sunk capital, and 5 per cent on £2000 floating, total £3500 at £250; wages (aggregate of several items) £602; total expense, £4025; income, £4132; profit, £106. [Estimated loss, £603.]

The loss set down in these accounts is speculative; but there is no just reason to doubt the general fairness of the facts stated as to the past. It will be observed, however, that the accounts all keep the item of capital distinct from profit; which is fair enough, as capital may often be borrowed. Yet it is also to be observed, that in retail trade—which farming at present resembles more nearly than the trade of a manufacturer or merchant—the yearly income from the very moderate capital invested would not be thought contemptible, especially when combined with healthful avocations, and the facilities for getting food off the land. To the foregoing let us add the account cited by the *Economist*—

6. Mr George Robertson states the produce and expenditure of a farm of 253 imperial acres, on the eleven-shift rotation: rent, £494; labour, (wages with a few allowances,) £258; total expenditure, £1004; income, £1204; profit and interest on capital, (not distinguished,) £200.

The claim of the forty farmers cited by *Blackwood* is protection, to keep up prices, and so keep up profits to the old level; for no practicable reduction of rent or increased industry, it is contended, can compensate for the anticipated fall in prices. In order to estimate the effect of this policy, let us present in a different form the manner in which the proceeds are divided, according to the foregoing accounts.

	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.
	£	£	£	£	£	£
Proceeds,	1956	2015	852	2324	4132	1204
Rent,	800	800	262	900	1440	494
Capital,	400	325	190	240	250	
Management,	106	245	111	287	106	200
Wages,	?	?	144	?	602	258
Estimated loss,	518	141	147	490	603	

The farmer is actively engaged in the work of production; the capitalist may simply lend the money by a stroke of his pen, but he risks the loss of his money. The landlord lends his land, and risks some (temporary) damage to his land. It will be observed how much the largest share of the produce goes to the landowner; next, to the capitalist. The wages are put forth distinctly in very few of the accounts; but the hand-labourer obtains little indeed. Under protection, skill and industry obtained far less than capital and rent. Of course, if free trade should entail an immediate loss, farmers will not continue their calling; landlords will not suffer farms to go out of cultivation: the returns of capital are fixed by the laws of the general trade, and may not be much altered by one trade; the estimated loss, therefore, plus *some* amount to remunerate the farmer for his skill and industry will ultimately have to come out of the rent. There appears to be no margin for such a purpose. In all the accounts the "public burdens" form a very small item—£.50 or under; so that reduction of burdens could not do much. If we judge by these accounts, protection has *not* secured anything but a small and precarious return to the agriculturist: it has not been needed to compensate the small burden of rates and taxes; but it has maintained a system under which rent swallows up the profits of farming, and reduces the manufacturer of agricultural produce to the position of a mere foreman or ganger under a firm that consists wholly of a sleeping partner, the landlord. It is plain also, on the face of these accounts, that the farmer can scarcely augment wages.

We are not without demonstrations on the part of the landlords. Sir Robert Peel's letter to his tenantry may be accounted the manifesto of a landlord distinguished among his class for available wealth, prudence, the liberality of clear-sightedness, and for being pledged to fit his position with the free-trade policy established by himself. He proposes, in brief, to let his tenants revise their bargains; and to spend 20 per cent of his current rents in improvements. Is that enough? Until farmers be more educated, it is not likely that they will depart very much from established routine, which is indeed the guide of understandings slow from want of cultivation: the proposal to revise the bargains, therefore, has no great present force. The other part of the proposition amounts to this: Sir Robert Peel will reduce his rents by 20 per cent, on condition that the sum be laid out on the improvement of his estate; in other words, if tenants spend *their* capital, or borrow it, for the purpose of keeping up rents in future, the landlord will

waive a fifth of his rent for the present. Look at *Blackwood's* anti-rent demonstration, and ask if *that* is enough?

But, indeed, you may look to an authority which will have much greater weight with Sir Robert Peel and free-trade agriculturists—that of Mr Huxtable. His recent pamphlet* is intended to show how, by a scientific system of high farming, the farmer may make a profit with wheat at 5s. the bushel, and meat at 5d. the pound: but we see that among his calculations he assumes rent at L.1 on the acre producing 32 bushels of wheat, or 5s. a quarter out of 40s. The writer in the *Economist* says, on the strength of Mr Robertson's account—

"The above shows as clear as figures can make it, that when wheat sold at 45s. the bushel, one of the most experienced farmers and land-valuers in Scotland concluded that 17s. 9d. was not too much to claim as rent for his employer."

And Mr Huxtable touches with the boldness and candour of a truly scientific mind on the same point—

"Though I will not make the invidious statement that farmers have not sufficient capital, I do not hesitate to express my belief that generally their farms and homesteads are too often wanting in the requirements of high cultivation. But on every side the tenant-farmer exclaims, 'Rents are too high.' I think so too, in most cases, unless in former years they have been much too low,—too high, that is, considering the very imperfect accommodation farms offer for making a maximum return from the products. But no reasonable reduction of rents can meet the difference of prices, unless there be a change in the system of farming, or great increase of crops. In most cases, the amount which is sought as an abatement of rent is that which, for the good of all parties, should be spent in multiplying the powers and capabilities of the farm; not in raising costly edifices, the pride of the estate and admiration of the amateur,—for these cannot be carried out extensively on any property, and the case is urgent, and will not brook the delay of years. Cheap materials are at hand: there are on almost every farm trimmings of plantations and hedge-rows for roofs straw for covering, larch poles for posts, and wattle or furze for walls."

Now the question is, whether the farmer, crushed under a long-enduring system of bad farming, described by Mr Huxtable, and of high rents, admitted by the same writer, is in a position to command more capital; also, whether the capital accorded by landlords in the shape of pretermitted rents will be sufficient; also, whether, if it were so, the farmer can, on the sudden, be cultivated as to his understanding up to the point necessary for apprehending the Huxtable philosophy, and confiding in it so as to carry it out heartily and ably; also and furthermore, whether, if those questions be answered in the negative, landlords must not be prepared to take upon themselves a much larger share of the "estimated loss" than they now spontaneously and temporarily accept in the shape of the said pretermitted rents; also and finally, whether, if that be the case, they had not better, deliberately and spontaneously, provide for such inevitable liability by suitable measures, either in the shape of revising personal expenditure, of procuring legislative sanction to proportionate readjustment of burdens made on old terms and no longer maintainable, or the like. Without in any degree presuming the conclusion, we may take it as manifest that these are questions which press for consideration, and that they ought to be settled with deliberate foresight, rather than left to the chapter of accidents. To that end, the first step would be, to abandon this idle multiplication of ex-parte statements for and against particular interests or particular policies of the past; and in lieu of that "damnable iteration," to bring together the several interests and the representatives of future policies, in order that they may compare notes and take counsel in determining the principles of the least mischievous and most beneficial course in our onward progress.

* "The *Present Prices*, by the Reverend A. Huxtable, Rector of Sutton Waldron, Dorset." A brochure of which Mr Ridgway is the London distributor.

EDINBURGH EVENING POST, JAN. 9, 1850.

Few articles which ever appeared in any periodical have excited such deep interest as the splendid essay on "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition" in the last number of *Blackwood*. The *Times* could not pass over a manifesto so damaging to its cause—we do not say its party, for we believe by this journal the Manchester anti-national crew are despised,—and hence a very smart article of the usual kind which, of course, will be paraded by all the free-trade journals in the land. Reckoning without its host—rather hallooing before it has cleared the wood—it calls the statistics of *Blackwood* a "more thorough exposure of agricultural protection than any that either Villiers or Cobden could have devised." This assertion it supports by reference to the small profits made by certain eminent agriculturists under the protection of the sliding-scale. But what does this show?—only that when circumstances were so far favourable, agriculture was a poor profession,—affording small profits to its most skilful, energetic, and pushing members. Does it follow, therefore, that it was right or politic to sweep away the small advantage conceded by law to the main profession of the people? The argument would go quite the other way,—far beyond the limit of privilege enjoyed by the farmer in his more palmy days. You wantonly shut out a manufacturer from the nearest coal depot,—the most patent roads and the harbour alone accessible,—is it a good plea to adduce that the man complained of small profits, or no profits, while the advantages enumerated were in his power? If he gained little before, he is likely to incur but loss, under circumstances altered for the worse. To apply such an illustration to the case before us, if the farmer was ill off under protection, he must now be made worse in his circumstances. His trade affording slender profits under favourable circumstances, is likely, as times go, to force an unnatural ruinous resort to whatever capital he possessed. And even under disadvantages, the man must, and will for a time, at least proceed with his business. The farmers of this country number a million, little beneath the population of Scotland at one time; and those dependent on them form a tremendous aggregate of human beings,—of customers, be it recollected, to the manufacturer and other producers. What shall this vast array of persons do? Can they leave their holdings for other places of industry? Some few may,—but what are all beyond the exceptional individuals to do if their profession be ground under a foreign and unnatural competition? We regard the fact of our agriculturists clinging to their holdings as easily accounted for on the ground of obstinate necessity,—old associations and family exigencies. But does it prove that the trade of the parties is flourishing? As much as the predilection of the Laplander in favour of his home demonstrates that it excels the "sunny south" in beauty, warmth, and fertility.

The *Times* has not failed to notice Sir Robert Peel's letter to his tenantry, and has, in its comments, described the optimism of trade, agriculture, and landlordism, after the following fashion:—

"It is true that there are not many landlords in the country who are in a condition to spend 20 per cent. of their rental-roll in drainage; nor yet are all tenants in a condition to pay up before February. In this respect Sir Robert and his tenantry are fortunate men; and it will be said that none but fortunate men will be able to follow their several examples. On this point, we only repeat what we are aware has often excited the disgust of our protectionist contemporaries, that every landlord, every tenant-farmer, every merchant, every tradesman, and every other person engaged in any sort of speculation, ought to have a reserve for unfavourable times. He ought to have money within reach, and he is not acting fairly by the parties with whom he has contracted pecuniary engagements if he makes the fulfilment of them

depend on the seasons, or any other fluctuating element. It is a moral duty to be sure in business, and not to tempt Providence by running the risk of insolvency. This will be thought a hard saying, and perhaps we shall be told the precept 'to owe no man anything' is fit only for Quakers and Jews. But it is a maxim of honourable trade, and ought to be a maxim of agriculture. No farmer ought to depend wholly on a plentiful harvest or a dear market; nor ought any landlord to depend wholly on his rent. Assuming this scale of duty and honour, and hoping that there are landlords and tenants able to profit by Sir Robert's example, we must say that it is timely and good, and that he deserves the thanks even of the agricultural interest.'

It was scarcely wonderful if those who understood and befriended home industry, should have had their disgust excited by such views, if transformed into rules of moral judgment. More considerateness would be necessary at the Insolvent Court. The hoof of the money power protrudes outwards from the specious philosophy of our contemporary. Where are the farmers or manufacturers to be found who approach so high a standard of pecuniary ability? Some there are, no doubt; but what a struggle usually is industry under in most circumstances! Demand the qualification prescribed by the *Times*, and agriculture, for example, becomes the monopoly of a few capitalists, and loses its character as a great profession,—the trade of a million becomes the heritage of a select band of moneyed men—a sordid oligarchy.

EDINBURGH ADVERTISER, JAN. 1, 1850.

BRITISH AGRICULTURE AND FOREIGN COMPETITION.—We find under the above title, in *Blackwood* for the present month, a masterly article, which reviews the whole question of the abolition of the corn duties, and demonstrates the most depressing effect which the free-trade policy has had upon British agriculture. We consider this one of the ablest manifestoes on the side of protection which has yet appeared; and we venture to think it will greatly assist in changing the opinion of those who still believe that the British farmer can bear up against foreign competition. The array of statistics, and the elaborate returns of farm produce and expenditure, supplied by some of our most intelligent Scottish agriculturists, with which the writer has fortified himself, give a weight and authority to his statements which no sophistries can pervert or overturn. The result of the whole argument is, that, with grain at the present low prices, it is utterly out of the power of the agriculturist to farm land, except at a loss; and therefore, the only barrier between him and certain ruin is the restoration of protection. This fact is shown by the enormously increased amount of foreign grain now imported, in comparison with the quantity available for the supply of this country when the corn-law was in existence. Mr Tooke, in his work on the *History of Prices*, in adverting to the quantity which, in the event of free trade, we might expect to import, assuming the average price to be 45s. per quarter, thinks it might approach to from a million and a half to two millions of quarters; and even this estimate, he says, might be made "to work upon the minds of the farmers, in frightening them with the prospect of cheap foreign corn." The following are *Blackwood's* remarks upon this calculation:—

"What wonder, then, if the panic has materially increased, since the history of free trade, for the last three years, has revealed such a fearful addition to this estimate: for how stands the fact? In place of 2,000,000 quarters of wheat annually, from the passing of the Corn-Law Repeal Act (26th June 1846) until the 5th November 1847, a period of little more than sixteen months, we imported 7,229,916 quarters of wheat—while the total of all kinds of grain entered for consumption amounted to 16,331,282 quarters' Some idea may be formed of the effects of such an augmented importation, if we bear in mind that, from 5th July 1828 to 1st January 1841, a period of

nearly thirteen years, the whole quantity of foreign wheat and flour entered for home consumption was 13,475,000 quarters."

Another body of statistics which the writer in *Blackwood* has brought to bear on this branch of the demonstration, is one which has been supplied by several eminent Scottish farmers, amongst whom are Messrs Watson of Keillor, Dudgeon of Spylaw, Robertson of Ladyrig, Hay of Tillydeak, Sadler of Norton Main, Gibson of Woolmet, &c., besides a number of other agriculturists, who have given permission to use their names, as attesting the accuracy of the statements referred to. We have not space for the whole returns that have been furnished, but the following are taken from farms situated in the fertile grain-growing districts of Forfar and Roxburgh; and the calculations as to yield, prices, and expenses, were made from the farmers' own books.

"RETURNS OF PRODUCE from a 500-acre farm in Strathmore, county of Forfar, on a five-shift rotation of crops, with an improved stock of cattle and sheep, on an average of years previous to free trade in corn, cattle." &c. &c.

MANCHESTER COURIER, DEC. 29, 1849.

BRITISH AGRICULTURE AND FOREIGN COMPETITION.—We have been favoured with an early number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, for January, which contains, under this head, one of the most valuable articles it was ever our good fortune to meet with. The thanks of the whole country are due to our old ally for this timely exposure of the ruinous effects which foreign competition *must* have upon British agriculture. Presently we shall refer to one or two facts, evidently collected from the best sources, and with very great care; but, in the mean time, we may be permitted to ask this question:—If the influence of foreign competition upon *Scotch* farming—esteemed the best farming in the world—be so disastrous as the writer proves it to have been already, what must be the effect upon English farming, saddled, as it is, with the pains and penalties of a huge national debt; and that, too, in a *degree* not all felt in Scotland?

And now let us say at once that we cannot hope to dispose of this most valuable paper in *Blackwood* in a single article. It is in itself a volume, and speaks volumes on the subject of which it treats. It is a deliberately and elaborately prepared essay on a subject which vitally affects the best interests of this nation, and it bears internal evidence of having its elements drawn from the most authentic sources. We have often shown the disastrous effects of American competition upon the Irish provision trade, and *Blackwood* produces, from a Liverpool correspondent, the most conclusive testimony on the point; and we only regret that we have not room to quote it in this place. The facts would not be new to the readers of the *Courier*, for similar statements have been constantly before them many times during the last eighteen months. But what do they prove? That it is impossible for the British farmer and factor to compete with the cheap provisions from America, under the present system.

But to return to the purely agricultural part of the subject, *Blackwood* gives six or seven accounts of farmers in different parts of the country, every one of which shows that, under the present *régime* of tariffs, it is impossible for the British farmer to hold up his head. We select two of these accounts, all of which are attested by the signatures of those who furnished them:—

No. IV.

"Estimated value of the produce upon a farm in Roxburghshire of 500 acres, managed according to the five-shift rotation." &c. &c.

We ask, again, If this be the result of farming, under the free-trade system, in Roxburghshire and the Lothians, what must be the result in England and Ireland? Can any man out of Bedlam harbour one moment's doubt about the matter? Here we must for the present leave the matter.

Various other statements are given of income and expenditure on farms in different parts of the country, but they all coincide in the same conclusion—that free trade has diminished the farmer's profits, and is rapidly bringing him to insolvency. The writer has the following reflections on the different statements that have been produced by his correspondents:—

“ Let those who believe that, by high farming, the soil can be stimulated so as to produce enormously augmented crops, at a large additional profit, consider the above statistics well. They are the statistics of the *very highest farming in Scotland.*” &c. &c.

LEEDS INTELLIGENCER, DEC. 29, 1849.

BRITISH AGRICULTURE AND FOREIGN COMPETITION.—In turning over the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine* for January, an early copy of which we have just now received, our attention is drawn to an elaborate article under the above head, which is peculiarly important at the present juncture, when the Coryphæus of the “ Manchester School” is daring the protectionists to venture upon a fresh struggle, and when the latter, not intimidated by the audacious threatener, but as yet scarcely roused to the contest, are preparing to respond to the challenge, in the only way in which it is safe to answer a bully, namely, by showing a steady and undaunted front.

At the late hour at which it came before us, the length of the article would have deterred us from an immediate attempt to dip into its matter; but a glance at its pages, at first hurried and cursory, led us insensibly to a perusal of some of its most important passages, and an examination of the valuable *data* which are produced in support of the writer's argument. These *data*, we may state, have been collected by very extensive inquiries among persons eminently qualified to give an opinion on the practical bearings of the question, and from sources that will justly demand respect. The plain matter-of-fact statements and calculations furnished by two eminent agriculturists, whose professional reputation stands high even among that class of Scottish farmers whose practical skill and science are unrivalled, Messrs Watson of Keillor, and Dudgeon, Spylaw, and the statistics which they give of their farms “ in the fertile corn-growing districts of Forfar and Roxburgh,” are such as may well startle the minds of those who believe or hope that British agriculture can maintain itself, as a profitable pursuit, against unfettered foreign competition. And these statistics and the deductions from them are confirmed almost unanimously by a large number of eminent agriculturists to whose judgment they have been submitted, previous to their publication, only three persons out of nearly fifty having returned answers conveying dissent, and this of a qualified nature; and of those who fully assent, a considerable proportion authorise the publication of their names as so assenting.

As we have scarcely had time to read a portion of this able article, it may easily be seen that we have not time to write many words about it; and our object will be much better attained if we induce others to read the article for themselves. If they will do so, it will only be by stiff free-trade prejudices that they can be prevented from seeing the peril, or rather certain doom, to which agriculture must be doomed by persistence in the present policy of the state. In earlier days of the anti-corn-law agitation, its

adherents frequently laid down the opinion that England ought not to attempt to be a corn-growing country ; that this business should be left for the people of countries more favoured by nature, or less wealthy than ours ; and that we ought to confine ourselves mainly to manufactures. Such a theory, however, was found to be too unpalatable, even with the most advanced free-traders, to be maintained ; yet it seems inevitable that to this we must come, not as a theory merely, but as a stubborn fact, if the foreigner is to have the privilege of supplying us with corn unrestrictedly. Even assuming prices which it is quite hopeless that the English farmer can make remunerative, the foreigner can still undersell him. Bring the price of wheat down to 30s. or 25s. a quarter, and still the foreign grower can supply us at a profit ; and it is equally clear that the quantity will become as unlimited as the demand.

The writer in *Blackwood* concludes with encouragement to the British farmer ; but his encouragement is not based on the supposition that he can sustain the contest of free trade in corn ; but on the assurance that the policy, so rashly adopted, must and will be reversed. This is certain, that, if British agriculture must sink before foreign competition, its fall must prove so disastrous to the country at large, that the policy which has induced it cannot fail of incurring popular execration. It will be happy for the kingdom if this change of opinion be sufficiently matured before the mischiefs of the experiment have proceeded too far.

DUBLIN PRESS, JAN. 4, 1850.

Although the terms in which we have, almost invariably, to refer to the high literary merit and general interest of each successive number of this magazine, are more than usually applicable to the present one ; still it is plain that the great interest of this month's *Blackwood* will be absorbed by the elaborate article on "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition," which forms so prominent and important a feature in its pages. As the subject is one which is paramount in its claims on public attention at the present moment, so has it been handled by *Blackwood* in a manner befitting its importance ; and in this article we accordingly find more argument and inquiry brought to bear on the question of the farming interests of Great Britain, as affected by free trade, than in any other publication on the Protectionist side that we have yet seen. However, the subject is one which does not well enter into the scope of a literary notice, and we shall therefore treat of it elsewhere.

"The Year of Reaction" is an appropriate counterpart to "The Year of Revolution," which appeared in a former number of *Blackwood*, and is obviously the production of the same pen—that, it is presumed, of the historian Alison. The genius of old Ebony revels with delight in the countless triumphs which Conservatism has enjoyed through the world in 1849 ; but he reckons without his host if he imagines that the popular spirit which has been temporarily crushed has lost its vitality, or that the "progress of anarchy," which has been stayed, will not find another channel through which it may flow, perhaps with a torrent more irresistible than ever.

"My Peninsular Medal" is continued, and turns out to be one of the most interesting novels of the day. The social and personal sketches are excellent, and some of the characters have already become great favourites with the public. The dialogue also evinces great ability.

As to the other serial tale continued in this number—"The Green Hand"—we would strongly advise the writer to make it what the second part of the title imports—a "short yarn ;" for, in truth, it has far outgrown the

dimensions which its intrinsic merits would entitle it to, and wearies us sadly by its sameness and verbosity.

A most interesting paper on "American Adventure," in the shape of a notice of a group of recent transatlantic publications; an exceedingly pleasing and well-written sketch of Howard, the philanthropist, and an historical poem by *Delta*, make up the remaining contents of the able number with which *Blackwood* commences the new year.

DUBLIN MAIL, JAN. 9, 1850.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—With an article that will be remembered and referred to when the ruin which it prognosticates cannot be remedied, our old friend *Blackwood* opens what promises to be a most eventful, and, to every thinking mind, the most disastrous year that ever passed over these countries. The paper to which we refer is the last in the number for this month; but its importance justifies us in referring to it in the first place. The length precludes the possibility of our giving it at large; but as it demolishes in succession all the fallacies which have, from time to time, been urged by those who do the business of the cotton-spinners in this country, and who, for their places and their pensions, would as soon advocate the introduction and naturalisation of locusts among us, we earnestly recommend its perusal to our friends. The article in question opens with one of those declarations of the Tamworth statesman, which he has from time to time made, for the purpose apparently of showing his utter independence of such obligations, by subsequently violating them:—

"I do say it," said Sir Robert Peel in 1842—

"I do say it is for the public advantage that I should say to him (the farmer) concerning your improvements: I cannot undertake to guarantee to you, by legislation, a particular price; but this I will say, that as long as corn is under 51s., you shall not be exposed to the importation of foreign corn." &c. &c.

The writer then notices the scientific follies of the great fossilist, Dr Buckland, and admits that wheat may be grown on any soil; but asks, what the reverend geologist did not ask—would it pay for the growing? He then notices the high farming and high rent theories of Lords Kinnaird and Ducie, and of Sir R. Peel's commissioner, whose pamphlet set our Castle scribes in such ecstasies. Mr Caird, indeed, had been previously demolished by Mr Munro, and is again by the writer. Lord Kinnaird is dealt with in pretty much the same way. His lordship, though quoted by our leading calico writers (as who would not be that served their purpose for a day?), differs from them in some particulars. He is an advocate for high rents; there they differ. He is for high farming—a plan which is now generally admitted, under existing circumstances, to be little better than a delusion; and they, therefore, agree. Lord Kinnaird likes, for a tenant, a retired tradesman, with lots of money and a heart to spend it. If we were landlords, so should we. In fact, we should like and would require a succession of them. The writer of the article thus notices the theories on which many of those who voted for free trade acted; many leaping in the dark—many, we believe, of the leaders knowing them to be unfounded:—

"The adoption of free-trade principles, as regards the trade in corn, proceeded upon a false estimate of the precise quantities available for the supply of this country." &c. &c.

We now give the return of a tolerably high farmer, Mr Watson, of Strathmore, Forfar. (&c. &c.)

There is another to a like effect, by Mr Dudgeon, of Spylaw. The

general correctness of both is certified by twenty-eight educated and highly respectable farmers, from various counties in Scotland. There is a return also by Mr Hay, of a 250-acre farm in Aberdeenshire; from Mr Robertson of a 500-acre farm in Roxburghshire; of a 400-acre farm in Mid-Lothian, by Mr Sadler; and of a 320 Scots-acre farm within five miles of Edinburgh, by Mr Gibson; all, as the writer says, "The statistics of the very highest farming in Scotland." These men would probably not be able to distinguish the head of a Megatherium from that of a Plesiosaurus, and therefore, perhaps, Dr Buckland is a better authority. But our extracts have extended to an inordinate length, and we shall therefore leave corn; and, for the benefit of Lord Rosse and those who "babble of green fields," come to cattle. We should like to show how Mr Gladstone is disposed of, but we must conclude with one extract more:—

"These are figures which may well astound the boldest free-trader; for they show that the provision trade is altogether passing from our hands." &c. &c.

We beg of our readers not to be content with our extracts, but to peruse and re-peruse the above article. We think, when they have done so, that they will be satisfied that nothing remains for those dependent upon agriculture, but to take the hint of the *Times*, and pack up and be off, "nor cast one longing, lingering look behind."

"En unquam patrias longe post tempore fines,
Panperis et tuguri congestum cespitem culmen,
Post aliquot mea regna, videns mirabor aristas!"

Breathe not the wish, bid adieu to England for ever. Leave her to the awful chances of war, without one acre of corn growing on her surface. Either that, or remain at home, and take up the mailed glove which Mr Cobden, the apostle of peace, has flung before you. The other papers in this number of *Blackwood* are not, we think, as interesting as some we have seen. They consist of a review of the state of Europe, yet panting and wearied by revolutions, successful and abortive. Sir R. Peel's constitutional revolution in these countries was, after all, the most complete of any: he quietly annihilated the properties of three-fourths of the population, for the doubtful benefit of the other fourth. This article is denominated "The Year of Reaction;" a good review of some wild and entertaining American Novels and Adventures; "My Peninsular Medal," continued; Howard the Philanthropist, and some of his Biographers, in an article bearing his name; "The Dark Waggon;" some spirited stanzas, by Delta; and "The Green Hand, a Short Yarn," not as interesting as the former numbers.

DERBY MERCURY, JAN. 2, 1850.

An elaborate and carefully written article in *Blackwood's Magazine* for the present month, entitled, "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition," disposes of the whole question of free trade in a remarkably clear and argumentative manner. It should be read by every man who desires to become master of the subject; and particularly by those persons—a not very scanty number—who are too apt to echo the trashy declarations of flippant declaimers who pretend to a knowledge of facts and figures of which they, in reality, are profoundly ignorant.—The writer says:—

"The adoption of free-trade principles, as regards the trade in corn, proceeded upon a false estimate of the precise quantities available for the supply of this country." &c. &c.

An importation of one million quarters of corn per month, with the

prospect of much larger quantities in future, and at lower prices than are now obtained, must—if not checked—lead to the entire insolvency of the farming interest. The sole question is—can British corn be produced even at 40s. the quarter (and we are quite sure that under free-trade auspices the average prices in a few years will be nearer 30s. than 46s.) to pay a profit to the occupier, putting rent out of the calculation? No sensible man who knows anything of the business will say it can; or, indeed, at all near this figure; and, in that case, who can look at the consequences without alarm—alarm not confined to those immediately dependent on the profitable cultivation of the land, but embracing every class of society which, in its turn, must feel the effects resulting from an impoverishing of the landlords, tenants, and labourers of the United Kingdom. The writer continues—

“Our conviction is most decided, that henceforward the foreigner has the game entirely in his hands; that he may prescribe what price he pleases to this country; and that every year, in spite of all efforts, all home harvests, all variety of seasons, prices must inevitably decline.” &c. &c.

The following extract, referring to the importation of cured meats, demands serious consideration :—

“But there is a farther importation of butchers’ meat, in another shape, which is far more difficult to contend against—namely, that of ‘cured beef, bacon, and pork.’” &c. &c.

The writer furnishes some remarkable statements of the working of farms under free trade, which were drawn up by special request, and the accuracy of which has been attested by some of the best farmers in Scotland, whose names are given. The results brought out present a most alarming prospect for the agricultural interests of the country. The space at our command will not permit of quotation, but we earnestly recommend a perusal of them, and, indeed, of the entire article, as, perhaps, the most masterly development of the question which has yet appeared.

In the concluding words of the writer we heartily concur :—

“There never was a time when the old national spirit was more imperatively required to show itself than now. Let us then speak out boldly in defence of our country, and tell those Manchester conspirators, in answer to their insolent challenge, that—beyond that circle of smoking factories, which they falsely imagine to be the heart of Britain—there exists a majority of loyal British subjects, who despise their dictation, detest their hypocrisy, and utterly defy their power.” &c. &c.

PERTH COURIER, JAN. 3, 1850.

A very elaborate and able article has appeared in the newly published number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, under the title of “British Agriculture and Foreign Competition,” from which it was our intention to have transferred to our columns as copious extracts as their space would admit of; but finding it impossible to do justice to the very talented disquisition in question by any selection we could make, we have contented ourselves with extracting two comparative statements of the produce of two farms of 500 acres each, situated the one in Strathmore and the other in Roxburghshire, before and after the passing of the Corn Law Bill—the one drawn up by Mr Hugh Watson of Keillor, and the other by Mr Dudgeon of Spylaw—and both revised by Mr Stephens, author of the “Book of the Farm,” as well as by a number of practical agriculturists of known respectability throughout Scotland, whose attestations and corroborative remarks form not the least interesting part of the article. We the less regret our inability to do justice, by extracts, either to the facts and figures, or to the powerful reasoning of the reviewer, inasmuch as we feel convinced there are few of our agricul-

tural friends who would have rested satisfied with any mere selection or abstract, however fully it might have been given. To the pages of the magazine, therefore, we must at once refer them,—unless (which we should think more than probable) the article in question be speedily printed in a shape, and at a price suited for extensive circulation.

The writer has evidently selected his materials with much care; and except it be in occasional bursts of scorn, pointed at Cobden and Friend Bright, his powerful reasoning and deductions are propounded without anything like ungentlemanly personalities, or unseemly virulence towards those opponents, to whose speeches or pamphlets he is called on to refer. Far from deprecating, he courts inquiry and fair discussion on the important documentary evidence which he has been enabled to lay before his readers. “On the part of ourselves and of our correspondents,” the writer observes, “we not only invite, but we broadly challenge investigation. We desire that the truth may be made known, because any delusion on either side must tend to the public detriment.” Encouraged by such language, and fully satisfied that the case of both tenants and landlords, under the new state of the law, is, in truth, so very serious, that their truest policy is to lay it before the legislature and the country, stripped of everything like exaggeration, we shall with the utmost deference to the highly respectable gentlemen whose names are appended to the comparative statements to which we have alluded, venture to point out one or two respects in which these statements appear to us to be somewhat over-coloured:—premising, at the same time, that we cordially respond to the judicious observation made by Mr W. Hay of Tillydesk, and quoted by the reviewer, in these terms:—“I am sensible that in many cases of calculations,—more especially in those in which certain assumptions have to be made,—it is quite possible, even with a show of fairness, to bring out, by means of figures, almost any result that may be desired; but it is to be observed that, in the above statements, the same assumptions (if they can be regarded as such) are made on both sides of the comparison, with the exception of the prices at which agricultural produce is taken; and it is submitted with confidence, that these are neither made higher in the one case, nor lower in the other, than experience warrants.”

On our first glance at the two statements referred to, particularly No. I. that by Mr Watson, we were struck with the very small amount of tenant's profit brought out on first-class farms of 500 acres, on an average of years *previous* to free trade in corn,—such profit on Mr Watson's vidimus being only £106, while on that of Mr Dudgeon, the “remuneration for the tenant's industry and skill” is brought out as being L.245. On looking at this result, we felt inclined to say that, if free trade had no more baneful effects than the closing of such profit and loss accounts as these to answer for, we should be thankful. But on looking more narrowly into the statements in question, we found the farms, in both instances, charged with two important items, upon which we shall, with deference, venture to make one or two remarks. These items are thus entered:—

No. I.

Invested capital of £6 per acre at entry, £3000.	Interest upon this sum at the rate of 10 per cent.....	£300
Floating capital of L.4 per acre, L.2000.	Interest thereon at 5 per cent.,.....	L.100

No. II.

Interest upon tenant's capital of L.2500 (sunk in draining and lime,) to enable him to recover the same during an ordinary lease of from 19 to 21 years, at 10 per cent.,.....	L.250
Interest on capital invested in stock, &c., yielding an annual return of L.1500, at five per cent.,.....	L.75

Now, with regard to the former of these charges, if we are to assume that the whole capital has been already sunk, and the fruits of it fully developed in the estimated returns, we can see no objection to the principle of the charge. But if the lease be only in its infancy, and the capital (as would in that event be most probably the case) only in the course of being gradually laid out by the tenant, then we apprehend that, in fairness, something like a progressive increase on the annual returns should be taken into the calculation. Or again, should the lease be drawing to a close, the invested capital must be presumed to have been already very nearly, if not wholly, got back by the tenant, and it is not to be supposed that the exigencies of the farm and the progress of improvement will make a fresh outlay of L.3000 necessary at every renewal of the lease.

But there is another more determinate objection to the charge in question, equally applicable to both statements,—and that is, to the *amount* of percentage charged; for it is quite evident that an annuity at the rate of 10 per cent, upon a capital sum, will pay off that sum, principal and interest, in much less time than in 21 or 19 years. Supposing money to be improved at 5 per cent interest, the annual percentage assumed by Messrs Watson and Dudgeon on the sunk capital would pay it off in little more than 14 years; and calculating interest at 4 per cent, (which in the circumstances we would be inclined to think the more correct rate) the capital would, by the supposed amount of annuity, be reimbursed to the tenant in about a year less. In lieu, therefore, of the £300 included in Mr Watson's charge, and the £250 in Mr Dudgeon's, we would, with all deference, propose to substitute £220 for the former, and £183 for the latter,—being the annual sums which in 20 years would pay off the respective amounts of sunk capital and accruing interest thereon, at the rate of 4 per cent per annum.

We now come to the annual charge of 5 per cent made by both gentlemen on the *floating* capital required for each farm. Our objection to this charge is substantially one of form. In our view it should be omitted in the charge altogether, and allowed to merge into the tenant's profit. The question here just resolves into this. When a tenant takes a farm requiring £2000 to stock it, is it the fair and natural assumption that he is possessed of this amount of capital? Or is it to be assumed that he is worth nothing, and has to borrow and pay interest for the capital required? We apprehend the former to be the correct view of the case; and just as a merchant, possessed of £2000, considers, before entering into a speculation, whether he will rest satisfied with the 4 per cent which he is drawing for his money invested on undoubted security, or will risk it in the proposed adventure, in the hope of doubling its annual return,—so is it with the farmer. But should the merchant's anticipations be realised, in this new investment of his capital, we would, in ordinary language, certainly say that he had realised a profit of 8 and not merely of 4 per cent. The interest on the floating capital is manifestly in both cases just part of the income or profit.

The effect of these modifications—perhaps we may venture to call them rectifications—of the statements in question, would be to increase the tenant's profit, before the abolition of the corn laws, on No. I., from £106 to £286, and on No. II., from £245 to £412. But so far from such rectifications having the effect of weakening, far less of nullifying, the general views and arguments of the magazine writer and his respected correspondents, they appear to us rather to strengthen these views. For as the scale of prices assumed by Messrs Watson and Dudgeon, and corroborated by the various practical contributors to the article in question, as those likely to rule under free trade in corn, appear in the circumstances to be both fair and liberal,—

the ultimate rectified results will be, that on farm No. I. free trade will entirely sweep away a fair and comfortable profit or increase of £286 per annum, and considerably more; and on the other farm, of reducing the more liberal return of £412 per annum to the miserable fraction of some £28. In submitting our proposed rectifications to the quick and experienced eye of our friend Mr Watson, we doubt not he will good-humouredly admit, that our ideas of "Tenant's Profits" accord considerably more nearly than his own with those with which his experience as a *Railway Valuator* must have made him not a little conversant for some years past.

ABERDEEN JOURNAL, JAN. 2, 1850.

PROSPECTS OF THE FARMER UNDER FREE TRADE.—In *Blackwood's Magazine* for January, an early copy of which we have been favoured with, there is a most interesting paper, under the title of "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition," on the position of the agricultural interest—the facts contained in which have been collected with much care and labour, from the most authentic sources and the most eminent authorities, and put together in a very clear and striking manner. The article is deserving of the most careful consideration, relating, as it does, to a subject which, at the present moment, engages a large share of public attention. It embodies a series of statements of the working of farms under free trade, drawn up or attested by some of the best farmers in Scotland, the results brought out in which exhibit a most alarming prospect for the agricultural interests of the country. In introducing this part of his subject, the writer says—

"In order to arrive as nearly as possible at the true state of the case, in so far as Scottish farming is concerned, we put ourselves into communication with two gentlemen, of the highest eminence in their profession." &c. &c.

These extracts have already filled our available space this week, and we must defer till our next the statements in the article as to the probable effect on the industry of the country of the free importation of live stock and cured meat. Meantime, we would draw attention to some of the general conclusions of the writer, which we have inserted in another column.

SHREWSBURY JOURNAL, JAN. 2, 1850.

BLACKWOOD'S EXPOSE' OF FREE TRADE.—We have only room to give this week the extracts which appear in another page. The correctness of the data given are allowed, by the *Times* of Monday, to be out of dispute. The Thunderer appeals to the what-is-to-be against the *what is*, with the usual garnish of a little ridicule. The statistics and the deductions from the facts are confirmed almost unanimously by a large number of eminent agriculturists, to whose judgment they have been submitted, previous to their publication—only *three* persons out of nearly *fifty* having returned answers conveying dissent, and this of a qualified nature.

GLASGOW CONSTITUTIONAL, DEC. 29, 1849.

Blackwood for the month of January next contains two political articles of great interest, written with much eloquence and power. The first, "The Year of Reaction,"—following 1848, which may appropriately be termed the year of revolution,—suggests many topics of serious reflection and thankful joy. It abounds in fine passages, for some of which we shall endeavour to

find room in our next. But the most extraordinary article, both for extent and compression of important matter, which we have ever seen in any monthly periodical, is the last in the number, entitled "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition." The subject is treated in the most elaborate and able manner. The details are evidently original and most minute, presented in a clear and masterly form, and authenticated, it is stated, by some of the best farmers in Scotland. The results arrived at, we are sorry to observe, indicate a most alarming prospect for the agricultural interests of the country.

CHESTER COURANT, JAN. 2, 1850.

Blackwood's Magazine, for the present month, contains a very able and startling article on "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition." It consists of facts and arguments, the refutation of which will require more ingenuity than the whole host of free-traders can command, with even that clever tactician, Sir Robert Peel, at their head. Some of the best farmers in Scotland, at the request of the editor, have supplied statements of the working farms under the present system of legislation; no pains have been spared in collecting information, and the result exhibits an alarming picture of agricultural prospects in this country. We give an extract from this masterly essay in another part of our paper; but the entire article should be read and thoughtfully considered, with a candid and independent mind, by all classes of politicians.

KELSO MAIL, DEC. 31, 1849.

BRITISH AGRICULTURE AND FOREIGN COMPETITION. — We have been favoured with an early copy of *Blackwood* for January, in which there appears a valuable and important article devoted to an exposition of the actual working of free trade. The ruinous effect of the enormous importations of foreign grain upon our own agriculturists, is stated in such a way as to bring home conviction to every unprejudiced mind. The conductors of the magazine have taken great pains to collect information from practical farmers in this part of the empire; and the facts and figures thus obtained are placed before the public in an authentic and satisfactory form. The question is one of such urgent and paramount importance, that we would strongly enforce upon all parties the imperative duty of making themselves acquainted with the details necessary to the formation of a sound opinion and a right course of policy as regards this great national interest. In our next number we shall amply avail ourselves of the facts and illustrations so ably presented in *Blackwood*; but, meanwhile, we take the earliest opportunity of directing attention to the article in question.

WILTS STANDARD, JAN. 1, 1850.

The year 1850, it is true, does not open with prospects bright and fair to such of our agricultural readers who have invested their capital in the land. The labourer, too, feels the depression of the value of his labour. He toils early and late, but he does not receive the due reward of his industry. He is pressed down with the weight of the taxation he has to pay upon the necessaries of life, while the proceeds of his industry are rendered unsaleable, at a remunerative price, by the influx of corn from other regions, where the farmer is not heard of, but where the land is cultivated by barbarous

serfs, fed on garbage, and clothed in skins. The "raw material," about which so much is said, there serves for the covering of the half-famished slaves. No manufacturers are needed to work up dresses for these people. They are born to slavery, and have no wish beyond that of toiling for the pittance doled out to their hands, and being kept from the cold by skins of the animals which they have procured. They look upon themselves as the property of their natural proprietors. We are indebted to the talents of a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, for January 1850, for an "exposition" of the state of things in Poland. He says—

"If the reader glances at the map of Europe, tracing the course of the Vistula from Dantzic, and then following the upper line of its tributary, the Bug, he will find laid down, in close proximity, the extensive districts of Volhynia, Podolia, Kiow, Gallicia, and others, formerly Palatinates, which together constitute the largest, richest, and most productive corn-field of Europe." &c. &c.

With facts like these staring us in the face, we may, it is true, continue to follow the suicidal policy of Sir Robert Peel, for a time, but we have too much faith in the honesty and clear-sightedness of our countrymen to doubt the ultimate result, and feel sure that, ere long, foreign corn in the English market must be taxed, either for protection or for revenue. Cobden may play the demagogue fully, and threaten the landed interest, whose broad acres he would render valueless—and he may despise the penury of paupers, of whose misery he has been the chief cause. The Quaker Bright may pour out the vials of his wrath on the heads of our aristocracy, assembled in the House of Peers; yet the increased pauperism of labourers, and the poverty of tenants, must have due weight in the scale; and when the influence of this retrogression is felt in the home market, then will manufacturers also learn reason. It will be seen, in another column, that Sir Robert Peel has written a letter to his tenantry with his usual plausibility. In this letter, he says—"It is my firm persuasion that neither the present, nor any future parliament, will consent to reimpose duties upon the main articles of human food, either for the purpose of protection or revenue." He says also, "I propose to defer, for a time, that general review of the relation in which we stand to each other, which, but for the circumstances to which I have referred, I would at once have undertaken." From these two extracts, it is apparent that Sir Robert Peel is uncertain as to the effect of his measure, and he therefore proposes that his tenants shall pay the loss to be sustained by his foolish experiment. It is true he offers to set apart 20 per cent of the rent of the last half year, "and to apply the amount, under the general direction of his agent," in draining and the removal of unnecessary fences. This is, indeed, cool. The man who has reduced the value of the stock of his tenants 23 per cent, and the value of their produce 30 per cent, instead of making equivalent reduction in the amount of his rent, coolly "demands his pound of flesh," and puts the money into the pockets of his steward, that his own person, as he fondly hopes, may be free from pollution: he then orders his steward to levy the amount of his bond, and apply the proceeds—in what manner?—to improve his own property! The day must come for the review of "the general relation in which we (Sir R. Peel and his tenants) stand to each other," but it is to be deferred till the poor tenant has lost the means whereby he may be a tenant longer, and then he will be quietly told, perhaps, that he is poor,—the relative position between himself and landlord is too great. He is too poor to be a tenant longer, and must make room for the "Green Hand," from behind a counter. The latter's inexperience in agricultural matters, and his *full purse*, rendering him, as we are told by Mr Somebody, better fitted to take the charge of a farm.

We have no wish to judge Sir Robert Peel or his conduct hastily, yet such is the unsophisticated statement of the tendency of his proposals. The premier has been on a visit to Mr Huxtable; he has read Mr Caird's pamphlet, and "hope tells a flattering tale" in the honourable gentleman's breast. The merit of Mr Caird's pamphlet has been duly scrutinised in our patriotic contemporary, *Blackwood's Magazine*, (for January,) and we beg to call the attention of our readers to this review, of the production about which so much has been said at our recent agricultural meeting. It will be found in another column. The experience of practical men all point to one fact, and that is, that corn cannot be grown in this country at 40s. per quarter. In the face of this "great fact," the demagogue Cobden may say, parliament *shall* not reimpose a tax on corn, and Sir Robert Peel may say that Parliament *will* not do so; yet men of sense foresee and foretell that parliament *must* make foreigners pay their share of English taxation, if they wish to partake in the profits of English markets. If this be not done, two-thirds of the population of this great kingdom will be reduced to pauperism and beggary.

GLOUCESTER CHRONICLE, JAN. 12, 1850.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. — We gave a fortnight ago an anticipatory notice of the January number of *Blackwood*, which has placed this sterling periodical on a higher pinnacle than it has ever occupied. We have elsewhere commenced a summary of the masterly article on "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition" from which we made some extracts in our last; and have now only to refer to the lighter articles, the best of which is "the Green Hand." "Howard and the Prison World," and "American Adventure," are both, however, capital papers. The latter consists of the cream of three new American books of travel; from the notice of one of which, Johnson's *Sights in the Gold Regions*, we must extract a sketch of Life in California.

BATH CHRONICLE, JAN. 3, 1850.

BRITISH AGRICULTURE AND FOREIGN COMPETITION. — *Blackwood's Magazine* for the present month contains a most admirable article under the above title, which we earnestly recommend to the calm perusal of all who take an active interest in our national welfare. Although the statements which it contains are of a most depressing description, they are calculated to have a salutary tendency, by showing the real extent of the injury which our agriculture and the dependent interests have to expect from foreign competition, and the total insufficiency of the proposed remedy—high farming—of which so much has been said, to enable the English agriculturist to carry on a *paying* competition with the foreigner. The article to which we are now referring proves the latter point, in the most unanswerable manner, on the strength of statistics furnished by well-known gentlemen engaged in the highest farming in Scotland—the example-country of high farming. The writer proves that in cases in which "capital has been liberally expended, energy tasked to the utmost, and every means which science can devise or experience suggest called into active operation, the result has been loss to the farmer under the influence of present prices." The details are too voluminous for our columns, and we must therefore refer our readers to the magazine itself for its clear and well-substantiated statistics. On the sub-

ject of the still lower prices of corn which are to be expected, the writer in *Blackwood* says:—

“But we have by no means, as yet, attained the lowest point of depression. At the close of the year 1849, we take the general average price of wheat as at 40s. per quarter, and we shall probably have a breathing-time of two or three months until the Continental ports are again available for navigation.” &c. &c.

SHERBORNE JOURNAL, JAN. 3, 1850.

BLACKWOOD FOR JANUARY.—The most prominent article in the just-issued number of this excellently written periodical is an elaborate composition entitled “British Agriculture and Foreign Competition.” No small amount of care and labour has been expended upon the getting up of this ponderous paper, which, undoubtedly, deserves attention from all classes of politicians, and ought not to be lightly treated by any class. If we are to take the writer’s facts, figures, and conclusions, all hope of agriculture is gone; for not only has he discovered that the foreigner *will* supply us with food, even supposing he realised hardly any profit, but he threatens us with American pork and beef, and Hamburg hams, and an ultimate annihilation of our graziers. To prove that farmers cannot at present prices continue the cultivation of the land, a number of returns have been obtained from practical farmers, giving “the statistics of the very highest farming in Scotland,” and all of them declaring a loss. These statistics, we fear, cannot be gainsaid; but the question is, will prices always remain as low as they are at present? The writer replies—“Our belief is that the foreigner could afford to go much lower, and that he could furnish us with wheat at little more than 18s. In 1845, when our home averages were at 46s. and 47s., the foreigner paid a duty of 20s. a quarter.” Now the great fallacy of all arguments upon the question of foreign prices appears to us (speaking with all possible humility in the presence of so learned a writer) to be, that our foreign competitors are always spoken of as *the* foreigner, and we are told *his* business is to get hold of the British market, and that once accomplished, *he* may elevate or depress prices as he pleases.” And so certainly he may, after the British market is held in the hand of one individual; but if we have to fear this comprehensive personage, surely his nearer neighbours have something to fear from him also? The Polish corn-grower is not identical with the farmer of Germany; nor is it likely that the Schleswig Holsteiners and the Danes will ever be like Colman’s “two single gentlemen rolled into one.” Nay, the Black Sea competes with the Baltic—how futile, then, to speak of *the* foreigner, as if he were a solitary being standing in one locality—unexposed to the competition of a single soul beyond the British yeoman—and holding his solitary competitor entirely within his grasp! The foreigner lives not only in different towns but in different countries, kingdoms, and states; nay, he is of different races; and when the being shall arise who shall unite all people, languages, and *mind* in one comprehensive body, he will be more busily engaged upon the building of another Babel than in the exporting of corn to England. We have not space to follow the writer into his confessedly able and comprehensive statements; but this much we say, lest the agriculturist might, through the perusal of the article, be scared from his slumbers with the phantom of his foreign competitor.

The review of the past year, and the other articles, are first-rate; but why need we say this of *Blackwood’s*?—confessedly the first and the best of all magazines.

N. B. AGRICULTURIST, JAN. 2, 1850.

BRITISH AGRICULTURE AND FOREIGN COMPETITION.—*Blackwood's Magazine* for January contains another article on this exciting subject. We consider it the most important which has yet appeared; and the careful study of it, we cannot but think, is the duty of every one who wishes to decide impartially, on what is perhaps the topic of the day. It contains what we may call the evidence of many of the leading farmers in Scotland, and that evidence presented in a form which is, of all others, the most satisfactory—a complete balance-sheet. The article is, as a whole, so interesting and valuable, that we would strongly recommend our readers to procure a copy of it.

MARK-LANE EXPRESS, Dec. 31, 1849.

It is clear, from the contents of this letter, that Sir Robert Peel is bitten with the high-farming-phobia. To expose its charlatanism and unsoundness we have done something in the columns of this journal, and the failure of which has recently been admitted by more than one of the redoubted advocates of that doctrine. We are, however, highly gratified in being enabled to refer to an article in the number of *Blackwood's Magazine* just published, entitled "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition," in which the subject is discussed with a degree of ability and talent which we cannot sufficiently applaud. The writer has not contented himself with mere argument, but has taken the wise precaution of obtaining information from some of the best northern farmers—men whose names are a guarantee for the highest order of Scotch farming, and constantly referred to as an example for the southern. Among these we apprehend, whether in the north or the south, Hugh Watson of Keillor, and John Dudgeon of Spylaw, will be deemed first-rate authorities. The following statements are extracted from the article alluded to:—

"Returns of Produce from a 500-acre farm in Strathmore, county of Forfar, on a five-shift rotation of crops, with an improved stock of cattle and sheep, on an average of years previous to free trade in corn, cattle, &c.; and Comparative Statement of what may be calculated upon as the returns from the same farm under the present legislative measures affecting British agriculture." &c. &c.

We commend these statements to the serious consideration of Sir Robert Peel, and all who entertain similar opinions, and we respectfully ask them to point out where an improvement can be made in the system to convert loss into profit. But, above all, we earnestly entreat the serious attention of our statesmen to the position in which the agriculture of the country is now placed. We implore them not to be misled by fallacious statements as to the quantity of foreign produce which can be imported into this country, and the price at which it can be imported. The fallacy that the unskilled farmers of the Continent, with their inartificial implements and weakly inefficient labourer, cannot compete with the British farmer, is refuted in the case of Ireland. It has been ascertained that the English agricultural labourer does nearly three times as much as the Irish labourer in the same capacity; and the agriculture of Ireland generally is far behind that of England and Scotland, yet what an immense amount of agricultural produce was annually imported into England anterior to the failure of the potato: and so will it be with the continent of Europe. Higher prices must be obtained for British agricultural produce, or changes not now anticipated will take place in this country.

BERWICK WARDER, JAN. 4, 1850.

In the current number of *Blackwood's Magazine*—that staunch defender of the best interests of the country—we find an article entitled “British Agriculture and Foreign Competition,”—an article worthy of the pages of old *Maga*, which cannot fail to tell with singular effect on the great question of free trade, now agitating the public mind. When we find so sagacious a political writer as that in *Blackwood* powerfully urging on the serious attention of all classes the imminent peril into which the country has been plunged by the rash changes recently enacted; when we find him combating, in calm argument, ably, manfully, nobly, the principles which have already been attended with so many mischievous effects, and advancing the most incontestible proof, from practical experience, of the total failure and positive danger of the free-trade system, we may rest assured that it is time for the country to awake from its lethargy, and steadily examine the precipice upon which it stands. That free trade—so much of it at least as we have had experience of—has turned out to be fallacious, and that its principles, however plausible in theory, are practically false, is proved, in the article we refer to, by a mass of evidence which will not yield either to sophistry or threats. The reaction now being produced in the minds of the public—the existence of which it is in vain for Cobden and his friends to deny, as they attempted to do at the late free-trade gatherings in Leeds and other places—will receive a powerful stimulus by the production of such facts as are contained in the article in *Blackwood*.

DONCASTER CHRONICLE, JAN. 2, 1850.

FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION.—*Blackwood's Magazine* for the present month furnishes one of the most remarkable expositions of the injurious tendency of free trade which has yet come under our notice. Facts are proverbially stubborn things, and, we doubt not, the startling disclosures contained in the subjoined extracts will awaken the most lively anxiety in the minds of all who take the slightest interest in our country's welfare. We see that the whole of the profits of the British corn-growers have been cut off at one fell swoop; whilst the trade of our graziers and provision-dealers is rapidly passing into the hands of foreigners. It is idle to suppose that this state of things can go on. As the writer in *Blackwood* well observes, should the present averages continue, all argument as to the possibility of competing with foreigners must soon be at an end. *The Times*, we perceive, affects to treat the statements of Messrs Watson and Dudgeon as arguments against protection, pointing for proof to the smallness of the profit set down by those gentlemen under protection prices. Of course, it suits the purpose of the *Times* to give this *suppressio veri* view of the case. A more candid writer would have explained that the statements in the magazine had been drawn up with especial care to avoid anything like exaggeration of the effects of free trade. No doubt, if the whole truth were stated we should find, what the *Times* very clearly sees, that the balance of loss between free trade and protection prices would have been very largely increased. But, in truth, the line of argument adopted by the “leading journal” is a mere trick to divert the attention of its readers from the disastrous consequences of free trade as demonstrated by the highly eminent Scotch agriculturists who have been consulted by the editors of *Blackwood*. Let any one candidly

peruse the article in question, and then judge whether the *Times* has not completely shirked the challenge so fairly offered by *Blackwood*? Not a fact or a figure is impugned, but we are told to laugh at an apparently inadequate return for capital under a protective policy! Why, supposing the case were as the *Times* puts it—supposing that Mr Watson had been indifferently remunerated for his outlay of capital, and his skill and enterprise in farming, is it not a cruel mockery to taunt him with not having obtained more, when at this very moment, owing to that system of free trade which the *Times* advocates, he is getting above 30 per cent less than the indifferent remuneration he received before free trade came into operation? We need, however, say no more on this head. Those who mistake unfeeling ridicule for profound argument will adopt the views of the *Times*; but those who consider that the present serious depression amongst three-fourths of the population cannot be so idly laughed away, will “read, mark, learn, and digest” for themselves the important and deeply-interesting revelations made by the writers in *Blackwood*. We advise every one of our readers to do this, and, to assist them, we have trenched somewhat largely on our space, as will be seen by the subjoined extracts.

The writer commences with the following extract from a speech delivered by Sir R. Peel in February 1842:—

“I do say it is for the public advantage that I should say to him, (the farmer,) continue your improvements: I cannot undertake to guarantee to you, by legislation, a particular price; BUT THIS I WILL SAY, THAT AS LONG AS CORN IS UNDER 51s., YOU SHALL NOT BE EXPOSED TO THE IMPORTATION OF FOREIGN CORN.”

The pledges of Sir R. Peel are now, of course, worthless enough, and his views have proved to be as shifting as the sands on the sea-shore; but such passages as the above may still be taken into consideration in estimating an average remunerative price to the British corn-grower.

“We have already made an approximation to the price which, in ordinary seasons, and under existing burdens and covenants, grain ought to bear, in order to yield a fair remuneration to the British grower.” &c. &c.

The operation of the sliding scale from 1842 to 1847 indicated the sagacity of Sir Robert Peel's views, the aggregate average of wheat during those years being 55s. 7d. per quarter. Passing over some well-deserved strictures on Lord Kinnaird, we come to the question more immediately before us. The writer shows that “the adoption of free-trade principles, as regards the trade in corn, proceeded upon a false estimate of the precise quantities available for this country.” One of the greatest free-trade authorities, Mr Tooke, in the third volume of his “History of Prices,” estimated the importation at 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 of quarters, and with a fixed duty of 8s. he very much doubted whether the importation would reach that quantity. But, in fact, from the passing of the Corn-law Repeal Act (26th June 1846) to the 5th November 1847, a period of little more than sixteen months, the total of all kinds of grain entered for home consumption amounted to 16,331,282 quarters! And the further history of our corn-trade has shown that our foreign supplies continue to be poured in at the same rate. In the first years of the century up to 1842, the farmer had to contend against a foreign supply of grain, amounting to little more than 1,000,000 quarters annually; now, in some cases under obligations contracted on the faith of protection to native industry, he is called upon to struggle against an inundation of foreign corn amounting to 1,000,000 quarters per month.

“It is no easy matter to ascertain the rates at which corn may be grown on the Continent.” &c. &c.

And the writer adds, that an eminent corn-merchant in Leith has in former years purchased fine wheat, free on board at Dantzic, for 18s., with the offer of a constant supply. A very conclusive argument on this part of the subject, quoted from Mr Sanders, has already been advanced in our own columns, as some of our readers may happen to recollect. It is this:—

“ We had a fixed duty of 20s. per quarter in actual operation for four years; and in 1844 and 1845, such duty was paid, week after week, and in the latter year for six months consecutively, at a time when our general averages were only 46s. to 47s. a quarter. Was the foreigner at that time selling at a loss? His price, then, adapting itself to ours, was 26s. and 27s., deducting the duty, and at that time, be it remembered, *he was unprepared for competition.*”

This clearly demonstrates not only that the foreigner can undersell the British agriculturist, but also that, under a system of free trade, the former pockets the whole of a certain amount of the duty which, under a protective system, is levied on foreign corn.

As to freights, it is now well known that they constitute an almost inappreciable item in the price of foreign corn, though, during the discussions preceding the repeal of the corn-laws, we were gravely told that the freights alone ought to be a sufficient protection to the British agriculturist; and this absurd notion is even now frequently repeated by those who have never taken any pains, and never will, to inquire into the truth of the opinions to which they so tenaciously adhere. Mark, however, the following:—

“ From information upon which we can rely, we learn that, at this moment, steamers are constructing for the sole purpose of effecting rapid and continual transit between foreign and British ports, for the conveyance of grain—a circumstance which speaks volumes as to the anticipations of the Continental traders.” &c. &c.

The writer next proceeds to handle Mr Caird’s “High Farming and Liberal Covenants” pamphlet, in a manner which at once settles that question, as it relates to free trade and protection. We may probably take an early opportunity of giving in detail Mr Stephens’ exposition of Mr Caird’s fallacies; but at present we must proceed with the main question at issue.

We would earnestly invite the attention of our agricultural and non-agricultural readers to the following particulars:—

“ In order to arrive as nearly as possible at the true state of the case, in so far as Scottish farming is concerned, we put ourselves into communication with two gentlemen, of the highest eminence in their profession.” &c. &c.

The accuracy of these statements is placed beyond all doubt by the fact that they have been carefully tested by many of the most eminent practical agriculturists in Scotland, who have permitted their names to be published in connexion with the statements. Out of nearly fifty gentlemen applied to, only three refused their assent on the ground of difference of opinion; but the ordeal through which the statements have passed, without exciting more challenge than some slight differences of opinion, (which may be seen in the magazine,) is a tolerably convincing proof of their accuracy. Besides the two principal statements quoted, several others, furnished spontaneously from various parts of Scotland, are given, and ought to be perused by every one desirous of acquainting himself with the probable future condition of agriculture in Great Britain, under what is falsely called free trade. It may be objected that the prices of grain on which Messrs Watson and Dudgeon’s estimates are founded are in some degree speculative; and with respect to the future, they certainly are. But if the experience we have already had of free trade, not less than the boasting and insolent predictions of Mr Cobden and his satellites, are to be taken as any proof to the contrary, free-traders at least should rest fully assured that the free-

trade average of corn cannot rise above what has been assumed by the Scotch farmers, and that, be it remembered, *is above the present average.* The writer from whom we quote proceeds:—

“Let those who believe that, by high farming, the soil can be stimulated so as to produce enormously augmented crops, at a large additional profit, consider the above statistics well. THEY ARE THE STATISTICS OF THE VERY HIGHEST FARMING IN SCOTLAND.” &c. &c.

The writer clearly explains why, in some districts, a competition for farms has taken place; and then exposes the flagrant blunders and disingenuous averments of Mr Gladstone respecting the effect of free trade in beating down prices, and also as to the condition of the agriculturists in 1835. After giving some useful and significant statistics to corroborate the writer's views on this part of the subject, he continues:—

“It is not surprising if, in a controversy of this kind we should find the free-traders openly contradicting each other, and very often themselves, in the advice which they gratuitously offer to the agriculturist.” &c. &c.

The result worked out by the writer from unquestionable data is, that we are rapidly losing the provision trade, and mentions a very startling fact, namely, that *the British navy which is victualled by contract, is at this moment supplied from foreign, and not British produce!* We regret that our limits do not allow us to give more of the writer's details, not only on this part of the subject, but also on the relative advantages and disadvantages of the agricultural interest and the manufacturing interest. We cannot, however, refrain from giving the following extract, though it must be considered as a fragment only:—

“Now, then, let us see how far the British manufacturer, with all his natural advantages, has surpassed his foreign rival. Does he make a *better* article than the foreigner?” &c., &c.

The concluding exhortation is conceived in a most eloquent and truly national spirit, and is well calculated to rouse in the breast of every loyal Briton a noble and patriotic determination at once to crush the rebellious faction which, under the disguise of “legislative reforms” and “moral means,” are silently plotting the overthrow of the constitution:—

“One word in conclusion to our friends.” &c. &c.

NEWCASTLE COURANT, JAN. 4, 1850.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. “Maga” opens the year 1850 with a preface upon 1849 as “The Year of Reaction,” in comparison with 1848, “The Year of Revolutions.” Next comes the third Part of “My Peninsular Medal.” The new gold regions of the West are already becoming a theme for American literature; three works descriptive of those countries, and of adventures therein, are here reviewed, with a number of extracts. An article designed to “contribute something to the more accurate and familiar knowledge of Howard the philanthropist, will be read with interest by such as love to analyze character, and to trace good deeds, and eminent courses of action to their latent springs in the recesses of the mind;” in it, Dixon's “Howard and the Prison World” is severely criticised. “The Dark Waggon” is a poetical description by Delta, of the conveying of Wallace, after his betrayal, from Scotland to London. “The Green Hand” still maintains its interest. The closing piece, however, is the great work of the month. It is entitled, “British Agriculture and Foreign Competition,” and is intended to show that the agricultural interest must inevitably be ruined without pro-

tection ; and concludes by pointing to the various symptoms of a reaction, for which it predicts complete success. A lengthened extract will be found elsewhere.

FELIX FARLEY'S BRISTOL JOURNAL, JAN. 5, 1850.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS—The cry of agricultural distress, as fierce as that of hunger itself, increases in loudness and vehemence throughout the kingdom, and the legislature will be compelled to listen to complaints, whether well or ill founded, of its own injustice and precipitancy. As the season, however, approaches when the parliamentary conflict must begin, it is felt that a higher order of support is required than that which shouted approval of the speeches at a county meeting, or groaned in execration at the treachery of apostate leaders. Such an advocacy is found in *Blackwood's Magazine* for this month, which contains an article that will puzzle the mere fanatics of political economy, at the same time that it imperatively demands a reply from the inflexible adherents of the present system. That system we cordially join with the writer in stigmatising as a "mockery of free trade ;" but we differ from him in the expectation which he indulges, that the public will reverse the experiment before it has been carried out to the fullest extent, or that "protection by a sliding scale" is the only alternative for the salvation of the British empire. If this were so, we should indeed despair, when we reflect upon the overwhelming majority by which free trade is supported, in a parliament elected in 1847 ; but we console ourselves with the belief that there are sufficient grounds on which to claim *relief for the farmer*, without involving ourselves in the discussion of an abstract principle.

What those grounds are we have often stated in former articles, and it is scarcely necessary for us to repeat our condemnation of the deception and cruelty with which the farmers were treated, in the sudden, unqualified, and uncompensated repeal of the corn laws—our opinion of the gross inequality of their burdens, as compared with those of other classes—or our desire to see such a revision of the entire system of taxation as would place all foreign commodities on an equal footing, (except so far as they might be arranged in classes,) so that agriculture might enjoy at least an equal chance with every other branch of native industry.

Under the present system, falsely termed "free trade," whilst the farmer sees wheat, and all other articles of food, imported at a nominal duty, he is prohibited from growing tobacco, though it might be a most remunerating crop ; his beet-root cannot be brought to market as the raw material of sugar ; his barley he can only convert into malt on payment of an oppressive duty, subject to the domiciliary visits of an army of excisemen ; and his malt he cannot distil into spirits, without bringing down upon himself fresh taxes, fresh restrictions in his mode of conducting business, with another swarm of harpies to sound his vats, to gauge his barrels, and to vex his patriarchal soul with dread of informations.

All this he has to bear, in the shape of imposition on the freedom of his actions ; and, as a compliment to his piety and benevolence, he has thrown upon him almost exclusively the maintenance of the poor and the rest of the local institutions. Having sold his produce, in a market beaten down to the lowest point by foreign competition, of course he can buy his foreign necessities, comforts, and luxuries under the same advantages as the consumer purchases his produce. No such thing, however. He may sell his wheat for less money than will enable him to reproduce another crop, even at wages that will barely sustain life ; but when he sits down

to his breakfast, he will pay from two to three hundred per cent upon his tea, one hundred per cent upon his sugar, the same upon his coffee; though the butter of Holland, the flour of New York, and the hams of Westphalia are let in at nominal rates, as if solely for the purpose of excluding him from the advantages, and subjecting him to the burdens, of our capricious tariff. Everything that he sees or handles of a foreign origin, reminds him of the inequality of the taxation, and the partiality of the arrangements of which he is the victim. He can purchase nothing from beyond sea but what comes to him through the purgatory of the custom-house, enhanced in price, and deteriorated in quality by the adulterations consequent upon the system; and if at night he sits down to the perusal of *Felix Farley*, he finds that he has to pay for a taxed paper, and to console himself, as well as he can, with a pipe of tobacco and a glass of grog, on each of which he has been charged three or four hundred per cent by the treasury, although both tobacco and spirits could be produced on his farm, of excellent quality, and at insignificant prices, if permitted by our inconsistent free-trade legislation.

We have said enough to indicate our sympathy with the farmer, and the proper solution of his difficulties, which we fear will never be found, until further experience and the common sense of mankind have ascertained what will be the consequences of a universal application of the principles now adopted; on the failure of which protection will certainly be re-established with the general approbation of all thinking men.

We return to the article in *Blackwood*, which gave rise to these observations, and refrain from quoting it at great length, only because we would recommend our readers, whatever may be their opinions, to possess themselves of the whole of it, and to study it, as an able summary of the arguments in favour of protection to British agriculture, and against foreign competition.

The paper commences with a topic which seems never forgotten by the agricultural mind; never alluded to in their presence without shrieks of horror; and never dismissed without ejaculations that might naturally be hurled upon the track of some discomfited burglar or detected practitioner of petty larceny—we mean the inconsistency and treachery of Sir Robert Peel. And truly *Blackwood* has hit the father of plausibility—as we first ventured to designate him—on a most vulnerable place, by quoting a speech in parliament, in which he says, with more plainness than elegance—“I do say it is for the public advantage that I should say to him (the farmer)—Continue your improvements; I cannot undertake to guarantee to you by legislation a particular price; but this I will say, that as long as corn is under 51s., you shall not be exposed to the importation of foreign corn.” Excellent man this, in his day, and most philanthropic comforter of the children of Trip-tolemus, groaning and sighing at the possibility of wheat falling to 60s. or even 55s. a quarter! But what horrible depravity, if this seeming kindness was only the mask of diabolical hatred; and this very sliding-scale no better than a Satanic invention, to let his victims glide down imperceptibly into the bottomless pit of free trade! No wonder that this practised writer, wishing to make a bold commencement for his argument, should begin with a fling at the right honourable baronet; as the ancients sometimes opened their campaigns by devoting their adversaries to the infernal gods. Our champion forgets, however, that Sir Robert had not then listened to the man of “unadorned eloquence,” and that he was then as ignorant of political economy as he may now be, according to some future acknowledgment, of the uselessness of monarchical institutions or ecclesiastical establishments. Some other inspired man may cross his path, who may show him that free trade is even less

valuable than republican simplicity and the voluntary system. It is too bad, therefore, to be satirical upon an elderly gentleman, who retains the docility of youth, and, like Cato, "grows old always learning something."

The object of quoting Sir Robert Peel is not, however, so much "to rake up old matters of discussion," as to obtain "his evidence as to the remunerating price of corn," which the right honourable baronet has himself fixed as a minimum, at 51s. The price being at present from 10s. to 15s. lower, the first question to be considered is, whether any improved methods of cultivation have been devised since 1842, or any change taken place, by which the difference is compensated to the farmer. Dr Buckland is then brought upon the stage—or should be, for the picture is our own—riding through the vale of Taunton Dean, on the back of an *Iguanodon*, behind the illustrious baronet, mounted on the fossil remains of a pre-adamite ass, and attended by Mr Huxtable and Mr Mechi, each jogging along on his *Ichthyosaurus*; whilst the great geologist informs the aborigines who cultivate the plains which their fathers purchased with their blood, and fertilised with their bones, under Alfred the Great—in the very cradle and sanctuary of the Anglo-Saxon race—that they are "more stupid than their own oxen," and that "the produce of those valleys might at once be doubled by the application of scientific principles."

No man doubts that by the aid of draining, of manure, of machinery, and of other appliances, the produce of land may be vastly increased; but the question is ultimately one of cost, determinable only by the practical experiments of skilful persons. Dr Buckland has referred to the high farming in the Lothians, as the proof of what may be done to render low prices remunerating; and the most interesting part of the article referred to consists in an abstract of the reports made by a number of farmers in that district, in answer to interrogatories framed for the purpose of collecting evidence on the subject of inquiry. The conclusion is, that the most skilful farmers in Great Britain, in possession of ample capital, with good leases, and under circumstances the most favourable that can be imagined, unanimously declare themselves unable to carry on the business of agriculture, except at a loss, in competition with the imported produce of foreign countries.

We have not space to extract any portion of the remarks about Lord Kinnaid's notable device, for superseding experienced but impoverished farmers by retired tradesmen, ignorant of agriculture, but prone to speculation, and prepared to pay rent out of capital, so long as any of it lasts. But we can assure the noble lord, that when the aristocracy so far forget themselves as to ignore the claims of an hereditary tenantry, the hereditary principle itself will fall into danger; and if land is to be regarded merely as an article of commerce, it will soon be stripped of the attributes which distinguish it in law from mere personalty, and invest it with adventitious importance.

There is another branch of the subject which deserves the most serious consideration, and that is the price at which grain, and especially wheat, can be imported into this country, at a profit, from the north of Europe. *Blackwood's Magazine* puts it as low as eighteen shillings a quarter. If this be so, the question must arise of what is to be done with the arable lands of these islands; and, even if these should be laid down to grass, with a profit to the proprietors, irrespective of the poor-rates, what resources will be found to maintain that vast multitude which such a revolution would throw out of employment; and how would such results be consistent with national policy, or even with political economy.

The Manchester demagogues may get over the difficulty, to their own

satisfaction, by declaring their indifference to what becomes of everything beyond the precincts of their manufacturing towns. They may recommend the soil of England, as they have done, to be converted into bowling-greens and skittle-grounds for their amusement. But we know something of the inhabitants of the country, and we warn these republican gentlemen of the instability of their position, if ever it should be exposed to the righteous anger of an agricultural population.

HERTFORD CO. PRESS, JAN. 5, 1850.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—This always able, ever interesting periodical contains this month an important article on "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition." It is not merely an argument or declamation on the subject of protection, but enters fully into the question, as one of facts for the consideration of the farmer and the landowner. The statistics are not imaginary statements of profit and loss, manufactured by interested parties "for a purpose," but are genuine details, supplied by practical agriculturists of the highest eminence. "In order to arrive as nearly as possible at the true state of the case, in so far as Scottish farming is concerned, we have put ourselves," says the writer, "in communication with two gentlemen of the highest eminence in their profession. We need scarcely tell our countrymen on this side the Border, that it would be difficult to find better testimony on such a subject than that of Messrs Watson of Keillor, and Dudgeon of Spylaw; and we apprehend, moreover, that many English agriculturists are fully acquainted with their character and high reputation. Through their kindness, we have been furnished with the statistics of farms situated in the fertile grain-growing districts of Forfar and Roxburgh; and the calculations as to the yield, prices, and expenses are made from their own books." Mr Watson's contribution consists of the "returns of produce from a 500-acre farm in Strathmore, county of Forfar, on a five-shift rotation of crops, with an improved stock of cattle and sheep, on an average of years previous to free trade in corn, cattle, &c." And the result of the inquiry is, that free trade has so crippled the farmer, that the returns left to him, after deducting his rent and necessary expenses, are less than the wages of a junior clerk in a merchant's establishment, or those of a gentleman's butler. But the farmers should read it for themselves. The cause advocated is theirs. They must take every means in their power to bring the facts to the knowledge and attention both of the legislature and the public.

The other articles in this number are—"The Year of Reaction;" "My Peninsular Medal," full of humour and of wisdom; "American Adventure," being an account of California and its gold diggers; "Howard," the philanthropist; "The Dark Waggon," a ballad by Delta; and the "Green Hand," Part VII.; the excellence of the whole of which is guaranteed by their appearance in *Blackwood*.

NOTTINGHAM GUARDIAN, JAN. 3, 1850.

Blackwood's Magazine, in commencing the new year, lends its timely aid to the protectionists, and ably exposes the fallacies of Sir Robert Peel. "I do not say it is for the public advantage that I should say to him (the farmer)—Continue your improvements: I cannot undertake to guarantee to you, by legislation, a particular price: but this I will say, that as long as corn is under 51s. you shall not be exposed to the importation of foreign corn." Such was the promise of Sir Robert Peel in February 1842, in sub-

mitting to the House of Commons his new sliding-scale. The right honourable baronet has since that time given ample proof to the farmers of his adroitness in *sliding*: and they are now perfectly satisfied that a more slippery gentleman will with difficulty be found in her Majesty's dominions. They have therefore come to the determination of taking their stand on firm ground. We heartily rejoice with *Blackwood* that "the men of England are up and doing. Their energy, if rightly directed, nothing can withstand." We have proof of this in the triumphant protectionist meetings which have lately been held in different parts of the kingdom. The report in another column of the meeting at Ripon on Thursday last, brief as we have been compelled to render it, will be read with much interest; and the outline which we intend to bring more immediately before the reader's eye of the great meeting on Thursday last at Driffield, in the east riding of Yorkshire, will we feel assured be still more gratifying. Edward Horner Reynard, Esq., of Sunderlandwick, presided. In the course of a very able speech, he read some extracts from a pamphlet entitled "Corn-law Catechism," showing that the rent of land in Poland averages about 6d. an acre; in Russia, 1s. 3d. In Austria, Hungary, and Turkey, land is about the same value: in Germany and Denmark, 7s. an acre. The average price of labour in those countries is about 5d. a-day. With these facts before us, we would ask how is it possible for English farmers to compete with the growers in those countries? To give our farmers a fair chance, we must first reduce the national debt and the taxes. It was truly observed by Mr Reynard that formerly the farmers could pay their immense load of taxation with half the quantity of corn that they are now obliged to raise. This is obvious to every man of common sense. The mischief has been caused, as we have before stated, first, by not adjusting the currency at the close of the war; secondly, by Peel's Bill of 1819; and thirdly, by free trade. This has been the hop, step, and jump to agricultural ruin. While Cobden and his vociferous followers decry protection, they themselves are chiefly indebted to it. The way in which these calico-printers prospered and still prosper under protection, through Mr Emerson Tennent's Copyright Bill, was lately explained by the correspondent of a daily paper, thus:—

"Cobden used to register each pattern, and by paying 1s. he had the exclusive right to the sale of it in England for twelve months. All the calico-printers in Manchester, Glasgow, and elsewhere, avail themselves of, and live under, this protection. Wove patterns in all kinds of goods can also be protected in the same way, so that all kinds of manufacturers are living by protection at this very time. Then as to the extensive wholesale dealers, merchants and shopkeepers find, through the fatal system of mis-called free trade, more goods in the market to select from, more cheap bankrupts' stocks to lay hold of; so that such men as John Norton, the draper, of Lincoln, who opposed the protectionists the other day, have a direct interest in keeping the markets glutted with goods. As to printed calicoes, take, for example, Cobden's late house. He used to buy the cloth when the markets were depressed, in large lots, at about 6s. per piece, of 28 yards, in the grey state; then at his own works he would have them printed, and frequently copy the French taste, which would cost from 3s. to 7s. per piece for printing. He would then get each pattern registered, and obtain protection for each one, and he would be able to get from such means a very large extra profit. Frequently those costing from 10s. to 14s. would be sold at 20s. to 24s. per piece, and at each end of every piece would be printed, in large letters, which I have often seen, 'printed and published, as the act directs, by Richard Cobden and Co.' Their travellers used, in offering them for sale, to employ the argument—they had protection, as no one could, according to a law lately made through the act of which I speak, copy or sell one single piece; and all the manufacturers of every new pattern copied from France or any other place, whether printed or woven in any fabric, obtain protection, whoever applies first. Sometimes two manufacturers copy the same pattern imported from

France, but the one who fortunately registers it first can claim it; and this is what they call being at a great expense in getting new designs. Generally new designs are imported at from 2s. 6d. to 10s. for each pattern. I think that it is only fair play to call the attention of the public to the fact that the mis-called free-traders have got and are living in their own businesses upon protection, and that at the very time they are calling for free trade." &c. &c.

What can Mr Cobden say in reply to this? The more he rants the greater will be his difficulty. His speech at Leeds the other day will not soon be forgotten. Mr James Harrison, at the Driffeld meeting, pronounced it "the most abominable and disgraceful speech that had ever been made in a public assembly," and that it would certainly prevent his re-election for the west riding of Yorkshire. After this remark, "three groans for Cobden" were called for and given. The meeting was altogether a very cheering one; and with the exception, it is said, of two or three persons, the whole assembly held up their hands in favour of a petition to Parliament for the adoption of measures which shall avert the ruin which so seriously threatens the best interests of the country.

WAKEFIELD JOURNAL, JAN. 4, 1850.

BRITISH AGRICULTURE AND FOREIGN COMPETITION.—The thanks of the country are due to *Blackwood's Magazine* for the present month. We have scarcely had time to breathe since we drew attention to two powerful articles in last month's number—articles no less extraordinary for the boldness of their tone than for the home-truths which they laid before the public. Now, however, we have a paper of 44 pages, headed "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition," which contains more sterling matter than many volumes. To do full justice to the production in the columns of a weekly newspaper is impossible. Written with great vigour, yet still plain and understandable—laying bare the evils of hasty and crude legislation, yet without any personality or bitterness of feeling, the author adduces *facts* and *figures* of the result of high farming which must strike home to every thinking man of every shade of politics. Whether our predispositions are for or against free trade—whether admirers of Sir Robert Peel, Mr Cobden, or the Duke of Richmond, no man can hastily lay on one side arguments so conclusive, based upon facts so carefully obtained. 'Tis true we on Monday saw a notice of this most powerful production in the leading journal of the kingdom, but written in a flippancy of style which was utterly beneath so influential and powerful a paper. The free-traders themselves—at least those of them who read and think—and we hope and trust there are many such—the free-traders themselves will require their leaders to answer this paper by fact and argument. The time is now gone by for ridicule and trifling. Partial free trade—that is, free trade in corn—is on its trial. We have had some years of it. The manufacturer was *promised* the market of the world for his goods—that he would be able to exchange those goods for grain of all descriptions—the agriculturist was promised that his prices should not suffer, but that a stimulus being given to the trade of the country, more corn and beef and mutton and agricultural produce would be required, and thus a benefit would be conferred upon all.

Now the question is—have these promises been realized? Has free trade in corn improved the country at all? *Blackwood* says no; and intimates that free trade will very seriously injure the British agriculturist. He sets out with a quotation from Sir Robert Peel, of February 1842, to the following effect:—"I do say it is for the public advantage that I should

say to him (the farmer)—Continue your improvements : I cannot undertake to guarantee to you, by legislation, a particular price : *but this I will say, that as long as corn is under 51s. you shall not be exposed to the importation of foreign corn.*" And again, Sir Robert adds—"Now, with reference to the probable remunerating price, I should say that for the protection of the agricultural interest, so far as I can possibly form a judgment, if the price of wheat in this country, allowing for its natural oscillations, could be limited to some such amount as between 54s. and 58s., I do not think it is for the interest of the agriculturist that it should be higher. Take the average of the last ten years, excluding from some portion of the average the extreme prices of the last three years, and 56s. would be found to be the average ; and so far as I can form an idea of what would constitute a fair remunerating price, I for one should never wish to see it vary more than I have said." *Blackwood* takes the fair remunerating price at what Sir Robert himself fixes it, and proceeds to dispose of the statements of Dr Buckland, Lords Ducie and Kinnaird, and of Mr Caird, and then says :—

"We have already made an approximation to the price which, in ordinary seasons, and under existing burdens and covenants, grain ought to bear, in order to yield a fair remuneration to the British grower." &c. &c.

As to what corn can be grown at abroad, let us call the attention of the reader to the following extracts, as much ignorance on this point exists in England :—

"'The finest Dantzic wheat, free on board,' writes one of our correspondents, 'will not be sold to a British merchant for less than 38s. the quarter ; and as no more than 40s. or 41s. could be got for it here, there is no margin for a profit, and the risk is not run.'" &c. &c.

The second part of the article must stand over for next week.

GREENOCK ADVERTISER, JAN. 8, 1860.

The principle article of *Blackwood* for this month—"British Agriculture and Foreign Competition"—is generally ascribed to Mr Alison, and, as might have been expected from such a pen, is angry and eloquent, but more imaginative and plausible than logical and convincing. There are figures in abundance to prove how cheaply corn may be profitably sold in other countries, and how dear it might be sold in this, but not one solitary argument to show why the poor working man should pay double for his loaf, to enable another class to pursue a profession insured against loss to the detriment of all others. Statistics, which may all be correct enough, are given in evidence to prove that, as farming was profitless under protection, and is a losing business now, all the population should eat less food, consume smaller quantities of tea and sugar, wear fewer clothes, and continue to exist with as few comforts as possible, that farmers may have profits, and landlords rents free of that free-trade bug-bear, reduction. It is very much to be feared that the forebodings of the inability of the landlords to pay the interest of their mortgages will meet with very little sympathy from those who have nobody to look to but themselves for meeting their responsibilities. When a manufacturer embarks in any particular line of business which eventuates in failure, he never thinks of saddling the consequences of his misfortunes on those who gain a living by tilling the soil, but withdraws his capital to attempt some likelier means of independent support. The farmers as a body never think of so wise a step, but outbid each other for the possession of farms, as if each of them were a veritable California. It is lamen-

table that a periodical of such high power as *Blackwood* should lend itself to deluding the farmers into the belief that this country will ever again raise an enormous compulsory national subscription for their support. Such a mode of charity is damaging to the interests of the country at large, and the agricultural interest must begin to no longer desire what it has no right to expect, and assuredly will never again receive.

DUMFRIES HERALD, JAN. 3, 1850.

We quote from the invaluable article on "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition" in the current number. After criticising the scheme of high farming recommended in Mr Caird's pamphlet, the article proceeds thus:—

"We are fully alive to the necessity of agricultural enterprise; and, if we thought that our farmers were standing beside their mired waggons, clamorously invoking the assistance of Jupiter, when they should be clapping their own shoulders to the wheel, we would be the first to remonstrate on the heinous folly of their conduct." &c.

Blackwood here adduces statements of income and expenditure of an Aberdeenshire farm, another Roxburghshire farm, a farm in Mid-Lothian, and a second Mid-Lothian farm within five miles of Edinburgh, before and since the operation of free trade. The whole of them corroborate and bear out the statements of Mr Watson and Mr Dudgeon which we have given in detail. The following impressive lesson from these statistics cannot be too seriously pondered;—

"Let those who believe that, by high farming, the soil can be stimulated so as to produce enormously augmented crops, at a large additional profit, consider the above statistics well. They are the statistics of the very highest farming in Scotland." &c.

From all that we have now adduced, it is too obvious, we fear—1st, that present prices are ruinous to the agricultural interest; and 2dly, that, under the present system of policy, prices, instead of improving, will go permanently lower. It remains for the country to decide whether or not we shall REVERSE SUCH A SYSTEM OF POLICY.

DUNDEE COURIER, JAN. 9, 1850.

THE TIMES ON SCOTTISH FARMERS.—On the 31st ultimo, an article appeared in the *Times*, tainted with a dishonesty of statement so flagrantly absurd, that we did not feel it our duty to contribute towards the circulation of its *virus*, nor worth our while to correct the wilful and inexcusable blunders of its arithmetic. But as one of our contemporaries has transferred the article in question to his columns, we feel called upon to advert to one of its features.

The article affects to be a review of the celebrated paper in *Blackwood* on "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition," which seems to have shaken the "Thunderer" on his throne. The gist of the *Times'* descant is to show, from the argument of the writer, and from the tabular statements furnished by some of the best-informed farmers in Scotland, that agricultural protection has been a delusion and a mockery—that is to say, that the writer in *Blackwood* has triumphantly disproved what he elaborately prepared himself to establish! The *Times* is vastly tickled with this view of the case, and laughs immoderately, and sneers brilliantly. No Scotchman would grudge him his laugh, had he not exhibited an audacious contempt for the truth. The vulgar rudeness and clumsy ridicule which he indulges in when speaking of our highly respected and distinguished neighbour, Mr Watson of Keillor, is pitiful to a degree. The writer says that "he knows nothing of Mr Watson except what he finds in the article" in *Blackwood*. And yet Mr Watson is

about the most eminent and most universally known agriculturist in the United Kingdom. This may show how fit this London scribe is to write on agriculture, and how well he is acquainted with British agriculturists. And yet one or two things peep out in the article, indicating a greater knowledge of Mr Watson's position than his professed ignorance would lead us to expect. We doubt not, indeed, that the *Times*' article is partially of Scotch manufacture. Some subservient free-trader has doubtless contributed the Scotch materials, and these have been dressed up by one of the "Thunderer's" lesser satellites.

The writer in the *Times* states, with astounding confidence, as the result of Mr Watson's agricultural statement, given in detail in *Blackwood*, that, "with capital amply sufficient, with extraordinary skill, enterprise, and experience, from 500 acres of fertile land, Mr Watson could not scrape more than just two pounds a-week in the shape of profit for the maintenance of himself and his family." And again he says, "Mr Watson has had positively no more income from a very good farm, paying a rent of £800, than £106,—the stipend of a draper's assistant, &c." Mr Watson nowhere says that he was giving the details of his own farm, or stating the income derived from it. Let that pass, however. But what will our readers say to the truthfulness of the leading journal, when we tell them that, instead of £106 being "the income from a very good farm," as dishonestly given by the *Times*, that the income given by Mr Watson, in as plain figures as ever were printed, is £506!! On £5000 of capital invested, 10 per cent. and a fraction more is the result derived. This, we fancy, would be reckoned a pretty tolerable return by many classes of merchants. That from his skill and industry, and an invested capital of £5000, a tenant should derive an income of only £506 seems not a great reward. Mr Watson does not state it as such. In truth, for a long period there has probably been less money made by farming than by any other trade in which a similar extent of capital has been embarked. If a writer can stoop to dishonest quotation, it is easy, of course, to bring out preposterous results. To do the writer in the *Times* justice, with the exception of garbling and concealing the truth in the matter of income from the farm, as above noticed, he does not venture to encounter Mr Watson's facts and figures. Mr Watson shows that, according to present prices, instead of an income of £506 from the supposed farm, the tenant, upon the same capital, will be a loser annually to the extent of £518, 6s. But the *Times* disposes of this very easily. He calls this "speculation." The present prices, however, he does not say are to change for the better; but he seems to think, as farmers are entering "on a different order of things," they should wait the result—and then they will be better able to make their calculations. That is to say, *wait until you are ruined, and then give us your experience!* As our readers may not all see the article in *Blackwood*, it may be proper to mention that Mr Watson's calculations were not only overhauled by Mr Stephens, editor of the *Agricultural Journal*, &c., but that they were submitted to, and generally approved of by Alex. Geekie, Esq. of Baldowrie; David Hood, Esq., Hatton of Eassie; and Messrs Adamson, Middle Druma, Brechin; and Ruxton, Farnell, Brechin. With the two latter gentlemen we are not acquainted. But we know that Mr Hood is one of the most judicious and successful farmers in Strathmore, and that Mr Geekie of Baldowrie is an able and accomplished agriculturist, and has experimented more largely and scientifically on the value of all the new and artificial manures than any man in this country, while he has spared neither pains nor money in introducing into the district the purest and best short-horns to be found in the kingdom. The testimony of such men to the fairness and correctness of Mr Watson's

calculations will have rather more weight, we fancy, with thoughtful readers than the ignorant sneers of the writer in the *Times*.

We do not mean these remarks as a vindication of Mr Watson. This he needs not from us nor from any man. The article in the *Times* strikingly illustrates the desperation of the free-trade press. As strikingly it proves the importance and value attached to Mr Watson's opinions on the agricultural question. He was eminent before, but this article in the *Times* will make him the most distinguished agriculturist in Britain.

DUNDEE COURIER.—(*Second Article.*)

BRITISH AGRICULTURE AND FOREIGN COMPETITION.—In our notice of the article in *Blackwood* on this subject last week, we were constrained to cut our remarks short, in order to make room for an extract, which we deemed of paramount importance, to a right consideration of the great question presently at issue. While we would still recommend the entire article to the careful consideration of all who really desire correct information on the subject, we feel it a duty which we owe to the agricultural interest to continue our extracts. We have already alluded to the great pains taken by the writer in *Blackwood* to obtain the best information which could be procured on the various points in the controversy. Feeling that reasoning, however strong and conclusive, if unsupported by the authority of facts and the enlightened experience of practical men, would go for little, he addressed himself to the most distinguished agriculturists in the best corn-growing districts of Scotland; and he lays before his readers their several statements in their own words and figures. These statements were again submitted to others of scarcely less authority than the authors', and, having been unqualifiedly approved of and adopted by them, the writer in *Blackwood* considers himself justified in assuming the data as correct. The article is already exciting a sensation throughout the country such as has been rarely equalled, and shows not only the interest taken in the subject discussed, but the value that is attached to the mode in which the argument has been conducted. The following extracts will be read by our agricultural friends with undiminished interest:—

"In order to arrive as nearly as possible at the true state of the case, in so far as Scottish farming is concerned, we put ourselves into communication with two gentlemen of the highest eminence in their profession." &c. &c.

WEST OF ENGLAND CONSERVATIVE, JAN. 10, 1850.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—*Maga* has set itself to work right earnestly, to fight the battle of protection. Decidedly the leading paper in the present number is one, which was attacked in the columns of the *Times*, as soon as it was printed, and which has since been very much discussed, both by the London and provincial press. It is, unquestionably, very able, very elaborate, and, withal, very matter-of-fact. It treats the subject, "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition," in pretty much the same way in which our neighbour, Mr William Snell, dealt with it, the other day, at the meeting of East Cornwall agriculturists, at Callington; and it arrives at the same, or almost the same, conclusion, with respect to the change which has been brought about in the position and prospects of the tenant-farmers, by the sanction which the legislature has given to the free importation of corn. It sets upon the one side of the account, all the expenses of a fully cultivated farm—under the several heads of rent (payable to the

landlord) ; interest (upon the tenant's capital) ; seed and manure ; labour and losses ; taxes and tradesmen's bills : on the other side it sets the full value of the produce of the same farm—estimated, *first*, at the price actually realized upon an average of 7 years, while the system of protection lasted, and, *secondly*, at the current market prices of the present time ; the difference between these estimates it takes to represent the damage which the tenant farmer has sustained from the recent changes in the law. The estimates have been prepared with great apparent candour ; and it is evident that great pains were taken by the writer of the article to make the comparison complete. He did not rely upon a single, which might be an exceptional, case, but he sought for information in many different districts, representing many varieties of soil and situation. His authorities are men of high repute in Scotland, as practical and scientific farmers—as men who set examples of “high farming” to their neighbours, and the country generally—and who, possessing great experience, and ample capital, have applied themselves with energy, and with no inconsiderable success, to improving cultivation, increasing production, and developing the resources of the soil. The statements of such men would be entitled to be received with respect and confidence, even if their accuracy were not vouched for (as in this instance it is) by the certificates of nearly fifty other agriculturists of equal standing with themselves. The inference to which they lead is, that farms which, before the corn law was repealed, were cultivated at a profit, can only now be carried on at a very considerable loss ; and that no improvement in cultivation which it would be prudent or practicable to attempt—no reduction of rent which it would be reasonable to ask for or concede—can adequately compensate that loss. The tables themselves are too long for extract : but we append the observations which the writer makes upon them :—

“Let those who believe that, by high farming, the soil can be stimulated so as to produce enormously augmented crops, at a large additional profit, consider the above statistics well.” &c. &c.

NEWCASTLE JOURNAL, JAN. 5, 1850.

BRITISH AGRICULTURE AND FOREIGN COMPETITION.—It is fortunate for the interests of the agricultural body that so able a writer as *Blackwood* should have so opportunely undertaken the task of proving by incontrovertible evidence the utter impossibility of maintaining the existing order of things, falsely denominated free trade, without involving all classes of the community, with the owners and cultivators of the soil, in common and irrevocable ruin. The task was a difficult one, from the absence of ascertained data of unimpeachable veracity ; but the difficulties enhance the claim of gratitude due for the triumphantly successful manner in which those difficulties have been overcome, and the important task voluntarily imposed completed. The proprietors of that influential organ of public opinion, *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, have collected from various and independent sources, with surprising industry, extraordinary labour, and great cost, such a mass of statistical information on the subject of British Agriculture and Foreign Competition, as was perhaps never before brought together on a subject of great national and political importance in a single literary periodical. The article to which we refer is in itself a volume, and speaks volumes on the subjects of which it treats, and it is not very easy, therefore, to make a condensation of it without in some degree impairing its value. It ought to be read and carefully studied in detail from end to end ; and it is to be hoped

the means will not be found wanting to place a copy of it in the hands not only of the proprietors and cultivators of the soil, but also in those of the "unwashed" artizan and humble mechanic, the spinners and weavers of Lancashire, the merchants and traders in every town, village, and hamlet in the kingdom. It is only by such means as this that it can be brought to exercise that influence over public opinion which is so desirable at the present moment; for the community generally—the great mass of the people—will read it and think for themselves; and on the great question of protection *versus* free trade, it will carry conviction to the mind of every considerate and enlightened man, despite the deluge of League rubbish with which Richard Cobden and his Manchester satellites have inundated the kingdom. We shall proceed to deal with it according to our means and ability.

The writer opens his essay by a quotation from a speech delivered by Sir Robert Peel, in February 1842; and adduces the evidence of Sir Robert as to the remunerating price at which corn can be grown in this country. The hon. baronet assigned it as between 54s. and 58s., and the writer assumes it at 56s. per quarter, fortifying that opinion by reference to the averages of sixteen years; and then he postulates that "any great and permanent decline of prices, following upon increased foreign imports, must have a most deleterious effect upon the agriculture of the country, unless some remedy can be found which shall lessen the cost of production." There are, he observes, no lack of volunteers to suggest remedies; and he proceeds to consider and expose the inefficiency of those volunteered by Dr Buckland and the chemists, by free-trading landlords, and "high farming" tenants, singling out Lords Ducie and Kinnaird as fair specimens of one class, and Mr James Caird, whose pamphlet, entitled "High Farming under Liberal Covenants, the best Substitute for Protection," has attracted so much attention, on the other. Mr Caird's pamphlet describing the results of experiment, or rather the authority he quotes for his "facts and figures," come from a second hand, was submitted to the review of Mr Stephens, the author of the "Book of the Farm," and the analysis presented of it is complete. The great source of profit on the farm of Auchness, where the experiment was carried out, is "*the precarious potato*," for the growth of which the soil there offers *peculiar* advantages. But it is shown that, with all these advantages, the experiment has failed. "*Without* potatoes, and such an extent of potato as would be plainly ludicrous if adopted as a general rule, Auchness never could have paid! *With* potatoes, it has failed in the very year wherein Mr Caird has chosen to exhibit it as a universal model." In dealing with the prospect of future prices, the writer produces some information which may possibly, he remarks, take the reader by surprise. What can be more surprising, after the various accounts that have been industriously circulated to the effect that the foreigner could not produce wheat at a lower figure than would be remunerative to a British cultivator, even under a system of "high farming," than the fact that Polish wheat could be delivered at Dantzic, at 18s. a quarter, and yet leave a considerable profit to the grower! Yet, such is demonstrated by the writer in *Blackwood*, by evidence the most convincing and satisfactory; and as to the extent to which supplies could be furnished at a price approaching that amount, it is beyond all calculation. Information on this important subject was furnished to the writer by a Scottish agriculturist, who, some years ago, was engaged as land-steward on the estates of a Polish nobleman in Gallicia, and who, therefore, had ample opportunity of witnessing the foreign system:—

"If the reader glances at the map of Europe, tracing the course of the Vistula from Dantzic, and then following the upward line of its tributary, the Bug, he will find

laid down in close proximity the extensive districts of Volhynia, Podolia, Kiow, Galicia, and others, formerly Palatinates, which together constitute the largest, richest, and most productive corn-field of Europe." &c. &c.

The writer enters into a long and elaborate argument to show that at present prices of corn in this country, high farming is so far from remunerative, that those who practice it are actually incurring an immense loss; and that unless rents come down to zero, or, at least, to a point which would utterly ruin the landlords, high farming cannot be proceeded with. This is shown first by the analysis of Mr Caird's experiment above referred to. But, continues the writer, "in order to arrive as nearly as possible at the true state of the case, in so far as Scottish farming is concerned, we put ourselves into communication with two gentlemen of the highest eminence in their profession. We need scarcely tell our countrymen on this side of the Border, that it would be difficult to find better testimony on such a subject than that of Messrs Watson of Keillor, and Dudgeon of Spylaw; and we apprehend, moreover, that many English agriculturists are fully acquainted with their character and high reputation. Through their kindness we have been furnished with the statistics of farms situated in the fertile grain-growing districts of Forfar and Roxburgh; and the calculations as to the yield, prices, and expenses, were made from their own books. The rent set down is that which is usual in the district for land of the best description, and the tenant's capital is named at an amount which might enable him to develop the full capabilities of the soil. The estimates have been most carefully framed, with the view of avoiding every kind of exaggeration; and they have been gone over by Mr Stephens, who attests their general accuracy." They are as follows:—"Returns of produce from a 500-acre farm." &c. &c.

The writer handles with great ability Mr Gladstone's speech at the late meeting of the Fettercairn Farmers' Club, showing that his statements are utterly incorrect. It was a favourite doctrine of a certain class of free-traders, that if land should be unpayable to the farmer when applied under free trade to the cultivation of corn, it might be profitably converted to grazing purposes. On this point the writer, after noticing the undeniable fact that live stock has suffered a depreciation throughout the kingdom of at least from fifteen to twenty per cent, says, "We know of instances of pasturings on which, for the last two years, not a shilling of profit has been realised; the cattle, when sent to market, after being fattened, have brought the same price which was given for them in their lean and hungry condition." But it is not so much from importations of live stock that depreciation in price may be anticipated as from "cured beef, bacon, and pork":—

"The following table will show the comparative prices of Irish and American produce." &c. &c.

After noticing the fact that manufacturers who "send their ship-loads of flimsy textures, with flaming colours and incongruous patterns, to semi-barbarous countries," are protected from rivalry in the home market by protective duties, ranging from ten to fifteen, and twenty per cent, the writer inflicts the following crushing rebuke on Mr Cobden:—

"It is the misfortune of demagogues, but a great blessing to the rest of mankind, that they invariably become intoxicated with the first draught of success, and seldom recover their reason. So it is with Cobden now." &c. &c.

The article concludes with the following stirring appeal to the agriculturists of the kingdom as to their duties at this important crisis of their fate:—

"The experience of each succeeding month shows the error of the course we have been pursuing, and demonstrates the necessity of a return. Why should we fear?" &c.

One word more from us would but weaken the force of this eloquent close of an article which will arrest universal attention.

MONMOUTH BEACON, JAN. 5, 1850.

Blackwood's Magazine has this month the most powerful, condensed, and clearly-reasoned article, upon free trade and protection, yet written; backed and supported by an array of facts which are indisputable. The title of the article is "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition;" its gist is to prove that nothing but a return to "protection" can save the agricultural interests of the kingdom from total ruin; that every system and remedy short of *that* must utterly fail; that the highest degree of farming, the application of all descriptions of manures, the instruction of science, the outlay of capital, the most indomitable energy and industry, can never overcome, on any soil, the disadvantages under which the British farmer labours in his competition with the importer of foreign grain into our own market.

We shall extract some of the most interesting passages, and transfer them to our columns, although we cannot hope to include all that is necessary for the information of our readers in our present number. We may be able to give the cream of the article; but if our advice be worth anything, we would urge every protectionist, who is desirous of mastering his case, upon the merits of the question, as it now stands, to buy the magazine, and carefully to read the arguments, the statements, and the figures in their natural order. No attempt at reply to the main conclusions, or impeachment of the materials upon which those conclusions were built, has yet been made. The *Times* cavilled a little, winced a little, sneered, doubted, hesitated, but could not grapple with the whole; that is intangible, and so it is left to make its impression upon the public mind. Its appearance, too, is opportune, just before the meeting of parliament, where, of all others, this subject must be most prominent.

THE SCOTSMAN, JAN. 9, 1850.

BRITISH AGRICULTURE AND FOREIGN COMPETITION.—FRAUDS AND BLUNDERS OF "BLACKWOOD."—A great noise is made, or attempting to be made, about an article in the last number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, which, in forty pages of mingled abuse and statistics, undertakes the pleasant duty of showing the Scottish farmers that they are hopelessly ruined this year—that they will be ruined more and more in every year that is to come—and that it is their duty, henceforth, to neglect their own business and take up their minds with affairs of the state. From the plausible and pathetic tone of some portions of it, and from the occasional clumps of figures by which it obtains the appearance of a business-like precision, the article will please the prejudiced, and delude some of the ignorant and unwary: but those who are neither incapable nor afraid of thinking and examining for themselves, will have no difficulty in detecting that a more heterogeneous mass of crudities, frauds, and blunders, was never before served up to the public from any source claiming respectability and talent. The writers (for there seem at least two, and a curiously ill-matched pair they are) resort to every mode of mystification and concealment; but, with no greater weapon than the simple statement of accessible and unquestionable facts, we engage to let

light in upon the darkness in which they seek shelter, and to make them bolt out of all their holes.

With the abusive department of the article, it is not worth while to meddle, farther than by presenting two or three specimens of its sweetness of temper and expression. "It is," begin the writers, "our earnest desire to approach the subject with all candour, temper, and moderation; and we shall not, if possible, allow ourselves to be betrayed into a single angry word or discourteous expression"—an excellent promise. And it is kept by calling the free-traders "squalid dupes," their leaders "miserable upstarts," and Mr Cobden, in particular, "a positive maniac," "malignant," "base," "rabid," "insolent," "un-British," and "brutal!" Pretty well this for writers who are "determined not to be betrayed into a single discourteous expression." But never mind. Let us rather turn from the writers' figures of speech to their figures of arithmetic—and we will show that *these* are as grossly at variance with truth and decency.

Following the order, or rather want of order, in which the crude lumps of this be-puffed article are tumbled together, we take up first the means used by the writers to show what were the prices of wheat under the latter years of protection, so that they may get a high point from which to *fall*. They take the years 1842-7 inclusive, and bring out an average of 55s. 7d. But, mark, the year 1847, the highest of the six years they take, exceeding the average of the other five by more than 30 per cent, was a *free-trade year*!—a year in which even the 1s. per quarter, now and to be permanently levied, was not exacted. Omitting, therefore, this year, the average of the five closing years of protection is only 52s. 10d. The average for the three years that have elapsed of the free-trade era, including the year of very low prices just concluded, is, as near as we have means of calculating, 55s., or about 5 per cent *higher* than the average of the last five years of protection, and still higher above the last *three* years of that system, the average of which was only 52s. 3d. And this, let it not be forgotten, since *Blackwood* insists on reminding us of it, under a sliding-scale which Sir Robert Peel intended to maintain prices at 56s., as "the lowest remunerating point,"—a fact which, along with many similar failures previously, should surely show the farmers the delusiveness and impossibility of regulating prices by law. In connexion with this, let the farmers also note, that on the average of all the years during which free trade has yet existed, they have received, under that system which did not pretend to raise or regulate their prices at all, higher prices than the average of the whole period of the law of 1842, which pretended to ensure them a price which they never got. Of course it will be said that the first and dearest of the three free-trade years was exceptional, owing to the deficiency of the potatoes; but it must not be overlooked, that the last and cheapest of the three years has been exceptional also, owing to the abundance of the cereals—and owing, too, among sundry causes, to the false though effective temptations held out to foreigners by the high prices of the two preceding years, and not less to the panic and confusion created by such reckless and factious alarmists as those of *Blackwood*.

At another portion of the article—we shall see presently why it was not convenient to place the two things in juxtaposition—the writers seek to show how the predictions of some free-traders as to the quantity of wheat likely to be imported under free trade have been "fearfully" exceeded. They cite a statement of Mr Tooke's, that under ordinary circumstances, on a long average of years, and with prices about 45s., the quantity imported annually might be about 1,500,000 or 2,000,000 quarters. But instead of that, cries *Blackwood*, the quantity imported during the sixteen months following the

passing of the Corn-law Repeal Act, was more than 7,000,000. Well, but the writers keep out of view *here* the fact which, a few pages before, they so conspicuously paraded, when trying to give the statistics of a free trade as those of a protection year—the fact, namely, that during the period mentioned, prices were not at Mr Tooke's point of 45s., but, on the yearly average, at nearly 70s., and sometimes at 100s. And they conceal the still more important fact, that those imports were still all too little for the absolute wants of the country—that although the State gave away L.10,000,000 worth in charity, at least a million of our fellow-subjects died in Ireland from sheer want of food. To us, *this* seems the “fearful” part of the matter—*Blackwood* declares it “fearful” that there were not less food and more deaths! Here we have a striking specimen both of the accuracy and honesty of protectionist details, and the justness and humanity of protectionist principles.

In their process of clearing the way for some tremendous statistics to which they give more than a dozen pages of preface, the writers make a statement, not in figures, but in a very strong general phrase, with which we have great pleasure in dealing, as it gives us an opportunity of exhibiting in a rather striking point of view a most important and too little-noted fact. The writers lay down as one of their bases that, compared with our home market for manufactures, “our exports are comparatively as *nothing*.” On this it may be remarked that, considering that the last census gives the number of “persons engaged in agriculture” as 1,499,278 out of the entire population, it is rather too much to use “agriculturists” and “home market” as convertible terms. But without undervaluing the home market, either as a whole or in any of its departments, let us not be induced by the determination of the protectionists to call and to *treat* our exports as “*nothing*,” to overlook what they really amount to. Our exports, then, for the year just closed, are close on L.60,000,000! Call you that “*nothing*?” Well, if you do, what do you call the *annual rental of land*, which is under L.50,000,000? If the one is “*nothing*,” the other must be less than nothing—if the one is to be treated as an element not worth calculating when dealing with the commercial policy of the country, you must surely take still less account of the other. But what *Blackwood* does is to maintain that L.60,000,000 applied towards paying the wages of millions of the working class is to be treated as “*nothing*,” and L.50,000,000 going into the pockets of 200,000 landlords as not only something but *everything*! Let us take this along with us through the inquiries that follow—that the rental of land, which forms the grand element and consideration throughout the article of *Blackwood*, amounts to a sum one-fifth less than another sum belonging to another class of the community, which he speaks of and purposes to deal with as *nothing*.

Before proceeding to examine the farm statistics made up by eminent Scottish agriculturists, which form the main feature in *Blackwood's* article, we may, while admitting that the writer's remarks on the respective views of Lord Kinnaird and Mr Caird are not the least truthful portion of the article, express surprise at the positive manner in which it is stated that Auchness has failed to remunerate the tenant “the very year Mr Caird has chosen to exhibit it as a universal model.” The manner in which this is brought about is exceedingly characteristic. First, they say, “We are informed on the best authority, that *disease has attacked the potatoes*.” Forgetting that there is an immense difference betwixt disease attacking the potatoes and destroying them, it is then concluded that the whole 90 acres are absolutely worth nothing. Now, we have it from the *first* authority that, though there is a small portion hurt by disease, there is still a very

large crop left free from it, and that as large an amount per acre will be actually realised from them as the most sanguine anticipated.

Coming to the vaunted statistics of particular farms, vouched for by highly respectable names, we have first to repeat what was said in our columns on Saturday by a valued correspondent dating from Leith, that, after all the paraded particularities, these cases, or some of them, are merely *assumed*, not even excepting the case of Mr Gibson, on which the main stress seems laid. It is a very simple business to take corn crops, which may or may not be averages, and also to attach a money value to them, and then say, that if you lower the price you have not the same amount of money as formerly for expenses, profit, and rent. Agreeing, with the *Times*, that the results, as shown, exhibit strikingly the worthlessness of protection to the farmer, and pointing to the fact that they prove still more strongly what we have before affirmed, that a prosperous farmer has hitherto been the exception to the rule—yet we cannot help thinking that all the accounts have, according to railway phraseology, been more or less “*cooked*.” Taking the two first, Mr Watson’s and Mr Dudgeon’s, the crops, prices, rents, profits, and expenses, too nearly coincide, to prevent all suspicion of—we will not use the word collusion—but of these statisticians having assisted each other. Or should we ascribe the marvellous uniformity to their having all been “assisted by Mr Stephens, author of the ‘Book of the Farm?’” In both the “Comparative Statements” drawn up (with the above assistance) by Mr Watson, Keillor, and Mr Dudgeon, Spylaw, the expenses of management, wages, &c., are put down at slump sums—in the one case, at L.500, and in the other at L.550. Allowing that these items should remain as they are, we have, in Mr Watson’s case, according to his own showing, still a sum realised from the crop, under what is called free-trade prices, of L.1437, 15s., which, less by the above L.500, leaves L.937, 15s. as a fund divisible betwixt the landlord and the tenant. L.160 is deducted as the depreciation by free trade of the annual sales of live stock;—were this retained, and twenty per cent. is certainly too large a deduction, it would leave L.1047 for the landlord and tenant. On taking the expenses of management, wages, public burdens, &c., from the gross produce under free-trade prices, as stated by Mr Dudgeon, and adding his usual return upon stock, the sum of L.1034 is left for landlord and tenant. It is an old saying, that the gross produce of a farm should be divided into three equal parts—one for the landlord, one for expenses, and one for the tenant. We are aware that this is a rule much modified by circumstances, but it is singular how near it comes in these two cases; even allowing the present expenses to remain, nearly double the sum is still left for the other two parties. Before this sum can be exhausted, oats would require to be sold under 1s. per bushel, wheat under 2s. 6d., and barley under 1s. 4½d. *Blackwood* himself does not affirm that foreign grain can be produced cheaper than this, so there is no chance whatever of land going out of cultivation.

In the one account we have L.300, and in the other L.250, charged to enable the farmer to recover, with interest, capital sunk for draining, liming, &c.; indeed, in all the accounts there is a large sum charged under this head. As we have often advocated before a change of the law, to enable tenants to recover on removal the value of all their improvements in so far as they increase the rent, we allude to it again here, as it must be obvious to all that it would reduce these charges one-half without the slightest injustice to any party.

In the statement of the Aberdeenshire farm submitted by Mr Hay, the same amount per acre is stated as realised from grass and turnips as that

condescended on by Mr Watson, though no pretension is made to improved herds and flocks as in his case ; and while the rent is only L.1, 1s. per acre, to L.1, 12s., paid by Mr Watson, Mr Dudgeon's rent is the same as Mr Watson's for the same quantities of grass and turnips, his return is L.50 less. But, as remarked by Mr Robertson of Ladyrig, "Every one has his own method of making up such statements ;" and by Mr Hay of Tillydesk, "It is quite possible, even with a show of fairness, to bring out by means of figures almost any result that may be desired."

The statement by Mr Gibson of Woolmet is the only one that pretends to go into the real details. From the observations of the editor, "It is that of a first-class farm of the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, attested by men of the same standing as its tenant." "Mr Gibson, the tenant farmer, has taken the details of the following statement from his books ; so that it becomes of much value as showing the statistics of farming in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis of Scotland." What was our surprise on hearing from other channels that this case, too, was all assumption, and that Mr Gibson pointedly disclaims the case as his ! The expenses may be Mr Gibson's, but neither the rent nor the crops are his ; until we learn what these actually are, his detail of expenses is valueless. Mr Gibson's rent, we understand, is almost altogether regulated by the price of grain. The rent noted is a fixed money sum. While he is well known as an extensive grower of turnip-seed and cabbage-plants, nothing is credited for them as crops. While we willingly free Mr Gibson so far from the blame of this deception, on the other hand, we are sorry we are unable to commend him for candour. At the end of his valuation we find this—"Loss incurred by difference of price under free trade, L.603, 1s. 6d." On turning to his first statement, we observe 50 acres of potatoes and 30 acres of turnips ; but in the second, at free-trade prices, there are only 25 acres of potatoes, 35 of turnips, and 20 acres of beans, the latter at L.6, 10s. an acre, while the potatoes are put down at L.20 an acre. Whatever may have caused this substitution of beans for potatoes, free trade had certainly nothing to do with it. Again, in the case of manure purchased, there is a show of fairness in deducting a shilling a ton for part and sixpence per ton for the remainder under free trade ; but then we have an addition of L.125 for guano in the one case, while nothing is charged under this head in the other. We do think some explanation is due regarding these matters—it is quite possible it may be given satisfactorily. The three gentlemen who attest Mr Gibson's statement, the first, Mr Finnie of Swanston, and the last, Mr Scott of Craiglockhart, are both well known for their abilities and intelligence. The reasons may have been plain to them, but we cannot excuse their omission of an explanatory note for the benefit of the public.

The grand fact, however, brought out, after allowing the protectionists to select their own cases, allowing that even these cases are correctly stated, and allowing their unwarranted calculations as to future prices, is simply this—that the land will not go out of cultivation, and that *the question is solely one of rent*. Blackwood puts in plain figures the fact that what the protectionists demand is, that the law shall give the landlord a rent above the natural value of his land, by means of laying a tax of 33 per cent. ("one-third") upon every man's loaf. Now, a tax even for the benefit of the State, is always fiercely opposed ; a tax of 33 per cent. on anything is enormous ; a tax on bread is the worst and most wicked of all possible taxes ; but a tax of 33 per cent. on bread, and for the benefit, not of the State, but of a class, the smallest, and richest, and idlest, in the community, forms such a combination of monstrosities as only insane men should dream of

realising. And yet this description of the protectionist scheme is not ours, but is one which the great protectionist organ has not only put forth but has distorted facts and deserted reason to maintain.

But in granting even for a moment the accuracy of *Blackwood's* representations, we do wrong. Besides those grievous errors of statement dealt with above, and not a few others, there are many still more serious errors of omission. To begin with comparatively small instances, the statisticians make no allowance for the farmers having included in their rent dwellings, houses and gardens, nor for the fact that a great part of the consumption of their families consists of the produce of the farm. Still more, they take no account of the fact that if free trade has cheapened the articles which the farmer sells, it has cheapened all the articles he buys in still greater proportion—that within these few years the prices of his tea and coffee have been reduced by a fourth, of his sugar by a third, and of most articles of dress by more than a half. But a yet more gross and important omission is that these statisticians, taking this year as representing the permanent “free-trade prices,” make no allowance for the increased quantity of grain obtained this year through an abundant harvest. The writers, as we have shown, grossly exaggerate in saying that the prices of the present year are on the whole a third less than the prices of the last five years of protection; and they are nearly as much on the other side in excluding from their estimates the fact that the decrease of price has been accompanied, if not mainly caused, by something like a proportionate increase in quantity. In the absence of all precise data, we do not mean to insist on the precise proportional amount of produce last year; but having seen that the average price for the last three years of protection was 53s. 2d., and knowing that the average for the past year cannot be less than 43s., we cannot be wrong in saying that, on the gross, the greater produce of 1849 is equal to the greater price of 1844-5-6.

But how, indeed, should we expect *Blackwood* to include in his calculations the cheapening, through free trade, of things which the agriculturalist buys, as well as of what he sells, when he stoutly maintains that there is no free trade in nothing but farm produce—that everybody but the farmer is protected! Any statements more disgraceful to the ignorant or untruthful writers, or more ludicrous to the informed reader, than those put forth by *Blackwood* on this point, never came out under his dingy covers—and that is a strong expression. Page after page he goes on exclaiming, with all sorts of typographical emphasis, that the manufacturers are protected from foreign competition, and fiercely demanding why he is to pay 10 per cent. on the price of his woollen of his trousers, the cotton of his shirt, and the linen of his dicky. And having thus unbosomed his own sorrows, he turns to those of the London seamstress, and exclaims, “The free-trade tariff is the cause also of her distress.” Not only every man of common information on public questions, but every man that has access even to the *Edinburgh Almanac*—every man almost that is able to read—is capable of detecting the fact, that on both these points—both as to what free trade has done and what it has not done—the statements in *Blackwood* are precisely the reverse of the notorious and manifest truth. Taking the case of the “protected manufacturers,” it is pretty clear that *Blackwood* should have been more cautious—first, because the manufacturers do not ask protection, but are constantly repudiating it, and therefore, if they have it, it is not their fault. Secondly, because if they had it, it could not possibly be of any value to them. The phrase, “an export and protected manufacturer,” used by *Blackwood*, is, begging his pardon, sheer nonsense and contradiction in terms. In his speech at Haddington he

Friday, Mr Busfield Ferrand (who, by the bye, stole his most extravagant ideas and most fabulous facts from *Blackwood's* article,) almost in the same breath with which he bellowed about the manufacturers being protected, said—"These fellows can bring their cotton all the way from America, and after manufacturing it into cloth, can send it back to America and compete with the manufacturers there." Conclusive proof surely that they are not and cannot be protected. Again *Blackwood* should have been more cautious, because, in the third place, the manufacturers *have not got* protection—because, in plain terms, his whole statement is simply untrue. If there is one other man as ignorant, (we are charitably assuming ignorance,) he has only to turn to no more recondite source than Messrs Oliver & Boyd's excellent Almanac, and there he will find, under the head "Articles not subject to Import Duty"—"Cotton Manufactures," "Cotton Yarn," "Linen Manufactures," "Woollen Manufactures"—in short, all our great staples. Silk, or some kinds of it, bears a duty, but the duty is practically almost inoperative, and the silk manufacturers used to be, and may be still, protectionists. The other duties are all on trifling articles, principally hand-made, as distinguished from manufactures extensively carried on and by machinery. One of the leading speeches at a protectionist meeting in England last week furnished an amusing instance of the straits to which protectionists are driven on this point. The speaker had, like *Blackwood*, examined the tariff for the means of charging "protection" against the manufacturers, but, unlike *Blackwood*, shrinking from quoting from the tariff what the tariff does not contain, he was driven to the extremity of sublimely demanding, "Is the British agriculturist to endure the want of protection for his own produce, while he has to pay 10 per cent. on—*brass candlesticks!*!"

So much for *Blackwood's* repeated and indignant assertions as to cotton, woollen, linen, everything but corn and cattle, being protected;—still shorter work may be made of his twin-assertion that the free-trade tariff has caused the misery of the London sempstresses. On turning again to *Oliver & Boyd*, the supposed ignorant man will find that on "cotton, *wholly or in part made up*," on woollen ditto, on linen ditto, on "Silk Millinery," on "Turbans or Caps," on "Bonnets," and "Dresses"—on everything, in short, which the sempstresses make—there are heavy protecting duties of 15 per cent. and upwards! The only difference that free trade has made to them has been to make their loaf cheaper and better;—it was in 1841, the year *before* the first free-trade tariff, that Hood put into the mouth of this unhappy class the song—

"O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!"

Thus, we come at the fact that those whom this leading magazine, not incidentally or accidentally, but elaborately, and through many dreary and angry pages, denounces as protected, are unprotected and prosperous, while those who are mourned over as crushed by free trade, *are* protected and miserable.

Perhaps we should not blame *Blackwood* for not taking into account the increased quantity of this year, along with its diminished prices; for he brings a number of far-fetched and questionable facts to show that, let the harvest at home be what it may, prices must go down and down, year after year. Among other efforts he makes to this end, he says:—"If the reader glances at the map of Europe, tracing the course of the Vistula from Dantzic, and then following the upward line of its tributary the Bug, he will find laid down in close proximity the extensive districts of Volhynia, Podolia, Kiow, Galicia, and others, formerly Palatinates, which together constitute the largest, richest,

and most productive corn-field of Europe." The climate of these districts is described as excellent, and the soil such "that wheat may be grown for several years successively (!) without manure, and always with comparatively little work. The produce is floated down the numerous rivers which intersect the district to Dantzic and other coast towns on the Baltic," from which we suppose it may be cheaply conveyed to Britain. We have doubts, unfortunately, if this latter part of the description is literally correct. It is true so far as Galicia is concerned; and also that the Bug, one of the highest tributaries of the Vistula, does bound a small portion of the district of Volhynia; but unless an inland carriage of one, two, or three hundred miles is incurred, three-fourths of the produce must find its way to the Black Sea, and the rivers in both Podolia and Kiow flow southward, which must land the produce at Odessa. The freight from there no doubt will be a trifle more than from Dantzic. Ill-natured people may be inclined to allege the mistake wilful; but as now there are to be no intermediate profits, and the grain is to be shipped wholly on account of the owners of it, we only trust it will not seriously incommode our traffic with these rather distant regions. Such countries, nearer and better than Australia and New Zealand, seem to offer inducements not only to our manufacturers but our agriculturists. But we would warn them both that we have before had fabulous stories on the same subject from similar quarters, and that all these regions of inexhaustible fertility may turn out no better than as many Tamboffs. It may also be added for the comfort of farmers who may be alarmed—we hope not envious—of the great cheapness of labour described by *Blackwood* as existing in these countries, that though a quarter of wheat may there buy 40 or 45 days' labour, while here it will only procure 20 or 25 days' labour, yet in America, from which we receive such large supplies of grain, the American labourer obtains three times the quantity of wheat for the same toil, and that in Ireland, at our own doors, a quarter of wheat will buy at least 50 or 60 days' labour. Only we would add, that the day's labour of a Lothian "hind" may be worth double that of a Volhynian or treble that of a Tipperarian.

It must not for a moment be thought that the Scottish farmers as a body, or any considerable portion of them, are implicated in the ravings and dismal predictions of *Blackwood*. On the contrary, there seems more danger of their going to the opposite extreme of over-sanguineness, and forming new contracts of a nature which perhaps the probable future range of prices would hardly warrant. That, of course, is entirely their own business; for nobody will give a moment's attention to *Blackwood's* nonsensical assertion that men of intelligence and honesty are forming business contracts in the knowledge that they will never be able to fulfil them save through the impossible means of exacting a tax from the public; but it is rather strange that these things should happen not only when protectionist writers are proving that rents must come down a half or disappear, but when many farmers are really straitened and suffering. The fact, however, remains, and we challenge denial of it, that almost every farm that has come into the market of late in the chief agricultural districts of Scotland, has been let for a maintained or higher rent, and, which is rather odd, some of the takers of these farms are the loudest protectionists and alarmists. We ask attention to the facts stated last Saturday by our well-informed agricultural correspondent for East Lothian, regarding the Committee of the Protectionist Society of that county, who have issued an address declaring that they and agriculture are ruined—"It is curious to observe amongst the names of the committee who have sent out this curious document, several who have lately renewed their leases or taken new farms at advanced rents, one of them within a week of its date,

and another, who holds several large farms already, who has offered for at least three extensive farms since harvest." To this we have to add that we know that a farm in East Lothian, belonging to the Marquis of Tweeddale, and two large and extensive farms in Roxburgh, belonging to the Duke of Roxburgh—one of them, Cessford, said to require a capital of L.8000 or L.10,000—have been let within the last ten days at advanced rents, of from 15 to 20 per cent, while we have only heard of one instance of a farm in the Lothians having been let at less rent for the last three years. These are facts—explain them as you may—and facts that "winna ding" by magazine statistics.

It is necessary to add a word on another point, in order to prevent men of sense and respectability having more than their mere names mixed up with *Blackwood's* article. The eminent agriculturists whose names appear as principles or vouchers at the statistics prepared under the ominous "assistance of Mr Stephens," must not be supposed to concur in the deductions attempted to be drawn from these documents by *Blackwood's* writers. For instance, it is no secret—and from the character for ability and intelligence possessed by both the gentlemen, there could scarcely be a doubt on the subject—that Mr Finnie, of Swanston, and Mr Scott, of Craiglockhart, are both convinced of the folly of attempting to regain protection, and hold that what the farmers should seek is to have their rents regulated by the price of produce, whatever that may be. It would surely be safe to say the same of Mr Watson of Keillor, even were there no other evidence than the fact brought out by his own statistics, that he, an agriculturist of almost European fame, has, under protection, been able to earn a livelihood of only L.2 a-week! But we have stronger and more cheering evidence regarding Mr Watson than this. At the great annual meeting of the Highland Society at Dundee, in 1842, we heard him (we hope Mr Watson will not be angry at our having a good memory) blurt out in the startled ears of the Duke of Richmond these manly and truthful words—"ONLY GIVE US CONSUMERS, AND WE ARE NOT AFRAID OF CULTIVATED EUROPE, PROTECTED OR UNPROTECTED."*

LETTER of MR GIBSON OF WOOLMET to the SCOTSMAN.

Woolmet, 10th Jan. 1850.—Sir,—I observe in your publication of last Saturday a letter signed G. B., referring to certain statements by practical farmers in different districts of Scotland, which appeared in the last number of *Blackwood*. G. B. styles himself a corn merchant, and states that he has neither time nor ability to cope with the writer of the article referred to, and that his remarks must be very general and rambling; as to whether they were so or not your readers will have judged for themselves. I know the anonymous writer to be an agent for the sale of the produce of the foreign grower, and a red-hot free-trader. He has taken credit to himself for having discovered that the statements to which my name is appended was not applicable to my own farm. It never was intended to be solely applicable to my farm; had it been so, it might have been liable to the same objections that Mr Caird's statements as to Auchness have been subjected to.

The writer in *Blackwood* was under the impression that my statements

* We can hardly refrain from asking this gentleman, whose memory is so tenacious, whether he supposes that Mr Watson intended to inculcate the doctrine that human beings ought to be reared like black cattle, simply on account of their power of consuming agricultural produce.

were more strictly applicable to me personally than I intended they should be ; but this does not make the slightest difference in the argument. My statement bears to be a fair average of the produce and expense of management of the best managed farms within five miles of Edinburgh for the years to which the statement applies. Farming as I do extensively in the district, I had my own books to guide me for the details as to prices realised for the various crops, as also for the expense of management. These statements were submitted to and attested by Mr Finnie, Swanston, Mr Scott, Craiglockhart, and Mr Watson, Liberton—men farming in the same district to which the statement applies, and whose high standing and skill as farmers nobody in any degree acquainted with the subject will venture to dispute. If G. B. can prove that these statements are incorrect, let him get his counter-statement attested by practical men of the same high standing as those that attested the statements sent to *Blackwood*. His simple assertion that they are incorrect, won't carry much weight with it.—I am, &c.,

JOHN GIBSON.

To the Editor of the Scotsman.

EDINBURGH COURANT.

LETTING OF FARMS IN EAST LOTHIAN.—(To the Editor of the Courant.)
—Sir,—May I request permission to occupy a portion of your valuable space, for the purpose of replying to one of the many desperate assertions constantly reproduced by the free-trade press.

In last *Blackwood's* overwhelming article on "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition," the following sentence occurs:—"We have heard it trumpeted abroad, that certain farms in East Lothian were let, during the course of last year, at an advance." The "trumpeting" is certainly loud enough, and the free-traders evidently think they have got hold of a "great fact" against protection. The *Scotsman*, in his most formidable type and phrase, gives the said trumpet another blast on the 9th. His "*well-informed East Lothian Agricultural Correspondent*" has, it seems, advised him, that "it is curious to observe amongst the list of the committee of the Haddingtonshire Protectionist Society, the names of several gentlemen who have lately renewed their leases, or taken new farms at advanced rents: one of them within a week of the date of their circular, and another who holds several large farms already, has offered for at least three extensive farms since harvest." The "Correspondent" is so remarkably "well-informed," that nobody here can quite comprehend what or whom he means. It would, unfortunately, be but too easy for other "well-informed correspondents," to furnish newspapers with as true, and rather more gloomy statistics, regarding farms and farmers; but that taste may be questioned which seeks to support a party cause by dragging before the public the private acts and circumstances of individuals.

Though agriculturists do not exactly "place horse-shoes on their doors to frighten witches," as Mr Cobden says they do, they may nevertheless not be altogether exempt from that rashness which drove thousands of their countrymen first into the railway market, and then into the *Gazette*. Some of their number, finding at the end of a lease that they cannot do anything else, may be disposed to trust to the common sense and common honesty of Britain forcing government to abandon its suicidal policy. They may cling with a pardonable weakness—a weakness for which free-traders have

no sympathy—to the spot where they have spent their lives: they may, to secure a house and a home, offer more than the farm is worth; but were we ever told that railway investments were actually valuable, merely because persons were found to purchase shares at absurd prices? A similar argument, however, seems to be the last stronghold of free trade.

But had this been all, Mr Editor, I would not have trespassed upon your space.

To state that farms are still sometimes retaken at equal, or even advanced rents, is to tell truth to the letter, and to break it in the spirit. In no case has the same farm been taken at an equal rent. The farms recently let are geographically the same as they formerly were, but physically they are totally different. The old rents were fixed twenty years ago, when much of the land was scarcely cultivated. Some of the farms in question were in a state of nature—a marsh or a waste. Skill and capital, exerted and expended under the encouragement of a rational protection, have converted these wildernesses into gardens—can they then honestly be called the same farms? Obviously they cannot. The fact that they are so much improved is a strong argument in favour of protection.

RUSTICUS.

STANDARD, JAN. 8, 1850.

The movement has begun auspiciously in Scotland, and the ground has been so well prepared for it by the noble series of articles that have appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* during the last year (the last article the best of all,) that it must advance prosperously. We ought, perhaps, to take shame to ourselves for having so long omitted a notice of the plea against free trade in the January number of the magazine. We felt, however, that it could be scarcely necessary to recommend a publication already in the hand of every one, and we waited with curiosity to see what attempt would be made to answer the powerful northern writer. Our curiosity has been in a slight degree gratified by the *Times*, which affects to doubt the accuracy of the statements and accounts vouched by a great number of the most respectable gentlemen, upon no better ground than this—that the most successful farmers appear to have made but a very moderate profit of their pursuit.

The *pecuniary* profit of the farmer is, indeed, always a trifling sum, compared with his outlay and responsibility; but though his pecuniary profit is small—so small as to disappear upon any permanent depression of prices, it keeps the farmer out of debt, and leaves him in the enjoyment of many advantages peculiar to agriculture—a house rent-free; a well supplied table, without any constant outlay; a wholesome and innocent employment: and a decent position in society. These are attractions sufficient to draw men to a pursuit offering little pecuniary profit, though, as we have said, *some* pecuniary profit is necessary to enable a *man to remain in it*; and the question now is, whether the farmer shall derive from his industry, not merely *profit*, but *either* profit or rent; and it is plain that the narrower his margin of profit, the more easily may it be obliterated by the depreciation of his produce. The question is, whether the farmer must not be utterly extinguished by present prices; and this is the question which will be found solved in *Blackwood's* essay, by a mass of proofs as convincing as ever were brought to bear upon any subject. Of these proofs, the value of which is great in proportion to their number and their perfect coincidence, they are “the balance-sheets” of expenditure and income upon many of the best

cultivated farms in Scotland, particularly in the Lothians. A single example would be a very inadequate specimen. We shall therefore prefer borrowing the following deduction from the great body of proof. We cannot honestly declare that we may not be influenced by the handsome compliment paid to our exertions by *Blackwood*. "Landari a laudato" is ever an object of ambition; but self-love apart, the extract, we think must be useful, as solemnly warning the tenant farmers of their danger:—

"We are told that this is a landlord's question; and we find Messrs Bright and Cobden, with more than their usual malignity, chuckling over the prospects of the downfall of a class which they honour with their rancorous hatred." &c. &c.

Let the tenant farmers look to it; their doom is sealed by the Peel commercial code; and, without a reprieve in the form of restored protection, they must perish.

There are, according to the occupation returns published by authority of parliament, in Great Britain (exclusive of Ireland) about 350,000 *actual tenant farmers*, without including any whom the name does not strictly describe. So many are the men doomed, making with their families at least one million and a half of persons. What is to become of these persons, all habituated to the comforts of life, if not to its luxuries? Send them to the union workhouses? Then you must more than double the number of union workhouses, in order to accommodate them, and a great deal more than double poor rates, for tenant farmers will not sink without dragging down with them at least an equal number heretofore dependent upon them and their families; but if more than doubled workhouses and more than doubled poor rates are not to be thought of, where will you bestow your two or three millions of newly-made paupers? Turn them over to other pursuits, some free-traders will say. But what are the pursuits prepared to receive them? From the ground labourers upwards, all classes of industrious males are already in excess in their respective classes; and as for the wives and daughters of the ruined tenant farmers, there is scarcely room for a million or more of them, among the objects of Mr Sidney Herbert's care—the poor needle-women. The worst scenes that have been enacted in Ireland within the last three years must be re-enacted in this island, and for what?—to AUGMENT THE RICHES OF THE RICH AND TO RAISE THE VALUE OF THEM, for both processes are worked by the Peel code.

Is it, then, to be borne, that in obedience to mandates like that described in the following extracts from Mr Ferrand's speech at Haddington, Englishmen are to be debarred the opportunity of protesting against such a monstrous system:—

"I told you before we were threatened with rebellion, Cobden was sent down by the Anti-Corn-law League party to agitate against protection in the west riding of Yorkshire, and he held two meetings—one at Leeds and another at Bradford. I was told by a worthy friend of mine, Mr Brodie—'Oh (he said), these manufacturers are too much for us, we will never get protection again.' I wish you all knew them as well as I do. I will tell you how these meetings are got up, and of what sort they are. Cobden writes down to a few of his supporters in Leeds—'You must get up a meeting to overawe these protectionists—they are creating an immense sensation throughout the country; we must let them see we are prepared for them.' And in Leeds they are the people to do the thing well, for they have been at it now for a long time. Well, at the meeting in Leeds there might be 1200 or 1800 people present. How easy is such a meeting as that got together in Leeds. The free-trade manufacturers and merchants collect all their hands, over whom they have control, and say to them—'You must go to that meeting to-night, and when Cobden appears on the platform you must cheer him tremendously, and let your cheers be heard throughout all the agricultural districts.'"

There is one acknowledgment justly due to the "Leaguers," they can

scarcely be called deceivers, they never disguised the extent of their bribery, their fabrication of mock votes, or their recourse, when necessary, to subornation of perjury, as in the memorable case of Old Worthington. We therefore, with as much certainty as we can know anything of the kind, know that the vagabonds who interrupted the meetings at Stepney and Knaresborough, *were hired to do so*; and even could we have a doubt upon this point we cannot, since the 10th April 1848, forget that there are beings in the bosom of British society ready to aid in the perpetuating any affliction, ay, even to "sing the pleasures of the pest" itself, were we visited again by a physical plague. This wretched minority, who mustered some 10,000 on Kennington Common, were numerous enough and insolent enough to paralyse for a day all the business of the metropolis, and to draw 200,000 citizens from their peaceful occupations. It cannot be doubted but a sufficient number of such base creatures will be always ready to receive the hire and do the work of employers as unscrupulous as the "Leaguers" have shown themselves to be.

Let this be impressed upon our minds, and we shall not be in danger of submitting to the tyranny of so vile a rabble.

LIVERPOOL STANDARD, JAN. 8, 1850.

BRITISH AGRICULTURE AND FOREIGN COMPETITION.—In last month's number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, an article excited the ire of the whole body of free-traders. The *Times*, especially, was furious, and raved through a column of leader in his best style of Billingsgate, without attempting, however, to grapple with a single argument of the object of his abuse. The present number of the same magazine contains an article headed as above, which, we venture to say, will carry more terror and trouble into the camp of the Cobden and Peel conclave than they will be able for some while to get rid of. The bulk of the public will, no doubt, read the article for themselves; but for those whose leisure is not sufficient to enable them to examine the whole of our able contemporary's pages, we shall not perhaps be performing an unacceptable task in furnishing an abstract.

The writer commences by reminding the public of the fact that, in February 1842, Sir Robert Peel made this express declaration to the agriculturist community:—"I cannot undertake to guarantee to you, by legislation, a particular price; *but this I will say, that as long as corn is under 51s., you shall not be exposed to the importation of foreign corn.*" At the same time he calculated that, under the bill of 1842, prices would range from 54s. to 58s. That calculation was realised; for in the six years from 1842 to 1847 the lowest price was 50s. 1d.; the highest, (1847,) 69s. 9d.; and the average, 55s. 7 2-3d. The tergiversating baronet, however, in 1846, turned his back upon his previously recorded opinions, seduced apparently by the desire to outbid his rival, Lord John Russell, for power; and the result was the repeal of the corn laws. Amongst the pretexts for this change, the most prominent were, in the first place, the alleged increase of yield to be derived from high farming, and in the next, an asserted inability of the foreigner to supply the British market for less than a price somewhat about 45s. per quarter, and with a quantity which Mr Tooke, in his *History of Prices*, considers "might approach to from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 of quarters." We shall first consider the question of foreign price and supply, and here we quote from *Blackwood*:—

"In place of 2,000,000 quarters of wheat annually from the passing of the corn law repeal act, (26th June, 1846,) until the 5th of November 1847, a period of little

more than sixteen months, we imported 7,229,916 quarters of wheat; while the total of all kinds of grain entered for consumption amounted to 16,331,000 quarters! Some idea may be formed of the effect of such an aggregate importation if we bear in mind that, from 5th July 1823 to 1st January 1841, a period of nearly thirteen years, the whole quantity of foreign wheat and flour entered for home consumption was 13,475,000 quarters." &c. &c.

So much for the supply, up to the closing of the ports in the north of Europe. Another question, however, discussed by the writer is that of the prices at which grain can be furnished to us. Thus far the surplus grain of Europe has been bought up by middlemen, principally Jews, on speculation, and furnished to us as our necessities opened the market. Of course these speculators had their profit to screw from us. But at present it is well known (and here we can corroborate the writer in *Blackwood*) that grain is coming to us direct from the foreign cultivator on consignment, and will be sold for what it will bring, a very low price in our market being equal to what he has heretofore received. In order to give an idea of the price at which it can be sold, we are reminded of the remarks of Mr Sanders, M.P. for Wakefield.

"This much, we know for a fact, that an eminent corn merchant in Leith has, in former years, purchased fine wheat, free on board, at Dantzic for 18s., with the effect of a constant supply, and that no circumstances have since then emerged to enhance the cost of production." &c. &c.

The writer expresses his opinion, and enforces it by strong corroborative evidence, that the European grower can and will sell in competition to us as low as 18s. per quarter.

The agriculturists are told, however, by such authorities as Lord Kinnaird, Dr Buckland, and recently by Sir Robert Peel, that they may still maintain their position by the adoption of the newest processes, or by what is styled "high farming;" and the English portion of them have again been pointed out to them the example set them by the Lothian and other Scottish farmers. It is admitted that these men have devoted every resource of skill and capital combined to develop fully the capabilities of the soil under their cultivation. The writer in *Blackwood* has, therefore, instituted inquiries to the effect upon them of free trade and low prices. We cannot go into the details and figures with which he has supplied us; but must content ourselves with giving a few of the results. Mr Hugh Watson, on an average of years, before the recent measures, cultivated a 500-acre farm, in Strathmore, county of Forfar, with an improved breed of stock and sheep, and aided by an ample capital. His average profit, after payment of interest &c., was, before free trade, £106 per annum—a sorry sum enough for a man of intelligence and practical skill. With the same produce at free-trade prices, he calculates that he would be left *minus* for rent, capital, and expenses of management, £412, 5s., showing a difference altogether of £518 5s.

Mr John Dudgeon, occupying a farm on the south-eastern borders of Scotland, in a full state of productiveness, and five hundred acres in extent, where the returns of stock form a very considerable means of remuneration, calculates that the result to him will be the conversion of a *profit* of £24 into a *loss* of £141. And this is upon the supposition that his receipts for stock remain unaltered, whereas he considers that the reduction under the head is already 15 per cent. Before publishing these calculations, our contemporary submitted them to revision by fifty of the most eminent farmers in Scotland. Twenty-eight of these have authorised their names to be recorded as satisfied of the correctness of the calculations; several more have expressed their sanction to them without their names to appear. A few suggest trifling changes of cultivation, and three have refused their assent on the

ground of difference of opinion. Statements showing similar results are also furnished from Aberdeenshire, Roxburghshire, Mid-Lothian, and a farm within five miles of Edinburgh. * * * * *

It will be remembered that, a few weeks ago, at a farmers' meeting at Fettercairn, Mr W. E. Gladstone propounded his views as to the operation of free trade upon the agriculturist, and maintained, firstly, that the present low prices have not arisen from importations, but from an abundant crop; and, secondly, that in 1835, under the protective system, "we had wheat at 35s. per quarter, *and this not only for a short time, but for the whole year.*" The writer contends, and we think he proves, that Mr Gladstone's statement is utterly incorrect. The average price in 1835, taken from the official tables, was 39s. 4d., not 35s. Not even for a single week did prices sink to 35s. To discover a time when prices were 5s. per quarter below our present average, we have to go back to the year 1779, when wheat was quoted at 33s. 8d., *the national debt at that time being one-fourth of its present amount, and the poor rate being, instead of nearly eight millions, considerably short of two!*

There is this important fact, too, to be borne in mind, whilst comparing the condition of the farmer in 1835 and at present: the crop of the former year was the last of a series of fine ones, extending from 1833, as shown by the fact that the import of foreign corn in that year was only 82,346 quarters, and that it gradually diminished to 24,826 in 1836. We have now, however, nearly as low prices as in 1835, *in the first fine year, after a series of bad ones.* Mr Gladstone says that our low prices have not been caused by importation, but by the abundant harvest of the last year. The crop of 1848, it is well known, was not an abundant one, yet in April, 1849, before our abundant harvest was in the ear, we had wheat at 44s. 5d., barley at 28s. 9d., and oats at 16s. 9d. Obviously *importations, and nothing else, could have caused this result.*

The effect of free trade upon the price of provisions is set before us in an equally striking light. It has been caused, however, less by the importation of live stock than from that of cured meats. American beef, pork, and bacon undersell in the market the same articles cured in Ireland, and now form the bulk of the consumption of our shipping, and even of the British navy. A gentleman, who is said to stand at the head of the provision trade in Dundee, states that he now supplies "prime American mess beef" at £2, 0s. 6d. per tierce lower than he can cure it for, although buying from the butcher at £40 per cwt., or a little over 3½d. per lb. Hamburg beef and pork are likewise sold at about 10s. per cwt. less than the price of Scotch; and establishments are being opened there for its cure on the Scotch system, to supply the London market.

We shall close our abstract of this able article by giving a few words of advice which the author addresses to the British public:—"One word in conclusion to our friends." &c. &c.

YORK GAZETTE, JAN. 3, 1850.

To what extent does the British farmer suffer by the operation of free trade is a most important question, which it is well should be thoroughly understood before we talk of a remedy; just as the surgeon probes the wound before he attempts its cure. The average price of wheat for six years, from 1842 to 1847 inclusive, was 55s. 7½d.; and Sir R. Peel has repeatedly admitted that on an average 54s. was the lowest price at which the British farmer could raise wheat for the market—so long at least as he

was liable to the same burdens as formerly, occupied the same position in the country, and paid the same rent to his landlord. Free trade has, however, been introduced since this declaration, and the influx of foreign grain has been immense—averaging a million quarters *per month* during the year that has just closed; whilst for thirteen years preceding 1841, the average importation of wheat and flour, for home consumption, was only one million quarters *per annum*! We are now importing at a rate which has glutted the markets, and brought down the price of wheat from 55s. 6d. to say 40s. per quarter; and it is the opinion of those well informed, that, although there may be a temporary improvement whilst the northern ports of Europe are closed, the evils of a free trade in corn will again be developed in a further depreciation of prices. From the 1st of February 1849, to the 1st of January 1850, a decline of full 20 per cent, or one-fifth the entire value of every quarter of corn, has been the consequence of free trade. During the last three years it is admitted that the price of live stock has been depreciated, by the like cause, full 25 per cent., or one fourth its former value. How, then, can the farmer submit to these reductions, and yet carry on his business successfully and profitably? We have been told that he must bring greater skill and a larger amount of capital into operation—that he must carry on his vocation on the principle of high farming. The Scotch system of farming has been continually pointed out as a model for the English farmer. No doubt our northern agriculturists have carried the science to the highest point of perfection; but the question arises—is it paying? *Blackwood's Magazine*, for January, in a very able article on “British Agriculture and Foreign Competition,” proves that it is not. They have procured the statistics of farms situated in the fertile grain districts of Forfar and Roxburgh, and the calculations as to the yield, prices, and expenses have been made from the books of the most experienced agriculturists, whose names are given as a guarantee of their accuracy. The estimates have been most carefully framed, with the view of avoiding every kind of exaggeration; and they have since been revised by Mr Stephens, the author of *The Book of the Farm*. These returns are given in detail. On one farm of five hundred acres in Strathmore, county of Forfar, (as proved by Mr Watson, of Keillor,) there is a clear loss to the tenant, consequent on the difference of price occasioned by free trade, of no less than L.518, 5s. *per annum*. Mr John Dudgeon, of Spylaw, furnished the statistics of a farm of like extent in the south-eastern borders of Scotland, from which he proves that in the grain crop alone the tenant loses annually L.386 by the free-trade reduction in prices. These statements have been tested by many of the first agriculturists of Scotland, who annex their names to them, attesting their accuracy; and the statistics of other farms are given, in which the results are very similar. We feel obliged to our northern contemporary for this important evidence; and it will be well for those who believe that, by high farming, the soil can be stimulated so as to produce enormously augmented crops at a large additional profit, to consider these statistics well. We are assured that they are the statistics of the very highest farming in Scotland. Our contemporary arrives at the following inevitable conclusion. Supposing that hereafter the permanent price of wheat were to be 40s. a quarter; that the cereal produce remained at corresponding prices; that the value of live stock did not diminish—points upon all of which we are truly more than sceptical—it will follow that high farming, such as is at present practised in the best agricultural districts of Scotland, cannot be possibly carried on under free-trade competition! And if high farming in the Lothians, or on the Border, is a losing trade, it

cannot be made profitable elsewhere within the boundaries of Britain. In the instances above referred to, no ordinary reduction of rent would meet the emergency. Mr Watson's statement shows that the enterprising and skilful tenant of a farm of five hundred acres, in the best corn district of Forfar, cannot clear his expenses, unless the rent of the land is reduced by one-half; and even if that were done, he would only realise a profit of six-pence per acre. Our readers will remember that at the recent meeting at Boro'bridge, in this county, Mr Milburn showed, from statistics of a farm in the North Riding, that the depreciated value of its produce, consequent on free trade, was even greater than the entire rent. With such startling facts before us as these, there appears no alternative but a return to protection, or that the tenant farmers must cease to exist. But our York free-trade journal denies that the present prices are consequent on free-trade, and asserts that had the protective system been sustained, prices would have been quite as low as they are now quoted. We have a ready answer to this foolish assertion. What causes the depression of prices? An excess of supply over demand. From whence has that excess arisen? The free importation of foreign grain. Even so recently as the week ending the 8th of December last, the importation of foreign wheat into the London market exceeded the arrival of English wheat by a ratio nearly five to one. We have imported, during the year 1849, foreign grain at a rate of one million quarters per month, chargeable with a nominal duty only, and it is this excess of foreign produce which has beaten down the English farmer in his own markets. We defy our city contemporary to prove the contrary.

We could wish to continue this subject at greater length, but our space forbids.

STANDARD OF FREEDOM, JAN. 5, 1850.

BRITISH AGRICULTURE AND FOREIGN COMPETITION.—Under the above title, *Blackwood's Magazine* has this month come out with an article which is clearly meant to be a smasher. It is long and most elaborate. It consists of no fewer than forty-two of its pages, and abounds with figures and statistics, carefully collected for the occasion. We are glad of it. We are always glad to see what *Blackwood* or the *Quarterly* has to say on a great political question. We know then that we are put into possession of the very best and strongest case that can be made out on the side of Conservatism. Neither are we disposed on this occasion to call in question the correctness of the figures and facts brought forward. They prove, in fact, all that we have contended for. They prove, on the evidence of two celebrated Scotch farmers, supported by the attestations and approval of eight-and-twenty others of the greatest and ablest of the Scotch agriculturists, who have examined these statements, that *under the SYSTEM OF PROTECTION it was impossible for farmers to flourish, and indeed for farmers who practised high scientific farming to live.* They bring forward a couple of debtor and creditor accounts, furnished by a Mr Watson of Keillor, in Forfarshire, and by a Mr Dudgeon of Spylaw, in the south-east Borders. Each of these statements shows the annual expenditure and proceeds on a farm of 500 acres, on an average of years previous to the introduction of free trade in corn, cattle, &c. In one case the whole annual profit on an expenditure of L.1850 is but L.106; in the other case, on the same extent of tillage and grass land, and on the annual expenditure of L.1770 for manure, seed, labour, and rent, the annual profit is only L.245. These statements are, as we have observed, confirmed by twenty-eight first-rate agriculturists, as coinciding wholly with

their own experience ; and some of these gentlemen, moreover, furnish statements themselves, showing similar results—one farm giving only L.106 2s. 6d, and another L.111, 5s.

Thus it appears clear that, on a good average farm, under protection rents and prices, and farmed on high scientific principles, the profits varied from L.100 to L.245 a-year ! For these miserable sums, totally inadequate to the respectable maintenance of a family—totally contemptible as the proceeds from invested capital of from L.2800 to L.6000, as shown in these cases,—did first-rate farmers under the protective system waste their time, their energies, and their skill. We cannot doubt the fact, for we have it under these gentlemen's own hands, and attested by the experience of their ablest and best-informed neighbours.

Now this is precisely what the free-traders have all along declared. They have protested to the farmers, again and again, that the corn laws were never meant for them, but for the landlords. They have assured them, that whatever the proceeds were, the RENT would be in proportion ; that it mattered not how high the rate of produce was, the rate of rent would more than keep pace with it ; that the object of protection was to extract from the public, and not less from the farmer, the greatest possible amount of rent. They warned the farmer that he was but a sponge in the hands of the aristocratic landlords, who in proportion as his own extravagance, his own mortgages, and ambitious family-settlements pressed on him, so much the heavier would be the squeeze he would give the sponge ; that it mattered not how much science and manure the tenant employed, the landlord had found in protection a science too, which enabled him to express all the profits of capital and skill, as well as of land, at his pleasure.

They warned the farmer that the stewards and bailiffs of their landlords knew as well as themselves how many quarters of corn, and how many stones of beef and mutton, he obtained per acre, and what was the market-price of those articles ; and that they would make the scale of rental rise in accordance, though it might not so readily fall.

All this the free-traders assured the farmers ; and behold ! now out it comes—and we have their own confession. It is precisely what we were prepared for ; and the only thing which surprises us is that it did not come before. As the protective system was never intended for the farmer, but for those who promoted it, it would have been wonderful if it had benefited the farmer. It has not done so, as he now candidly avows.

But what is the aim of *Blackwood* in making this statement ? To complain of protection ? No : singularly enough, it is to deplore the removal of it—to raise a cry for its restoration ! What ! Do they want that which has proved so ruinous to the farmer ? Do they want the former to go on farming farms of five hundred acres, and with the employment of L.6000 of capital, for returns of from L. 100 to L.240 a-year ? Why, if their own showing be correct, and be worth anything, the greatest blessing that could have happened to the farmer, was to be rid of this vampire system.

The writer in *Blackwood* would have us to believe that the farmers want back a system fraught to them with ruin and disappointment ; that they are so infatuated as to cling to failure and destitution as their only salvation. They mean this, or they mean nothing. It is for this protection that they are clamouring and lamenting. They want that, or we do not know what they want. They certainly *can* want nothing more than that. But they say, bad as that was, the want of it is still worse ; and they go on to show that the same farms, at the present rents and prices, will sink some hundreds annually. No doubt of it ; but why are they to be maintained in this

ruinous position? Why are not the rents to be reduced? The question lies entirely between lowered rents and protection; and we ask any reasonable man whether there can be a doubt which way this is likely to be decided? The people have already decided it. In a great ten-years' battle they have come out victorious; and where is the minister or the party that dare hazard another such battle with them? The people will have cheap food, and must have it, if they are to live at all. The people are traders, whose customers are, to a great extent, foreigners, and they must trade on such terms as their customers can afford. They have already found that they cannot trade with these customers unless they have cheap bread and beef, and they *will* have them. They have fought for it, and won it, and would fight for it again, if necessary. Nor is it they, nor is it Cobden and Bright, who have alone said it; it is Sir Robert Peel, and scores of other landholders, who love good rent-rolls as well as other people, but who have real heads on their shoulders, and can *see* and *foresee*, who have said it. The ministry *dare* not attempt to unsay it, neither this ministry nor any other; no, nor were Charles Stuart alive, who dared to go to the scaffold for his own stiff will, would he now dare unsay it.

The tide of political necessity runs only one way, and that irresistibly, overwhelmingly. It runs towards low prices of food; and low prices of food *necessitate* low rents; low rents, low taxes. The people's relief will be at first in low price of food—the farmers' relief in low rents; the relief of people, farmer, and landlord, eventually in light taxation and abundance of trade.

The people, according to *Blackwood's* own showing, are now obtaining from 4 to 7,000,000 quarters of wheat annually from abroad, for which they are paying from 35s. to 40s. a quarter, instead of from 80s. to 120s. They are obtaining of all sorts of grain, according to the same authority, no less than 12,000,000 quarters yearly from abroad at proportionately low prices. They are obtaining from 19 to 20,000 head of cattle, and no less than 60,000 tons of hams, pork, cured beef, butter, cheese, &c.

They tell us that American beef is far superior to Irish, and brings more money; and yet the American is only from 61s. to 81s. per tierce, and Irish is from 80s. to 85s. Irish prime pork is 62s. to 66s., American from 34s. to 60s. Of Irish beef we accordingly import about 3000 barrels, of American 35,000! These things *Blackwood*, moreover, says are but a *beginning*. And yet they dare to assert that the people must give up all these substantial advantages, that farmers may again groan, according to their showing, under protection, and landlords may riot until they have mortgaged their estates to the extent of another L.400,000,000 sterling!

The question may be safely left to the common sense of the people. They will stand up for their "belly timber," or they are not Englishmen; and the landlords may prepare to follow Sir Robert Peel, and write reasonable letters to their farmers.

The bitterness of abuse of Cobden indulged in in this article is to us the clearest proof that the reviewers are convinced themselves that it is come to this complexion. Men secure of a triumph don't blackguard. They complain loudly, however, that Cobden and the free-traders always protested that the repeal of the corn laws would not produce low prices of farming produce. If they ever did say any such foolish things, they ought to be well told of it, for what else *could* it produce? What was the use of repealing those laws, except to produce this effect? That they would and will produce that effect we always expected, and do expect: and we shall never

believe any other till we see the partition between two ponds cut away, and the water from the lower flowing into the higher.

The world abroad farms cheap and lives cheap, and is sure to send us more and more, cheap corn, cattle, beef, pork, hams, and the like; and the consequence here must be cheapness and plenty, with a low range of rents and taxes.

WATCHMAN, JAN. 2, 1850.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—Maga commences 1850 in great force. The opening article, reviewing the year that has just expired, is appropriately headed the "Year of Reaction," as 1848 is called the Year of Revolution. The contrast is given in a brief and masterly way,—the style not seldom reminding us of Alison. As the cause and condition of the re-action is indicated, the dreadful memory of the preceding convulsions, and the firmness and general loyalty of the soldiers.

In this first article of Blackwood the political re-action against the free-traders is glanced at; but the grand protectionist article is reserved for the close of the number. It is the most powerful manifesto on that side that we have read; and this week appears with unexpected propriety as, by anticipation, the reply of the agriculturists to Sir Robert Peel's letter to his tenants, which we give in another column. Sir Robert lays it down that protection has disappeared for ever, and he quietly advises his tenants to seek consolation in an improved system of farming instead of useless bemoaning. It is on all hands admitted that Scottish farming is of the highest reputation, and it is therefore interesting to read "statistics of farms situated in the fertile grain-growing districts of Forfar and Roxburgh; and the calculations as to the yield, prices, and expenses." Blackwood, in fact, sent round a circular to the most eminent agriculturists in Scotland, with the statements now published of the working of a farm, and of its very scanty remuneration under the old system; and requesting corrections, if any could be made, and further information of the prospects of agriculture in Scotland under the new one. Part of the result is thus given:—

"Let those who believe that, by high farming, the soil can be stimulated so as to produce enormously augmented crops, at a large additional profit, consider the above statistics well. **THEY ARE THE STATISTICS OF THE VERY HIGHEST FARMING IN SCOTLAND.**" &c. &c.

Between the first and last articles above noticed, we are presented with some pleasant reviews of *American Adventure*; and an excellent article on Howard, though we think it is much too savage against his late biographer. There is as usual a sprinkling of lighter reading, which we have not yet had time to enjoy ourselves, and a poem of some length and much merit, by Delta.

NORTH OF SCOTLAND GAZETTE, JAN. 8, 1850.

THE BLACKWOOD BLAST—FARMING AND FREE TRADE.—"Give the devil his due," is one of those terse expressions of Saxon love of fair play which have descended to us from our forefathers. Taking this aphorism as our guide, it would appear that the opinion of a large portion of the agricultural public, the ill-desert of free trade exceeds that of the Evil One himself, for they will not accord it that the wisdom of our ancestors has claimed even on his behalf. Day after day, for months past, the protectionists of England

have been denouncing free trade as the very abomination that maketh desolate. And now the agitation has fairly crossed the border; for in the pages of *Blackwood*, for the present month, the *élite* of Scottish Farmers, from the Tweed to the Moray Frith, have come forth with a manifesto, bristling with elaborate statistics, all conspiring to show that, in Scotland at least, under free trade, to farm at any rent will be impossible.

Now, we have not been backward in calling public attention to the present agricultural crisis, or in allowing due weight to the current severe depression of the market for farm produce. And we have uniformly maintained that other great fiscal changes will be indispensable, to enable the British farmer successfully to compete with the foreigner; but we must protest against a generalisation at once so hasty and unfair as the one before us. Free trade has as yet had no sufficient trial, to enable us to make even an approximation to a just estimate of what are to be its permanent effects. To base calculations for an indefinite futurity on the prices of one, of at most two seasons, as these our farmers have done, in the document in question, certainly is not calculated to give a very high idea of their acquaintance with the principles of induction. Under their favourite protection, and within the last twenty years, there have been more periods than one when the prices both of grain and cattle would have furnished nearly corresponding data to those on which they have founded their conclusions.

Oats constitute the staple grain crop in Aberdeenshire, and we subjoin the *fiars* prices for the fifteen years preceding 1846:—

Year.	First Quality.				Second Quality.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
1831 . . .	1	1	1	4-12ths per qr.	0	19	10	5-12ths per qr.
1832 . . .	0	17	9	5-12ths "	0	16	2	"
1833 . . .	0	16	5	5-12ths "	0	15	9	"
1834 . . .	1	1	8	"	1	0	2	"
1835 . . .	0	19	3	"	0	18	0	"
1836 . . .	1	8	7½	"	1	2	4	2-12ths "
1837 . . .	1	1	6	"	0	19	6	"
1838 . . .	1	5	3	"	1	4	3	"
1839 . . .	1	2	0	"	1	1	0	"
1840 . . .	1	1	0	"	0	19	6	"
1841 . . .	0	18	4	"	0	17	0	"
1842 . . .	0	16	6	"	0	15	0	"
1843 . . .	0	18	6	"	0	16	10	"
1844 . . .	0	18	3	"	0	17	3	"
1845 . . .	1	2	6	"	1	1	6	"

The medium average of both qualities for these fifteen years, the reader will find to be within a fraction of 19s. 7d. per quarter. The *Fiars* Prices of oats for the last three years have been—

Year.	First Quality.				Second Quality.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
1846 . . .	1	10	0	per qr.	1	9	0	per qr.
1847 . . .	1	1	0	"	1	0	0	"
1848 . . .	0	16	8	"	0	15	4	"

Now, though the *fiars* price of oats for the present year should be as low as 13s. 6d., the medium average of these four years of virtual free trade would be within three-halfpence of one pound per quarter—something higher than the average of the last fifteen years of protection! But '46-7 was an exceptional year. Certainly it was; but what proof have we as yet, on the other hand, that '49-50 is to be an average one? We ourselves believe, with Sir Robert Peel, that the effect of free trade will be to maintain a comparatively low range of prices in average seasons, but not at all such that

farming may not go on as heretofore; when we have reached a fair and quite practicable adjustment of rents, taxes, and wages, to the value of agricultural produce. Let the landlord have an equivalent for his fair proportion of the crop, and the labourer and the State theirs, and why should the land be tilled worse, manured worse, or yield less gratefully than before! Such adjustment, however, is indispensable, and until it is secured, there will be much partial suffering; and under over-burdened, blind, and obstinate landlords, many of the weaker class of farmers—those who have no capital to meet an emergency—will no doubt go down. Are such consequences altogether new or unprecedented, under the social and mechanical changes which have befallen other classes of the community in this country? On the contrary, have they not, again and again, occurred to considerable portions of our people, under changes which have yet contributed to the increase of the national wealth, and the advancement of the general well-being? Is there any proof that free trade is to form an exception, if we have wisdom to use it well, and address ourselves heartily to a concurring effort to adjust all our great interests to its action, with the least possible suffering and delay? That is the only agitation to which the farmer should commit himself—the only one which will not prove in the end a delusion and a snare,—the only one which will not prolong his suffering, and perplex the adjustment of his monetary relations for years on years to come.

WORCESTER JOURNAL, JAN. 10, 1850.

BRITISH AGRICULTURE AND FOREIGN COMPETITION.—The January number of *Blackwood* contains another of those powerful articles, exposing the utter fallacy of free trade, which cannot fail of having effect upon persons whose minds are open to the influence of good reasoning. To that article, which is entitled *British Agriculture and Foreign Competition*, we will confine our attention, and will request for awhile that of our readers.

Sir Robert Peel, in the year 1842, having stated it as his distinct opinion that the proper average of wheat in this country, under all circumstances, ought to be about 56s. a quarter, further gave a solemn guarantee that no foreign wheat should be admitted when prices fell to 51s. The average price of wheat from the year 1842 to 1847, inclusive, was actually within fivepence of his calculation. We find him at the present moment, when wheat is far indeed below the 51s., telling his tenants they can compete with the foreigner and continue to pay their rents as before. Now this is to be accomplished by high farming—a mode of overcoming the difficulties of foreign competition which, strange to say, never occurred to Sir Robert in 1842! That high farming produces beneficial results as regards crops cannot be denied, and therefore there is no cause of quarrel upon that score either with Dr Buckland, Mr Mechi, Mr Huxtable, Sir R. Peel, or any other of the varieties of the “high farmer.” No one doubts how easy it is to expend money; and that *generally*, if the outlay is judicious, an increase of produce may result; but then the *return in money* bears no fair proportion to the increase in the crops: consequently, the outlay is thrown away. If high farming were generally successful upon a money calculation, “high farming would be the rule, and not the exception.” The doings of Lord Kinnaird, which have been noised about by his free-trade admirers, turn out, upon good evidence, to be utter failures in a pecuniary point of view: and many of those speculative retired-tradesmen who undertook to lay out their capital on his farms, at high rents, have, as might have been expected, found their way into the *Gazette*. The accounts of Lord Kinnaird’s own

farm of Mill Hill, we are told, have been brought down with a great show of accuracy to the close of 1847—*before* protection ceased or prices fell—but *no later*. We may here remark that the legislature, having arbitrarily forced prices down, should at least have provided for the relief of those persons who had formed contracts under a different state of the law; their agreements should evidently have been dissolved under such peculiar circumstances. But even that piece of wisdom was stupidly omitted.

We have, in this article, statements calculated to surprise even persons who have hitherto considered themselves sufficiently convinced of the dangerous position of our native industry. Very erroneous ideas appear to have existed in the minds of the free-trade authorities with respect to the quantities of foreign corn available for the supply of this country. [&c.]

EDDOWE'S JOURNAL, JAN. 9, 1850.

BLACKWOOD.—In addition to the extracts given in our last, we take a few more of the same sterling character. Our worthy seer challenges the Peelites to combat with their own weapons, taking as his text the memorable, and for once *plain spoken*, words uttered by Sir Robert Peel when he proposed the corn law of 1842, viz.:—"I cannot undertake to guarantee to you (the farmer) by legislation a particular price; but this I will say, that, as long as corn is under 51s. you shall not be exposed to the importation of foreign corn." The writer then proceeds to demonstrate that, low as the price is at present, averaging 40s., it will be still lower, and that it is utterly impossible for the farmers of this country to grow corn, *under any system of farming*, and obtain remuneration, at the price that he will receive under the existing competition. * * *

Having adduced unquestionable statistics drawn from experiments in high farming made in Scotland, the writer calls on all the friends of British industry to combine and to make a gallant stand in the defence of all the labouring and productive classes. He closes this valuable exposition of the state and prospects of British agriculture with the following spirited appeal:—"We repeat that we have no fear for the future," &c. &c.

CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE, JAN. 12, 1850.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY.—We have gone through this number as ladies are apt to go through novels, reading the commencement and conclusion only. The first article is a masterly review of the political events of the past year throughout Europe—an historical sketch in which all the leading occurrences are grouped with great skill, and presented to the mind's eye with a distinctness rarely achieved in works of the kind. The last article in the number is entitled "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition," and consists of an elaborate and masterly exposure of the sophisms of free trade, so far as they relate to the agricultural and landed interests of the country; and placing the real state of the case in so strong a light as cannot fail to convince every one, not wholly blinded by self-interest, to the ruinous consequences which have already ensued, and which, from their very nature, must continue to ensue, from a persistence in the legislative policy of the last few years. The promises and predictions of Peel and Cobden, and their subsequent attempts to draw off public attention from the damning testimony of that experience to which they once so proudly appealed, by bringing forward other substitutes for popular agita-

tion, are brought out into such prominent relief, that no escape is possibly left from the conclusions deduced as to their utter and complete fallaciousness; while to the "high farming" system of Mr Caird, such a weight of practical evidence is opposed, and such a mass of information collected, as amounts to complete annihilation of its theory as an applicable equivalent for protection. The article occupies more than forty closely printed pages, and ought to be read by all who take an interest in the subject, and desire to get at the truth of its facts.

The importance of the topics discussed in this article, and the singularly able way in which they are treated, would justify the most copious extracts; but other considerations compel us to refrain. We cannot, however, wholly forego the opportunity of quoting one or two of the passages most capable of isolation. Speaking of the illimitable character of the supplies of foreign grain, and their consequent effect on prices, the writer observes:—

"Of the capability of the foreigner to supply us with any given amount of grain, we think no reasonable man can doubt." &c. &c.

But it is not the farming tenant and landlord only that are reduced to ruin by free trade. The canker eats its way into other classes. Take, for example,—

"The poor seamstress, who weekly turns out of hand her augmented number of improved shirts—and who lately, though on exceedingly erroneous principles, has found a warm advocate in the kind-hearted Mr Sydney Herbert—has, in her own way, tested the value of the experiment." &c. &c.

INVERNESS COURIER, JAN. 10.

PROTECTION TO AGRICULTURE.—The agricultural interest has found in *Blackwood's Magazine* a consistent, and by far the most able advocate that has yet appeared. In the number for January, of which we were favoured with an early copy, there appears a vigorous article on "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition," exhibiting the present state and future prospects of the British farmer, so striking in its figures and arguments, and so thoroughly practical, that we should have wished to have given it a place as the ablest farmer's statement yet made, although we may differ from the writer in many of his conclusions. Its great length, however, extending over forty pages, precludes its insertion in full, and we shall therefore endeavour to present a *vidimus* of its principal features. Despising the babble of sinking-funds, rejecting the proposal of higher farming under liberal leases as a substitute, but without re-echoing Lord Stanhope's cry for a dissolution of Parliament, *Blackwood* claims the restoration of protection as the only hope for the farmers. Setting out with the declaration, by Sir Robert Peel in 1842, when proposing his free-trade measures, "that as long as corn is under 51s., you (the farmers) shall not be exposed to the importation of foreign corn," the writer holds with Sir Robert that from 54s. to 58s. is a fair remunerating price for wheat, and then proceeds to inquire into the probable range of prices in future, showing, in the first place, that the basis upon which the new legislative policy was grounded was erroneous. Mr Tooke, in his *History of Prices*, conjectured that in the event of free trade, with wheat at 45s. per qr., the annual importation of foreign wheat might reach from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 qrs. "What wonder, then, if the panic has materially increased," asks the writer, "when, in place of 2,000,000 qrs. of wheat annually, from the passing of the Corn-Law

Repeal Act (26th June 1846) until the 5th November 1847, a period of little more than sixteen months, we imported 7,229,916 qrs. of wheat, whilst the total of all kinds of grain entered for consumption amounted to 16,331,916 quarters!" The first effect of the new measures on the corn trade has been to take it for the most part out of the hands of British merchants, the foreigner sending his wheat on consignment. By this course the British merchant's profit is saved to the seller, who can thus dispose of it from 2s. to 3s. per qr. cheaper to the consumer. The writer holds the foreign current prices as no criterion whatever of the value of grain. He says—"We are almost afraid to stake our conviction lest it should appear exaggerated, but we do not doubt that Polish wheat could be delivered at Dantzic at 16s., and yet leave a considerable profit to the grower." This opinion is founded on the following sketch of the corn-growers, from the information of a Scottish agriculturist long a land-steward on an estate in Galicia:—

"If the reader glances at the map of Europe, tracing the course of the Vistula from Dantzic, and then following the upward line of its tributary, the Bug, he will find laid down in close proximity the extensive districts of Volhynia, Podolia, Kiow, Galicia, and others, formerly Palatinates, which together constitute the largest, richest, and most productive corn-field of Europe," &c.

In making his extraordinary estimate of prices, the writer remarks:—

"We beg it will be understood, that, in estimating the remunerative prices of foreign grain, we do not profess to arrive at more than general conclusions. It matters nothing for or against our argument, whether wheat can be delivered at Dantzic a little cheaper or a little dearer than the above sum. We leave room on either side for a considerable margin. This much, however, we know for a fact, that an eminent corn-merchant in Leith has, in former years, purchased fine wheat free on board at Dantzic, for 18s., with the offer of a constant supply, and that no circumstances have since then emerged to enhance the cost of production. Besides this, as Mr Sandars well remarks, in one of his published letters, we have had plain and evident experience of foreign production under the working of the corn-law of 1842. We had a fixed duty of 20s. per qr. in actual operation for four years; and in 1844 and 1845 such duty was paid, week after week, and in the latter year for six months consecutively, at a time when our general averages were only 46s. to 47s. a quarter. Was the foreigner at that time selling at a loss? His price then, adapting itself to ours, was 26s. and 27s., deducting the duty, and at that time, be it remembered, *he was unprepared for competition*. So that, from experience not five years old, we may gather what kind of future competition awaits us, and also what we are annually sacrificing in revenue, by madly abandoning protection."

This probably proves a little too much, for no protectionist has yet ventured to suggest high figures for a protective duty. Mr Monro of Allan, whose pamphlet *Blackwood* highly praises, does not propose a heavier import duty than 4s. on wheat, 3s. on barley, and 2s. on oats—duties which could not be of the slightest service for the purposes of protection, now that the foreigner has turned his attention to the British market, and can produce wheat at the estimate formed by *Blackwood*—"our belief is that the foreigner could afford to furnish us with wheat at a little more than 18s." High farming as a substitute for protection is cried down. We agree with the writer, that higher corn-farming cannot be made profitable; and if the meat market is to suffer from depression such as now lies upon the corn market, then Mr Caird's suggestion of more extensive green-cropping and cattle-feeding must also become inapplicable. High corn-farming, however, is insisted upon by many; and to place this matter in a proper light, the following statement by a well-known agriculturist was extensively circulated by *Blackwood*:—

"Statement of the average produce of a farm in a full state of productiveness, managed agreeably to the five-shift course, as usually adopted in the south-eastern borders of Scotland, where the returns of stock form a very considerable means of remuneration, and the price of which, of course, is a material element in the calculation as to the rent to be given." &c. &c.

Other tables are submitted of the income and expenditure on high-class farms in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and in Aberdeenshire and Roxburghshire, showing results not more favourable than that of Spylaw. These, remarks the writer, are "the statistics of the highest farming in Scotland;" and he adds, "let those who believe that by high [corn] farming the soil can be stimulated so as to produce enormously augmented crops at a large additional profit, consider these statistics well."

Mr Gladstone thought to comfort the farmers of Fifeshire by reminding them that in 1835 the price of corn was lower than it now is. *Blackwood* asks:—

"What are we to think of Mr Gladstone's averment, that, in 1835, we had wheat at 35s., 'and this not only for a short time, but for the whole year?' Not even for a single week have we a vestige of any such quotation! This is blunder the first, and it is so serious a one, that, on his own showing, it is enough to invalidate the whole of his argument. IT IS NOT A FACT 'that, at the present time, we have prices 5s. per qr. higher than they were in 1835.' The difference is a fractional part of a shilling; and if Mr Gladstone wishes to find a time when the prices were 5s. lower than at present, he must go back to the year 1779; and, in travelling towards that period, he will meet with some startling facts in the financial history of the country, which are well worthy of observation. In 1779, he will find wheat at 33s. 8d., the produce of such a harvest that the export of grain exceeded the import by 217,222 qrs. But he will also find that the national debt, at that period, was just one-fourth of what it now is; and that the poor-rates of England, instead of touching eight millions, were considerably short of two."

The writer then turns from corn to the effects on the market, already and to come, of the importations of meat. Live stock cannot be introduced profitably, but the enormous importations of preserved beef and pork from America, Hamburg, &c., threaten to injure most seriously the British cattle breeder and feeder:—

"The following is the statement of a Liverpool correspondent, dated 6th December last." &c. &c.

Blackwood threatens, unless protection to agriculture be conceded, to carry the war into the enemy's camp:—

"These are the effects of what they call free trade; BUT FREE TRADE IT IS NOT, being simply the most shameful species of one-sided and partial legislation. The Manchester men dare not, for their souls, carry out the principle to its full extent. The agriculturist has a right to demand that this shall be done; that, exposed as he is to the competition of the world, and burdened, as he must remain, with debts contracted ages ago to the profit of the capitalists, and burdens swollen to their present amount by manufacturing pauperism, no other class shall be protected from a similar free competition. No plea for revenue duties to be raised upon customs can be held valid in equity now. Why should there still continue a protecting duty of from ten to fifteen per cent against foreign manufactures? Why is any one portion of our consumption to be taxed, whilst another is allowed to go free? Why are we to pay fifteen per cent duty for foreign silk manufactures; for velvets, gauzes, satins, and suchlike? Why ten per cent for more than a hundred articles of consumption, including cotton, woollen, and hair manufactures, lace, gauze, brass, brocade, stoneware, steel, &c. Why should we be prohibited from growing, if we can do it, our own tobacco? Why are Messrs Cobden and Bright, and their confederates, to nestle under the wing of protection, whilst the agriculturist is left utterly bare? Apart from policy, and simply on the ground of justice, we denounce such infamous impartiality."

These, then, are the prominent points of one of the best, most clear, and argumentative appeals which has been made to the country, on the behalf of the suffering farmers. All admit that some measures of relief must be found for them; and, whilst we hold our opinion, that, in the present temper of the country, a return to protection is absolutely impossible, without endangering the peace of the nation, we have felt it a matter of justice to our many readers who hold views opposed to ours, to give all the publicity in our power to the best arguments yet made on their behalf. It must be added, however, that the strength of *Blackwood's* pleading is weakened by

a too contemptuous and disingenuous estimate of the supporters of free trade. It was no Manchester clique who accomplished the great fact of free trade in corn. They set the ball in motion, but it was caught up and rolled along by the vast majority of the British people. What better proof exists of this than the great liberal majority which at last general election was returned to Parliament? Public opinion coerced public men; the cry for free trade could no longer be resisted; and though the farmers have suffered severely, the universal quiet in the ranks of working men, where Chartism usually is rampant, is a very good proof that they as a class have benefited by the measure.

PERTH COURIER, JAN. 16, 1850.

With reference to the remarks which we recently submitted to our readers, on the comparative statements of farmers' profits, before and after the repeal of the corn laws, as drawn up by Messrs Watson and Dudgeon, and introduced into the very able and much canvassed article on agricultural prospects, in the last number of *Blackwood*, we may perhaps be allowed to resume the subject so far as to notice the corroboration which these remarks have since received in various quarters. In the first place, the *Times*, on the same day on which we wrote, opened its thunder upon Mr Watson's £106 balance of profit,—ridiculing it, certainly, with as little taste as argument,—but still in such a manner as to cause a regret that such an opening should have been, as we opine, unnecessarily given to the enemy's fire. With regard to the percentages to which we took exception, as charges against the farm, our views have since been corroborated by various writers, both of the London and Edinburgh press; but upon one of these percentages, namely, that on the floating capital, we feel pleasure in referring to the following extract from a work, the most valuable and authoritative, perhaps, of any we possess upon agriculture,—and which, as coming from the pen of the same gentleman who revised the comparative statements in *Blackwood*, now under consideration, will, no doubt, receive its full weight from every fair and impartial reader. We need hardly add that we quote from Stephens's *Book of the Farm*. In vol. iii. pp. 1324-1331 of that valuable treatise, will be found a very full and distinct statement of farm revenue and expenditure, the result of which is thus brought out:—

"Return from 180 acres wheat, barley, and oats, crop 1844,	.	£926	10	3
Do. from stock,	.	741	0	0
Sum,	.	£1667	10	3
DEDUCT.				
Amount of wages and sundry furnishings for the farm,	£439	9	6	
A year's rent,	800	0	0	
		1239	9	6
Profit for maintenance,	.	£428	0	9

"Being 15½ per cent per annum on the capital actually expended of £2744, 16s. 1d., and 12 per cent on the gross outlay."

So far does it appear from having entered the author's mind to debit the farm with interest on that capital, that, by a sort of intuition, and as if foreseeing the very discussion on this point which has lately been raised, he adds the following very apposite note:—

"The profit derived in a year for the tenant's benefit is £428, 0s. 9d., on which he must maintain his family; and this is the entire sum he is entitled to receive every year as a return for the capital he has expended. But it is no uncommon tale to hear farmers lamenting it as a hardship, when they are unable to lay by from 10 to 15 per cent on their capital, keeping out of view, or forgetting all the while, the maintenance they or their families have derived from the farm—they having, in fact, supported themselves ere any of the produce reached the market. The slightest consideration, however, will make it evident, that *the extent of the demand a farmer can make on his farm is a percentage on the capital expended by him, equivalent to that received by every commercial or mercantile man, whatever that may be*; and 15 per cent is considered a fair return on ordinary risks. To this he is justly entitled; but in receiving it, he, as a farmer, always possesses the advantage of having his maintenance on the spot, without first having to undergo the trouble of converting his goods into money, and of then going into the market with cash in hand to purchase victuals before he can support himself and family. The agreeable immunity from such sort of trouble is worth something."

Mr Stephens here draws the same analogy to the case of the mercantile man, which we did in our former remarks; and it is noticeable that, upon making the rectifications we proposed upon Mr Watson's statement, the percentage of profit thereon would correspond very nearly indeed with the above estimate by Mr Stephens. While thus, to the very letter, corroborated by this high authority, we need hardly repeat our admission, that if the floating capital be *borrowed*, interest must of necessity be charged (because it must be *paid*) before the tenant's profit begins. A precisely similar view of the subject is given by Professor Low in his *Elements of Practical Agriculture*; and, we venture to affirm, is adopted by almost every farmer who is in the habit of drawing up a profit and loss account at the end of the season.

DORSET COUNTY CHRONICLE, JAN. 17.

Our readers are as well aware as ourselves of the great importance—especially at the present moment—of a right apprehension on the part of the public respecting the capabilities for improvement of the science of agriculture. The public has undertaken to pronounce a judgment, which the agriculturists of Great Britain demand should be revised and reversed. It is too much to expect that the greatest interest in the community should tamely surrender all hope, as well as all possession, of prosperity, without a struggle; even although sentence may have been already rashly and unadvisedly recorded against them. For this reason we willingly afford insertion to any communication tending to illustrate the true state of the question—Whether farming can or cannot be maintained on its present basis, with prices as low as they are at present; and we would beg to invite a close attention to the Rev. Mr Huxtable's pamphlet, which is already in the hands of so many of our readers, as well as to the communication in answer to the same which appears in our impression of to-day. Mr Huxtable is not, like some others of the pedagogue-farmers who have thrust themselves into this great controversy; for he has manfully responded to the call which was so earnestly addressed to him, and has recorded his opinions in a published book. So far all is perfectly fair and as it ought to be, and as we were ourselves convinced it would be on the part of Mr Huxtable; but there is one suggestion which we cannot refrain from making, and which will probably present itself spontaneously to the minds of many of those who shall read Mr Huxtable's essay.

We do not live in an Utopia of science and experiment, but in a land

where men must live by the sweat of their brows or of their brains. We do not want to know what may be done in the way of scientific experiment, but what has been done in the way of remunerative farming. We do not desire to be informed (for we know that very well already) that a gentleman with a good estate at his back, or a rich deanery under his elbow, may make a very tolerable fight against prices even lower than the present. What we want to know is, whether farmers can continue to subsist as farmers—as holding the land of others with profit to themselves, without some better remuneration. The most experienced farmers in the kingdom have, (at the solicitation of others,) communicated their accounts, and proved in a way open to no cavil or evasion, that, even under the old system, farming was what it had been in the days of Adam Smith, the most useful, the most healthful, and one of the most honourable of all pursuits, but not one which would ever content the desires of men anxious only for large returns for money invested and pains bestowed. The farmers of Scotland and of England have not dealt in theories but detailed practice—have not pointed to the future, but to the past—have not dilated on the possible, but the actual state of affairs. Any reply to such statements which might pretend to the character of an answer, ought to be at least a statement of larger gains effected by a better, and (for that is the point) a more remunerative system; so much more remunerative that something might be spared from its abundance to meet the deficit occasioned by free trade. This is precisely what we have not got, and what we strongly suspect we shall never be able to elicit. We might reasonably demand, as the only adequate reply to the terrible induction established by the cases in *Blackwood*, a corresponding amount of cases in the opposite direction, equally authentic and equally well attested; but despairing of any thing of the sort, we have all been contending for even so poor a glimpse of hope as might be gleaned from the doubtful results of some solitary model farm, or pet establishment of ammonia-distilling cows and oxen. But, alas! there is nothing of the sort to console us. All these fairy establishments work wonders only *in futuro*; there have been no fortunes made by any new system of agriculture: no triumphant balance of profit has, even in a single instance, been established by such experiments: the principles and the results are like those of free trade itself, splendid as a theory—delusive (as far as they have been yet seen) as effective of satisfactory and ample returns of profit; and which therefore should be accompanied on the part of those who propound them by more moderate expectations, and a less confident tone of promise, unsupported by performance.

EXETER GAZETTE, JAN. 19, 1850.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—The late period at which we received this magazine, owing to an error in its transmission, has prevented us from paying that attention to it which it deserves. It may be sufficient for the present to state that it contains a most powerful article, incontestably proving the utter futility of high farming as a remedy for the evils of free trade, and to which we would earnestly direct the attention of our readers, more particularly those who may still cling to the fallacy of there being any other remedy than a return to a protective system. We shall give a more extended notice next week.

LEICESTER JOURNAL, JAN. 18, 1850.

BRITISH AGRICULTURE AND FOREIGN COMPETITION.—This is the title of a remarkable article in the current number of *Blackwood's Magazine*; and to it we wish to call the especial attention of those political philosophers and free-trade sophists, who wish to see what the true worth of Peel professions is, what the realisation of free-trade promise is likely to be, and the price—nothing more nor less than the ruin of British agriculture—at which the favour of Cobden and Bright have been bidden for, but—not obtained; as witness the new movements to which the old ones have given birth.

Startling are the facts which are contained in this article. They are a voice speaking trumpet-tongued from the Lothians of Scotland—those Lothians to which our free-trade theorists have so often desired us to look, to learn from experience how high farming may contend against foreign competition and inadequate returns. And what we would desire especially to impress upon the minds of our readers is this, that these are facts—not fictions wrought up by the free-traders for free-trade purposes, assertions without proof. But we have here the figures, the names, and the localities broadly stated, so that the doubter may become convinced, and the waverer and infirm of purpose steadied. No pains have been spared in collecting and putting together the facts contained in this article. The statements of the working of farms under free trade were especially drawn up at the request of Messrs Blackwood, and are attested by some of the best farmers in Scotland; and any one who will read the article will at once perceive that the results brought out present a most cheerless prospect, and fraught with the utmost danger to the agricultural interests of the country. We have already, in a former article, alluded to the paper, which appeared in a previous number of *Blackwood*, attributed to the clear and able pen of Sheriff Alison. This is a befitting but most painful successor to it, and that it may have the effect of opening the eyes of those “blind leaders of the blind,” who are sacrificing British interests for the benefit, and the benefit only, of the foreigner, must be the earnest wish of every man who loves his country, would defend her interests, and promote her welfare.

The article appropriately opens with a quotation from the Sir Robert Peel of 1842, in which he broadly asserted, but with how little intention of sincerity let his after performances show, that when wheat was below 51s. a quarter, the British farmer should not be exposed to foreign competition. Wheat is below 51s. pretty considerably; and if it be so now, in the depth of winter, what is the prospect for the coming spring and summer? And if it be so now, when trade and manufacture is brisk, what shall it be when the cycle of bad trade and short hours of manufacture comes round—when the home demand, already so much injured, shall be in much, and with regard to large classes almost wholly, cut off? And yet we are exposed to foreign competition, and shall be yet more so as those foreigners continue to produce for the inundation of our market. Then, upon the free-trade principle of supply and demand, as the supply increases and the demand falls off—wages having been reduced, agriculture stagnated, and commerce and trade depressed—what the price will then be it would be folly to even attempt to imagine; time must show, if the present vicious system is to be persisted in.

As has been lately well shown in this county, and particularly at Lough-

borough by Mr Wilde, (*vide* speech in another part of our paper,) the imports and exports of this country have been increasing enormously, thus showing that manufacturers, at all events, have thriven under protection to agriculture; so that they had no reason to complain. But their avarice required a fresh stimulus; their huge mills must be kept going. They must beat all other quarters of the globe; and to do this, the agriculturist must be ruined, their own wages reduced, because (and this is the reason for seeking to reduce the value of agricultural produce, to heighten that of the manufacturing) food was cheaper. And what great cause had the agriculturists to rejoice? They were not making fortunes at all, to say nothing of doing so half as rapidly as the manufacturers. Prices only enabled them to jog on; but not to obtain knighthoods, baronetcies, halls, mansions, parks, seats in parliament, and testimonials, (say £70,000!) Now, Sir Robert Peel, the author of all the present mischief, in that he basely betrayed the cause entrusted to him, said that 56s. the quarter of corn was a fair price by which the farmer could live, and promised that 51s. should be considered a minimum price, at which competition with the foreigner was on no account to be permitted. Well, what were the averages under the protection prices in the six years, from 1842 to 1847, both inclusive? Why, 55s. 7½d., as thus:—

1842,	.	.	.	57	3
1843,	.	.	.	50	1
1844,	.	.	.	51	3
1845,	.	.	.	50	10
1846,	.	.	.	54	8
1847,	.	.	.	69	9
				6) 333	10
				55 7½	

Consequently, the average price of wheat during those years was *within* *freepence* of Sir Robert Peel's calculation.

Dr Buckland, of "iguanodon and ichthyosaurus celebrity," Lords Ducie and Kinnaird, and their chemical absurdities and nostrums (not that we deny the practical application of sciences to agriculture, but the theoretical nonsense that would make us believe that a deal box could be converted, by bear's grease, into a hair trunk) are alluded to; and also the prices of foreign corn and freights, and then the article goes on clearly to demonstrate that "with *present prices*, and under existing burthens, agriculture cannot be carried on in Britain at a reasonable profit to the farmer." For this purpose a great number of calculations are entered into in relation to various farms, for which we bespeak the careful attention and perusal of our readers. The general results we may thus state:—No. I. "Total loss annually incurred by difference in price occasioned by free trade," £518, 5s. No. II. "The difference of proceeds of *grain crop alone*, more than absorbs all the tenant's remuneration by" £141. No. III. "Total loss *on grain alone* by free trade," £147, 15s. No. IV. "Difference," £502, 10s. No. V. "Total loss annually incurred," £490, 0s. 6d. No. VI. "Loss incurred by difference of price under free trade," £603, 1s. 6d. "Let those," says the writer in *Blackwood*, "who believe that by high farming, the soil can be stimulated so as to produce enormously augmented crops, at a large additional profit, consider the above statistics well. **THEY ARE THE STATISTICS OF THE VERY HIGHEST FARMING IN SCOTLAND.** The English agriculturist

has been taunted for his backwardness in not adopting the improvements of his northern neighbour, who, with a worse climate, has made the most of the soil. Such has been the language used by some of the advocates and apologists of free trade, who are now urging the farmer to lay out more capital in draining and manures—assuring him that, by doing so, the returns will far exceed the interest of the outlay. With a fine disregard for the elements of arithmetic, they insist that low prices can in no way interfere with his success, and that only exertion and enterprise are wanting to raise him above the reach of foreign competition. The above tables exhibit the experiment, worked out to its highest point. In these cases capital has been liberally expended, energy tasked to the utmost, and every means which science can devise or experience suggest called into active operation. The farmers of Mid-Lothian, Berwickshire, and Forfarshire, may fairly challenge the world in point of professional attainments. They have done all that man can do, and here is the reward of their toil." &c. &c.

There are prospects which Cobden, Bright, and the free-traders may exult in, thinking that upon the devastation of agriculture, they may rise, Lucifer like, to exult in a world they have ruined; but is it not time that others, free-traders though they be, should open their eyes. Let Peel and Russell shut theirs if they will, to the objects and the end of all this free-trade monstrosity. A spirit of resistance has been awakened, and it must be felt. The great towns are, by means of their free-trade dogmas, and unconstitutional, political, freehold vote, making societies, uprooting the empire, annihilating our county representation, and spreading the arms of Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham, over the whole kingdom. Birmingham boasts that she has neutralised North Warwick, that she has created votes enough to give to the Birmingham brass candlestick makers the rule over town and county too. If this be persisted in, to agitation we must cry with Hamlet, "Venom to thy work," and we, the Conservatives of England, must agitate! agitate!! agitate!!! for a NEW REFORM BILL to neutralise the poison of the old, and to restore to us something of the principle of our constitution. And here we cannot do better than recite the closing paragraph of the article we have thus briefly commented upon; and it was impossible to do justice to it as a whole, because it is one that must be carefully read and thoughtfully digested, &c.

ECONOMIST, JAN. 12, 1850.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—The Northern Seer luxuriates in two articles on politics. He has one on British Agriculture and Foreign Competition, which shows how miserably the farmers were remunerated under the system of protection, and that they must be ruined under competition. The logical connexion is not so apparent to other persons. They say that the article confirms the supposition before entertained, that the farmer had been victimised under the old system, and will probably be rescued by the new. It was before suspected that the farmer was befooled. *Blackwood* demonstrates it by a numerous display of accounts, gathered from the farmers themselves. According to its statement an intelligent farmer, working with a capital of £3500, and raising, close to Edinburgh, a yearly produce, worth £4132, only obtained as interest on his capital, and salary for his own labour, an income of £356 per annum, or not as much as an upper clerk in a mercantile house, who is not required to have any capital.

Another instance gives a farmer, working with a capital of £5000, just £106 for his salary, £400 interest on his capital; altogether, a reward for his labour and capital of £506. These are top-farmers in Scotland, who pay £1440, and £800 a-year rent. In no other occupation were intelligent men so miserably paid. When we remember the extraordinary rise of rent in Scotland since 1800, we are made sensible at once that there is one class which has not been victimised by protection, but it is not the farmers. *Blackwood* deserves great credit for his pains in gathering much information on the subject, albeit it makes out a strong case against protection.

THE ECONOMIST, JAN. 5, 1850.

FARMING STATISTICS—SCOTLAND.—(To the Editor of the Economist.)—Sir, —As your attention will doubtless be directed to the article in this month's *Blackwood's Magazine* on "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition," which, according to the *Morning Post*, "marshals the imposing lines of figures on which the enemies of protection used to rely, and challenges them to combat with their own weapons," I send you a counter-statement of the "returns of produce" from a farm in one of the agricultural districts specially referred to, which I have no doubt will assist you and the public to see that the "returns and statements" in the said article have been "cooked" for the occasion. The writer states:—"In order to arrive as nearly as possible at the state of the case, in so far as Scottish farming is concerned, we put ourselves in communication with two gentlemen of the highest eminence in their profession. We need scarcely tell our countrymen on this side of the Border, that it would be difficult to find better testimony on such a subject than of Messrs Watson of Keillor (Forfarshire), and Dudgeon of Spylaw (Roxburgshire)." Notwithstanding this assumption of authority, together with the attestation to the accuracy of their statement, by twenty-eight well known protectionist farmers, I do not believe there is one Scotch farmer in a hundred that will attach the slightest importance to them, their fallaciousness being evident at a glance.

I intended to have sent you an analysis of them, but I think it more desirable that a counter-statement, drawn up on undoubted authority, should be placed before the public as soon as possible. For this purpose I put myself in "communication" with the Third Parliamentary Report on Agricultural Distress (465, 1836), referring to the evidence of Mr George Robertson, late of Balmanno and Thornton, near Montrose, a well-known farmer, farm-valuer, and agent for several estates. The qualifications of that gentleman were so well known in Forfarshire and in Kincardineshire, that any statement from him will be received as an exposition of the practice at that time in an extensive district. The statement given in by him to the committee, is that "of a farm upon an estate under his own management," on the coast side, or clay district, of Kincardineshire, well adapted for wheat and bean husbandry, and by tile draining, for raising turnips; distance from lime and market, about seven miles. To save space I have condensed the details, but the figures strictly accord with his.

STATE OF THE PRODUCE AND EXPENDITURE OF A FARM OF 253 IMPERIAL ACRES, CULTIVATED ON THE ELEVEN-SHIFT ROTATION OF CROPS.

I.—QUANTITY AND VALUE OF PRODUCE.

Acres.				£	s.	d.
1—23	{	18 A. potatoes, 25 bolls, of 504 lb., per A.,	450 bolls			
		off for seed, servants, horses, and cattle,	350			
		For sale,	100	at 8s.	40	0 0
2—23	{	5 A. tares cut green for nine horses.				
		Wheat, 34 bushels per A.,	97½ qrs.			
		off for seed,	11½			
		For sale,	86½	at 45s.	194	1 3
3—23	{	Beans, 34 bush. per A.,	97½ qrs.			
		off for seed,	11½			
		For sale,	86½	at 30s.	129	7 6
4—23	{	Barley, 38 bush. per A.,	109½ qrs.			
		off for seed and horses,	15½			
		For sale,	94	at 30s.	141	0 0
5—23	{	8 A. clover and rye-grass, green food for horses.				
		15 A. ... hay,	3,000 stone			
		off for horses,	1,000			
		For sale,	2,000	at 8d.	66	13 4
6—23	{	Oats, 44 bush. per A.,	126½ qrs.			
		off for seed,	14½			
		... nine horses,	80½			
		For sale,	83	at 22s.	35	4 0
7—23		Turnips, consumed by cattle,				£ s. d.
8—23	{	7 A. wheat, 34 bush. per A.,	29½ qrs.			
		off for seed,	8½			
		For sale,	26½	at 45s.	59	1 3
	{	16 A. barley, 38 bush. per A.,	76 qrs.			
		off for seed, &c.,	10			
		For sale,	66	at 30s.	99	0 0
9—23		Grass, first year.				
10—23		... second year.				
11—23	{	Oats, 44 bush. per A.,	126½ qrs.			
		off for seed,	14½			
		For sale,	112	at 22s.	123	6 9
253 Imperial acres.		For sale,				£ s. d.
		Profit on :—				
20		Cattle, fattened in summer, at 90s.,	90	0 0		
16		... fattened in winter on turnips and potatoes, at 120s.,	96	0 0		
20		... wintered in straw yard, at 50s.,	50	0 0		
		Pigs,	15	0 0		
		8 Milch cows, after supplying milk for servants, &c.,	10	0 0		
		8 calves, fed for butcher, at 50s.,	20	0 0		
		Poultry and sundries,	10	0 0	291	0 0
					1,178	14 1
Dwelling-house,			20	0 0		
4 Cottages,			6	0 0	26	0 0
		Total returns,			£1,204	14 1

II.—EXPENSE OF CULTIVATION, INCLUDING FARMER'S ALLOWANCE.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
One foreman,	18	0	0			
Four ploughmen, at £12, 10s. per annum,	50	0	0			
Two men, for cattle and other work,	22	0	0			
One dairymaid,	6	0	0			
520 stone (14 lb.) oatmeal,*						
880 ditto potatoes,						
Allowance of milk,						
Beer for servants in spring and summer,	8	0	0			
Fuel and candle in bothie and stables,	4	0	0			
				108	0	0
Additional labour in hoeing, reaping, threshing, &c., :				150	11	3
Furrow draining and scouring ditches,				16	10	0
Bone manure,				40	0	0
Rape dust and lime,				57	0	0
Clover and grass seeds,				34	1	6
Blacksmith, carpenter, and saddler,				25	5	0
Farrier, cow-doctor, and mole and rat-catcher,				4	7	6
Wear and tear of 9 horses, valued at £270, replaced every twelve years,	17	0	0			
Old horses sold for £54, equal to an annual deduction of	3	7	6			
				13	12	6
Wear and tear of implements, carts, &c., valued at £160, renewed every ten years, less old materials,	12	17	6			
Do. harness, valued at £60, ditto,	4	16	0			
Do. threshing mill, valued at £140, renewed every thirty years, ditto,	2	3	2			
Do. servants' bedding,	2	0	0			
				21	16	8
Annual repair of farm-buildings, threshing mill, &c., fences,				4	4	0
Insurance on farm-buildings and stock,				12	10	0
Parish rates, roads, and schoolmaster,				3	5	0
Assessed taxes,				3	15	0
Sundry small disbursements,				3	3	0
Farmer's expenses at market,				4	0	0
				8	10	0
				510	11	5
Allowance for interest of capital, say £1600, and farmer's superintendence,				200	0	0
				710	11	5
Total against the farm annually,				494	2	8
Rent,†						
				1,204	14	1

The above being the details as given by Mr Robertson, it is more important to ascertain the cost of producing each kind of produce, including the allowance given to the farmer for the use of his capital and superintendence, and the rent paid thereon. As eminent agriculturists are now agreed that each kind of produce should bear the expense proportionately, both facts, (the cost and the rent) can be ascertained with the greatest pre-

* This quantity of oatmeal (value about £52,) is not deducted from the produce of oats, evidently by mistake; but as the doing so would make no material change in the calculation, I have adhered to Mr Robertson's figures, the more especially as the rent actually paid was £48 more than that assumed, besides omitting £26, the valuation of the house and cottages.

† It is stated in a note, at page 230, that the rent paid was £542, instead of £494, as here exhibited, in consequence of a saving to the tenant of at least £40 a-year by the substitution of sea-weed, obtained on the shore, for rape dust and bone manure. As this was a local advantage, it is omitted in the "state," £40 being charged in it, that the expense of cultivation may be fairly stated.

cision, by first dividing the total returns by the price obtained for each kind, and then dividing the cost of cultivation and the rent by those proportional numbers. Thus divide £1178, 14s. by

1 boll of potatoes, at 8s., gives	2946·8	} parts in £1178, 14s.
1 qr. of wheat at 45s., gives	523·8	
1 qr. of beans at 30s., gives	785·8	
1 qr. of barley at 30s., gives	785·8	
1 qr. of oats at 22s., gives	1071·5	
1 stone of hay at 8d., gives	35361	
Profit on cattle, &c., at £291, gives	4·05	

Then divide the cost of production, £710, 11s. 5d. by

		£	s.	d.
2946·8 = 4s. 9·7d., the cost of 1 boll (504 lb.) of potatoes	× 104 sold	24	1	1
523·8 = 27s. 1d., the cost of 1 qr. of wheat	× 112½	152	11	7
785·8 = 18s. 1d., the cost of 1 qr. of beans	× 86½	77	19	10
785·8 = 18s. 1d., the cost of 1 qr. of barley	× 160	144	13	4
1071·5 = 13s. 3d., the cost of 1 qr. of oats	× 144	95	9	9
35361 = 4 8d., the cost of 1 stone of hay	× 2000	40	3	9
4·05 = £175, 12s. 1d., the cost of feeding cattle, &c.,		175	12	1
Total charge against the farm,		£710	11	5

Hence if the produce had been sold at the above prices, the expense of cultivation would have been defrayed, and the farmer would have received the same amount allowed to him for interest of capital and superintendence.

Then as the rent, exclusive of the assumed rent of the dwelling-house and cottages was £466, there was payable on each

		£	s.	d.
Qr. of wheat sold at 45s., a rent of 17s. 9d.,	× 112½ qrs. sold	101	1	6
Qr. of beans sold at 30s., a rent of 11s. 10d.,	× 86½	51	10	8
Qr. of barley sold at 30s., a rent of 11s. 10d.,	× 160	94	13	4
Qr. of oats sold at 22s., a rent of 8s. 8d.,	× 144	62	8	0
Stone of hay sold at 8d., a rent of 3s. 1d.,	× 2000	25	16	8
Boll of potatoes sold at 8s., a rent of 3s. 1d.,	× 100	15	1	6
Cattle, &c., £291,		115	8	4
		466	0	0

There is no delusion, or rather deception, more pertinaciously affirmed, than that the rent obtained on a quarter of wheat is only a few shillings even when an average price of 60s. is obtained. The above shows as clear as figures can make it, that when wheat sold at 45s., one of the most experienced farmers and land-valuers in Scotland concluded that 17s. 9d. was not too much to claim as rent for his employer.

A similar delusion (to that on the proportion of rent in the price of produce) is also perseveringly reiterated respecting the "burdens on farmers." It is alleged in the article on "British Agriculture and Competition," that "British agriculture cannot maintain itself against the competition of the foreign grower," that "no appliances, no energy, no high farming, can avail in this ruinous struggle;" that no possible reduction of rent would suffice to enable the farmer to continue his competition," or "to hold his ground against the untaxed and unreciprocating foreigner." Fortunately the writer has enabled us to judge of this matter for ourselves. In the seven estimates so "carefully prepared with the view of avoiding every

* This proves the working to be correct.

kind of exaggeration," these burdens are particularised. The *crushing* "parish and public burdens leviable upon the six farmers, *including poor-rates*," whose disposable produce is estimated at £16,628, 12s., amount to £320, 13s., or 38s. 7d. per cent, whilst in the individual cases they are as follow :—

	£	£	s. d.	
1 Watson, Keillor, Forfarshire, on . . .	1966,	burdens	50, or	51 1 per cent.
2 Dudgeon, Spylaw, Roxburghshire, on . . .	2015, ...		46, or	45 8 ...
3 Hay, Ythaisie, Aberdeenshire, on . . .	852, ...		15, or	35 1 ...
4 Robertson, Ladyrig, Roxburghshire, on . . .	2058, ...		45, or	43 8 ...
5 Sadler, Norton, Mid-Lothian, on . . .	2324, ...		40, or	34 9 ...
6 Gibson, Woolmet, near Edinburgh, on the average of 7 years previous to 1846, . . .	4132, ...		50, or	24 6 ...
7 ditto, for crop 1849, on . . .	3239, ...		74, or	45 0 ...
	<u>16,628</u>		<u>320, or</u>	<u>38 7 ...</u>

When such is really the average "burdens" that press on the Scottish agriculturists, which is more than reimbursed to them by the present *one shilling* a quarter duty, the meanest capacity will readily comprehend the significance of Mr Cobden's remark at Leeds, "that the less said on the burdens on agriculture the better," as well as the force and truth of the observation of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the last session of parliament, "that even including those local rates, and including what the landholders pay of the general taxation of the country, the landed proprietors of this country pay a less amount of taxation in proportion to the local rates of this country, than any other people in Europe."—See *Times'* report of Mr Cobden's Speech at Leeds.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE PLEA FOR THE TOTAL AND IMMEDIATE
REPEAL OF THE CORN LAWS, 1841."

JAN. 1, 1850.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUNDEE COURIER, BY JUSTITIA.

JAN. 22.

Sir,—In your paper of last week, you have very judiciously inserted a letter stated to be a counter statement to the article in *Blackwood* on British and Foreign Competition, addressed to the Editor of the *Economist*, containing the "returns of produce from a farm in one of the agricultural districts specially referred to," and which the writer says, "I have no doubt will assist you (the Editor of the *Economist*) and the public (I presume the members of the Manchester School,) to perceive that the returns and statements in the said article have been 'cooked' for the occasion." He also says, "I intended to have sent you an analysis of the two statements, but I think it more desirable that a counter statement, drawn up on undoubted authority, should be placed before the public as soon as possible." He also asserts that "the qualifications of Mr G. Robertson were so well known in Forfarshire and in Kincardineshire, that any statement of his will be received as an exposition of the practice at that time in an extensive district,—he being a well-known farmer, farm-valuer, and agent for several estates,"—the statement being that "of a farm upon an estate under his own management." Whether the farm was under his management, or merely the estate, is not here so clearly expressed; and he appears, from the plurality of his occupations, in no small degree to resemble Mr Caird and other free-trade farmers, who,

although they occupy farms, are not dependent thereon, and so may be considered as rather belonging to that class who have independent incomes besides; to all of whom, along with the millionaires, free trade may be a pecuniary gain, although not to home-producers, which farmers are.

As a producer, and one only desirous for a moderate duty to protect labour from continental competition, I feel obliged for the statement of the late Mr Robertson being brought forward by the "Author of a Plea for the Total and Immediate Repeal of the Corn Laws," as he, of course, must regard those returns as what the farmer is justly entitled to for the purpose of enabling him to carry on his business profitably to himself and the public.

As an honest free-trader, if such there be, he cannot resile from this, and I, as a producer, cordially accept his terms, and trust that he, as a free-trader, becoming preceptor to the Manchester School, will assist in forwarding the views of those who wish to see realised the prices given in what he calls his counter statement.

Let us now look to the farm, and the statement therewith connected; and as to the latter, it is only necessary to substitute the present prices of all farm produce for those given therein, and, for this purpose, we will take those of the Edinburgh market, January 9, 1850—as given in the *Scottish Agricultural Journal*, although the average of these are always a couple of shillings, at least, beyond the average of Scotland. They are,—for wheat, L.1, 18s. 7d. 0-12ths; barley, L.1, 0s. 10d. 8-12ths; oats, 16s. 4d. 10-12ths; beans, L.1, 5s. 7d. 10-12ths: whereas those of the statement are,—wheat, L.2, 6s.; barley, L.1, 10s.; oats, L.1, 3s.; beans, L.1, 10s.; collectively, L.5, 1s. 4d. and L.6, 7s. As to the potatoes, we may safely hold them as he states, as although the present prices be higher, the amount of produce being so deficient, will counterbalance any difference. His price of cattle is far beyond that at present, but we will only take off 20 per cent.

As to the farm alluded to, I consider it must have been a first-rate one, and far above the average, but perhaps just such a one as a factor might select to his friend, as little extra manure appears to have been required to be purchased,—bone manure L.40, and rape-dust and lime L.57, being an extremely small quantity—and, I would venture to assert, scarcely matched by any in the district referred to, not excepting even Auchness, with all its peculiar adventitious advantages; as in such general comparisons, the providential failure of the potato, which acted so favourably for Mr Maculloch, must be left out.

There is also no allowance made for the loss of cattle and other stock, which is certainly not easily accounted for; and if the ravages of pleuropneumonia were now taken into account, but which in the comparison I will even omit, the result would be very unfavourable for the counter statement. Perhaps the salubrity of the situation might have rendered unnecessary an entry for losses, as the farm is situated on the coast side, or clay district of Kincardineshire, well adapted for wheat and bean husbandry, and, by tile-draining, for raising turnips. As only L.12 for furrow-draining, and L.4 10s. for scouring ditches is charged, there appears to have been no system of improved high farming carried on here—a system held up by free-traders as the only one that will now pay. Hence this farm must be a very peculiar one, similar to Auchness, having within itself everything necessary for fertility.

With all these natural advantages, let us now look at the statement under present prices, those given above, taking the produce sold from your paper of last week, with the prices also therein given, and comparing both together,

the result will be seen to be in accordance with those which it is wished to refute.

Produce and Prices of 1836.				Present Prices with Produce of 1836.			
Wheat,	86½	at 45s. =	£194 1 3	86½	at 38s. 7d. =	£166 8 9½	
Beans,	86½	30s.	129 7 6	86½	25s. 7d.	110 4 6½	
Barley,	94	30s.	141 0 0	94	20s. 10d.	93 15 0	
Oats,	32	22s.	35 4 0	32	16s. 4d.	26 2 8	
Wheat,	26½	45s.	59 1 3	26½	38s. 7d.	51 2 5½	
Barley,	66	30s.	99 0 0	66	20s. 10d.	68 15 0	
Oats,	112	22s.	123 6 9	123	16s. 4d.	91 9 4	
Potatoes,	.	.	40 0 0	.	.	40 0 0	
Grass sold,	.	.	66 13 4	.	.	66 13 4	
Cattle,	.	.	291 0 0	Deduct off 20 per cent,		232 16 0	
£1178 14 1				£947 9 2			
				Loss under free trade,			
				231 4 11			
				£1178 14 1			

From this it will be observed that, when the prices of free trade are substituted for those under protection, as given in the counter statement, the result is similar to those which the "Author of a Plea for the Total and Immediate Repeal of the Corn Laws" characterises as cooked. Not only is the whole income or interest of L.200, on a capital of L.1630, swamped, but L.31 4s. 11d. will necessarily fall to be deducted from the rental of L.494, 2s. 8d., thus leaving the sum of L.462, 17s. 9d. to be divided betwixt the landlord and tenant, in the most agreeable manner possible; and with L.26 off a house rent, which no farmer should be charged for, there will only be L.436, 17s. 9d. to cover the allowance given to the farmer for the use of his capital and superintendence, and to pay the rent, and, allowing the interest of L.200 for the former, there will be for the latter L.236, 17s. 9d. What will those landlords who do not wish to let down rents say to this; it being exactly what the two statements referred to made out, so that this may be added to the number, as showing the folly of free trade, instead of being favourable, as was supposed. The *Evening Mail*, now seeing that such agricultural statistics are against free trade, tries to evade them by saying (January 15,) "We do not think they afford sufficient data for a public controversy;" also, "when a man draws up a vast array of figures and palms them on the public for a political purpose, he should not object to any reasonable amount of public examination." And what farmer does? Not one; even when the examination is conducted by "The Author of a Plea for the Total and Immediate Repeal of the Corn Laws, 1841." He fears it not, as his position is founded on "facts," and not speculation, which the same paper formerly allowed farmers to be the proper judges of. Such a mode of backing out as this, is mean and contemptible, and unworthy of a paper of any standing, and certainly much more so of one that wishes to be the guide of all. Verily, the editor of the *Evening Mail* seems to be hard pushed, with "all the calculations and counter calculations discharged on their heads," and under such pressure appears to be getting not a little peevish and fretful—a sign, no doubt, the physician will allow, of a healthy reaction in the patient—a symptom of happier days. When one sees that statements founded on facts are against them, honesty demands that such should at once have due weight given them, and not be attempted to be concealed by sophistry, or escaped from by wishing others to refrain from stating and speaking out the truth. Such, surely, is "arrant nonsense. It is worse than nonsense—it is contrary to the evidence of our senses, and may be something like blasphemy also." In the same journal it is asked, "In what respect is cultivation now less profitable than it was a hundred years

ago? In what respect is it more expensive, more hampered, more burdened, than it was in the days of Adam Smith?" The above statement, by the author of "A Plea for the Total and Immediate Repeal of the Corn Laws," will sufficiently show that to any unprejudiced mind, being only in accordance with the two others referred to in his letter to the *Economist*, the organ of the Manchester school.

There is another paragraph in the same paper to which we must direct attention—"Champagne is manufactured in Paris much better than in London, so, of course, we should advise a London wine-merchant to import it, instead of attempting to compete with the foreigner. To every other trade the same advice will now be given, and amongst those to the trade of the farmer. If he cannot farm with profit, he may let it alone."

Under such a system, merchants may prosper for a time, but what is to become of our own producers, the industry of our country, the poor man's capital, and the national wealth? Is such to be sent abroad on every occasion when the article is to be got cheaper, and thus become nationally dependent upon the foreigner for our very existence. Where is the gold to come from to pay for all this, as well as support our labourers at home in idleness!

As to the burdens payable by the farmer, and referred to in the letter to the *Economist*, it must be at once observed, and what would the millionaire say to such a principle of taxation, that his calculations are really cooked for the occasion? The percentage—about two-and-a-half—being taken ~~as~~ over the whole returns from the produce of the farm, instead of the profit of the tenant or interest of capital, upon which all rates are charged, and from which alone they can come.

This is such an oversight in the cookery, only to be accounted for in the haste of a person unacquainted with what he took in hand, could be guilty of, and only matched by the reverse cookery of the *Evening Mail*, December 31. Assuming the income of the tenant to have only been what the *Evening Mail* states—L.106—is a burden of L.50 upon such so trifling an affair? free-traders and Cobden, at Leeds, would wish to make out, and assert "the less said on the burdens of agriculture the better?"

But, looking at it in its true light, to the L.106, the tenant's income of the *Evening Mail*, must be added the greater part of the interest included in the returns, excepting as much will cover the implements of husbandry, and these together may be assumed to amount to L.400. But even upon the L.50 is no small burden, and which a farmer need not fear to make public.

The significance of Mr Cobden's remark at Leeds, "the less said about the burdens on agriculture the better," may have been intended to serve a twofold purpose, as he, I doubt not, knowing the weakness of his case, might be afraid lest some weak one in the free-trade school should commit himself and party, as the author of the "Plea for the Total and Immediate Repeal of the Corn Laws" apparently has done.

The known reality of the burdens and disadvantages under which British agriculture labours, when compared with foreign agriculture, is so self-evident, and may be the cause of Cobden and other free-traders wishing farmers to be quiet on the subject, and hence his "unadorned" threatening and blustering time-serving orations, as nothing else will avail or suit his purpose; this being, I presume, a part of the moral means of free-traders practically perhaps exhibited on a late occasion at Stafford, requiring to be dealt with similar to the Dolly's Brae affair. Such may be the moral means in practice, which will frighten government into the arrangements of the Manchester school, to be more fully developed at the next general election. It might be as well, for the information of the impracticable, but there-

tical and presumptuous free-trade farming advisers, to state that they, intentionally, it may be, always fix upon wheat as that crop which alone will pay the farmer, and upon which he depends for the paying of his rent and other expenses, forgetting that no land in Britain, whatever Mr Huxtable may say to the contrary, will grow wheat, year after year successively, even with the addition of 63 lb. of ammonia per acre, at 6d. per lb. The natural virgin vigour of the soil will soon become exhausted under such treatment, even although the straw is restored, the inorganic matter of the grain being carried off—whilst the physical and molecular condition of the soil is deranged, unfitting it for profitable culture. Such a system is at complete variance with the mixed husbandry founded on a judicious rotation of crops, the refuse of the one becoming the food of its successor. Such farming looks well upon paper, and may be theoretical; but in practice much more manure must be applied than chemical analysis says a plant requires,—as in the excrements of vegetables, as well as animals, a good deal of what enters into their composition may be found; and for heavy crops, as well as good animals, the necessary food must not be weighed by scales, according to the analysis of the subject, and no more given. I fear this Gamaliel of free trade, as he is termed in the *Evening Mail*, will get few disciples from the practical class, although from the theoretical his admirers may be more numerous.

Hence there must be grown other kinds of grain and produce, upon which the farmer depends equally with wheat; and in Scotland more particularly so, where the effects of free trade will tell most severely upon the poorer districts, and those least able to bear it, as the Highlands and Isles. Indeed such must be a check to all further improvement in such localities; and consequently poverty, arising from want of employment, must necessarily follow.

This delusion of theoretical farmers allowing themselves to be carried away with the price of wheat alone is clearly seen in the use the author of the Plea for Free Trade has made of the returns of the late Mr Robertson.

Whilst his wheat is at 45s., his barley and oats are 30s. and 22s. respectively, which enabled the farmer in 1836 to bear up under the then pressure; the three quarters of wheat, barley, and oats being then 97s., whereas, by the average of the present Edinburgh prices, they are only 75s. 9d.; but the average of the country, and the prices at Montrose, or the fairs of the county, will be nearer 70s.—a difference more than equal to the income or interest allowed the farmer in the counter statement.

The great cry of the day is, to grow wheat at 5s. a bushel. With other farm produce, as cattle and grain, &c., at prices to cover the lowness of the price of the wheat, as in 1836, such is not at all impossible; but with present prices, and anything like present rents, it is utterly impossible.

The present rent must just be apportioned betwixt the tenant and proprietor, as the labourer can really suffer little diminution; and this will be self-evident from the above returns, given to the author of the Plea for the Immediate and Total Repeal of the Corn Laws, as well as from the two he refers to,—so that the present free trade just comes to this—a division of the present rent betwixt the proprietor and tenant, whatever free-trade proprietors may say to the contrary. Under such a system, what is to become of the servants and those in the employ of the proprietors, and how will such affect the retail trades and home trade of our country, and the increase of poverty, idleness, and poor rates? These questions require serious consideration, and are not so lightly treated as free-traders would wish them to be. Surely the temporary prosperity—for under such circumstances temporary it can only be—of the millowner, and speculator, and

millionaires, is dear-bought at such a sacrifice to other owners of property and the deluded industrious labourers of our land.

Farmers are again blamed for not having a sufficiency of capital for carrying on their trade successfully, they being the parties against whom every hand is turned; but I presume this applies equally, if not with far more effect, to any other interest besides, as well as theirs. Indeed, the desire to be rich, which shows the want of capital, is the root of all the present evil; and the speculators or gamblers amongst the manufacturing interest show the bad effects of this from day to day, in the failure of many of their number who had been carrying on trade beyond their means—so that here the want of capital is the great evil, or, perhaps, the want of contentment; indeed, a committee of the House of Commons, composed of Sir Robert Peel, Mr Cobden, Mr D'Israeli, &c., although they differed in other points, were unanimous in this—"that the principal cause of commercial distress was, that persons conducted commercial affairs without capital." (See Mr D'Israeli's speech at Great Marlow, *Evening Mail*, Jan. 9.) This foolish cry about the want of capital with the farming interest, not to mention that of the want of skill, should at once cease—at any rate, so far as commercial free-traders are concerned, who can start a mill and carry on business on bills with almost no capital.

So far as the land is concerned, proprietors can come forward with the necessary capital for permanent improvements, as they can give security over their properties for such; and such a security as scarcely any other interest can give, and in no way make themselves entitled to the appellation of paupers, as the *Evening Mail* would caricature such a position. To this they ought to turn their attention whenever the prices will enable the tenant to pay the additional rent to meet the interest of such loans. Such outlay the prices of 1836 may meet, but those of the present time will not; and to secure a paying price should be the aim of all who have sincerely the good of their country at heart, and not their own selfish ends.

What are we to do with the poor of our land, more particularly when a crisis occurs in our commercial affairs? and occur it will, seeing we have no new available resources of labour to fall back upon, as America; therefore nothing is left us but to keep in full employ, so far as the improvement of our own country will supply, every source of labour, which is the poor man's capital and the country's wealth.

If protective duties can secure this, they should at once be resorted to; hitherto it has done it, and now it does not, and the unnecessary jarring betwixt the different interests of our country which has caused this should at once cease; and if a small protective duty will give prosperity to any interest, such ought to be given, for the sake of the labour bestowed upon such an interest, so far as it is peculiarly situated, with regard to those engaged in the same occupation with whom they are brought into competition; and with respect to agriculture, all that is required is a mere trifling duty, to meet the difference of the cost of labour bestowed on land here to produce the same returns from what it is elsewhere.

For such a purpose, 5s. a quarter upon all kinds of grain would suffice; and looking at the returns by the author of the *Plea for the Repeal of the Corn Laws*, 1841, it will be perceived that this is even under what would be required to bring up the present prices to those of 1836, which, I presume, he must regard as what should be a fair return, he having taken them to found his counter statement upon. This small duty would, in no perceptible way, interfere with the foreign demand for our manufactures, however much croaking there might be from the master manufacturers belonging to that

class, and I feel certain that no disgraceful proceedings, as lately occurred at Stafford, would take place, to lower the character of our labourers, unless there were other more designing minds behind the scenes who may foment such, so that, through fear, might be accomplished what true moral means would shrink from doing—thus laying the foundation for future anarchy and democracy. Surely a tendency, even to such a state of things, ought not to exist unchecked; and those who engage in such, or decline to check it, when it does occur, as happened lately at Stafford, have much to answer for to their country, if not to the laws of the land. 'Tis said property has its duties as well as its rights; so has every public or private situation of life, more or less—and, perhaps, magistrates more than any, they being a terror to evil-doers and a protection to such as do well, and that without respect of persons.—I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,—JUSTITIA.

ECONOMIST, JAN. 12, 1850.

AGRICULTURAL BALANCE-SHEETS.—The melancholy exhibition of farmers of repute testifying to their own utter incapacity and entire hopelessness, is no new device on the part of those who seek to keep up artificial or monopoly prices of agricultural produce in this country. It has been resorted to before every one of the many agricultural distress committees of past years. The protectionists have just played their great card in this suit, in an article in *Blackwood's Magazine*, on "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition." Mr Sheriff Alison having been retained to do the argument and declamation, and turn the carefully selected and prepared farming statistics to the best party account, there can be no question that his practised pen has made of the case all that it is capable of. And what a sorry case, even with all that advantage, it is. In the article itself there is nothing remarkable. There are the old protectionist falsifications of facts and figures. An accidental transaction is assumed, and commented upon as indicating the regular course of business; the price somebody has said grain can be bought at in some rude and inland district is taken as the truer measure of foreign competition than the quoted price at the ports from which all the grain of those districts is shipped; and all sorts of wild prophecies of what will be done—but never has been done—are hazarded with the most reckless want of knowledge or disregard of real business in connexion with the trade in grain. To notice such and similar points in the article in question would be both useless and tiresome, it would be slaying the slain; it would be laying the ghost of those protectionist arguments and assertions, which have been dead and buried for the last four years. The conclusions assumed to be arrived at are, that "with a continuance of present prices, and under existing burdens," agriculture cannot be carried on in Britain at a reasonable profit to the farmer, that no rent can be paid for land, and that landlords will take their farms into their own occupation; though, in the heat of his imaginative declamation, the writer forgets to tell us whence they are to derive the capital for farming them. Take for instance Sir David Baird, who appears amongst the protectionist landowners at Haddington, and let any one go through his park, note its rushy swamps and dilapidated gates and fences, and say what would be his prospects with all his farms in his own hands. Such puerile nonsense as composes the staple of this article is really beneath notice. What has given it prominence is the insertion of sundry balance-sheets of farming expenditure and produce by some farmers of respectability in

various Scotch counties. These statements, as made by practical men, are worth examining. Messrs Watson of Keillor, Forfarshire, and Dudgeon of Spylaw, Roxburghshire, are the two chief selected witnesses of the protectionists. We should scarcely have required the testimony of respectable local correspondents, which we have received, to be assured that both gentlemen have long been well known for their protectionist opinions; and amongst the twenty-eight other Scotch farmers who are called to vouch the accuracy of Messrs Watson and Dudgeon's statements, there is not a man who has not been long committed to the same opinions. We should lay no great stress on this, had the two gentlemen given abstracts of the accounts of their own farms, instead of which we find them offering hypothetical cases, which may or not be fair general estimates of produce and expenditure in their respective localities, but which labour under the inherent infirmity of being prepared for a purpose, and with a view to arrive at foregone conclusions. Still, taking them for what they are worth, let us see whether they really substantiate the protectionist case. Mr Watson's statement is supposed to be "Returns of produce from a 500-acre farm in Strathmore, county Forfar, on a five-shift rotation of crops, with an improved stock of cattle and sheep, on an average of years previous to free trade in corn, cattle, &c.; and comparative statement of what may be calculated upon as the returns from the same farm under the present legislative measures affecting British agriculture." The following are the assumed outgoings and returns:—

Rent of the farm, as fixed for nineteen years, assuming former average price of corn and cattle, &c.,	£800 0 0
Invested capital of £6 per acre at entry, £3000. Interest upon this sum at rate of 10 per cent,	300 0 0
Floating capital of £4 per acre, £2000. Interest thereon 5 per cent,	100 0 0
Expenses of management, wages, tradesmen's accounts, insurances, grass-seeds, &c., at the rate of 20s. per acre per annum,	500 0 0
Annual loss by casualties on live-stock by disease and accidents,	100 0 0
Public burdens leviable upon the farmer, including poor-rates,	50 0 0

Sum chargeable against the farm annually, . . . £1850 0 0

To meet this sum there is the produce of 200 acres of corn crop, and the profits on live-stock, (the whole grass and green crop being consumed on the farm.)

	Bushels.	
100 acres of oats, producing 48 bushels per acre,	4800	
Off for servants, horses, seed, &c., . . .	2400	
Leaves disposable oats, . . .	2400	at 3s., £360 0 0
40 acres of spring wheat, producing 32 bushels per acre, . . .	1280	
Off for seed, . . .	160	
Disposable wheat, . . .	1120	at 7s., 392 0 0
60 acres of barley, producing 42 bushels per acre,	2520	
Off for seed and horses, &c., . . .	500	
Disposable barley, . . .	2020	at 4s., 404 0 0
		£1156 0 0
Profits from live-stock, fed upon 200 acres grass and 100 acres green crop,		800 0 0
Total returns, . . .		1956 0 0
Leaving annually to the farmer, for his skill and industry, over interest of capital employed, a sum of . . .		£106 0 0

Now the obvious remark on this statement is, that 48 bushels of oats, 32 of wheat, and 42 of barley per acre, form a very moderate produce on land held under lease, and upon which L.10 of capital per acre is employed, unless the land be of very inferior quality; but that is excluded by the fact that the rent amounts to 32s. per acre. An annual loss of L.100 on such a farm for casualties on live-stock by disease and accidents, would seem also to be quite preposterous, and assuredly indicates peculiarly bad luck or bad management, usually not far from synonymous terms. Not enough of detail is given to offer any opinion on the system which has been assumed to produce such results; but when we find that the gross saleable produce scarcely amounts to two and a-half times the rent, it is impossible to resist the conclusion, that, had the suppositious balance-sheet represented real transactions, the rent must have been greatly too high, or the cultivation much too low. The key to this balance-sheet we suspect to be this:—Mr Watson has looked around him, taken an average of the *produce* of all kinds of farms, and from thence framed his estimate of acreable produce, while he has taken his estimate of expenses, capital, and so forth, from some of the better-managed farms of the district. All that can be said about his balance-sheet is, that if such had been real results from Scotch farming, the Scotch farmers would not have deserved, and assuredly would not have attained, the reputation they, as we believe deservedly, possess. If it is to be understood that any considerable proportion of the “L.6 per acre invested at entry” consists of money expended in draining—and it is likely full one-half would be explained as having been thus applied—then the case resolves itself into one of low farming from deficient capital, for the draining is not properly the tenant's business, and, at all events, the cost ought not to be charged as farming capital. Where a tenant takes land which requires draining, he must treat that as a permanent improvement, for which he must provide capital beyond that which the routine of the farm requires. Apart from any question of free trade or monopoly prices, but simply comparing the capital with the produce, and the rent with the gross sales, and taking the tenant to be a competent farmer, we should say, had the case been a real one, that Mr Watson proves the rent to be most exorbitant, and the bargain entered into by the tenant a most improvident one. Such instances cannot form the foundation of a claim for special protection to owners and occupiers at the expense of the rest of the community. Such erroneous calculations and ill-advised bargains—if they exist at all, for certainly Mr Watson's balance-sheet is no evidence that they do—can only be set right and adjusted by arrangement between the parties.

Let us turn now to the assumed comparative statement of returns under free trade, which is this:—

Convert the above disposable produce into money at the present prices, or rather at what may be fairly calculated upon for future seasons, under a system of free trade, and the following is the result:—

2400 bushels of oats, at 2s. per bushel,	£240	0	0
1120 ... of wheat, at 5s. per ditto,	280	0	0
2020 ... of barley, at 2s. 9d. per ditto,	277	15	0

£797 15 0

Live stock (as above £800) less 20 per cent on former prices, leaves

640 0 0

Net return,

£1437 15 0

Sum chargeable as above against the farm,

1850 0 0

Leaving the farmer *minus*, for rent, capital, and expenses of management,

£412 5 0

£412 5 0

Total loss annually incurred by difference in price occasioned by free trade

£518

And, first of all, let us remind the reader of the real and recorded transactions which have been cited in our columns, leading to an almost irresistible conclusion that average prices will, year by year, be higher by substantial amounts than the prices of this winter, which Mr Watson has taken as his data for all future returns. Indeed, it must be remarked that he only obtained his high average protection price of 7s. a bushel for wheat through the high price of 1847, when the average, as quoted by the reviewer, was 69s. 9d. per quarter; the averages of the years 1843, 1844, and 1845, as quoted by the same authority, were respectively 50s. 1d., 51s. 3d., and 50s. 10d. a quarter. The price of 1847 was confessedly exceptional; while during several of the last seven years, barley and oats bore exorbitant prices, from the scanty produce of those crops in the south of England.

While, therefore, prices are assumed, which, so far as future events can be estimated, are certainly too low, prices before the repeal of the corn laws are strained to an extent they will not fairly bear. So much for the prices assumed. But the most startling item of the prospective balance-sheet is, that the total sum chargeable against the farm is assumed to amount to precisely the same round sum of L.1850 under a system of steady low prices, as under one under which prices have been occasionally very high. Now assuredly the L.500, stated as expenses of management, would undergo a considerable reduction, should prices continue as they are assumed to do at present rates. Then, instead of a deduction of 20 per cent from the profits of stock in consequence of low prices of grain, there should have been an addition of that amount at the least. The amount of expenses of management, stated at 20s. per acre, is too low to leave much room for the purchase of artificial food for feeding-stock, or of extra manure; and the low acreable produce seems to indicate that no such outlays, indispensable to good husbandry, are included in the transactions represented by Mr Watson's imaginary balance-sheet. But we know that the best farmers of the Lothians—the men who have really given that district its high character—often expend as much as 30s. an acre, year by year, for oilcake and other feeding-stuffs, and extra manure. In particular, linseed cake forms a large item of outlay on most well managed Scotch farms, and had Mr Watson or Mr Dudgeon thought it convenient to have given *their own* balance-sheets, we should have probably found a large item of expenditure under that head. Now we have before us a letter from a most respectable seed-dealer and agent in Mark Lane, drawn forth by an incidental remark we made last week on the quoted price of oilcake, in which he says—"I can assure you, London manufactured linseed cakes can be bought from the mills at L.7 to L.7, 7s. per ton, and a lower price has not existed for many years;" and foreign cake is from L.5, 10s. to L.6, 10s. Now this sort of food has lately been as high as L.11 to L.12 per ton, and has seldom been lower than about L.10 per ton during the period to which Mr Watson's balance-sheet refers. And many other feeding-stuffs may be bought at low prices; so that on the Scotch farms, where they always have a superabundance rather than otherwise of straw and turnips, an immense advantage has been gained by the power to obtain corn and cake at low rates. More beasts may be reared or fed by a very moderate addition of corn or cake to the turnips and straw, and the manure made will be greatly improved in fertilising power. This will soon tell in the production of better acreable returns than Mr Watson has thought fit to attribute to his brother agriculturists. There is no difference of any importance to note in the other balance-sheets, all being framed on

the same model—one obviously made to order—and all are open to very similar remarks. One of the vouchers, however, Mr James Robertson, (Ladyrig,) in reference to the item for profit on grass and live-stock, observes—"While, therefore, the butcher-market may be very high, the feeder may not necessarily be well paid; and hence, in making up returns under this head, a correct average is not easily ascertained." It perhaps did not occur to this gentleman, that the converse of his proposition might be equally true, and that when the meat-market is low, feeders may yet make good profits, and to that end nothing is so likely to contribute as low prices of grain, and a well employed population.

As regards the protectionist balance-sheet, we think every unprejudiced person will admit—taking it as if it were true—that it proves undeniably one of two things—either that the cultivation is defective, particularly in respect of manure of the best quality, and that therefore free trade in grain, by giving access to cheap feeding stuffs, will greatly benefit the farmer; or otherwise that the rent has been screwed up by protection to a most exorbitant rate. Whether that affords any ground for appeals to parliament for renewed protection, we leave to calmer minds and clearer heads than the writer in *Blackwood*. We had intended to notice some English balance-sheets which have been put forth, but we must for the present postpone that part of the subject.

STATEMENT of MR WATSON with reference to the above Article in the
"Economist."

"The *Economist* remarks, upon my statement, that 48 bushels of oats, 32 of (spring) wheat, and 42 of barley per acre, is a very moderate produce upon land rented at 32s. per acre, and that £100 to meet the annual loss on live stock is preposterous, indicating peculiar *bad luck* or *bad management*.

"As to the first, I fearlessly assert that the quantities per acre given in the statement are a full average for land in Forfarshire, rented at 32s. per acre on an improving lease; and will be found to exceed the acreable produce of any arable parish or district of the county, and only applicable to the best cultivated farms. The *staple produce* being—as may be inferred by the rotation of crops—barley, oats, and green crop.

"Compare these *averages* with Peel's and Cobden's returns on their English estates, at 18 and 20 bushels per acre, and they will look more like *high farming* than *bad management*. The average prices in the following statement, previous to free trade in corn, are taken from Parliamentary returns of the prices of corn obtained for many years prior to free trade. But I have only taken the prices from 1828 to 1846 inclusive, in order to obtain precisely the prices received from the passing of

the act of 1828 to 1846, leaving out the famine prices of 1847 and afterwards, and which period just embraces one of nineteen years, the ordinary duration of a lease in Scotland.

1828	.	.	60	5
1829	.	.	66	3
1830	.	.	64	3
1831	.	.	66	4
1832	.	.	58	8
1833	.	.	52	11
1834	.	.	46	2
1835	.	.	39	4
1836	.	.	48	6
1837	.	.	55	10
1838	.	.	64	7
1839	.	.	70	8
1840	.	.	66	4
1841	.	.	64	4
1842	.	.	57	3
1843	.	.	50	1
1844	.	.	51	3
1845	.	.	50	10
1846	.	.	54	8

"It is a rather singular coincidence that the very number of the *Economist* which contains the strictures on my statement, and which broadly avers that the prices prior to free trade are taken by me at too high a rate, to make out my case, affords me the opportunity of comparing my figures with those of a Parliamentary Return, No. 443, which I have done,

and find them identical. The average price of wheat in this return is the same as I have adopted for nineteen years, namely, 57s. 3d. the quarter, which is rather more than 7s. the bushel, and the other kinds of grain are in the same proportion.

"The prices, as stated by me before the repeal of the corn laws, I took from actual sales; those assumed for the future, are above present prices, and, in the opinion of the best informed corn-merchants, above what can be expected in future. The rent, 32s. per acre, was considered a very moderate rent for good turnip-soils in Scotland. After draining and other permanent improvements are effected, whether by the capital of the tenants, which in most farms has been the case, or if by the landlord, 10s. per acre more would be no unreasonable addition; this would in no material degree alter the results and conclusions in the statement.

"2d. The sum of £100, stated for annual loss by casualties, disease, and accident on live-stock, will be found, since the introduction of foreign disease amongst cattle and sheep, to be understated, both from actual experience as well as by reference to the terms on which the Cattle Assurance Company will charge for insuring the stock on a 500-acre farm, taking the value of the live-stock on such a farm at a very moderate computation. The experience of many a Forfarshire tenant can attest that, during the last few years, £100 would not annually have met half this loss. Nor is the disease yet less prevalent. In taking into account the use of foreign food (oilcake, &c.) quoted by the *Economist* as forming an item in the profit side of the farmer's account, it must be kept in view that these extraneous articles, for the purposes of fattening, as well as manures for producing extra crops of corn, are now become matters of speculation, which every prudent far-

mer will weigh well before he enter into them at the present state of corn and cattle markets. The following facts on this subject are worth a great deal of speculative theory.

"1st. As to cattle-feeding. In February 1849, I was offered for 20 fat cattle in my own yard, £18, 10s. a head. I refused this price, calculating on chances of a rise on price of meat, in consequence of the crop of turnip in this country being then nearly exhausted. The cattle were put upon oilcake, of which they consumed 2 tons, at £11 per ton, with plenty of bruised corn and hay from the farm, and sent to Smithfield market in the last week of April, being then very fat. They were sold, in consequence of a great fall in the market, after deducting expenses, at £16, 10s., thus incurring a loss of £2 each, besides all the keep on cake, &c., leaving me only the value of their manure.

"2d. Extra manuring has become also a dangerous speculation, as the following experiment shows:—4 cwt. of Peruvian guano per acre, were applied to a field of oats—cost of guano £10 per ton, or at the rate of £2 per acre. It was found, by this experiment, that 12 bushels per acre was the additional quantity of oats produced on the portion of land where guano was applied. The value of oats is now 2s. per bushel; so that the loss, by using guano in this case, will be 16s. per acre, allowing the additional straw for harvesting, threshing, and taking to market; while, if the season had been moist, a risk would have been also run that this extra manure would have raised an over production of straw, and caused loss by the crop falling down on the ground before ripening,—experience having proved, that there is a limit to the extent to which land in good heart, that has long been under a regular rotation of crops, can be stimulated to extra cropping."

LETTER FROM MR DUDGEON.

(To the Editor of the Kelso Chronicle).—SIR,—I had resolved not to be tempted into any refutation of the trifling, cavilling, and irrelevant objections to the *Estimate* furnished by me to assist in the triumphant article, entitled "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition, in the last

number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, satisfied that a statement so unchallengeably authenticated, and so well corroborated by so many men of undoubted eminence, and of experimental knowledge of Scotch farming, might well be left to stand without any further support or explanation. But as you have been pleased, Mr Editor, in your notice of the above article, in your last number, to bring my name so conspicuously before your readers, as I have no doubt, to lead them to think that I alone am not only responsible for all that paper contains, but that, unless refuted and denied, that I must be held as admitting your gratuitous *assumptions*, and as acquiescing in the perverted form in which you have put the matter, in order to arrive at the "cheering" conclusion to which you affect to believe it leads, I therefore feel compelled to request you to allow me room for the following remarks.

Personally, you have treated me with all courtesy, and have been polite enough to award me more than my deserts. Sure I am, also, you do no more than justice to the gentlemen upon whose authority the primary statements in *Blackwood* are made to rest, when you say "you have the fullest reliance on what these gentlemen state *on their own true belief*." Now I venture to say there has not been one figure set down which did not rest explicitly on *their own true belief*, but what was not checked and corroborated by reference to their own experience. Other statements than those which have been published I had an opportunity of seeing, and, notwithstanding the variety of forms in which they had been made out, I was surprised, as well as gratified, by the agreement in every essential particular which they manifested.

There is no mystery or the least difficulty in the matter, when fairly put. It is indeed "a momentous question," and must, in a very short time *now*, force itself upon the consideration of the country free of all party and narrow class considerations. It may suit in party discussion to tell us, as you have repeated, following in the wake of your great leader, the *Times*, that, with reference to the statements under discussion, the farmers seem to have been victimised under protection, and "that they had only in the way of profit, upon thousands expended under the high-pressure system, no more than many a clerk's salary;" and anon, with all consistency, immediately add that "Mr Dudgeon's profits seem to have been no insignificant sum—cheering to both landlords and labourers;" and that doubtless Mr Dudgeon, and other farmers so situated, will continue to pay, without grumbling, the stipulated rents for the remainder of their leases, and give employment to labourers at good wages, &c. Here this pittance under protection—this clerk's salary—is all at once, to suit a purpose, held to represent remuneration sufficient to induce "men of capital to take land, although they should not have the prospect of making such a percentage as Mr Dudgeon!" and you add—"Indeed, a great reduction of rent would not be required to *give a fair percentage*, even at such prices as Mr Dudgeon is warranted in assuming under free trade."

Now, Mr Editor, while I thank you for this admission, which belies the conclusion to which you, following the other great free-trade papers, have arrived, as to the disastrous working of protection, as respects tenants' profits, I beg to correct the enormous error into which you have fallen, in setting down the sum there alluded to as the *profit under free trade*. It is, —unfortunately for your argument, however—the *remuneration under protection* you have pointed to as affording so much inducement to the employ-

ment of labour, and to lure men of capital to take land. For how stands the matter in the magazine? I beg you will allow me to repeat the whole, in so far as necessary, that there may be no mistake.

The statement, you will recollect, gave the liabilities in rent, expenses, &c., to be met, as £1770 0 0

To meet this sum, there is the produce of 200 acres of grain, in each year, distributed as follows:—

Acres.	Bushels.	Bushels.	Bushels.
100 Oats, at 48 per acre—	4800.	Off seed, horses, and servants,	2420
60 Wheat, at 33 per acre—	1980.	Off seed,	180
40 Barley, at 40 per acre—	1600.	Off seed, servants,	210

Remain disposable, at the prices warranted by the rates, as is proved, under protection:—

Bush.			
2380 Oats, at 3s.,	.	.	£357 0 0
1800 Wheat, at 7s.,	.	.	630 0 0
1390 Barley, at 4s.,	.	.	278 0 0
			£1265 0 0
Returns upon stock estimated, at prices then current, to yield			750 0 0
			£2015 0 0

Profit—remuneration for tenant's industry and skill under protection, £245 0 0

The above grain produce yields, at the highest average I feel warranted in assuming, under free trade,—

Bushels.			
2380 Oats, at 2s.,	.	.	£238 0 0
1800 Wheat, at 5s.,	.	.	450 0 0
1390 Barley, at 2s. 9d.,	.	.	191 0 0
			£879 0 0
In place of, as above,	.	.	1265 0 0
			£386 0 0

Thus the difference of proceeds of *grain crop alone*, more than absorbs all the tenant's remuneration by £141 0 0

Or, in other words, there is at these last prices—which are considerably higher than these now current—a *loss* upon the grain produce of their farm—the *quantity* being in both instances the same, and considered, in both instances, as high as can be with safety grown, of £141 0 0

But that we may agree in our estimates, I now give credit to the tenant for the further mysterious income you so liberally allow, denominated produce of "Dairy, &c. &c., as pointed out above?" of £150 0 0

£9 0 0

Thus, then, the whole profits which you have admitted as so encouraging, as well as the additional sum you have kindly granted me, are made to disappear under the altered prices resulting from free trade.

I beg pardon—there are £9 in favour of the tenant, to afford "encouragement to landlords and labourers," until I have made out my right to the additional sum. But I fear I cannot conscientiously retain this balance you have so liberally awarded me. It would have been gratifying that you had "pointed out" more in detail the sources from which this is derived. The amount I have deducted from the gross produce of the farm is *that alone expended in production*; hence, whatever goes towards the maintenance of the family, "horses used for riding, hunting, or drawing carriages, dogs, &c.," falls to be charged against the disposable produce, and necessarily curtails profits. It would have been no right statement without this; and in like manner, as regards stock, respect has been had to all "cows, &c., kept for domestic purposes." A house was presumed, and to this no particular reference was thought necessary. I may therefore consent to set down this at £30; but as it is well known that to cultivate garden stuffs is the most

expensive form of furnishing these necessities, I may well be allowed to deduct £5 for this incumbency. But all this is mere trifling, and can little affect the main question. Allow, however, as I have shown, the whole sum so absurdly set down by you on this head, and by the difference between the average prices of the last eighteen years, up to 1846—*thus excluding the famine year*—and those of the present time on *grain alone*, the whole remuneration of the tenant vanishes.

As to the objection to the charge of ten per cent upon capital *sunk*, I am sure, Mr Editor, this would not have been made, if you had reflected a little. It is true that such percentage reduces the capital expended with ordinary interest in less than nineteen years; but you will notice the farm is credited with an average amount of produce, which presumes full crops from the commencement of a lease of this duration, though these could not naturally be held as coming into full operation for four or five years; for this is not a comparison of *one year* with *another*, as your illustration from the "*comparative view, by a Scottish farmer, of his prices this year and last year*" would lead me to infer you supposed it. But really can you, or any of your readers, think that ten per cent is a high or unreasonable charge upon a sum sunk on a hazardous speculation, the working out of which comprises the best period, generally, of the tenant's existence? Are the men of any other profession or trade contented with so small a return upon capital so expended? Of this, however, farmers seem never to have complained, and it has been left to the free-traders at length to discover, in contradiction to their former complainings, that the price of the poor man's loaf has not been enhanced by the extravagant profits of the *gentlemen farmers*.

But, as I have said, there is no mystery or deception, or the least intricacy, in the figures of these statements. They are patent to the understanding of every one, and the accuracy of the prices assumed may be tested by a reference to parliamentary returns; and in place of cavilling at slight discrepancies, and endeavouring to throw discredit upon the statements on account of the presumed political bias of the parties, it would be better that these were met by counter-statements from the neutral men, to whom some of the anonymous correspondents which you have quoted allude. Alternately the profits under protection have been declared too high and too low by different opponents, though, curiously enough, in going over them, I find they are just about equivalent, though rather higher, to the amount assumed by the legislature for the rule of the income-tax, nor has that criterion ever been considered low either by the tenant or the country. The produce, also, has undergone challenge of a description opposite in its character, all tending to corroborate the fact—which the numerous attestations to its truth was calculated to prove—that these estimates are in every essential particular correct and unchallengeable.

It was impossible there could be any material mistake in essentials, considering the simple and distinct form in which they were framed. There might be slight discrepancies and differences of opinion as to the value of stock upon a given quantity of land, and as to the expenses or interest of money. But the comparison being here between the value of the *same quantity of produce* as established, is derived from land in full bearing, at prices received during the past eighteen years under laws affording protection to native industry—and those now prevalent under free trade—by which a deficiency is proved of nearly 47 per cent upon the rent—a case is made out, by which it seems impossible that a tenant, continuing to pay

the same rent, can, under such circumstances, meet his engagements, or in any way, with such diminished means, so exert himself as to maintain his position. It is no answer, in this case, that men are found reckless enough, upon the faith of that commiseration which they trust will be extended to them on the concurrence of a general bankruptcy, to promise equal or higher rents than the present. They know well that those rents cannot be paid, if present prices of agricultural produce continue to prevail. That those prices will not, in all likelihood, be higher than the rates "*assumed*" in the "statements" is well established by the statistics of the trade in foreign corn, under open competition, contained in the article in *Blackwood*, which some of your correspondents, who have ventured on a criticism of the subject, have, I observe, confessed to having never read. But that prices will not be higher for some time, at any rate, we may well believe, when it is considered that in the past year, (1848,) "with one of the worst crops since 1816, the average price of wheat was only a fraction above 44s. per quarter." (I quote from the *Economist*, an authority to which you will not demur.) What may we naturally expect, then, will be the price in the present season, when, with no relaxation of our importations, upon the same authority, it has been declared "there never was so large a crop grown and harvested?" No, not all the schemes and advices of the numerous volunteer-instructors of the farmers can, with a continuation of such prices, in spite of the great crop, (of the unprecedented nature of which I have some doubts,) save them from ruin. Not even the last new nostrum by the Rev. Mr Huxtable—by which land rented at 20s. per acre is made to grow the like quantity of wheat continuously for years, by the application alone of 62½ lb. of ammonia per acre—can, we are afraid, be of much benefit, seeing that the cost of production of this universal wheat-system is upwards of 30s. per quarter; and to this price we are fast approaching. Besides, he may not always have thirty-two bushels to meet his expenditure of £8, 1s. 6d. But it is of high farming—additional outlay, further exertion—of which, in these times, we hear so much. It is altogether mockery thus to talk to men deprived of the means by which enterprise and additional labour was fostered and encouraged. It is well known that the source from whence continuous improvements were maintained during a lease was supported by the profits resulting from previous applications. Take away these, and immediately the power of amelioration is withdrawn, the produce diminished, and the difficulty to meet the term-day increased.

The *experiment* of free trade, as the Duke of Wellington, with his noble candour, was pleased to call it, has eminently failed as regards agriculture. The farmer hitherto, it is true, is alone the sufferer. The landlord will soon be made to feel that the curtailment of the tenants' means is not merely a *dreaded evil*; and he will cease to derive comfort from the promised un-reduced rents now so much boasted of. The labourer cannot fail to suffer from the diminished resources of these two classes; and however it may suit you, Mr Editor, to say, as a body, that "we protectionists" totally disregard the "labouring classes in our wish to raise the value of food," I must, for myself, protest, that I verily believe nothing will ultimately be so disastrous to the labourer as a cheap loaf, obtained at the expense of the depression of home agriculture, and of narrowing the means of either landlord or tenant. It matters little which of these classes ultimately suffer. It is enough as respects the demand for labour—and, I may add, for all other necessities embraced within the expenditure of this interest—that the

agricultural income is diminished to the extent which free-trade prices, as we have seen, must occasion. To glance for a moment at the matter in the aggregate: The amount of this income is reckoned at upwards of £70,000,000, and it is impossible it can be reduced nearly one-half—which would appear now to be necessary—or to the extent of £30,000,000, without fatally affecting the prosperity of all other interests. Whether, then, the landlords' or the tenants' means are curtailed, it is evident the country generally must suffer. The resources are thus taken away which go to encourage labour—the means of livelihood—to other industrial classes.

The *experiment*, then, remains now to be tried as respects the other industrial branches of the kingdom—commerce and manufactures. The “momentous question” falls to be solved—whether they can continue prosperous and unscathed amidst the ruin of agriculture? The case of Ireland, (the weaker branch of the empire,) while it tends to the melancholy conclusion that the solution of this question must be in the negative, substantiates the fact of the ineffectual nature of the agricultural struggle this more powerful portion of the kingdom is called upon to endure. It is unfair to attribute all Ireland's disasters, and her continuance in misery, to the famine of 1846. She has had much (alas! too much) cheap foreign food supplied to her since these sad days; but of the means of purchasing it her people still remain deprived, while her own fields are uncultivated. For, notwithstanding that the statistical reports submitted to parliament by Captain Larcom, during the last two sessions, are made to exhibit an increased produce, (inferring continued exertion,) it is unfortunately proved by the trade returns, that of grain much more has been imported than exported from that unhappy country during this time, though formerly Ireland yielded a constant supply to Great Britain; while of live-stock (also most favourably reported on by Captain Larcom) the amount of the exportation has fallen off from 933,000 in 1846, to 569,500 in 1848. A similar defalcation has occurred in cured provisions. American food has taken the place of Irish produce—emigration to this country has enormously increased, and we have been called upon to support her people. Let us beware that there does not arise an increasing difficulty to maintain our own population. To provide employment for labourers will soon be found no easy matter, when tenants, as in Ireland now, are unable to meet their engagements, “*and are being got rid of without new ones being found.*” In such circumstances the general trade of the empire must suffer. But I trust the sober sense and justice of the country will discover and acknowledge the approach of the evil, and not, in obstinate pride, and blinded by party views, pause until the storm acquires a power which will occasion such extensive devastation as may irretrievably sap the foundation of the nation's greatness.—I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

JOHN DUDGEON.

SPYLAU, 16th January 1850.

THE ECONOMIST, JAN. 19, 1850.

LORD JOHN MANNERS; BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

AT WHAT PRICE CAN FOREIGN WHEAT USUALLY BE IMPORTED? SELF-INFLICTED RUIN.

“When, therefore, the free-traders tell us that the present is a mere temporary depreciation, we ask them—and we demand a distinct reply—for an explanation of the imports in 1845.”—*Blackwood*, Jan., page 102.

We are not surprised at the anxiety which has dictated the following letter:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ECONOMIST.

SIR,—Lord J. Manners, in his speech at Leicester, referring to *Blackwood's* ultra-protectionist article in its last number, states that “in the year 1845, when the price of wheat was 47s. 3d. a quarter, there was a duty of no less than 20s. upon every quarter of foreign corn that entered from abroad; that, notwithstanding that duty, no less than 1,000,000 quarters of corn entered in that year; if that were the case, was it not clear to demonstration that a foreigner in the year 1845 was enabled to send 1,000,000 quarters of corn to this country, at a price of which—if you deduct the duty of 20s. which he was enabled to pay—must have been 27s. a quarter in this country.”

Such is the statement ascribed to Lord J. Manners, and which has not certainly escaped your attention. He certainly is reported to qualify his observation by the words “if that were the case.”

I have not at hand the means of verifying this remarkable assertion, or of establishing its incorrectness; may I, then, ask you if *such were the case*? And if so, what mean the repeated accounts in the free-trade journals, that, at the present low prices—low in comparison to the palmy days of farming profits, but still high above this remunerating 27s.—the continental corn growers cannot send us their produce but at a considerable loss?

I trust there must be some inaccuracy in the noble lord's remark, which I shall feel me obliged by your rectifying, should this communication be deemed worthy of your attention.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,—COLUMELLA ALUMNUS.

Stoke, near Bristol, January 8, 1850.

In the article in *Blackwood's Magazine* referred to, it is said, when alluding to the rate at which foreign wheat can be regularly imported into this country:—“Besides this, as Mr Sandars well remarks in one of his published letters, we have had a plain and evident experience of foreign production under the working of the corn law of 1842. We had a fixed duty of 20s. a quarter in actual operation for four years; and in 1844 and 1845 such duty was paid, week after week, and in the latter year for six months consecutively, at a time when our general averages were only 46s. to 47s. a quarter. Was the foreigner at that time selling at a loss? This price, then, adapting itself to ours, was 26s. to 27s. deducting the duty, and at that time, be it remembered, *he was unprepared for competition*. So that, from experience not five years old, we may gather what kind of future competition awaits us, and also what we are annually sacrificing in revenue, by madly abandoning protection.” And again, “We have shown that within the last five years we have been supplied, and that regularly, from abroad, when wheat was at 46s. a quarter, and a duty of 20s. existed; and, at such rates, it is evident that all attempt at competition would be hopeless. Wheat could not be grown remuneratively at 26s. or 27s. in England, before a single shilling of the National Debt was incurred, and no man is mad enough to insist upon its possibility now. When, therefore, the free-traders tell us that the present is a mere temporary depression, we ask them—and we demand a distinct reply—for an explanation of the imports in 1845. How was it that, for a long period, foreign corn came in plentifully, paying the duty of 20s., when our home averages were at 46s. and 47s? Can they assign any special reason for it?” A distinct reply is demanded—a distinct and overwhelming reply shall be given.

What is the case, stated shortly?

Under the corn law of 1842, “we had a fixed duty of 20s. a quarter in actual operation for four years.”

That we were then supplied, “and that regularly, from abroad, when wheat was 46s. per quarter, and a duty of 20s. existed.”

That the price obtained for the wheat imported in those years by the foreigner, landed free in England, after paying all charges except the duty, was 26s. and 27s. the quarter.

That under these circumstances, and at these rates, a large and regular supply was forthcoming “for a long period,” and that, especially in 1845.

quantity equal to 1,000,000 quarters was entered at a duty of 20s., "when the price of wheat was 47s. a quarter."

And therefore, that the British farmer, in order to compete with the foreign producer, must at least be prepared to grow wheat at 26s. to 27s. the quarter.

No one will, we think, deny that we have stated the case fairly. It naturally divides itself into two separate parts. 1. A distinct explanation is demanded of the imports of 1845; and we shall therefore first consider the allegations as they concern that particular year, and contrast them with the actual facts. 2. We shall contrast the facts of "the working of the corn law of 1842," for the whole four years it existed, with the allegation that during that time a fixed duty of 20s. a quarter was actually in operation; and that, with that duty, and with an average price of 46s. to 47s. a quarter, we were "regularly" supplied with foreign wheat.

The importance of the subject under discussion cannot well be over-estimated, so far as regards the interests of the owner, as well as the occupier of land. It involves the question of the rate at which the foreign producer can furnish supplies to this country; and as such, must have a very important bearing upon any adjustment which may be necessary between landlord and tenant. The writer in *Blackwood*, Mr Sandars, and Lord John Manners, have staked the question upon the facts of "the working of the corn bill of 1842," and especially upon the experience of 1845. It is, indeed, a fortunate matter that, in considering so vital a question, we shall not require to combat the private calculations of individuals, which may be true as regards themselves, but utterly false as applied to others; for how often does it happen, that while one man is being ruined in a particular trade, another, with no apparent superior advantages, is making a fortune? Nor shall we require to rely upon any statements or calculations of our own, or of other private persons, to sustain the very different conclusions at which we—in common with every impartial and candid investigator—have arrived. The question at issue is not a matter of speculation. It is one of history—of recorded official facts, made, at the periods alluded to, without reference to any special question, but in the ordinary entries in connexion with the commerce and the revenue of the country. We shall, therefore confine ourselves to such official documents as are within the reach of all, and in every case shall furnish a reference to the official entries on which we rely, so that the most incredulous shall have an easy mode of verifying our statements, and examining the grounds of our conclusions.

First, then, as to the year 1845. In that year it is said that 1,000,000 quarters of wheat were entered at a duty of no less than 20s. upon *every* such quarter of foreign corn, while the average price in this country was 47s., and that, consequently, the foreigner was enabled to send his wheat at 27s., to cover all costs except the duty.

Now, what are the facts? In the first place, the entire quantity of foreign wheat entered for consumption in 1845, was not 1,000,000 quarters, but 315,615 quarters (Tables of Revenue, &c., 1845, p. 61.) In the next place, the average weekly price was not 46s. the quarter, but it fluctuated from 45s. up to 60s. 1d.—the average for the whole year being 50s. 10d. (Tables of Revenue, &c., 1845, p. 60.) In the third place, the duty was not 20s. for the year, but it varied from 14s. to 20s. (Tables of Revenue, 1845, p. 60), while the average rate paid on foreign wheat during the year was 17s. 10d., (Tables of Revenue, 1845, p. 61,) which, according to the scale of duties of 1842, indicates that the average price at which the foreign wheat

of that year was entered for consumption, was between 55s. and 56s. a quarter. On colonial wheat the duty varied, in the course of the year, from 1s. to 5s. the quarter; and on Canadian wheat, as distinguished from other colonial, the duty was fixed at 1s. during the whole period. Now, before we go further, let us compare these facts with the allegations of Lord John Manners and *Blackwood*.

Quantity of wheat and flour entered for consumption in 1845,	Lord John Manners and <i>Blackwood</i> .	Tables of Revenue, &c. 1845, pages 60 and 61.
	1,000,000 qrs.	315,615 qrs.
Prices of the year at home,	46s. and 47s.	{ 45s. to 60s. 1d.—the average of the year being 50s. 10d. On foreign, 14s. to 20s. —the average being 17s. 10d. On colonial, 1s. to 5s. —the average being 4s. 2d. On Canadian, 1s. a the year.
Duty,	20s.	

Harsh and coarse language serves no good purpose when a case is brought before the public. We shall, therefore, not imitate the writer in *Blackwood*, or a majority of protectionists at public meetings. We have not the slightest wish to charge Lord John Manners with an intentional misrepresentation. We know him to be above suspicion in that respect. But we do charge him with a want of care in giving publicity to such errors. It is quite evident, and his lordship would have seen it had he referred to any authority whatever for the facts for which he vouched, that he mistook the quantity "imported" for the quantity entered for duty. Turn to page 61 of the Tables of Revenue, &c. for 1845, and the following table of the monthly imports of the year will be found, with the average monthly prices of British wheat annexed:—

WHEAT AND FLOUR IMPORTED—1845.

	Foreign. qrs.	Colonial. qrs.	Total. qrs.	Average Monthly Glasgow Price. s. d.
January,	2,381	4,354	6,735	45 8
February,	4,482	1,771	6,253	45 4
March,	3,709	38	3,747	45 3
April,	2,540	460	3,000	46 1
May,	54,499	1,261	55,760	45 11
June,	65,231	28,530	93,761	47 10
July,	55,277	32,569	87,846	49 7
August,	45,065	24,423	69,488	55 9
September,	113,473	40,423	153,896	53 10
October,	160,644	25,305	185,949	57 10
November,	175,607	48,637	224,249	58 10
December,	214,536	36,742	251,278	57 10
Total,	897,444	244,513	1,141,957	

Here, then, no doubt, there were imported 897,444 quarters of foreign wheat and flour, which with 244,513 quarters of colonial, made up 1,141,957 quarters of both kinds in the year. But so far from 46s. being a price to induce even an importation of foreign wheat, (and now we do not speak of its being entered for consumption, we will come to that part of the subject hereafter,) it will be observed that it was not until the average price rose considerably above 50s., that any important quantity was imported. In the first seven months, while the price was under 50s., the whole import of foreign wheat amounted only to 188,119 quarters; while in the remain-

ing five months, when the monthly averages fluctuated from 53s. 10d. to 58s. 10d., the quantity imported was 709,325 quarters. So that even of the importations of the year, four-fifths of the foreign wheat was imported when the monthly average considerably exceeded 53s. the quarter, and by far the largest half when the price varied from 57s. 10d. to 58s. 10d., at which rate the duty, under the existing scale, was 14s. and 15s., and which, therefore, would have given a price in bond of 42s. 10d. to 44s. 10d., in place of 26s. or 27s. per quarter, as asserted in *Blackwood*.

But to come to the more important part of the question, the facts connected with the quantity entered for duty, and the circumstances under which it was entered.

There is a remarkable oversight committed both by Lord John Manners and the writer in *Blackwood*. Not only do they erroneously state the duty of the year at 20s. on foreign grain, but they entirely leave out of sight the fact, that at that time there were three different duties on imported grain, as follows :—

On foreign wheat, a sliding scale from	20s. to 1s.
On Canada wheat, a fixed duty of	1s.
On other colonial wheat, a sliding scale from	5s. to 1s.

We have already shown that in place of 1,000,000 quarters of imported wheat and flour being entered for duty in 1845, there were of all kinds only 315,615 quarters so entered. But now let us turn again to the Tables of Revenue, &c., p. 61, and see of what that quantity really consisted.

WHEAT AND FLOUR ENTERED FOR DUTY IN 1845.

	Foreign. qrs.	Colonial. qrs.	Total. qrs.	Average rate of duty paid per qr. on the monthly entries.	
				Foreign. s. d.	Colonial. s. d.
January, .	16,816	4,224	21,040	19 6	4 11
February, .	13,999	1,902	15,910	19 11	5 0
March, .	13,190	1,365	14,555	19 8	5 0
April, .	6,464	862	7,326	20 10	5 0
May, .	3,390	2,782	6,122	20 1	4 11
June, .	1,195	28,495	29,690	19 5	5 0
July, .	907	32,726	33,633	18 10	4 4
August, .	1,746	24,456	26,202	17 6	4 10
September, .	15,027	37,890	52,917	16 5	4 0
October, .	834	24,496	25,330	7 5	3 2
November, .	7,454	44,267	51,721	12 6	1 0
December, .	8,794	22,384	31,178	13 2	1 0
Total,	89,816	225,799	315,615	average 17 10	4 2

What further fact, then, does this table disclose? Not only has the million of quarters dwindled down to 315,615 quarters entered for duty in the year, but now it turns out that even of this quantity no less than 225,799 quarters, or more than two-thirds, consisted of colonial wheat, leaving only 89,816 quarters of foreign wheat entered for consumption in 1845. But we do not stop even here in the exhaustive process. Of what was the 225,799 quarters of colonial wheat composed? Turning to a parliamentary return, moved for by Mr Sandars himself (No. 439 of the last session, at page 5.) there is an account showing what portion of the colonial wheat entered for duty in 1845 was of Canadian growth, and what portion that of other pos-

sessions; by which we find that 208,295 quarters were of the former, paying a fixed duty of 1s. a quarter, and 17,504 quarters were of the latter, paying an average duty of 4s. 2d.

What, then, is the result to which this investigation has brought us!

Lord John Manners says, on the authority of *Blackwood*, that in 1845, 1,000,000 quarters of wheat were entered for duty, when the duty was 2s. and the price 47s.

In place of this, only 315,615 quarters, in all, were entered for duty, and in the following proportions:—

WHEAT DUTY PAID IN 1845.

	s.	d.
89,816 quarters of foreign, at an average duty of	17	10 per qr.
17,504 ... colonial, at an average duty of	4	2 ...
208,295 ... Canadian, at a fixed duty of	1	0 ...

In place of 1,000,000 of quarters, therefore, paying a duty of 20s., when the price was 47s., the real truth is that only 315,615 quarters paid an average duty of 6s. 1d., with the average price at 50s. 10d.—more than two-thirds even of this small quantity paying only a duty of 1s. per quarter. Then the writer in *Blackwood* asks us, in referring to 1845, to witness the “revenue we are now sacrificing by madly abandoning protection.” (Our reply is short; in 1845, with the high duties so much extolled, the whole amount of revenue collected from grain of all kinds was L.367,022, (Tables of Revenue, &c., 1845, p. 57;) in 1849, under the present nominal duty, the amount has exceeded L.600,000.

So much, then, for 1845, the year singled out in order to prove that the foreign producer can furnish a constant and regular supply of wheat at 26s. or 27s. a quarter, landed in this country. But we should not complete the case without showing what really did become of the remaining quantity of foreign wheat imported in 1845, and not entered for duty. The quantity imported, as we have shown, was 897,444 quarters, exclusive of colonial; the quantity on which duty was paid was but 89,816 quarters, leaving a balance of the year's importations of 807,528 quarters; to which we must add the quantity in bond at the beginning of the year. The result was that on the 31st of December there remained of foreign wheat in bond 1,102,613 quarters, (Tables of Revenue, &c., 1845, p. 61.) This quantity was further increased by importations in the first five months of 1846 to 2,207,490 quarters, when, in the month of June, the whole of it was cleared for consumption at a duty of 4s. the quarter, the average price of the month being 52s. 1d., (Tables of Revenue, &c., 1846, p. 70;) so that in place of the foreigner obtaining, as Lord John Manners and the writer in *Blackwood* represent, the price of 26s. and 27s. the quarter for the foreign wheat imported in 1845, it is as clear as anything can be made, that he received 52s. 1d. less the duty of 4s., or 48s. 1d. net price, or just 21s. 1d. more than the highest price ascribed to him by Lord John Manners and *Blackwood*.

So much for the one selected year.

Then for the whole four years, during which the corn law of 1842 was in operation, and during which “we had a fixed duty of 20s. a quarter in actual operation.”

If we turn to the Tables of Revenue, &c., for 1846, pp. 71 and 72, we find a full statement of all the transactions in the grain trade under the law of 1842. We there find that between the 29th of April 1842, and the 26th of June 1846, there were entered for home consumption as follows:—

		qrs.	Average duty paid. s. d.
Wheat, foreign,	.	4,345,656	11 4
Flour, do., 589,829 cwt., or	.	171,379	
Wheat, Canadian,	.	93,596	1 0
Flour, do., 1,606,056 cwt., or	.	458,873	
Wheat, other colonial,	.	65,684	2 10
Flour, do., 784,240 cwt., or	.	224,069	

Total of wheat entered for duty under the law of 1842, 5,359,257

On this entire quantity the aggregate duty amounted to £2,630,347, or at the rate of 9s. 9d. per quarter. But taking the foreign wheat by itself, the average duty paid was 11s. 4d., in place of 20s., as asserted. Now, under the law of 1842, a duty of 11s. 4d. indicates a price of 60s. to 61s., as the average at the time this wheat was entered for duty; and which, therefore, on an average for the whole period, proves the foreign importer was in a condition to obtain a net price of 49s. to 50s. a quarter, less the duty, on the average of the whole of his transactions during the four years in question. We say, on the average of his importations. But there is a table at page 72 of these returns, which furnishes an analysis of the precise quantities which were entered for duty during the whole of the period, at each rate of duty, which is as follows:—

QUANTITIES OF WHEAT AND FLOUR entered for consumption from April 20, 1842, to June 26, 1846, showing the quantities entered at each rate of duty.

FOREIGN. Duty paid at the following rates. s. d.	Wheat. qrs.	Flour. cwt.	Which indicates an average price for British wheat of s. d.
8 0 . .	2,105,614 . .	427,580 . .	64 to 65
9 0 . .	226,881 . .	27,725 . .	63 64
10 0 . .	28,924 . .	15,246 . .	62 63
11 0 . .	124,319 . .	19,623 . .	61 62
12 0 . .	92,837 . .	20,082 . .	60 61
13 0 . .	26,877 . .	13,640 . .	59 60
14 0 . .	754,441 . .	25,719 . .	58 59
15 0 . .	81,500 . .	6,033 . .	57 58
16 0 . .	77,836 . .	6,086 . .	56 57
17 0 . .	558,017 . .	9,740 . .	55 56
18 0 . .	141,143 . .	15,029 . .	52 55
19 0 . .	20,916 . .	2,535 . .	51 52
20 0 . .	136,077 . .	10,791 . .	under 51
<i>Ad valorem duty</i>	274	...	

Total, 4,345,656 599,829

The writer in *Blackwood* says, that during the whole four years we had actually a fixed duty of 20s. in operation, with the price at 46s. or 47s., and that the foreigner netted but 26s. or 27s., free of duty, for his wheat. What, then, are the facts? Out of 4,517,035 quarters of wheat, on which duty was paid, the rate of 20s. was levied only on 140,000 quarters!!! while on about one-half of the wheat, and four-fifths of the flour, a duty of 8s. only was levied, when the average price *duty paid* was 64s. to 65s., thus leaving a net price to the importer of 56s. to 57s. the quarter!! and more than half of the remaining quantity paid duties varying from 9s. to 14s. the quarter, indicating a net price to the importer varying from 45s. to 53s. the quarter. The exact average of the whole, as we have before said, being a duty of 11s. 4d., and indicating a net average price of 49s. to 50s. a quarter, which the foreigner received for the whole of his wheat imported during the four years when the act of 1842 was in operation!!

What hope is there of the public arriving at a just conclusion upon those important questions, when the facts are so mutilated? Lord John Manners and the writer in *Blackwood* wish to prove that the British farmer can never hope to withstand the competition of the foreign producer. How do

they do it? Let us repeat their statements, and the actual facts deduced from official historical records which cannot be questioned. Throughout our argument nothing is matter of opinion. All is bare fact.

1. It is said that, in 1845, 1,000,000 quarters of foreign wheat were entered for consumption at a duty of 20s. when the price was 47s., leaving a net price to the foreigner of 27s. a quarter.

The truth being, that only 89,816 quarters of foreign wheat were entered for consumption in 1845, at a duty of 17s. 10d., while 17,504 quarters of Colonial wheat were entered at a duty of 4s. 2d., and 208,295 quarters of Canadian at a duty of 1s. And that the large quantity of foreign wheat imported in 1845, was really entered for consumption in June 1846, at a duty of 4s., when the price was 52s. 1d., leaving a net price to the foreign importer of 48s. 1d., in place of 27s., as asserted.

2. It is said, that during the whole of the four years that the law of 1842 was in existence, we had actually in operation a fixed duty of 20s. the quarter, and a price of 46s. or 47s.—that, under these circumstances, “we were supplied, and that regularly, with wheat from abroad”—that the foreign importer obtained a net price of only 26s. or 27s. to cover all costs except duty, and therefore that it is hopeless for the English farmer to compete with him, when he can pour in indefinite quantities at that price.

The truth being, that in place of a duty of 20s. during the whole four years, it varied from 8s. to 20s., and was, taking the average of all the wheat entered for duty, exactly 11s. 4d., while considerably more than one-half of the whole was entered at a duty of 8s.—that the average price, in place of being 46s. or 47s., varied from 45s. to 65s.—that the net price obtained by the importer for more than one-half of the entire quantity entered, was 50s. to 57s., and for more than half of the remainder it was 45s. to 53s.; and taking the average of the whole 4,517,035 quarters entered during the four years, the net price, independent of duty, received by the foreigner, was 49s. to 50s. the quarter, in place of 27s. !!!

As this is perhaps one of the most important subjects which at the moment can be brought before the public, we will refer just to one further evidence of the price of foreign wheat in 1845, and the rate at which it can be delivered here. We have been indebted to a high public functionary in Berlin, some time ago, and before this question was raised, for a return of the average prices of wheat throughout the Prussian provinces. In 1845 they were as follows:—

AVERAGE PRICES OF WHEAT IN THE PRUSSIAN PROVINCES IN 1845.

	Sil. Gro.	
Prussia Proper,	66	3-12 per scheffel.
Posen,	59	—
Brandenburg and Pomerania,	60	5-12 —
Silesia,	62½	—
Saxony,	58	8-12 —
Westphalia,	74	1-12 —
Rhenish Provinces,	75	3-12 —

The average of the whole being 65 1-12th silver groschen, or 2 thaler 5 silver groschen, which at 2s. 11d. the thaler, is 6s. 4d. the scheffel, of which 5½ make an imperial quarter; so that the average price of wheat throughout Prussia in 1845, on the spot, in the interior, was 33s. 9d. per imperial quarter. Now, that was an abundant year, and following the very abundant harvest of 1844. Then we must bear in mind that the average applies to all qualities, and it is said that not more than half of the wheat grown is of a quality sufficiently good for export. Again, we must bear in mind that to this price was to be added the cost of transport

to the shipping ports of Dantzic or Hamburg; and lastly, the shipping expenses, freight, insurance, and other charges consequent on importing it. To the 33s. 9d., as the average price in the interior of Prussia, the very smallest amount that can be added for the difference of quality, and all the charges which we have enumerated, is 10s. to 12s. a quarter. So that the lowest average price at which wheat could be imported from Germany even in 1845, and in reference only to their own home prices, was from 44s. to 46s. a quarter; while the price actually obtained here free of duty was 48s.

The writer in *Blackwood* demanded a distinct reply to his remarks on the imports of 1845; we trust he will think we have furnished it. We have evaded nothing—we have relied on no opinions—we have dragged in no speculations of our own: no private accounts or calculations of others—we have had recourse only to official recorded facts, open to all alike—we have furnished a reference, chapter and verse, for every fact we have stated. There is no escape from the conclusions. Lord John Manners will, we are certain, be anxious to take an early opportunity of correcting so gross a misstatement, calculated, as it is, to do so much mischief, and seriously to mislead men upon a very vital question. A few weeks ago it was our duty to correct an erroneous statement made by the Marquis of Granby, with regard to the duty charged on foreign manufactures. That noble lord, greatly to his credit, has taken the first opportunity of admitting, in the fullest and frankest manner, the error into which he had fallen. We trust that Lord John Manners will think it his duty also to correct, at the earliest moment, the grave error into which he has been led by the writer in *Blackwood*, and will not permit it to obtain further circulation under the authority of his name.

As to the writer in *Blackwood*, of what value can all the calculations from private sources be considered, when we find such gross exaggeration and misrepresentation, as soon as we have the means of testing his statements by a reference to official records? But we would ask this writer, and all who are influenced by a similar spirit at this moment, What is your object? Do you think you are advancing the cause of protection by exaggerating the benefits of free trade? Do you think that a free import of wheat will be less tenaciously adhered to by the people, because you prove that foreign wheat can be permanently and regularly supplied at 26s. or 27s., and even so low as 18s. per quarter? As far as you are anxious to uphold the interests of landowners, do you think you are accomplishing that object in aggravating the alarm of the tenants by such grossly exaggerated statements? It may look a little suspicious, but we will suggest an explanation in the absence of reasonable ground for such a course. We think it was Mr Disraeli who said, at a recent meeting, that the protectionist farmers in East Lothian had employed an eminent literary person to make out their case in *Blackwood*; is this article, then, intended to answer the objects of the tenants only in their demands upon their landlords? Is it an attempt to coerce the latter into a support of protection, or to a reduction of rent, coincident with a permanent price of wheat at 26s. with the chance of its falling to 18s? If this be really the object of the writer in *Blackwood*, it seems not to succeed. A gentleman writes to us on the 7th inst.—“Farmers are rather frightened in Scotland, but not in *flts*, as in the south of England; and I have heard, three or four days ago, of three large farms in Haddingtoushire being re-let at an advanced rent.”

It has not been our object in this article to consider at what price foreign wheat can, in an average of years, be delivered free in an English port.

only to show that the assertions so confidently put forth by the writer in *Blackwood* are totally worthless, so far as regards the facts and the period on which he relies to sustain them. In the course of a very short time we hope to be in a condition to bring an extensive array of facts, collected throughout Europe, to aid us in this most interesting inquiry. In the mean time, we may add, that so far as our inquiry has yet proceeded, there is not a single country in Europe where the price has not been much lower in 1849, and still is so at this moment, than in an average of late years; and that we see no grounds whatever for concluding that, on an average of years, foreign wheat can be produced so as to be delivered here at a lower rate than it has been during the last year, which, for a quality equal to the average of British wheat, has been from 40s. to 45s. a quarter. Of course the immediate fluctuations in the price of foreign wheat must in a considerable degree follow those of our home market, as determined by the character of our own crops, and the improvement and extension of our own cultivation. But so much is certain: it has required a considerably higher average price abroad, in order to maintain the actual extent of cultivation that has hitherto existed, than has prevailed during the last two years. If we take the last four years, either in England or abroad, we shall find an average price at which the most determined protectionist would not venture to grumble. And what trade is there that will admit of a shorter period by which its average success can be fairly tested? And here we need not be reminded that, in the last year, the altered state of the law introduced a new element into the calculation of price in this country. If that change is calculated to reduce the average price in this country, it should at least have the opposite effect abroad. And our inquiry is more as regards prices there than here. We will conclude by observing that, however important it may be to ascertain the real facts upon these questions, free trade rests not upon the result, whatever that may be, but upon a great principle of economic truth and political justice: these cannot be adjusted to prices; prices must be adjusted to them.

BLACKWOOD'S REPLY TO THE ECONOMIST.

We should feel very sorry if, in the course of such a controversy as this, we were compelled to charge any one of our contemporaries with a deliberate violation of the common rules of honesty. In the case of the *Economist*, we have been sorely tempted to prefer such a charge in the plainest, broadest, and strongest language; because, after making the most anxious allowance for the possible occurrence of error, we could not help arriving at the conclusion, that, in default of argument, this organ of the Free-traders had unhappily resorted to the most gross and wilful species of misrepresentation,—namely, that of attributing to us statements which we never made, and then deliberately refuting them. We abstain from making this charge, because we are willing, and even desirous, to allow the *Economist* an opportunity of explaining to the public, rather than to us, how these

statements happened to appear. For the sake of the credit of British journalism, we shall be glad if any satisfactory explanation can be offered of a circumstance so very suspicious.

In the commencement of the *Economist's* paper, immediately after the letter signed "Columella Alumnus," two passages from our article in the Magazine are quoted *verbatim*. Let us direct the attention of the reader to the first of these. We said—"Besides this, as Mr Sandars well remarks, in one of his published letters, we have had a plain and evident experience of foreign competition under the working of the corn law of 1842. We had a fixed duty of 20s. per quarter in actual operation for four years; and in 1844 and 1845, such duty was paid week after week, and in the latter year, for six months consecutively, at a time when our general averages were only 46s. to 47s. a quarter. Was the foreigner at

that time selling at a loss?" Upon the strength of this paragraph, the *Economist* proceeds to found an argument, assuming that we meant to say, that, for four years after 1842, a fixed duty of 20s. was levied at our ports.

So far this is misrepresentation, but not of a kind upon which a charge of falsehood could be founded. We never meant to aver, as must be clear from the context of the whole sentence, that the sliding-scale of 1842 was no sliding-scale, but a fixed duty; and the words which we have marked in italics cannot fail to have met the attention of the writer in the *Economist*. If we meant otherwise, and if the duty was 20s., why should we have insisted that such duty was paid "week after week" in the course of the two years in question? Or why should we have asked the Free-traders for an "explanation of the imports," not, be it remarked, for these four years, but in 1845? The accidental omission, *per incuriam*, of a single word, has been seized on by the *Economist* to found an argument, which is afterwards conducted upon assumptions far more unwarrantable than this. Let the omission be supplied thus, which was our meaning,—“We had a fixed *maximum* duty of 20s. per quarter in actual operation for four years,” &c., and the explanation is complete.

But even supposing we had been so grossly ignorant as to have intentionally averred that a duty of 20s. was imperative for four years, our real argument would have been as good as ever; for the point in dispute is not whether there was a fixed or a variable duty, but whether, in 1844 and 1845, corn was imported regularly to this country, when a duty of 20s. was payable, and the average prices here 46s. or 47s. per quarter. We say it was regularly so imported, and our assertion was made in the following terms:—"We have shown that, *within* the last five years, we have been supplied, and that regularly, from abroad, when wheat was at 46s. a quarter, and a duty of 20s. existed." Now let us see how the *Economist* refutes our statements. He begins by recapitulating them shortly as follows, and, for the sake of clearness, we shall prefix a figure to each separate proposition. He says—

"What is the case, stated shortly?"

"1. Under the corn law of 1842, 'we had a fixed duty of 20s. a quarter in actual operation for four years.'

"2. That we were then supplied, and that regularly, from abroad, when wheat was at 46s. per quarter, and a duty of 20s. existed.'

"3. That the price obtained for the wheat imported in those years by the foreigner, landed free in England, after paying all charges except the duty, was 26s. and 27s. the quarter.

"4. That under these circumstances, and at these rates, a large and regular supply was forthcoming 'for a long period,' and that, especially in 1845, a quantity equal to 1,000,000 quarters was entered at a duty of 20s., 'when the price of wheat was 47s. a quarter.'

"5. And, therefore, that the British farmer, in order to compete with the foreign producer, must at least be prepared to grow wheat at 26s. to 27s. the quarter."

"No one," says the *Economist*, "will, we think, deny that we have stated the case fairly"—that is just what we are about to examine.

1. In respect to the first proposition, we have already explained that we meant to express nothing of the kind; and we submit that the context of the whole sentence shows clearly what was our proper meaning.

2. But supposing that the *Economist* was entitled to construe our words into a statement so palpably absurd as this, we accept the second proposition as our own, under reference to the whole passage from which the quoted words were extracted.

3. Here garbling begins. The *Economist* wishes to make us say that "in those years (that is, throughout the four) the price of foreign grain, deducting the duty, was 26s. or 27s. the quarter. *We never said anything of the kind.* Our words were—"In 1844 and 1845, such duty (20s.) was paid *week after week*, and, in the latter year, *for six months consecutively*, when our general averages were only 46s. to 47s. a quarter;" and again—"We have shown that, *within the last five years*, we have been supplied, and that *regularly*, from abroad, when wheat was at 46s. a quarter, and a duty of 20s. existed." We adhere to the regularity of the

supply under these prices, and at that rate of duty.

4. We say that, under these circumstances, there was a regular supply for a long period. The rest of this proposition, put into our mouth, is pure and gratuitous falsehood. We never said (and it is for the writer in the *Economist* to explain this, for the extracts show that our last number was lying open before him) "that, especially in 1845, a quantity equal to 1,000,000 quarters was entered at a duty of 20s." *There are no such words in the Magazine, nor any specification of quantity*; and, what is more, no such averment appears in the report of the speech of Lord John Manners, delivered at Leicester on the 5th of January. We shall revert to this matter immediately.

5. We say that the British farmer certainly should be *prepared* to compete with the foreigner, at any prices which may be proved to have ruled abroad, under ordinary circumstances, for any considerable period of time. But we repeat what we said before—"We beg it will be *distinctly understood* that, in estimating the remunerative prices of foreign grain, we do not profess to arrive at more than general conclusions."

Now then, having cleared up the propositions, let us see how the *Economist* begins, continues, and ends his argument; for the whole matter may be disposed of at no great sacrifice of time. He states his first, and, so far as we can discover, his only subdivision thus:—

"First, then, as to the year 1845. In that year, *it is said*, that 1,000,000 of quarters of wheat were entered at a duty of no less than 20s. upon every such quarter of foreign corn, while the average price in this country was 47s., and that consequently the foreigner was enabled to send his wheat at 27s. to cover all costs except the duty."

Now, who said that? Lord John Manners did not—Mr Sandars did not—we did not; and beyond us three there is nobody else arraigned at the respectable bar of the *Economist*. It would be an easy thing to convict any man of ignorance, presumption, and folly, by putting words into his mouth which he never uttered, and then passing judgment: and this is just what the *Economist* has done in this

instance, we fear, deliberately. Perhaps he calculated too confidently on his possible immunity from a reply.

We repeat that, so far as we are concerned, the above statement is **UTTERLY UNTRUE**. That it was applied to us there can be no manner of doubt, because, in the tabular statement immediately below, the writer contrasts what he calls our "allegations" with regard to the quantity of wheat imported, with that exhibited by the tables of revenue. The whole thing is a falsehood in point of fact. It remains for the *Economist* to show if there are any circumstances which may justify us in believing that it was not deliberately intended.

We observe that at the Leicester meeting the Marquis of Granby is reported to have said—"Why, the article in *Blackwood* mentions that, in the year 1845, when the price of wheat was 47s. a quarter, there was a duty of no less than 20s. upon every quarter of corn that entered from abroad; and it goes on to state that, notwithstanding that duty of 20s., no less than 1,000,000 quarters of corn entered in that year." Here the noble marquis certainly misquoted us, and, on referring to the passage in question in our article, we think we can account for his mistake. Two or three sentences *after* the whole discussion about the imports under the sliding-scale was closed, we mentioned the fact that, "*last year*," Denmark sent us upwards of 1,000,000 quarters of grain. Lord Granby seems, through inadvertence, to have misapplied our statement, and the consequence of this is, that Lord John Manners and ourselves are charged by the *Economist* with making statements which we never made; and four-fifths of the *Economist's* reasoning, backed by formidable tables, is directed towards the demolishing of an assumption which nobody ever assumed! Now, if it were possible for us to believe that the *Economist* had relied solely on the report of the Leicester speeches, which he clearly did not, inasmuch as he taxes Lord John Manners with saying what he never said; or even on the letter of "*Columella Alumnus*," we should have been too happy to pass over the matter as a mere blunder. But this is evidently a conned and poised article, intended to damage us

and our credit with the public; and the numerous quotations from the magazine which are contained in it, show that the most earnest scrutiny has been exercised on our paper. We cannot accept, as an apology from the *Economist*, the plea that it was misled by the Marquis of Granby. We do not think that this makes its case any better. How does the matter stand? The mistake of the noble Marquis obviously drew the attention of the *Economist* still more strongly than before to the article in the Magazine, especially as bearing upon the point which it conceived to be at issue, viz., the quantity of wheat imported in 1845. The writer made our article his text: he must have read it carefully; and, from the quotations, it is clear that the number of the Magazine was lying before him while he wrote. If he did so read, as he ought and indeed professes to have done, he must have seen that we did not use the words which he has put into our mouth. His possible answer, that the Marquis of Granby had misinterpreted the passage as well as he, will not do. An inadvertent slip on the hustings or the platform is a very different thing from the deliberate statements of a writer, that a political opponent has said what that writer must or ought to have known was never said. We shall be glad to have this matter cleared up, and hope the *Economist* may be able to remove the very serious imputation under which, in our mind, it at present lies.

And now, for the satisfaction, not of the *Economist*, but of the public, let us see how our real argument is touched by the article in question.

We say that in 1844 and 1845 foreign wheat was regularly imported into this country, paying the duty of 20s. per quarter, when our home averages were at 46s. or 47s. Does the *Economist* refute this statement? Nothing of the kind. He starts off with his false assumption of our averment about 1,000,000 of quarters, and with a forced and unfair construction of the words "fixed duty," and treats us to tables of the whole grain imported for four years, which have nothing whatever to do with the question at issue. What we said amounted to this—that in 1845, for six months consecutively, the duty of 20s. was

paid on foreign grain, at a time when our general averages were only 46s. to 47s. a quarter. That was the whole of our averment; for the attempt of the *Economist* to twist our statement, that "for six months consecutively" the duty of 20s. was paid, into an assertion that it was constantly paid for four years, is, we hope, too ridiculous to call for a refutation. Well then, how does the fact stand with regard to these imports? Here is the statement of Mr Sandars, himself the mover for the parliamentary returns; and the *Economist* may exercise his ingenuity in overthrowing that if he can.

"To the Editor of Bell's Weekly Messenger.

"Sir,—The *Economist* of Saturday last, in one of its usual concoctions on agricultural statistics, called upon Lord John Manners publicly to retract his assertion, made on the 6th instant at Leicester, that the 20s. duty on wheat was paid on 1,000,000 quarters in 1845. I am not aware what may have been the actual statement made by his lordship; but at all events, it cannot affect this remarkable circumstance, that the 20s. duty was paid for 50 consecutive weeks from the 31st. Aug. 1844, to the 2d of Aug. 1845, during 26 weeks of which period the general average price was from 45s. to 46s. per quarter, as may be seen on reference to Parliamentary return, No. 439, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed on the 29th June, 1849.

"January 21, 1850. S. SANDARS."

The tables given in the *Economist* prove that we were absolutely right in every word which we really stated. Of course they prove that we were utterly wrong in every word which was stated for us.

What we said, remains unrefuted; and no man living can refute it. We were "regularly" supplied with wheat at the prices which we originally stated, and at that duty. By "regularly," we mean that there was a continuous and continued influx, not of bad, or damaged grain, but of good grain, when our averages here were so low, that the highest duty was exigible. Our averment went nothing beyond that. It required no wizard to tell us, that when prices were high in this country and the duty consequently diminished, a greater amount of importation would take place. High averages here of necessity raise the price of grain at foreign ports; and

when the price is so raised, it is impossible to determine the remunerative rate at which grain may be sent here, to compete with the British grower. The whole, under our former system of duties, became, in that event, matter of commercial speculation. But when, on account of good harvests in this country, there was no extraordinary demand for corn, prices on the Continent approximated to their natural level; and no better proof of this can be shown than from the very tables which the *Economist* has set forward to prove the reverse. For what do we find from them? Even misrepresentation may have its use, if it fixes the attention of the parties interested in this great question upon the admitted and undeniable facts, that, during the first six months of 1845, when the average prices of wheat ranged from 45s. 3d. to 47s. 10d. per quarter, there were imported 132,842 quarters of *foreign* wheat and flour; that, during the same period, the maximum duty of 20s. was actually paid on 55,054 quarters. Also, that during that year 897,444 quarters of foreign wheat were imported, and that this importation took place *with an average price at home not exceeding 50s. 10d. for the whole year*. Just three years before that, Sir Robert Peel, having directed his deliberate attention to the position of the agriculturists in this country, declared that, so long as the price did not exceed 51s. per quarter, the home grower should be protected from foreign competition; to effect which object, he fixed the highest duty at 20s. Nor is this all. The tables of the *Economist* distinctly show, that the whole amount of foreign wheat and flour entered for duty, throughout 1845, was 89,816. Of that quantity, a great deal more than the half was charged with the fixed maximum duty of 20s. So that the whole of our case is thoroughly proved from the recorded statistics of our adversary.

We observe that the *Scotsman*, an Edinburgh newspaper, following the *Economist*, yet with a spurious desire for originality, has claimed participation in the same line both of argument and of facts. It seems that

very egregious blunders, but that the kind fellow had passed them over without exposing us, believing that their very obviousness made them self-refuting. Now, however, when the point has been broached *abunde*, he repents him of his former forbearance, and proceeds, after his usual pleasant manner, to show us up. "The mis-statement," says he, "as to the number of quarters" (the 1,000,000 which the *Economist* invented for our use) "may be accounted for by *Blackwood's* very raw statist having mistaken the quantity imported for the quantity that paid duty, having put down as paying 20s. duty the grain that lay unused in the warehouses, simply because the importer could not pay that duty!" Our rawness being disposed of, he next attacks our candour, and accuses us, in various paragraphs, of downright fraud and falsehood. Now, since the *Scotsman* has distinctly asserted his prior knowledge of the points ingeniously assumed by the *Economist*, far be it from us to deny an honour so worthily won, and so industriously set forward. In Scotland, we perfectly understand what construction is to be placed on the lucubrations of our lively contemporary. But before we claim credit again, for having "left untouched" a point which he thinks so "obviously self-refuting," he had better take care that he is not implicating himself in rather an ugly business. He is pleased to say, "The first assertion dealt with is, that in 1845, when wheat was at 47s., imports were made to the extent of 1,000,000 quarters, paying a duty of 20s.; so says *Blackwood*,"—but truth, as embodied by the revenue returns, tells a very different story." We must hold, from the attacks that have been made upon us in the *Scotsman*, that the editor has carefully perused our article: if so, we ask, in the mildest spirit—why propagate what he must have known to be untrue? He says now that he had observed our blunder, or falsehood, or fraud, before the *Economist* exposed it. No such thing appeared in our article: it is a pure invention. We leave the *Scotsman* to wriggle himself, as he best can, out of the quagmire into which his ridiculous vanity has led him.

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